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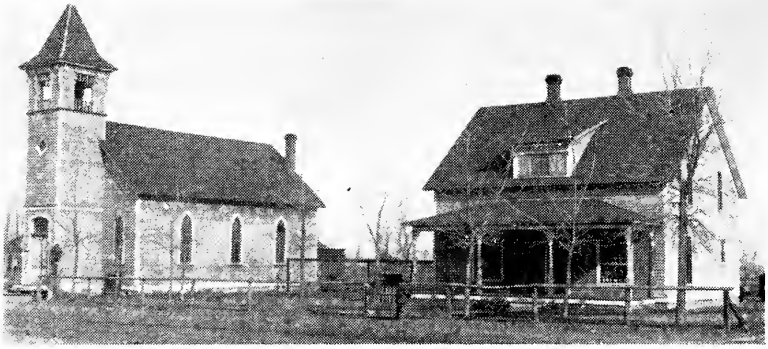

Wheatland's first church, the Union Congregational, and parsonage

Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Brown, Sr. *(seated),* Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Brown and son Herbert *(standing)*

Wheatland's First Church

By

VIRGINIA COLE TRENHOLM

FOREWORD

Memories were kindled and untold tales of the past were recounted while a committee of senior members of the Union Congregational Church compiled its history. Many events of consequence were never recorded. Others have been forgotten, and yet letters and reminiscences have supplemented the fragmentary records until it has been possible to preserve a chronological story of the church, of its people and of its influence in the community.

Fortunately, one of the church members, J. H. Whitmore, postmaster at Wheatland, not only realized that a permanent record should be written, but he also insisted that this be done while there are those still living who can fill in the missing links in the chain of progress.

Jennetta Niner Drummond, now in her eighties and the only living charter member, has been able to supply us with valuable records, including an account of the dedication of the church, July 7, 1895. The Wheatland *World* carrying the news of this event is among those missing in the library files, and the only mention of it in the church records is in a letter to several churches and ministers requesting their presence at the dedicatory and ordination services.

Hazelle Ferguson, who has corresponded with many of the early day members in an effort to collect information vital to the church history, found a reprint of the dedicatory service from the Wheatland *World* in a leaflet, "In Memoriam," published at the death of the Rev. J. M. Brown in 1905. This was sent to her by Mrs. Drummond, who has preserved it all of these years. The only other known copy was found among the cherished souvenirs of another charter member, Mrs. Drummond's mother, Mrs. F. L. Niner, who died in March 1956 at the age of 100 years and 10 months.

Besides Mrs. Ferguson, those serving on Mr. Whitmore's committee have been Louise Natwick, furnishing an excellent history of the choir; Irma Hester, Dorcas; Claudine Artist and Bertha Kenty, Ladies' Aid; Mrs. Artist, Missionary Society; Ina Franzen, Dorothy Blow and Mrs. Natwick, Sunday School; Mrs. Del Landon, Dorkettes; Rev. Alan Inglis, Pilgrim Fellowship; and Mr.

Whitmore, Men's Club. It has been my privilege to work with this group in writing the church story and in coordinating the accounts of the various branches for a complete church record.

V.C.T.

Though the First Congregational Church was never the official name of the Union Congregational Church, this title has crept into the records, perhaps for the reason that it was the first church in the new and promising community of Wheatland, Wyo. Its story is the story of the pioneers in a unique farming settlement, the first large scale irrigation project in the state.

The long list of firsts which could be claimed by the church and its charter members begins with Esther and Caldwell Morrison, the first settlers on the Wheatland Flats in 1885. Their son, Milton, was the first child born here. Mrs. Morrison also had the distinction of being the first baker and volunteer fireman in the community. Her bakery was in a three-room shack, where on a small cookstove, she baked forty loaves a day for the men working for the Wyoming Development Company.

She is said to have saved Wheatland's one room school house from destruction by fire in 1890. Since she was a small woman, scarcely more than five feet tall, a Mrs. Lambert, another early settler, had no difficulty boosting her onto the roof from her shoulder. The fire had started near the chimney. With Mrs. Lambert handing her buckets of water, she soon extinguished the blaze, which did little damage to the building.

Another charter member, the first church Clerk and Treasurer, was F. L. Niner, who owned the first general mercantile store in Wheatland, located in a small frame building on the lot where the Golden Rule Store now stands. Mr. Niner's store and several residences were moved into town from their first location, about where the railroad crosses No. 2 ditch, where the inhabitants thought the town would be located.

In 1893, there was but one structure of consequence on the present town site, the Wyoming Development Company building, which served as office, hotel and boarding house as well as the home of M. R. Johnston, superintendent. It was later moved back to make room for the Pioneer Pharmacy. A small bunk house, still standing on its original location just north of the drug store, was occupied by the workmen. A tar paper shack, across the street south of the present post office, housed the first residents of the town, the R. D. Robinson family, 1886-1887. Mr. Robinson helped construct the Development Company building.

By the end of the year 1894, Wheatland boasted of two general stores (Niner's and the Wheatland Mercantile, managed by I. W.

Gray); a depot; a drug store (the Pioneer Pharmacy), operated by H. Tisch and Sons; a lumber yard (McCallum and Crain) furnishing building material and coal; two blacksmith shops (one operated by John Jesse and the other by F. L. Belcher); a barber shop (Milo Renfro, barber); a brickyard, operated by C. W. Goodrich; a new hotel; a newspaper (The Wheatland *World,* owned, published and edited by I. O. Middaugh); a school house; and a doctor (D. B. Rigdon) for the medical needs, but no church for the spiritual needs of the community.

Whether farming or in business, the hardy pioneers realized the importance of a church to their community life. So on March 3, 1895 a group of devout Christians "entered into covenant" with the Union Congregational Church at their meeting at the school house.

The nine charter members who formed the pillars of the church were Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hurdle, Lula King, Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell Morrison, Fanny Kerns, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Niner and their daughter Jennetta, better known as Jennie. Mr. Hurdle was elected Deacon and Mr. Niner, Clerk and Treasurer, to serve until the first annual meeting.

The Niners and the D. McCallums, who were among the first to join the church, had taken an active interest in a Methodist Society, formed in Wheatland a year before. The meetings of the society, held the third Sunday of each month, were conducted by a Cheyenne minister.

The Congregationalists settled two important details at their first meeting, namely, to call Mr. J. M. Brown (March 10, 1895—Nov. 24, 1897) at an annual salary of $700. In the event of his acceptance, the Trustees (not named) and the Deacon were instructed to apply to the Congregational Missionary Society for a grant of $500 to "assist in his support."

The F. L. Niners lived in the little house (later known as the Arnold house), which is at present the office unit of the Wheatland General Hospital. Their daughter, Jennie, who was only eighteen when the church was built, still recalls running down the alley to services. She gave unselfishly of her time and talent, and the church profited by her youthful devotion.

The memoirs of Jennetta Niner Drummond, of Englewood, not only include an account of the dedicatory service and record of the first choir, but also the original minutes of the first Sunday School, which Mr. Drummond carried in his Bible many years.

Quoting from one of her most interesting letters, "I can remember that I was kept busy at the little old parlor organ (at the dedicatory service) and from then on until we moved away in the winter of 1897, I was organist and most of the time the *choir.* On special occasions we were able to get together a quartet of singers."

She might have added that she served her church in many

capacities. Besides being organist, choir leader and chairman of the music committee, she served the Sunday School as Secretary and Treasurer. Her name was the first to appear on the list of delegates chosen to represent Wheatland at the Association meeting in 1896. Her "boy friend," U. G. Drummond, soon joined the church and became an ardent worker. He succeeded her as Secretary of the Sunday School, served on her music committee, and was clerk of the church the year they moved away. He had a good tenor voice, and he and Jennie frequently sang duets. Theirs was the first choir romance. They were united in marriage at the Niner home by the Rev. J. M. Brown, whose memory she holds dear.

Rev. Brown, who had been in charge of the Cheyenne South Side Missions, serving employees of the Union Pacific Railway, received his training at Dakota University. He preached his first sermon in Wheatland March 10, 1895. Though little is known of his father, the Rev. A. A. Brown, it is apparent that he had a great deal to do with the founding of Wheatland's first church. As superintendent of home missions at Cheyenne at the time, he visited Wheatland frequently and took part in church affairs. Quoting from the *World* (March 29), "The residence which Rev. Brown has been having built is now completed and his son, Rev. J. M. Brown, of Cheyenne, is expected here with his family this week to take the pastorate of the Congregational organization."

Even before the young minister and his family were settled in their new home, the charter members (March 25) voted to build a church. They also voted to ask a grant of $700 from C.C.B.S. (the Congregational Church Building Society), to be secured by a mortgage on the church property, and to take annual collections for the society.

The first record of a resident minister in Wheatland is found in the *World* (April 5). "Rev. J. M. Brown and family arrived Tuesday from Cheyenne and are now cozily located in their new residence on the west edge of town. Rev. Brown is here to accept the pastorate of the Congregational Church to which he has been called. The *World* wishes him a pleasant and profitable field for his labors."

On April 11, an energetic building committee was appointed, consisting of Rev. J. M. Brown, F. G. Niner and D. McCallum. They wasted no time, for according to the *World,* April 12, "Contractor McCallum commenced work yesterday morning on the new Congregational Church, the society having decided to build it. The building will be sufficient size to fully meet the necessities of the present and will be so built that it can be remodeled and enlarged at any time in the future, should additional room be required."

The first members to be taken into the church were Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Brown (by letter), and Samuel R. and Josie Yeagar.

Jennie Niner (Drummond) and U. G. Drummond at the time the church was organized.

The official name, Union Congregational Church, appears in the paper the first time (April 26) with the announcement that the church will hold services in the school house next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. "Subject: 'The Great Temptation.' Evening service at 7:30. Subject: 'The Phantom Ship.' A cordial invitation is extended to all."

The first mention of the Ladies' Aid Society appears in the *World* (April 26) with this announcement: "The Ladies' Aid will give a *crazy* social at the Wheatland School house Wednesday eve, the 15th. A good supper will be served for 25 cents and a nice time is being planned by the ladies who are getting it up. Everybody is invited to come and have a good time." Living in this inflationary age, we have difficulty trying to imagine having a good time on 25 cents.

In the month of May, plans were made for building Wheatland's second church, the Methodist Episcopal. The cornerstone was laid in August and the church was dedicated the first day of December.

While the Congregational Church building was under construction, five new members were added to the church roll: Mr. and Mrs. D. McCallum, William W. Pitman and Margaret E. and Mary Hines. A fund raising, midweek social was held which, according to the *World* (May 17), "was well attended, a number being present from the country as well as nearly all of the town people. Receipts were over $19."

The local paper reports the progress of the building (May 24). "Contractor McCallum has a force of men employed this week on the new Congregational Church, and the work of erection has

been pushed very rapidly. The building will be 24x50. . . . One hundred opera chairs have been ordered with which to furnish the new edifice. The windows will be stained glass and the inside of the building will be nicely decorated."

On June 7, mention is made of the Sunday School's Children's Day program to take the place of the Sunday morning service. Rev. J. M. Brown will have for the subject of his evening's discourse, "The Struggle for Life." No doubt Mr. Brown had reason for choosing this subject, for ill health forced him to leave Wheatland. From here he went to Washington, where the wet weather proved injurious, forcing him to return to the Black Hills in April 1898. Recovering a measure of health, he held pastorates in South Dakota, Wisconsin and Nebraska.

An editorial in the Butte (Nebr.) *Gazette,* Sept. 22, 1905, at the time of his death, states in part: "Mr. Brown was a good preacher, a fast friend and in love with his work; a man who towered above us in intellect and spirituality; broad-minded, highly educated and, although physically weak, a mental giant."

The Constitution and By-laws of the church were adopted at a meeting June 13. At the same time, more officers were elected to serve until the first annual meeting. They were: Deaconesses, Mrs. D. McCallum and Mrs. J. M. Brown; Sunday School Superintendent, Mr. Hurdle; Vice Superintendent, Mrs. J. M. Brown. For the Sunday School: Treasurer, John McCallum; Secretary, Miss Jennie Niner; Organist, Miss Dotty Jesse.

On June 14, the church Clerk wrote a letter to the following churches: Cheyenne 1st, Cheyenne South, Douglas, Lusk, Manville, Crawford (Nebr.), Hot Springs (S.D.), Big Horn and to the Revs. A. T. Lyman and A. A. Brown, inviting them to an ecclesiastical council, to be held the 6th day of July at 2 P. M., and asking their assistance in the dedicatory and ordination services to be held the following day.

Oddly enough, nothing further appears in the church records until July 18, and no account is given of the council or the dedicatory service, one of the most important steps in the church's history.

Mention is made of plans for this service in the *World* (June 21). "The Union Congregational Church will dedicate their new building on Sunday, July 7. The morning service will be delivered by Rev. E. E. Smiley[1] of the First Congregational Church of Cheyenne, the evening sermon by Rev. A. A. Brown of Hot Springs, S. D." No copies of the Wheatland *World* can be found for June 28 through August 2.

1. Rev. Elmer E. Smiley, a New Yorker, became the fourth president of the University of Wyoming, July 1, 1898, serving until August 31, 1903.

The dedication, the first milestone in the history of the church, is so important that we quote in full as it appears in the leaflet honoring the first minister.

DEDICATION AND ORDINATION

A more beautiful morning than last Sunday could not have been wished for the dedication of the new Congregational Church. The sun shone brightly, but not too intensely for comfort, and everyone felt that it was a most favorable omen for the future prosperity of the new church.

The church is of ample proportions and beautifully finished inside and out. The auditorium is seated with opera chairs, which add very much to the comfort of the audience, and matting covers the aisle. A neat carpet covers the rostrum, and the organ and pulpit furniture are of light wood, which with the oiled woodwork of the inside of the building, gives a very bright and cool effect. Several stained glass windows let in an abundance of light by day, and large brass lamps permit of the building being brilliantly lighted at night. On this occasion the church was tastefully adorned by vases of cut flowers and potted plants, and everyone pronounced it perfect in all of its appointments.

A large audience gathered to witness the dedicatory services, many being present from neighboring towns. Ushers met the people at the door and handed them neat printed programs, containing the order of exercises for both morning and evening services. A double quartette, composed of Mesdames Drummond, Tisch, Slafter, Miss Jesse, and Messrs. Slafter, Pittman, Goyne Drummond, and U. G. Drummond, led the singing and rendered several anthems appropriate to the occasion in a very pleasing manner. The dedicatory sermon by Rev. E. E. Smiley, of Cheyenne, was a very able one and highly enjoyed by all.

Although the weather became very unpleasant by night, a large audience again assembled to witness the ordination of the pastor of the new church, the Rev. J. M. Brown. He had passed the examination before the council of ordination on Saturday and now it remained only to publicly proclaim him a minister of the gospel. The double quartet sang as in the morning, assisted in the hymns by the congregation. Rev. A. A. Brown, father of the young pastor, preached the ordination sermon.

After a very impressive prayer by Rev. John Jeffries, Rev. Smiley spoke a few words of counsel to the pastor that were full of wisdom and helpfulness. Rev. A. T. Lyman then spoke to the people, urging them to give their pastor all the support and encouragement they can, and in so doing they will not only help him, but will enable him to do more for them. A hymn was then sung by the choir and congregation, after which Rev. J. M. Brown pronounced the benediction.

I. O. Middaugh filled his paper with state, national and world happenings, with only a column or so reserved for local news which he handled like personals. No matter the nature of the news, it does not rate a heading. Some of the items tell about the latest cattle shipments, a farmer who has brought new machinery to the flats, who the latest merchant is to put up his sign, with frequently a bit of gossip on the latest romance to add spice to the column. Judge J. M. Carey, Buffalo Bill, T. B. Hord, the "Hon."

John Hunton and other personages of the time are frequently mentioned.

Though no longer an open prairie, Wheatland was still windswept, if we are to believe the story which tells that D. M. Carley, conductor on the train going through Wheatland, was literally blown from the coach. At the time the paper went to press, he was recovering from his injuries.

Everything about the new minister and the new church proved to have news value. Some of the sermon titles listed in Mr. Middaugh's column include: "The Staff of Life," "Ecce Homo," "Deliverance," and "America, God's Chosen Country."

The Ladies' Auxiliary (Ladies Aid) is mentioned for the first time August 2, 1895 with the announcement that it will give a "ten cent shadow social" at the church the following Thursday evening. Junior (Christian) Endeavor makes its first appearance in the news August 16. In the next issue: "The young peoples' society (C. E.) enjoyed a pleasant Tuesday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. McCallum. The usual games and amusements were indulged in."

In the fall of '95, the church board decided to hold a series of "protracted" meetings and to ask the assistance of the Revs. Lyman and A. A. Brown. Though the *World* implies that the meetings were not too fruitful, with only "two or three conversions" being made, those listed in the church records from August through to the end of the first year would indicate that the revival spirit was in the air and that the church, under the leadership of the Rev. J. M. Brown, was growing with the community which it served.

The new members added to the church roll before the end of the year include: Mrs. Martha Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Henry N. Paddock, Wesley A. and Mary E. Strong, Mary J., Henry A. and Lurla Phelps, Grant and Nora West, Mrs. George Lord, Elmer K. Niner (Jennie's brother), Katie Allen (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Allen), Alice and Blanch Morrison (daughters of the Caldwell Morrisons), Mrs. Martha Catlin, Mercy Forrey and Mr. and Mrs. Reed. Mrs. Allen, whose name appears as Martha J., M. J., Mrs. A. C., served many years as church Clerk and was faithful at all services. Since Wheatland had treacherous open ditches, conveying irrigation water along the streets, she always took the precaution of carrying her lantern to services on dark nights, though she lived only a block away.

In October '05, Mrs. McCallum accompanied the Revs. A. A. and J. M. Brown to Cheyenne as a delegate from Wheatland to the Congregational Association. An invitation was extended and accepted to hold the meeting the following year in Wheatland. "This is a decided victory for the delegates from Wheatland and an important recognition of our town." (*World,* Oct. 25)

The first Christmas season in the new church was a gala affair, with the Sunday School presenting the first Christmas cantata. "Come and hear about Santa Claus's Mistake," the *World* urged. (Dec. 20) This is followed in the next issue by a quaint account of what took place. z z

> Santa Claus reigned supreme at the Congregational Church Tuesday evening when a cantata and Christmas tree exercises were given. The entertaining features of the evening were good, in fact excellent, and were much enjoyed. The tree and pulpit were tastily decorated and the whole presented an animated scene of joy and pleasure, in which there were reasons for about everyone to smile and be happy. The little folks had special reasons for retaining pleasant memories of the occasion as their numerous wants and wishes had all been given dutiful attention.

A complete list of officers was elected at the first annual meeting, Jan. 1, 1896, with the addition of chairmen for the following permanent committees: Music, Pastoral, Social.

The church records show no reason for the optimistic statement in the *World* (Jan. 3, 1896) that the Treasurer's report at the annual meeting showed an indebtedness of "only" $200, a portion of which was raised during the meeting. The records list the cost of the church building and fixtures as follows:

Building cost	$1,093.26
lamps	11.99
matting	6.00
stove	28.80
chairs	217.49
organ	132.30
bell and tower	244.15

In an undated entry, prior to October 7, the church voted to make application to the Home Missionary Society for $450. One of the new members taken in at this time was Mrs. Mora Hunton, who served long and faithfully. Mrs. Mary Arnold, another active worker for many years, joined soon after.

Records of the annual meeting in 1897 show that though confronted with financial problems, it was voted that "delinquent subscribers be forgiven."

Wheatland, still growing, was now boasting of a new and up-to-date Roller Mill, built by the Wyoming Development Company. Besides being the largest enterprise in the community, it received recognition at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition (1904) for its quality flour.

In November, the town's first resident minister received his formal dismissal and letters of recommendation, after having resigned three months before.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McCallum

We quote one of these letters, which speaks as much for the Clerk as it does for the pastor.

> "We consider Rev. J. M. Brown a man of thorough Christian character; an exemplary young man; a fluent speaker. His style is flowery; his words carefully chosen. He is loved and respected by all who know him. He left this place from his own choice and not the will of the people."
>
> M. J. Allen, Clerk, Wheatland Congregational Church

According to the *World,* "Rev. F. L. Sanborn, (Oct. 1, 1897—April 1, 1898) late of Yorkville, Ill., occupied the Congregational pulpit Sunday (Oct. 22) and has been called to the pastorate of the church. His family is now visiting in Longmont, Colo. Rev. Sanborn comes well recommended and will no doubt be found to be a pleasant Christian gentleman."

One of his official duties a few days after his arrival was to unite in marriage Miss Emma Sutherland and Patrick Daly at the home of Mrs. M. L. McCormick on the Laramie River. The week before Christmas, Rev. Sanborn gave a lecture at the school house on "American History is an Interesting Study." The Sanborns took an active part in church affairs, with Mrs. Sanborn serving as chorister and a member of the social and visiting committees and Rev. Sanborn as Sunday School Superintendent. At this time, Mrs. Hunton was Superintendent of Christian Endeavor, and her son John, who served many years on the faculty at the University of Wyoming, was Sunday School organist.

Apparently the original Constitution and By-Laws were out-

grown, for they were annulled at the annual meeting, Jan. 30, 1898, and a church manual, prepared by Rev. James Tompkins of the First Congregational Church of Minneapolis, was adopted.

The *World* (April 1, 1898) tells us that "Rev. Sanborn has decided to move his family to Colorado and will shortly return to Illinois for a brief visit. He has not fully decided upon a location yet, but expects to remain in the West. During his residence here as pastor of the Congregational Church, Rev. Sanborn and his estimable family have made many warm personal friends who will greatly regret his departure. Rev. Sanborn will be found to be a true Christian gentleman, worthy of full confidence and high esteem."

Rev. A. A. Brown then returned to Wheatland to be of assistance, financially and otherwise. He "kindly promised," according to the record (April 4) to furnish $400 from the Missionary fund to be applied on the salary of J. M. Blanks (June 2, 1898—June 1, 1899), whom the church voted to call.

Rev. Blanks, at the time a student in the Oberlin Theological Seminary, was unable to take over the pastorate until June. Unmarried and a vigorous worker, the young man began holding services regularly at Grant, Wyo., which is no longer listed as a post office. A week after his arrival in Wheatland, the church voted him the power to administer the sacrament. It must have been heart warming when at the annual meeting, Jan. 4, 1899, the Treasurer reported the church out of debt, the minister's salary paid, and money in the treasury.

Mrs. C. C. Clark, who succeeded Jennie Drummond at the church organ, also became choir director. The ushers who had first been listed as Kate Allen and Alice Morrison (morning services) and Fred Allen and Ray Catlin (evening services) simmered down to two, Dean Hunton and Fred Allen, the latter also serving as janitor at 50 cents a month.

Rev. Blanks was well liked by the young people, who gave a farewell party in his honor. The surprise party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McCallum, which was always the center of social activities of the church. "The evening was very pleasantly spent at games, and dainty refreshments were served. At a late hour the guests took their departure, only regretting that the evening was so short." (*World,* June 30)

Rev. Blanks left Wheatland, July 6, 1899, for Pine Bluff, Tenn., for a visit with friends before re-entering college in the fall. According to the *World,* he left with "the best wishes of a large list of friends."

Just where Rev. D. L. Thomas (June 1, 1899—Jan. 22, '01) was from is not recorded. He was a bachelor, who came for two months trial, with a view to permanency. The congregation was so well pleased with him that he was given a call to the pastorate before he had been in Wheatland a month.

The proceeds from a Fourth of July "ice cream table and other monies secured in different ways" were used to complete the payment on the bell tower. In August, both the Methodist and Congregational churches had to call off services because of a threatened diphtheria epidemic.

In January 1900, the new Superintendent of Missions, Rev. W. B. D. Gray, conducted a series of meetings. He was accompanied by his wife, who died in October of paralysis. The records include a letter of condolence to Mr. Gray.

Two events of interest were recorded during the year. At a prayer meeting in July the church accepted a gift from Mrs. Al Bowie, "a beautiful collection plate made of Olive wood from Jerusalem." In November, Mrs. F. N. Shiek helped give an entertainment, the nature of which we do not know. It netted the church $50.85, which was to be used for painting the outside of the church. It was slate grey in color.

Rev. Thomas was one of the most enterprising ministers the church had yet known. He not only did the actual work of repairing the church building, but he also contributed financially, 10 cents toward the fund for cleaning the organ, $35.64 for fencing and $1.75 for the express on the racks to hold the newly acquired song books. It might be added that only 10 cents was needed in addition to a small amount left over from the bell tower fund and the "take" from the gramaphone concert.

Besides extending to the minister a vote of thanks for his "substantial" aid, the church members also showed their gratitude (May 7, 1900) by voting to raise his salary (from $700) "if need be" to keep him another year. Though it was not stipulated, his salary was probably raised to $800 since that is the figure mentioned for the next minister.

Rev. Thomas is deserving of further mention for his appreciation of church records. In his bold handwriting we find, for the first time, a listing of the marriages (13), funerals (9) and baptisms (6), some of which prove interesting. At the marriage of Miss Jeanie Grant and Charles Lawrence (at the Duncan Grant home, June 1901), Rev. J. M. Brown, then of Keystone, S. D., assisted. This is the only mention of his ever returning to Wheatland. Though the first wedding in the Congregational Church in Wheatland is not known, Rev. Thomas lists the marriage of Levi B. Moody and Anna Nolan as the first to take place in the Congregational Church in Guernsey. Among the well remembered couples married by Rev. Thomas were the Southworths, the Andy Neilsons, the Charles ("Doc") Morrisons, the Pate Shepards, and the Walter Pattersons. Rev. Thomas records baptism of the following infants: Louise Ebert, Robert and Leo Trenholm, and the McDougall children, (John Clay, Don Alexander Bowie, and Jeanette Alice) at the Two Bar, the last named being "sprinkled" by Rev. Blanks.

The funerals include that of "a pauper from Albany County," who died at the hotel, a death from typhoid, one from whooping cough and one from drowning.

In the Clerk's account of the prayer meeting (May 16, 1900), an invitation was read to attend the organization of the Union Congregational Church at Guernsey. Mr. and Mrs. McCallum, who represented Wheatland, later reported the organization of the Guernsey church with a membership of 21.

Though a motion was made at a called meeting, August 12, to give a Rev. H. Rice an invitation of two weeks "on trial," for which he was to be paid $20, and another motion was made (Sept. 5) to consider the advisability of calling a pastor, it remained the will of the majority to retain Rev. Thomas until Jan. 22, 1901. On that date there was the single entry, "Rev. D. L. Thomas started away today."

In 1901, Wheatland had its first operation, an appendectomy performed on a dining room table in a private home by Dr. C. C. Croskery, a member of the Congregational Church, with Dr. Rigdon assisting.

The next minister, Rev. George W. Crater (May 2, 1901—May 1, 1903), kept a "missionary diary," a copy of which has been furnished through the kindness of his daughter, Mrs. Edna Crater Haymes of San Diego. Mrs. Haymes says that her father, a New Yorker, worked under Rev. W. B. D. Gray in South Dakota. When he came to Wyoming, Rev. Crater followed, coming first to Douglas, then to Wheatland. Mrs. Crater, who was also ordained, helped with services at Glendo, Cottonwood and Guernsey. They had four children, Ernest, a student at the University of Wyoming; Edna, who attended school at Chadron, Nebr., a Congregational Academy then; Rollo, 9; and Neta, 3. This family of interesting children brought new life into the church.

Mr. Crater's diary is much more enlightening than the church records. He painstakingly lists all meetings, giving the scripture, the title of the sermon, and a record of attendance. He called tirelessly upon the members and friends of the church, whose names are given on each date. Occasionally a personal note creeps in. For instance, Rev. Crater borrowed the McCallum's horse and buggy (which the ministers often did) and took Edna and Neta calling in the country with him one day. They visited the Max Eberts, the John McKinnons (Miskimmins), the Nylanders and the Nelsons.

The next day, the whole family attended a Missionary Tea at Mrs. McCallum's home. He reports about 75 in attendance. "Cash received at 10 cents per dish of ice cream and cake, about $7.50."

On July 3, he bought his horse, "Prentis," for which he paid $30. The next day, he recorded the saddest chapter in his life, his account of the drowning of his son, Ernest, and Dr. and Mrs.

Rigdon's son, John, at Festo Lake. This was the third son the Rigdons lost in as many years. Ernest, who was President E. E. Smiley's secretary at the University, was working at the Wheatland Mercantile Store and staying with his parents during the summer vacation.

Only two Sundays before his death, his contribution to the program at Christian Endeavor had been the quotation, "I know not where the islands lift their fronded palms in air. I only know I cannot drift beyond His love and care." President Smiley, who preached his funeral service, stated that if he were to name the two young men in Wyoming whose lives promised most for the future, he would have named Ernest Crater and John Rigdon.

Mr. Crater was so stunned, he recorded the events of the day with precision, bordering on stoicism, commenting only, "May our faith fail not, for without it, we could not bear this terrible blow!" He did not stop work, for it helped him to bear up, and although everyone was sympathetic and understanding, there was much to be done. Having made an appointment for the evening at Mrs. Allen's to unite George Allen and Emma Myers in marriage, he did not disappoint them. "How wonderfully are mingled life and death and joy and sorrow!" he comments.

Edna Haymes' account, written more than fifty years later, is filled with cherished memories. She was fifteen, Ernest twenty, when the tragic accident occurred. Both versions may be found in the complete history of the church.

The benevolences for 1901 include contributions to the Jacksonville fire sufferers, the W. C. T. U., the China famine sufferers and to the Children's Home.

A few brief items of interest were recorded in 1902. (March 9) "There was read in church today, a letter from Scotland recommending Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Neilson to any church with which they may wish to unite." At the same time, a lot adjoining the church property was purchased for $100. Mr. and Mrs. David Gordon were accepted as church members "in full connection" (April 6) and were gladly welcomed. The Gordons had previously lived on a ranch on Horseshoe Creek west of Glendo, where they were instrumental in founding and building the Union Church in 1897, which for many years was served by Wheatland ministers. Mr. Gordon also helped organize the Congregational Church in Torrington, June 20, 1903.

Dave Gordon, who came directly to Wyoming from his native Ireland, was a cousin of Johnny Gordon, of Uva, who conceived the idea of the Wheatland irrigation project. Mrs. Gordon, as a young woman, came to America to take care of Mr. Gordon's six children, whose mother died before they left Ireland. She lived a consecrated life of service. She and Mr. Gordon had one daughter, Mary, now living in California.

In 1900, a council was held for the ordination of Miss Annette Beecher and a Mr. Erwin. Some time between then and March 30, 1903, Miss Beecher became the second wife of Supt. W. B. D. Gray. Together they served the churches in this region many years.

The annual meeting for the year 1902 heard the Treasurer report $442.17, collected during the year, with $440.59 paid to the pastor, far short of the salary of $800 he was supposed to have received. The balance in the treasury was $1.08, in the Ladies' Auxiliary $44.30. The Missionary Society raised $20 and the "Blessing Society" $9.95. This is the only mention in the records of the "Blessing Society."

The members, who had never kept a minister longer than two years, were due for a change. The treasury was at a financial low, few members were being added to the church, more were withdrawing or being dropped because they had moved away and had "evinced no desire within the last two years" to continue their membership. Those needing someone to blame, quite naturally settled on the pastor.

There were many W. C. T. U. workers in the church. In fact, at various times Rev. Thomas had turned the pulpit over on Sunday morning to temperance speakers. A notation in Rev. Crater's diary suggests that he might have shocked some of his members. (June 21, 1901) "Called at the one saloon in Wheatland to leave cards of invitation to services. Called at both blacksmith shops and both livery barns." The last entry was logical for he was interested in horses, but a preacher in a saloon! Such had never been heard of in Wheatland before. Then, too, there were those who could not forget that John Rigdon whom they knew so well had lost his life to save his friend whom they did not know.

It is apparent that after Rev. Crater withdrew from the annual meeting (Jan. 1903), the matter was freely discussed. It was moved that those in favor of retaining Mr. Crater as pastor of the church vote, "Yes." Those opposed, "No." When the ballots were counted, the negative carried.

The following notice was read at the next Sunday morning service: "I will close my labors on this field on the last day of April next, the end of this my second year as pastor of this church. The church is at liberty to seek and to call my successor. That you may be guided by the Holy Spirit to make a wise choice, you have my prayers." (signed) George W. Crater.

Rev. W. B. D. Gray served as Moderator at a meeting March 30. While a motion to accept the resignation of Rev. Crater was carried, it was also voted that a paper presented by Mr. Gordon be copied in the church records. It read as follows: "We the undersigned members of the Congregational Church do not wish to accept the resignation of our pastor, Mr. G. W. Crater, believing

Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell Morrison

that he has been the most efficient and faithful minister ever in charge of our church," signed by twenty-one of the church's most active workers. The Craters' loyal Wheatland friends gave a monument for Ernest's grave as a "going away present."

At the March meeting, a motion was made and carried to call Rev. J. W. Moore (July 12, 1903—Mar. 1, 1907) of Woodstock, Ill., to the pastorate at a salary of $800. The church extended an invitation to Mrs. Annette B. Gray, general missionary, to supply the pulpit until Rev. Moore could take over. Rev. Crater accepted a call to the state of Washington.

Mrs. Gray is fondly remembered by some of the old timers as a "missionary type" with a heavenly face. She was a forceful woman, with expressive hands, and she wore a robe when she delivered her sermons, something different in the pulpit in Wheatland.

At the Easter Sunday morning service in 1903, Mrs. Louise Merrill, grandmother of Hazelle Ferguson, was received into full membership. Thus began a family interest in the church that has carried into the fifth generation. This was the year of Wheatland's

big fire, when the elevator burned, destroying 60,000 bushels of wheat.

In 1904, Mrs. F. N. Shiek was elected the first woman Trustee, to fill a vacancy when one of the members moved away. Though Mrs. Shiek did not transfer her membership from her church in Massachusetts until the next year, she was actively interested in every branch of the local church. She also had the distinction of being the first president of the W.T.K. Club, which was organized at the Congregational Church Jan. 18, 1904, from its predecessor the Literary Club of '01.

The Trustees were authorized to borrow $800 from C.C.B.S. in April 1904 for the purpose of building a parsonage. The mortgage was executed in November, with the Trustees serving as the building committee.

In February 1905, Mrs. W. H. Morrison earned the title of "lady booster for the Wheatland Colony" after writing an enthusiastic account for her home town paper in Mt. Olivet, Ky. J. R. Mason, promoter for the Wyoming Development Company, was so impressed that he used reprints in leaflet form in his advertising campaign. We quote:

> Just think of five hundred families or more bound together by bonds of water, and it holds longer than pledges in a stronger liquid! Wheatland is a model, clean little city, remarkably free from immorality. The town is unincorporated, has no police protection other than that furnished by justice court, and has never felt the need of any better protection.
>
> This place is noted for its pretty homes, beautiful lawns and gardens. Nearly all of the residences and business houses are of brick. It has four business blocks. Three nice churches, the Methodist Episcopal, Congregational and Catholic, a public library building which contains over six hundred volumes, two good hotels, and a roller mill with a capacity of 150 barrels. Its flour is of such a superior quality that it received the gold medal award at the St. Louis World's Fair.
>
> The climate here is ideal, but one must live in the West to comprehend its charms. While we still love our old Kentucky home, yet after two years' residence in the West, the metropolitan East seems like a dream, for the West holds you in thraldom. It is so broad and generous. And again, it is such a relief not to see baking powder and patent medicine staring you in the face from every rock by the wayside.

Wheatland's third church, St. Patrick's Catholic, was built by Rev. James Keating in 1898. The original building, now much improved, is still being used for services. According to the Rev. Thomas Aeschbacher, mass was celebrated in the Wheatland area by the Rev. Francis Nugent in the home of Patrick Mullin on the Laramie River as early as 1885. The Parish of St. Patrick was incorporated Aug. 12, 1905, the incorporation papers being signed by Casper Rowse and John Mullin. The Rev. Patrick Long, the first resident pastor of the Catholic Church, was in Wheatland

from February 1907 until July 1910. He also took charge of the missions at Guernsey, Sunrise, Hartville, Torrington and Glendo.

Mrs. Morrison might have added to her story that the local smokers about this time were lighting up with a "Two Bar Cigar" from the Wheatland Cigar Factory and that the young people were dancing to the tune of the Dearinger Orchestra. The musicians were Frank Dearinger, cornet; Harry Dearinger, violin; and E. M. Norton (first telephone manager) harp. Many of the early settlers, who classified smoking and dancing with the major vices, were not too happy over either.

Though Mrs. Morrison is not on the list of charter members, she and her husband were active in the Christian Church movement from its inception in 1904. Two years later the organization was complete with 32 charter members. On June 14, 1908, the Christian church building was dedicated. Wheatland had reason to be proud of its first four churches, whose members are numbered among its pioneers.

In Rev. Moore's letter of resignation as pastor of the Congregational Church (Dec. 29, 1906), he says, "It is now three and a half years since we began work together here. They have been years of pleasantness to me, and I think have not been without benefit to us all. During this time our church property has doubled in value. Our membership has increased from 51 to 89. We have been together in joy and sorrow."

Rev. Moore's daughter, Mary Moore Hawes was only three years old when the family moved to Douglas, where her father was accidentally killed by a train. According to one of her letters written from her home in Fairbanks, Alaska, Rev. Moore was an athletic sort of person. He loved to ride horseback and play baseball and tennis. Though she does not remember him, she has often been told that "he had a fine voice and was considered broadminded."

Though the first mention of the Ladies' Auxiliary did not appear in the records until 1901, it was the oldest woman's organization in the church, dating back to August 2, 1895. With its larger membership and fund raising programs, it overshadowed the Missionary Society (first mentioned Dec. 1902) though the latter lasted thirty years. The Auxiliary was primarily concerned with local finances, while the Missionary Society stressed the foreign field. The Ladies' Auxiliary became the Ladies' Aid in December 1906.

Rev. James E. Butler (April 7, 1907—March 28, 1909), of Lowell, Michigan, was next called at a salary of $800, parsonage rent free. He was graduated from the Chicago Theological Seminary in the '80's and had preached in Illinois, Indiana and Michigan before coming to Wyoming. Rev. Moore and Rev. Butler had been friends since childhood.

The Butler family consisted of three children, Ellen, 12; Victor,

9; and Lou, 7. Mrs. Butler's mother, who accompanied the family to Wheatland, passed away a few weeks later. While Rev. Butler died many years ago, his widow, now in her nineties, still corresponds with her Wheatland friends. The reminiscences of Mrs. Butler, Victor and Ellen (Butler) Cole of San Diego are filed with the church history. It is apparent that they still have a warm spot in their hearts for Wheatland.

Mrs. Butler, who helped organize the Reading Circle, was also an early member of W. T. K. Club. When Rev. Butler discontinued preaching in 1909, he moved his family to a farm about three miles from town, near the lake. Lou is still remembered as "the pop corn boy," as he earned $600 by means of selling pop corn to help pay for a house the Butlers built in Wheatland. It is now known as the George Waln residence. The story, written by Mrs. Butler, was placed in a tin box and built into a newel post, where it was found when the house was remodeled.

Mrs. W. B. D. Gray (April 4, 1909—Aug. 30, 1909) was accepted as temporary pastor, "with all the privileges and salary of a regular pastor until such time as a suitable pastor be found." He was Rev. C. H. Gilmore (Oct. 1, 1909—Dec. 23, 1910), who was called at an increase in salary to $1,000. On October 3, he preached his first sermon as regular pastor.

His report appears in full in the church records as it was given at the annual meeting, January 3, 1910. It is straightforward and to the point. During his first three months, he had the "Grippe," lasting two weeks. Nevertheless, he made 116 calls, preached 38 sermons, attended 8 prayer meetings and 13 sessions of Sunday School. He received two into the church on Confession of Faith, preached one funeral and solemnized one marriage. He also received $160 on his salary. While receiving the kindest reception by the people, he frankly admitted he had no doubt that some had been disappointed in him. He comments, "We do not expect to meet with the commendation of all the people, for that is more than the Savior himself did while on earth."

There are records to show that more than once the men of the church showed their appreciation by a rising vote of thanks for the splendid work of the women's organizations. One such occasion was Jan. 3, 1910 when the women were so honored for their work in paying off the mortgage on the parsonage.

Mr. Gilmore did a great deal of calling, using the McCallums' well-fed chestnut sorrel, always at the disposal of the ministers. He drove about the country-side and visited far and wide. A good mixer, he spent quite a bit of time in the barber shop, exchanging jokes with his friends, much more time than some of his parishioners deemed proper.

Although the motion to call Rev. Gilmore for another year carried, thirty to eight, he submitted his resignation November 13.

Again he did not mince words. "I hereby tender my resignation to take effect on and after the Lord's day morning (services) in December (23), 1910."

A significant notation appears in the minutes of the December meeting. A discussion transpired regarding the kind of minister needed. "A motion was made and carried that we ask for a strictly orthodox Christian minister. A motion was made that we ask Mr. Gray to send us a young man and that he come on trial for three or four Sundays before being called. Motion lost."

Again Mrs. Gray was asked to serve as a supply minister. This she declined because of a previous arrangement to go East. She did, however, preach a sermon on the morning of February 5 and call a meeting for the purpose of helping select another pastor. After reading the credentials of several prospective ministers, the members decided to call Rev. R. F. Paxton (May 1, 1911 to December 31, 1915) of Staples, Minnesota. This time the congregation offered to pay one-half of the moving expenses. Mr. Paxton was hired for an indefinite period of time.

On Oct. 9, 1911, the Union Congregational Church of Wheatland took another important step in its history. It voted to erect a new church home. In order to do this, the Trustees were authorized to apply to the C. C. B. S. for a grant of $2,000 and a loan of $1,500. Again the Trustees were asked to serve as the building committee and empowered to appoint "others outside to act with them."

The Christian Church graciously allowed the Congregational Church free use of its building while the old church was still unfit for services after being moved.

The new church was dedicated, Sunday, Aug. 10, 1913, with the activities beginning at the Sunday School at 9:30 in the old building, where the crowd assembled to march to the new church to hear the Rev. S. B. Long, of Lusk. The concluding service on Wednesday was a "Home Gathering," honoring Rev. and Mrs. W. B. D. Gray.

The formal Sunday morning dedicatory service included: Scripture, Rev. Annette B. Gray; Prayer, Rev. William Flammer, Douglas; Sermon, Rev. John J. Shingler, Cheyenne; Prayer of Dedication, Rev. W. B. D. Gray; and Benediction, Rev. S. B. Long. The music was furnished by the choir and by Mrs. O. O. Natwick, soloist, and Wade Cramer, of Cheyenne, violinist. The Dedicatory Hymn, printed on the program and sung at the formal service, was composed by the Rev. R. F. Paxton.

We quote from one of the local papers, "The new church building is a handsome and imposing structure and would be a credit to any city many times the size of Wheatland. The total cost of the building is ($9,000 plus $500 for furnishings, according to one clipping in the records and $10,500 according to another). It is reported free of debt" (with the exception of $500 for furnish-

ings). Those in the congregation who cared to donate toward a sum to "clean up the balance due on the church" were given on opportunity to do so before the close of the services, with about $1,300 being raised in this manner in a few minutes. When the offering was taken, it was announced that over $110 had been deposited in the collection plates.

The newspaper item concludes with a tribute to the efforts of the pastor. "Rev. Paxton is deserving of more than ordinary praise for his untiring efforts during the past year in assisting in the work of soliciting subscriptions, and also for manual labor performed in assisting with the construction work, as without his good work, it is doubtful if the new building would have been built at the time."

A letter from Mr. Paxton's widow, now Mrs. Arthur Nettleton of St. Cloud, Fla., speaks of Mr. Paxton's diary, a copy of which we hope to add to the church records. She says that she used to hear Mr. Paxton say of the church, "It seems as if I know the cost of every brick and timber that went into it."

The C.C.B.S. apparently granted $3,000 outright and loaned $2,000, according to Mr. Paxton's records, for he says that the Ladies' Aid assumed the debt ($2,000 to run 10 years, with $200 to be paid annually) and that in the subsequent 10 years they never failed to pay promptly their annual assessment of $200. In October, the church asked C.C.B.S. for $500 to complete the basement, agreeing that the sum be paid back at the rate of $50 a year without interest.

Mrs. McCallum's name failed to appear in the minutes of the annual meeting in January 1914, either as an officer of the church or as a member of an important committee. A church record (January 19) says simply, "The funeral of Mrs. D. McCallum was held in the church, which was filled to its full seating capacity, and the flowers, tokens of esteem from many friends, were many and very beautiful." This was followed by a long resolution expressing deep regard for "beloved sister, Anna McCallum" and paying tribute to her for her great work in the church, in the Sunday School and in the community.

Mrs. Dave Gordon made a motion (October 1915) that Rev. Paxton's resignation not be accepted. Her motion lost, and his resignation took effect, though he was recalled to this church to serve again in 1923.

Again the W.B.D. Grays were called upon for help. This time Rev. Gray wrote the letter, dated "Midnight," to Rev. Arthur T. Evans (Mar. 15, 1916—Jan. 1, 1920) of Fairmont, Nebr., whom the congregation voted to call. In it, he stipulated a salary of $1,200 and parsonage. Rev. Evans was installed as pastor and preached his first sermon March 5. He, Mrs. Evans and three of their children were received into fellowship with Rev. Gray officiating.

Two months later, Rev. Evans read a long statement from C.C.B.S., explaining the reorganization of the missionary agencies under the direction of the National Council and the adoption of a more businesslike method of distributing missionary aid. This simmered down to the fact that the churches desiring aid must first do everything in their power to help themselves.

Plans for handling the finances of the church by the budget system were formulated in October. The following month, the matter was still under discussion and the question was to be presented to the affiliated societies of the church for consideration.

One cannot repress a chuckle over the Clerk's record (July 9, 1916), which reads, "At the quarterly business meeting, held in the church parlors, a goodly number had assembled and after satisfying the needs of the animal man, there was scripture reading, etc." When this report was read at the next meeting, Rev. Evans objected to being reminded that man is an animal.

Apparently the budget system presented difficulties, for Mr. Evans pointed out a discrepancy of $289, but according to the records, "after recess, there was only $82 shortage." The minister was asked to help straighten out the budget system, which apparently proved too complicated for some of the members.

The Dorcas Society, which was formed by the younger members of the Ladies' Aid in 1914, made its first report at the annual meeting, January 3, 1917. Thereafter, the annual report of the Dorcas was a highlight at the yearly meetings. The last mention of Ladies' Aid appeared in January 1943.

The estimated budget for the year 1919 was $1,749.50, with the notation that the church raised $2,784 the previous year, including the amount paid on the debt on the parsonage, incurred by remodeling. "We all rejoice that the debt is paid," the Clerk states with pride.

In Rev. Evans' desire to organize the church finances on a business like basis, he was outspoken and aggressive. His plan for a budget system caused confusion, and his suggestion that the moneys of the church go through three hands, the pastor's, the clerk's and the treasurer's, for a complete checkup was new. The treasurer resigned, and, for the first time the record shows an audit of the books. At the same time, Rev. Evans gave a short personal talk "apropos to his relations with the church." His fourth year as pastor terminated Jan. 1, 1920. From here, the Evans went to Lander where Mrs. Evans died not long afterwards. It is believed that the Evans came to Wyoming because of her health.

A singular incident occurred in March. Rev. Will R. Johnson preached his "trial sermons" and wrote a letter stating the conditions on which he might accept the pastorate, all of which were met with the exception of his request for a Detroit "Vapo" stove. In an undated entry prior to July 6, we learn that Mr. Johnson

declined the call "for reasons which he considered good and sufficient," and he recommended a friend to take his place, Rev. Charles A. Nash (May 9, 1920—Oct. 1, 1922) of Waterloo, Ia. Rev. Nash, an Australian by birth, was the first minister hired sight unseen. He proved to be tall, good looking and shy. He was quiet spoken and well liked. The Nashs had no children.

Rev. Nash was instrumental in having the local church adopt the Constitution of the national organization of the Congregational Church in place of the one being used. He also introduced the envelope system for collections. Further, in February 1922, he stated a willingness to accept a cut of $200 in salary for the remainder of the year. This naturally added to his popularity.

The bleakness of the '20's was apparent when, in July 1922, the minutes of the church Clerk read, "The following motion was made and approved: That the constituency of the church be notified that the doors of the church will be closed in three months' time unless some means can be found to finance it to the end of the year." Upon Mr. Nash's resignation in October, he was again offered the pulpit at a reduction in salary, which he declined. Times were so pressing, it was decided that, rather than pay a minister, the church should pay $10 a Sunday for a substitute preacher and rent the parsonage for a year.

Several plans were proposed, namely (1) sharing a minister with Glendo, not advisable because of financial reasons; (2) merging the Christian, Baptist and Congregational churches with one minister serving the three, not feasible for many reasons. Rev. McCracken, from a mission in South Dakota, and Rev. Paxton, who had continued to live on his homestead east of Wheatland, served as substitutes, with Mr. Paxton being called back to the pulpit December 1, 1923, this time serving a period of two years.

While the budget of 1921 had called for $3,250, it now (December 1924) was down to $2,250. The following year Mr. Paxton was re-elected but granted a four months' vacation. The interim minister was a brilliant, young student, A. Gladstone Finnie of the New York Theological Seminary, who "gave us a very profitable summer with excellent sermons."

At the annual meeting (Jan. 6, 1926), it was moved and carried by rising vote that Mr. Caldwell Morrison be made a permanent Deacon and that Mrs. Morrison be made permanent Deaconess. During the summer, after Rev. Paxton and his family moved to DeLong, Ill., the substitute ministers were W. A. Bunker and Rev. G. Craig Watt, with Rev. D. Powell (Dec. 1, 1926—June 1, 1928) accepting the pastorate in December.

Though the records do not show it, the D stood for Dalmanutha, according to one of his old friends who resides at Lusk. He says of Mr. Powell, who came to Wheatland from Jireh, Wyoming, "Do I remember Dalmanutha Powell? His homestead cornered ours. Carpenter, blacksmith, farmer and minister—but no bus-

iness man. He died some twenty years ago at Worland, where his wife, now in her 90's still lives. He was a self taught man, and he did a fair job of it, too. Many people owe more to 'Dally' Powell than they will ever know." He was a pastor at Jireh Church which served the college by that name.

Mention of Jireh College evokes fond memories among some of the older residents of the Manville-Lusk area. It was a small denominational college (Christian), founded in 1908 and dedicated in 1909. It had a good teaching staff, offering a complete course for high school and the first two years of college—art, music, the sciences. The Language course was said to have been one of the best ever offered in Wyoming. While the campus boasted of two buildings and about 200 acres of land, there were probably never more than 75 or 80 students. Financial conditions during World War I forced the closing of the school.

Although Mr. Powell received only $1,500 a year, the next minister, Rev. Robert Hoffman (Sept. 1, 1928—Sept. 27, 1929), of Chicago, was offered the pastorate at $2,000, indicating that times might be improving, though how much he actually received is not clear. Rev. and Mrs. Hoffman had seven children, the largest family ever to occupy the parsonage. He resigned a year later with his resignation taking effect at once, rather than three months later, which had long been a custom. He is said to have left the ministry to become a prison chaplain.

Rev. Riley E. Morgan (Dec. 1, 1929—Apr. 1, 1936), of Trenton, Nebr., was next called at a salary of $1,800, with transportation and moving expenses allowed, not to exceed $100. Mr. Morgan remained as faithful pastor of the church more than six years at substantial cuts in salary. The drouth of the early '30's was as telling on the church finances as the depression of the '20's. Rev. and Mrs. Morgan reside in Boulder, Colo., and their talented daughter, Rachel, is secretary to the president of a college in Atlanta, Ga.

In one of his recent letters, Rev. Morgan pays tribute to the choir of the Wheatland Congregational Church. "All the years my family and I were with the church, the choir seemed to us to be the outstanding phase of the work. I believe all would agree with me that the choir under Mrs. Natwick and Tom Hunton made a distinct contribution to the influence of the church. To me it always seemed to be a leavening influence for good in the community. The congregation always rallied around the choir. Good music well sung gets pretty close to the heart of religion, so it seems to me. And that is what we always got from our choir, whether Mrs. Natwick or Tom Hunton was responsible for directing the music. When the Yuletide came, the music was appropriate to the season, likewise when Easter came. Those two seasons have always been great occasions in the life of the church, and I trust that they may be so always."

The salary offered the next minister, Rev. L. W. Flenner (June 1, 1936—Sept. 1, 1942), still indicates hard times. He was offered $1,200 and $100 for moving expenses. The parsonage became the meeting place for all of the children in the neighborhood, as the Flenners had a way with young people. When Rev. Flenner made his report at the annual meeting in January 1942, he gave a brief summary of the history of the church, which was entered in the records. In it he says, "Although there is no definite record, this church must have ceased from missionary aid some time in 1917."

In August, Rev. Flenner tendered his resignation with the request that he be released by the first of September so that the family might reach their new charge in Oregon in time for the opening of school and college. Ellen and Bud Flenner, who were graduated from Wheatland High School, later received their degrees from Pacific University in Forest Grove, Ore. They and their younger sister, Betty, are married and live in the state of Oregon. Rev. and Mrs. Flenner reside at Cornelius.

He writes, "Our years in Wheatland were some of the happiest we ever spent in any parish, and our children all hold fond memories of those years and were very unhappy when we left. I have thought often of the people of the church and also many others that I was able to minister to, especially in time of the death of someone in the family. We have been very happy to know that the church has progressed since we left there and wish for it the very best in years to come."

Rev. Clifford S. Higby (Nov. 15, 1942—Apr. 19, 1945), of Hemingford, Nebr., was called at the same salary, with $40 toward moving expenses and a promise of a clean and repaired parsonage. His ordination service was held at the annual meeting of the Wyoming Conference at Wheatland, June 2, 1943.

A notation in November of that year states that the members and friends of the church gathered in the church parlors for a covered dish supper honoring Mrs. Esther Morrison, "our only living charter member" on her birthday. While she was deserving of all honor accorded her, it should have read that she was the only living charter member still residing in Wheatland. Apparently, the church had not kept in touch with the Niner family.

The reminiscences of Rev. and Mrs. Higby, of Boulder, Colo., will be found in the complete history of the church. Because of lack of space, we are able to quote only a few excerpts from Rev. Higby's most interesting account.

> My memory of Wyoming Congregationalism goes back to the '90's, when the state superintendent would stop at our sod house on the homestead. First, there was the Rev. Mr. Lyman— he of the tremendously big black beard. No face at all except eyes, nose and ears! How could he eat? My brother and I forgot our food to watch the feat! And he made it! The big black mustache curled out and

up, and way under there was a big red mouth. Then there was my hero, Dr. W. B. D. Gray. He was missionary superintendent a long time, and he visited us on the homestead many, many times. And when he came, my brother and I dropped everything and sat at his feet for whatever the length of his stay.

Dr. Gray was a big man, had been boxing coach at college. He was not hesitant in using his fists for advancing the Kingdom of God. What delighted us boys was Dr. Gray's generosity in sharing in detail his adventures since his last visit. . . . A few years after the first Mrs. Gray died, Dr. Gray married a very remarkable woman, much younger than he. She was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Cheyenne. As the years passed and Dr. Gray began to fail, Mrs. Gray took more and more of the load, making many of the trips over the state by herself.

Rev. Higby tells of the active part his mother, Mrs. Nina W. Higby, played in the establishment of the early Carnegie libraries in the state. As Wyoming state president of the W. C. T. U., she saw "the curse of the saloon, but also the need it filled as a club room for idle hours. So as she traveled over the state she urged local groups to provide reading rooms." At one of the national conventions she attended, she learned of Carnegie's plan for public libraries. According to Rev. Higby, "She wrote to him direct and challenged him with the need of Wyoming's frontier folk. It gripped his imagination, and they corresponded, with the result that Carnegie allocated funds for five libraries in Wyoming, to be placed at mother's suggestion. Wheatland was first on the list."

Rev. Higby explains the use of "Union" in the names of various Presbyterian and Congregational Churches as follows:

As our mission work followed— or accompanied— the pioneers across the plains, the Presbyterians and Congregationalists worked together in more harmony than most other groups. Because of this and also because of the difference in administrative control of the local churches in the two denominations, we lost to the Presbyterians approximately fifty churches by the time we reached the Missouri River.

Therefore, it was agreed between the two denominations that where one had pioneered in an area, the other would stay out. I remember that some of our most dependable members in Wheatland were from Presbyterian background. The same no doubt could be said of the Union Congregational Churches of Green River, Rock Springs, Buffalo, and from Douglas east to the Nebraska line.

Conversely, the opposite probably is true of the Union Presbyterian Churches of Laramie, Rawlins, Sinclair, Saratoga, Encampment, Evanston, Cody and many others.

In January 1945, Rev. Higby made a trip to Mayo's where his case was diagnosed as a diverticulum in the esophagus. Surgery and a long period of convalescence followed.

In this connection I want again to express our appreciation of the many kindnesses shown us by the Wheatland church during that trying time. I remember the host of letters, cards and good wishes; the knowledge that many were praying in our behalf; the salary checks

that came regularly from January first when we went to Mayo's until April 10, when I resigned to take an extended period of convalescence in Arizona. How good it was to have Mr. and Mrs. (Wick) Hopkins walk into my hospital room in Rochester; and then they sent me a wonderful spray of American beauty roses.

In addition to all this, many gifts came our way; among them checks from the Sunday School and Dorcas and two from individuals, one for $100 and another for $50, the latter all the way from Hawaii. Also while we were at Mayo's the church raised my salary $300 a year. And when we came home, and I tried to carry on and found I could not, you voted (at a called meeting Sunday morning after church) to give me as long a leave of absence as I needed. However, after careful consideration, we decided that the only fair thing to do was to leave the church free to call another minister, so I resigned.

Rev. W. J. Hoare (Sept. 24, 1945—Mar. 1, 1952), of Anoka, Minn., visited Wheatland and filled the pulpit two Sundays before being hired at a salary of $1,800 to start and $500 for moving expenses. At the annual meeting in '47, Rev. Hoare's salary was raised to $2,100.

As no official copy of the church Constitution could be found in the records, a special meeting was called, Nov. 14, 1948, with Rev. Harry W. Johnson, superintendent at large, presiding. The chairmen of the boards of Trustees and Deacons were authorized to appoint a committee to draw up a new Constitution and By-laws to be presented at the annual meeting. They were adopted January 9, 1950, and a copy was pasted in the Clerk's book for permanent record. At this time, a vote of thanks was extended to Wick Hopkins for "time, money and materials" spent on repairing the church and to Ted Terman for donating and installing a hearing aid system.

One of the most remarkable accomplishments of the church was the completion of the payment on the Hammond Electric Organ, with money to spare. The memorial fund for the organ, amounting to only about $750 the year before, grew miraculously. The organ committee, composed of Hazelle Ferguson and Margaret Haeberle, reported (Jan. 23, '49) that the organ and chimes were paid for in full with a balance on hand of $68 and approximately $150 yet to be returned by the manufacturers of the organ. A Memorial Book was purchased, listing the names of all of the donors, and the balance of the money was returned to the Dorcas Society, which worked hard to raise the necessary funds.

Rev. Hoare will long be remembered for his elaborate pageants which he wrote and directed, the stage settings and scenery he painted, and the many costumes which he furnished for the characters who performed. A native of Titchfield, England, he served in the British Army for a time before coming to America. He died of a heart attack at Alliance, Nebr., Feb. 9, 1957.

Rev. Alan Inglis (July 1, 1952—Jan. 1, '57) came to Wheatland direct from the Divinity School at Yale. He brought with

DORCAS, picture taken on 40th Anniversary, 1954

Top Row, left to right: Peggy Hobert, Galen Perkins and daughter Gwen, Mildred Loomis, Ethyl Lamborn, Olive Peek, Margaret Brashear, Pauline Shepard, Mary Guenther, Ann Nixson, Mel Whitmore, Fern Zwonitzer, Dorothy Blow, Dorothy Good, Jane Gano, Nancy Allen

Middle Row: Doris Williams, Ethalyn Waitman, Leona Phifer, Irma Hester, Margaret Haeberle, Zoe Davis, Claudine Artist and Hazelle Ferguson (charter members of Dorcas), Louise Natwick, Delpha Cole, Bertha Kenty, Helen Rosene

First Row: Zonetta Haeberle, Bonnie Pike, Norma Haeberle, Kathleen Brighton, Laura Whalen

him a youthful enthusiasm and faculty for organization. Under his leadership, the Men's Club and Pilgrim Fellowship (the youth group) became active branches of the church. Rev. Inglis, his wife and three children bade farewell to their Wheatland friends in January for their new home in Flasher, N. D., where Rev. Inglis is serving five neighboring churches by means of an airplane. One of his most difficult assignments in our church was his funeral service for John K. Phifer, who was killed in a tractor accident. It was the fifth accidental death in the Phifer family, as Mr. Phifer's parents, Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Phifer, and their son, Wood, and his wife lost their lives in a highway accident during a flood in 1935. The death of the Phifers was an irreparable loss to the church and to the community.

Since Rev. Inglis' departure, the church has been served by Rev. E. D. Forssell, interim minister. Although the building, the dream of the Ladies' Aid which was made possible through the efforts of Rev. Paxton and many loyal members and friends, looks much the same on the exterior, countless changes have taken place within. The basement, with its modern kitchen and attractive auditorium, now has a clever nursery, or "Cry Room," the work of the Dorkettes, the younger branch of the ever faithful Dorcas Society. The sanctuary, with its rose beige walls and new light fixtures, has, as its focal point of interest, an intricately carved cross, the work of Dr. Bill Rosene's father. In the background, rich textured drapes add warmth and dignity.

The Communion Table, with its inscription, "In Remembrance of Me," brings back hallowed memories of the past, for it was a gift of the W. B. D. Grays.

In concluding the story of the Union Congregational Church of Wheatland, we would like to borrow a statement from Rev. Flenner's report at the annual meeting fifteen years ago. "Back of this brief record is the unrecorded story of happiness and sorrow, accomplishments and failure, hopes realized and hopes thwarted. Through it all runs the bright thread of loyalty to the church and to the loving God that it represents."

The Old Church*

By

HELEN COOK

I like to sit alone in the old church before the others come, the cheerful throng who seek their favorite pews and join in prayer and make the echoes ring with hearty song.

I said, "Alone." Yet, I am not alone. Another congregation gathers here; their presence seems to fill the shadowed room; their rustling footsteps stir the quiet air.

It seems I hear once more the dear old hymns, forgotten now, the ones they loved the best. I hear the feeble tones of white haired saints, and sweet young voices mingle with the rest.

And now His table's spread, and through the years old elders come again to humbly pray and serve the loaf and cup with gnarled hands and trembling reverence in the age-old way.

The pulpit rings anew with passioned pleas, young preachers set on fire by holy flame. With penetential tears, the converts come and here are born anew in Jesus' name.

And now the scene is one of solemn joy. In come virgin brides with measured tread, and now the sorrowing, His comfort find, and bravely here earth's last farewell is said.

Yes, this old church is holy ground to me. Each crumbling stone, the steps for decades trod, the aisles, the pews are hallowed by the faith our fathers had, who here have worshipped God.

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Portrait of an "Ordinary" Woman

Eliza Stewart Boyd

By

CLARICE WHITTENBURG

"Miss Stewart, you have the honor of being the first woman ever called upon to serve on a court jury!" Sheriff N. K. Boswell announced to the thunderstruck little schoolmistress who answered his knock.

The time was March 9, 1870. The place was Wyoming Territory, town of Laramie. The leading lady was 37-year-old Eliza Stewart who had come alone to the Territory a little more than a year before from her birthplace at Evansburg, Crawford County, Pennsylvania.

Today, eighty-seven years later, her daughter, Mrs. Elwin W. Condit of Laramie, frequently refers to her as "quite an ordinary, unassuming little woman."

Unassuming? Yes, no doubt! Ordinary? One wonders! Ordinary, perhaps, in general appearance. Blue-eyed, brown-haired, somewhat short and stocky of build. Rather droll in conversation, yet not particularly witty. A woman with a quick mind and a ready memory but not unlike her nextdoor neighbor in outward particulars. Measured by the standards of her day, however, what a truly adventurous soul she must have possessed! Alone, she left the security of family and friends in an established eastern state to make her home in the unknown West. Alone, she came to face a raw, rough, roisterous Wyoming tent-and-shack town, so recently "end o' track" for the Union Pacific railway.

Eliza had been one of nine children in her Pennsylvania home. It was soon after her fourteenth birthday that her mother had died. Did it not take courage for her to assume, as the oldest daughter still living in the home, the job of caring for her young brothers and sisters? Was it an easy task to attain the honor of being valedictorian of the 1861 class at Washington Female Seminary in Washington, Pennsylvania? During several winters she had taught local schools so that she might attend the seminary during the following summers.

For twenty-three years Eliza's loyalty to her family had held her but, when the first transcontinental railway became a reality instead of a dream, she had set her eyes toward the adventurous

West. Why she came, or whether her family had objected, we have no way of knowing. In later years she did remember with amusement the scandalized look on the face of the Pennsylvania agent from whom she had bought her railway ticket.

And here she was, a full-fledged western schoolma'am, one of the two first schoolmistresses in Laramie! Not only a schoolmistress, but also, according to Sheriff Boswell's astounding announcement, the very first woman in the whole world to be called upon to serve as a juror!

Only in Wyoming Territory could this have happened, then and there it had been made possible simply because Wyoming had led the nation in 1869 by adopting woman suffrage.

Five other women were impanelled to serve on the mixed grand jury which met in March, 1870, at Laramie. They were Mrs. Amelia Hatcher (a widow), Mrs. G. F. Hilton (wife of a physician), Mrs. Mary Mackel (wife of a Fort Sanders clerk), Mrs. Agnes Baker (wife of a merchant), and Mrs. Sarah W. Pease (wife of the deputy clerk of the court).

At first Eliza, like her sister jurors, was not inclined to take her summons very seriously. Although a rather ardent advocate of woman's rights, she assumed that when court convened, the women jurors would merely beg to be excused and that would make an end to it. Speculation is still rife among historians as to whether the original woman suffrage bill was introduced as a huge joke, whether it was planned in all sincerity, or whether it was intended largely as an advertising scheme.

Chief Justice Howe, who presided over that first mixed jury, had definite ideas of his own. He overruled the prosecuting attorney's challenge to the six "good women and true." When they had been impanelled, sworn and charged, along with their six male contemporaries, he addressed them all in stirring tones as "Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury!" He insisted there was no impropriety in women serving as jurors. He promised that they would receive the full protection of the court. He declared that the eyes of the world were focused upon them.

How very true! Within twenty-four hours, King William of Prussia cabled a congratulatory message to President Grant. Reporters and artists from far and near swarmed into Laramie with their pencils and their crayons. Eliza and her five women companions were amazed and hurt to find they were the objects of barbed ridicule in the nation's press. Cartoons and couplets in the illustrated weeklies were the cause of much laughter throughout the land.

Heavily veiled, and refusing to be photographed, the six women went to and from the court. They served with dignity for three weeks on cases which involved horse and cattle stealing, illegal branding and murder. The effect upon the male jurors was indeed startling! Gambling and drinking (common practice among them),

even smoking and chewing, were inhibited. In a later written statement, Chief Justice Howe commended the women for their "careful, painstaking, intelligent and conscientious" attitude.

Once more a private citizen, Eliza Stewart rejoined her fellow-teacher, a Miss Sophronia Vaughn, in instructing the youth of Laramie. Together, in one unplastered room, these two women had opened the town's first public school in 1869 with 63 pupils enrolled. Inside of three months the enrollment had numbered 117.

Miss Stewart's reminiscences of the first schoolhouse relate how a calico ball provided the roof. When finances ran out before the building was covered, the ladies of the community came to the rescue by planning a dance. The one dressmaker in town sent out calls for outside help in making yards and yards of ruffling necessary for the calico creations she designed.

The ball was a success and the roof was raised but, alas, the school board had overlooked the need for textbooks! Old trunks in the homes of the pupils were searched for books and the two schoolma'ams wrote all of their assignments on the blackboard.

Both ladies began to feel their services deserved much more compensation than the fifty dollars per month for which they had contracted. After some haggling, they received the promise of an extra twenty-five dollars monthly but the promise did not materialize. The tax collector suddenly left town forever after embezzling some of the funds entrusted to his care.

The year 1870 was indeed a memorable one for Eliza Stewart. It was on July 21 that she married Stephen Boyd, who had moved from his native home at Oxford Mills, Ontario, Canada, to a location on the Platte River near Denver in May, 1868. Their marriage took place in Cheyenne and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. W. Kephardt, a pioneer Presbyterian minister of that city.

The couple decided to make Laramie their permanent home. Mr. Boyd served first as a Union Pacific fireman and later as a machinist in the railway shops there.

The first of their three daughters died in infancy. The other two were reared in their native town.

Eliza Stewart Boyd's name appears again and again in the written accounts of Laramie's early history. When the Wyoming Library and Literary Association was organized in 1870, she became its first secretary. Five years later the association boasted of a library containing "1000 volumes of standard, scientific and literary books, besides nearly all of the best magazines and periodicals of the day."

In August, 1873, sixty Albany County women published a call for a mass meeting to nominate a candidate for the legislature. At this meeting Eliza Stewart Boyd was asked to serve as secretary.

She and Mrs. Esther Hobart Morris were drafted as candidates for the state House of Representatives from the new Woman's Party. Mrs. Morris withdrew her name before the end of the month. Mrs. Boyd's name remained on the ticket but she received only five votes and the Woman's party died a natural death within a month.

As a charter member of the Laramie Presbyterian Church and Missionary Society, Mrs. Boyd's community endeavors were far more successful. Both she and her husband gave their church a consistent, wholehearted support throughout their lives.

In spite of her outside activities, at no time did she neglect her home. If no more urgent or strenuous home duty demand her attention, she could be found, sitting near the window, placidly piecing quilts or knitting garments for her little family.

Although several visits were exchanged with her eastern brothers and sisters and she regretted the distance which normally lay between them, her adopted West claimed her as its own.

In later life she joined "The 60 Club," a group of pioneer Laramie women who had reached the age of 60 and enjoyed meeting purely for pleasure.

A fall on a slippery pavement in her seventy-ninth year caused a fractured hip and rendered Mrs. Boyd helpless. Death came to her a few mornings later, on March 9, 1912, to be exact, just 42 years from the day Sheriff Boswell had announced, "Miss Stewart, you have the honor - - - - ."

An *ordinary* pioneer woman! One wonders what a truly extraordinary woman of her day would have been like.

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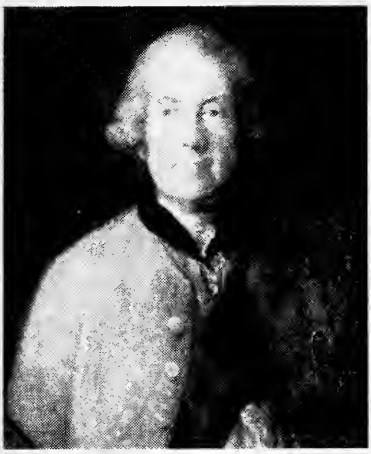


Fourth Duke of Bedford by Thomas Gainsborough. *Courtesy British Information Services*

Bishop W. B. Preston. *Courtesy Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Salt Lake City*

Bedford amd Its Namesakes

By

KENNETH E. CROUCH

"Go west, young man, go west" led a son of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia to Utah and Wyoming where he became a prominent leader in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormons) and founded a settlement in the Rocky Mountains of Wyoming which he named in honor of his native Bedford County, Virginia, because of the similarities in scenic mountains and farming interests.

William Bowker Preston was born Nov. 24, 1830, in Bedford County, Virginia, a son of Christopher and Martha Mitchell Claytor Preston who were married in Bedford County, Virginia, Dec. 20, 1824.

In 1852 he settled as a farmer in Yole County, California, and in February, 1857, was baptised into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Settling in Payson, Utah, he colonized the Cache Valley and

was among the principal founders of Logan, Utah. On Nov. 14, 1859, he was ordained Bishop of Logan.

Bishop Preston in 1871 was named vice president and assistant superintendent of the Utah and Northern Railroad. At the general conference April 6, 1884, he was named the fourth presiding bishop of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and retained that position until December, 1907, when he was released because of ill health. He died Aug. 3, 1908.

On Feb. 24, 1858, he was married to Miss Harriet A. Thatcher of California. He represented Cache County in the General Asembly of the Utah Territorial Legislature in 1862-1864, 1872, 1876, 1878, 1880 and 1882.

From 1865 to 1868, Bishop Preston was on a mission in England for the Mormon church conference. From 1901 to 1907 he was vice president of the State Bank of Utah.

About 1877 part of the Salt River Valley on the Idaho-Wyoming border, now in the Bedford area, was used as a herd ground for cattle of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Bishop Preston advised the young men herding the cattle to take up land in the locality and with his son, W. B. Preston, Jr., and three other men he was the first to take up land there.

The first two houses were built at the expense of Bishop Preston on Strawberry Creek, about a half-mile east of the present townsite. The permanent settlement of Bedford took place in 1890.

The main industry in the Salt River range is dairying and sheep raising with forests being abundant. North of Bedford, Wyoming, in the Wyoming range is 10,143 foot Virginia Peak.

When it came to naming the new Wyoming town, Bishop Preston suggested that it be named for his old home in Virginia. Mrs. Frane Wilkes, a grand-daughter of Bishop Preston, and her husband live on the Preston estate at Bedford, Wyoming.

Bedford County, Virginia, was formed in 1754 from Lunenburg County with New London as the county seat. When Campbell County was formed the village of New London was included in that area and Liberty in 1782 was established as the county seat of Bedford. Liberty was incorporated in 1839, the name changed to Bedford City in 1890 and to Bedford in 1912.

It is famous for the location near Forest of "Poplar Forest", the summer home of Thomas Jefferson. The scenic Blue Ridge Mountains form the northern boundary of the county and in this range is included the famous twin Peaks of Otter, 4,001 foot Flat Top and 3,875 foot Sharp Top.

Bedford County, Virginia, was named for John Russell, the fourth Duke of Bedford. He was Secretary of State of England for the Southern Department (which was responsible for the British colonies) from Feb. 13, 1747-48 to June, 1751.

Bedford, Wyoming, according to 1950 census figures, is the

smallest of the eighteen places bearing that name in the United States. The places so named are as follows:

Location	Population	Founded	For Whom Named
		Bedford	
Indiana	12,562	1825	Bedford County, Tennessee
New York	10,888	1681	Bedford, England
Michigan	9,213	1837	Man named Bedford
Ohio	9,105	1813	Bedford, New York
Virginia	4,061	1782	John Russell, Duke of Bedford
Pennsylvania	3,521	1751	John Russell, Duke of Bedford
New Hampshire	2,400	1750	John Russell, Duke of Bedford
Iowa	2,000	1853	Bedford, England, or a surveyor
Massachusetts	1,407	1647	Probably Bedford, England
Kentucky	533	1816	Gunning Bedford, Jr.
Texas	450	1876	Bedford County, Tennessee
Wyoming	374	1890	Bedford County, Virginia
		Bedford Hills	
New York	11,000	1680	Probably Bedford, England
		New Bedford	
Massachusetts	109,189	1652	John Russell, Duke of Bedford
Pennsylvania	650	1818	Dr. Nathaniel Bedford
Illinois	200	1834	Ford across the river
Ohio	125	1825	Bedford County, Pennsylvania
		West Bedford	
Ohio	40	1817	Bedford County, Pennsylvania

There are three counties in the United States named Bedford, they are as follows:

Pennsylvania	40,775	1771	Unknown
Virginia	29,627	1754	John Russell, Duke of Bedford
Tennessee	23,627	1807	Capt. Thomas Bedford, Jr.

Bedfordshire, England, has a population of 307,350, was founded 1011 but the origin of its name is unsettled. The town of Bedford, England, has a population of 54,400 and its date of founding and naming is not known.

There are Bedford's in Canada, Africa and Australia; varying from towns to creeks, rivers bays etc.

Three ships of the U. S. Navy have born the name Bedford, the cargo ship USS Bedford Victory (AK-231), named for Bedford, Indiana; the USS Perseverance (PYC-44), formerly known as the Bedford and Condor; and the USS YP-435, formerly known as the Bedford.

The Hole-in-the-Wall

By

THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT

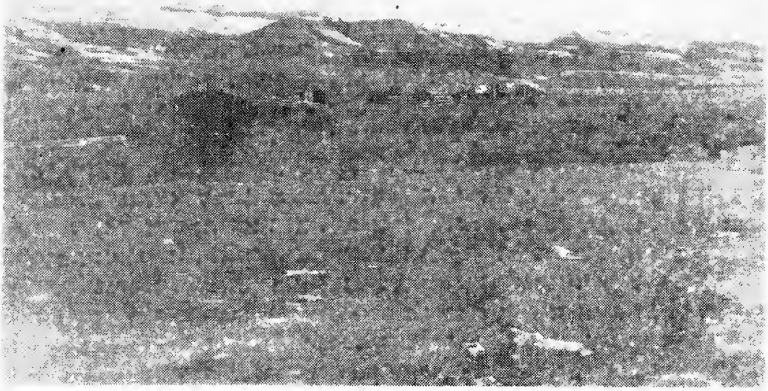
PART IV—THE BIG COW OUTFITS

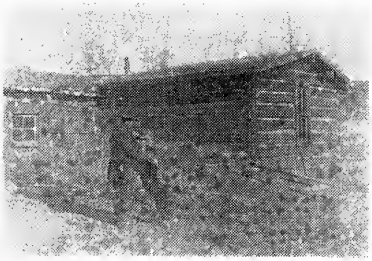
Seventy-seven years ago the dust of the trail-herds rose blindingly over the Powder River Country as the long line of gaunt, sweat-caked, thin-rumped longhorns moved wearily over the open range lands in Wyoming to this big place that was to become their home. Beyond the trail-tracks a vast grassland stretched away on every side to the far horizon, its hills and valleys as lacking in identity as the clouds in the sky. The "big" cowman gazed with joy upon this scene, for surely here was the longed-for land he could possess for the taking—here he could, with little output, turn the wasting grass into beef on the hoof and build a vast fortune.

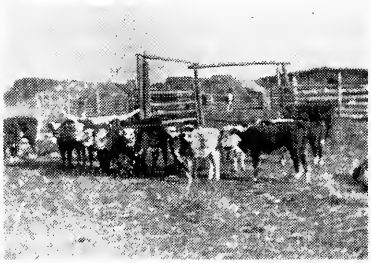
There was something distinctly elemental, something irresistibly impressive about this scene—it was as perfectly in harmony with this unconquered land as the buffalo and Indian had been before them—for the longhorn cows, swaying heads hung low and nostrils wide-flung for the smell of water, were as restless and wild as the buffalo they were to supplant; and who could better cope with them in this rugged Powder River country than the grimy, hard-riding, hard-shooting punchers who were as tough and capable and as untamed in spirit as the valuable horseflesh under them.

However, the "big" cattleman though possessing both money and brains, didn't know then that, even as our last great frontiersman, his try at holding this Powder River country was to prove as futile as the Indians, and that after a brief period of intoxicating profits and high adventure he, too, was destined to follow the Indian over the horizon.

From the beginning the Middle Fork of the Powder River country has held a strange fascination for beast and man. It is almost unbelievable that the first "big" cattlemen on the Powder were English noblemen, who loved this wild land as much as did the Indian. In 1878 the Frewen Brothers, Moreton and Richard, younger sons of a socially prominent south England family, came here to hunt "big game." Being adventure-loving, mettlesome men they became so intrigued with the wild beauty of this place that they stayed to found the first big cow outfit and to build a home.







1. The old NH ranch of Plunkett and Roche at mouth of Beaver Creek Canyon.
2. NH ranch house, old hired man and dog
3. Old Bar C ranch house (Peters and Alston)
4. Cowboys gambling in old NH ranch bunk house, playing poker
5. NH corral and "weaner calves", showing how cattle of Johnson County have been improved since the 1800's.

—Courtesy Thelma Gatchell Condit

They formed the Powder River Cattle Company—branding the 76.[1]

The site of their home, called Frewen Castle, is 4 miles below Kaycee on the north bank of Middle Fork, a little east of the junction of the North and Middle Forks. It is possible today to stand there and feel as the Frewens felt as they gazed upon the scene, even though the castle itself and the brief grandeur it represented are themselves gone; for there is nothing even now to detract from the lonely beauty of the spot.

What an ideal place for a cattle ranch, with the wide, richly-grassed valley near at hand over which wild game wandered at will; and what a magnificent place to stir the imagination, with the shining Big Horn Mountains in the near distance to the west, whose mysterious beauty stood forever a challenge to the inner man, bringing forth longings to be and to do great things. It was a perfect setting for both pleasure and business.

So it was that southern Johnson County became the headquarters of two large, foreign-owned cattle companies; for, it is believed, the Frewens' glowing tales of the Powder River country with its virgin ranges and bench lands of native grasses enticed the wealthy Sir Horace Plunkett, a widely and favorably known Irish leader and member of the English Parliament (son of Lord Dunsany) to come to Wyoming in 1879 and establish himself on a ranch behind the red wall in partnership with other young Irishmen, including Beau Watson, and Alexis and Edmond Roche, brothers of Lord Fermoy. This became the Union Cattle Company—branding the NH. (The site of the former L. R. A. Condit ranch—now the Harry Roberts ranch [D outfit])

And thus it came to pass, however fantastic it may seem, that this red wall country became for a short time the setting for an elegant social whirl similar to the gay English society to which these noblemen belonged. The Frewens built themselves a famous two-story log mansion with huge fireplaces and mantels and winding stairways, (reminiscent of the stately English homes) whose luxurious furnishings were imported and brought by mule-team from Rock Creek, the nearest railroad point (near Laramie). Practically all the high-ranking nobility of that time were entertained here, with gay parties and balls and thrilling big-game hunts in the Big Horns.

The Frewens' ranching business was as enormous as their social life was gay; they ran between 60,000 and 70,000 head of cattle and employed over 75 cowboys. It took nothing less than plain audacity to commence operations on such a grandiose scale here

1. The 76 brand had a personal significance, representing the year Moreton first came to America—1876.

in the midst of this emptiness, in a place whose only occupants were wandering tribes of Indians, with an attitude not entirely friendly, and old rugged trappers and prospectors and rough outlaw characters whose reactions were never predictable. However the Frewens dispensed their fancy imported canned foods and champagne to all who stopped and lavishly prepared themselves for a right jolly business venture.

In order to present a clearer picture of the times, it should not be amiss to pause for a moment to describe briefly the notorious old Powder River Crossing stage stop, which was located 20 miles below Frewen Castle (to the east). It was situated on the old Bozeman Trail crossing of the Powder on the east side of the river just north of the junction of the Powder and Dry Fork. It was here (only on the west bank) that old Fort Connor stood at the mouth of Dry Fork. Later, after Fort Reno was abandoned, Cantonment Reno was established near the same place.

Geographically this spot had been of importance as a "resting-place" on the Bozeman Trail; for here, along the banks of the river, were huge, spreading cottonwoods offering welcome shade after the glare and dust of the trail. Here washings were done, equipment repaired and animals rested and reshod. It was a natural place for a stage stop or road ranch and for many years was a popular hangout for freighters, trappers and all the others—it being their only, easily-available contact with the rest of the world.

Powder River Crossing consisted of a large, long building, (store, saloon and living quarters all in one) stables and blacksmith shop and numerous old dugout cabins.[2] Here to be had were whiskey and prostitutes (who came and went), fresh horses and tobacco, conversation and companionship—the best the land afforded, at least. One can still locate the building sites of the old blacksmith shop and saloon from the now half-buried clutter of old bottles and iron scraps and debris.

Bill Hathaway ran the store and saloon which was located directly east of the dry gulch at the edge of the little patch of timber. In connection with his road-ranch operations he ran quite a bunch of horses, for there was money to be made in supplying fresh mounts for those in need of an exchange. Hathaway was a man worthy of the frontier, strong and powerful physically and quite equal mentally to the tasks before him. His saloon arrangement was uniquely designed to fit the turbulent times—the bar

2. The latter, no doubt left from the days when the forts were there, were made by building roofs over excavations in the ground. Sometimes they were dug out of the side of a hill with only the front side timbered. As wood was hard to get, such dwellings were easy to construct and proved quite durable and adequate.

Roundup on the Powder in the early 1880's. *(Picture was given to Jim Gatchell by the daughter-in-law of Robert Foote, early Johnson County pioneer.)*

counter, behind which he always stood when dispensing his liquid wares, was shoulder-high, enabling him at all times to have complete command of the situation. All men were requested to deposit their shooting-irons behind the counter when entering, so Hathaway's gun barrel, thrust over the top of the bar, meant business in no uncertain terms and ended promptly all drunken disputes without any danger to himself. If stern in disciplinary measures, he was very accommodating and considerate otherwise, especially to transients, allowing them to spread their bed rolls on the large barroom floor when it was bad outside and no other shelter was available.

Many interesting things happened at Powder River Crossing and many odd characters came there for various reasons. This story is told about two burly men, who, though the best of friends under normal conditions, one night got into a violent drunken disagreement—whose settlement required a two-day hand-to-hand fight. Being crude, animal-like fellows neither could quite outdo the other—so they fought inside the saloon, and they fought outside on the ground and around the buildings until both were thoroughly winded, badly bruised and bloody. Nobody paid much attention to them—it was their own particular fight—they had started it, so let them finish it. That was the prevailing philosophy—every man for himself. Finally, one of the men, who had a mad crush on a prostitute then living in one of the dugout cabins, came to the

conclusion that he was done for and was about to die. He crawled over to the side of the store building, where fumbling around he finally found the end of an old wooden beer keg upon which he laboriously and painfully wrote in mournful words his farewell message to "Big Alice." However the incident did not end on this dramatic note, for both men fully recovered and returned to their prospecting and trapping as good friends as before with apparently no hard feeling between them.

Big Nose George (the outlaw who was later hanged in Rawlins) used to hang out around Powder River Crossing. He used to stay for months at a time in a nearby dugout (located on the way to Pumpkin Buttes). He and a fellow named Tom Welch used to go around together some. Tom was a most spectacular person—his body was completely tatooed with snakes. He looked tough and was tough. One time a band of Shoshoni Indians camped near the dugout and one morning a big husky buck Indian rode up and made signs that he was a pretty tough fellow and could whip anybody—just anybody at all. After much boasting it finally was learned that he wanted to sell them a tanned deer hide for $3.00. Big Nose said he'd give $1 and that was all he'd give. A hot argument ensued during which the Indian reached for his knife—but George was too fast for him and clobbered him mightily over the head with a broken wagon spoke he found laying on the ground in front of him. Tom and Big Nose George then broke the blade of his knife and hit his gun-barrel over a log, bending it ruinously, after which procedure they revived the badly bleeding buck by dashing cold water on his face, helped him onto his horse, handed him his now useless weapons and headed him back toward the Indian camp, calling loudly after him, "Big Indian no good!" This must have been convincing for they never saw the buck again.

A. M. Keith, a puncher for the "76" in 1885, told of meeting Big Nose George on the fall beef roundup on lower Powder River. Quote: "We were caught in a snow storm and as we were camped for dinner three men rode into camp. One was very large and very red and was called Big Nose George. They were tough-looking and not the cowboy type. They rode good horses but their saddles and clothes denoted more of the trapper or packer or bullwhacker than anything else."

Another peculiar character appearing spasmodically at Powder River Crossing was an old Sioux half-breed called "Chief Comanche." An old-timer described him thus. "Old Chief Comanche knew these mountains better than God Almighty from Cloud's Peak on down. He was about 5′ 1″ tall and weighed around 160 pounds and was the roughest man I ever met in my life. Just an old tramp-mountaineer, trapper and prospector—one of the oldest human beings in this country—always carried his grub and bedroll with him and stayed wherever he was. He wore his hair long and

never had a bath in his life. He told nobody nothin' and always had money—he panned a lot of gold but nobody knew where."[3]

This was the Middle Fork of the Powder in the late 70's, a fantastic, widely-scattered conglomeration of humanity from the crudest rascal to the most refined gentleman, all coming periodically to Powder River Crossing for mail which arrived irregularly on the run between Ft. Fetterman and Ft. McKinney. A telegraph line also went through here. Actually, for most of them the mail didn't count for much; getting tobacco was of far greater importance and became a serious matter indeed in the spring of the year when the Powder was on the rampage. At that time even the foolhardy thought twice before forcing a horse into the rolling flood, so the old trapper (or whoever it might be) would yell across and make signs for somebody to throw him some tobacco, which was done.

It was even rougher up behind the wall where Sir Horace Plunkett came to ranch, for he was in a decidedly isolated spot. He arrived October 15, 1879, in his 25th year and built his headquarters at the mouth of Beaver Creek Canyon, which was 25 miles west of Frewen Castle. We quote from Margaret Digby's *Horace Plunkett*[4]: ". . . he went in search of timber up the beautiful Crazy Woman Canyon where, among crags and gulches, some one had built a sawmill."

Though of the nobility and very wealthy, Plunkett's manner of living and conducting business was quite different from the Frewens'. By nature very conservative and with a background of sound agricultural knowledge, he came to Wyoming with well-formulated plans for successfully combating the inevitable obstacles confronting him in this wholly new venture. He realized from the start that this would be no easy job. He was unquestionably a most remarkable man, with that rare ability to see into the hearts of men, wherever found, and judge them (and himself, also) for what they were worth. He possessed that keen analytical mind which enabled him at all times to think impartially and wisely. He came here determined to be and to live western; he tried very hard to understand the American viewpoint. He wore regular cowboy clothes, checked shirt, neck bandana, chaps, wide hat and boots, and tried to make himself a hand wherever needed on the ranch. He'd sail from Ireland early in the spring, attend to business in New York (for Wyoming ranching was only one of the many American businesses he was engaged in) then go to Cheyenne

3. Chief Comanche's grave is in Crazy Woman Canyon on the top of the canyon wall. To locate the spot, cross the first bridge, then continue on the road until you reach the camp ground (one with grates, toilets and tables). The grave is in the pines to the right at the top of canyon, just above where the table stands.

4. Published by Basel, Blackwell & Mott, Great Britain, 1949.

and from there to the Powder by stage and buggy—a hectic trip with streams in flood, rain and mud to fight and the horses often stuck in the mire necessitating walking part of the time.

Sir Horace was frail physically, suffering from the family malady, tuberculosis (another reason for his coming to Wyoming), and he was frequently troubled with a severe digestive disorder. However, in spite of this, he drove himself hard, hating for anyone to think him inferior in hardihood to these brawny westerners. He actually did more than most of them and often drove them harder than they wanted to be driven.

On one occasion in Cheyenne Sir Horace bought an old horse and a young horse for $200—and played cards ($80 worth) for an old buggy and harness. Even though allowing themselves to be hitched together the two horses didn't exactly take to each other, but Sir Horace started out for Powder River anyway, stubbornly determined to prove his ability as a true western handler of horses. Everything went fairly smooth until the neckyoke came off. This was all the horses needed to show their intense dislike for each other and away they went, the young one kicking wildly every jump. Outwardly completely undaunted Sir Horace stayed with them, finally getting them stopped and the harness repaired—then on to the ranch. He found it most distasteful stopping at the roadranches and said, "I shared a bed last night with a thousand bugs."

And, according to his diary, arrival at the ranch was not much more pleasurable. "In our absence the cowboys had treated our house very badly, and we found it in a filthy condition. Spent the whole day doing housemaid's work. . . . Hope the cowboys won't shoot [the new cook]." Try as he would he could never completely reconcile himself to the way people lived out here, with no family servants, no table manners and such horrible food. It was indeed a rough, violent society as shown by this quotation. "A corpse might turn up 'killed some four or five days ago on the ragged bluffs on the North side of Powder R[iver] where Red [Fork] comes in . . . shot, and snaked by the heels . . . and thrown into a gulch'."

His description of various ranch foremen gives a good idea of the times and also illustrates aptly Sir Horace's ability to analyze character. Of one Jack Donaghue he said, "He was a strange character, a desperado by nature and education. But he had his good points, too. He had no respect for anyone, and was very intractable. . . . His strange Western humour—terribly profane and blasphemous at times—was generally amusing. He thoroughly understood the expressiveness of the Western language and some of his sayings will long be remembered by Plunkett, Roche & Co."

Of another, a certain Roach Chapman he wrote. "Admirable at his work, [but] did not prove a wholly fortunate choice . . . arrested for horse stealing. . . . Believe . . . wanted for murder."

In this instance Plunkett was very willing to hire a lawyer to defend his foreman, but before the trial Chapman broke jail and took off for parts unknown.

Plunkett admired bold characters and had complete contempt for anyone who deteriorated and soured under hardship. He made very few allowances for human weaknesses and unfortunately expected to find his own honor and high standards in other men. If he decided a man was doing more good at his job than harm he stayed with him and vice versa; if he found that his judgment was wrong, no tie of friendship or any feeling of embarrassment on his own part would cause him to keep that man in a position of trust. This constant analyzing naturally cut him off from easy friendships and he often felt he had no real admirers among his punchers. The resulting loneliness and the everlasting need for hard work were truly depressing; thus Sir Horace was never entirely sure in his own mind whether he liked this country and his ranch or not.

Johnny Pierce was the only foreman entirely pleasing to Plunkett ("the most faithful of all foremen I have known"). Johnny's loyalty was his greatest asset; he stood behind the outfit he worked for and everyone knew it and respected him for it. He was a big, square shouldered, dare-devil, happy-go-lucky fellow. No doorway was quite big enough for Johnny, but it wasn't just his physical bigness that attracted attention, there was something about him that made his presence felt—he was good to have around. He had a careless, sleepy-sort of manner, which gave no inkling of the hidden energy and coolheaded nerve underneath. He could handle men and animals in a friendly manner, but if he ran into trouble his smile could become as deadly as his six shooter. When Johnny was boss, he bossed, and everybody knew it was going to be that way; or if he didn't know it, he soon found out.

The cowman had a difficult time keeping help, for the cowboy was a born drifter. Always on the frontier beyond organized society, he made laws of his own to meet his immediate requirements and enforced them at the end of a six-shooter, if he felt it necessary. He was usually honest, as he himself reckoned honesty and, for the most part, made an expert hand. Owning nothing but his horse and its trappings, his rope and six-shooter, he put down no roots and was free to come and go as he pleased. He worked hard and played hard, spent his money recklessly, and created his own fun whenever an opportunity presented itself.

Plunket usually went on the round up, suffering untold hardships just to prove his stamina. They lasted months and covered a large area; of them he said, "Round-Up life is pleasant enough for a change, but I am not really strong enough for the life. . . . My nerves are my weak point." He used to ride over the hills stripped to the waist when the weather permitted, thinking the

sunburn would benefit his lungs. He wrote another time: "Had to sleep three in a bed. I slept—or rather lay—in the middle. The man on right snored terribly, and man on left ground his teeth. It was like going to bed with a blast furnace at one ear and a grist mill at the other."

He always rode his favorite horse "Brownlow." He and the horse nearly drowned in the Nowood River (near present day Tensleep) when the spring floods were on the river at that time being over 25 yards across. Plunkett said of high spring waters, "it just didn't swim our horses, only filled our boots."

Often the round-up outfit would be held up by bands of Indians, who traded them buffalo hump and tongue (rare delicacies) for tobacco or whiskey. Sometimes the cowboys would stop along a stream and catch fish for supper. After a cloud burst they frequently were unable to safely cross a creek and so would set up camp until the water subsided. The punchers always entertained themselves at such times—sometimes running horses races with the Indians and always playing cards far into the night by the light of a big camp fire. These card sessions frequently resulted in violent quarrels and bloodshed. When two men in an outfit became openly antagonistic toward each other, both got fired. This was a common practice in those days, time and again making the outfit short-handed, for it wasn't the easiest thing finding hired hands on the spur of the moment.

Rattlesnakes were thick and snakebite a common occurrence for both men and horses. Plenty Bear and his band of Cheyennes used to hang around the red wall country a lot. He was very skillful at treating snakebite and unusually successful in lancing the swollen heads of bitten horses. He was always willing to help his white friends.

In fact, accidents of all kinds were common (and most carelessly treated) especially during the branding. Sir Horace described a cowboy in the act of branding as "hair, dust and corruption." He could never understand the prevailing casual acceptance of tragic happenings. If some one got killed, he had just died and that was it; no one seemed upset and work or pleasure went on as usual.

Keeping ranch accounts proved difficult and confusing, too. How could any sort of systematic report be made of such an item as this? "[My] Foreman swaps a firm horse for one of the cowboy's private horses, gives $5 and two plugs of tobacco to boot."

The NH ranch headquarters itself was a homey, domestic place, in spite of the fact that it was strictly bachelor quarters. They milked four cows, churned butter, raised chickens and had a garden. There always was a yard full of pets to be fed on a bottle, such as young foals, pups, young deer and elk. Plunkett and Roche also owned the original EK Ranch at Mayoworth, just

over the wall to the east, where Alexis Roche stayed most of the time. (The site where the buildings stood are on the Clark Condit ranch.) (See map) Alexis had brought a greyhound named Paddy over from Ireland with him. Paddy was like one of the family and led a most exciting life, being the self-appointed guardian of all the ranch pets. It was a common sight seeing old Paddy and the "wild" pets roaming over the hills together. Alexis also had a pet goat over on the EK who became a constant source of annoyance to the old man who tended the garden and chopped the wood, for the goat was determined to feed upon the vegetables in the garden. One day the old fellow ordered a lot of woven wire and completely fenced in the garden spot, even on top. Thereafter the goat spent most of his time nimbly stepping along the planks on top of the fence trying to figure out why he was now unable to get at the food of his choice.

Regarding old Paddy's death Sir Horace wrote: "He had lived a hard life. Badly poisoned once; torn by wolves and badgers, scalded by prickly pears, his fighting days had been full of adversity. He was the most amiable and bravest of dogs, the latter quality I did not think could appear in a greyhound."

Plunkett and Edmund Roche each took turns cooking, churning, milking, chopping wood and gardening besides working at a hay camp they had down the valley (south) where much native grass was put up for feeding saddle horses and the milk cows. The old NH was indeed a busy, interesting place.

In 1881 Peters and Alston first filed on the present —C holdings. Alston was a burly Scotchman and T. W. Peters an Englishman, the latter being nicknamed "Twice-Wintered." These men had been in the cow business in Nebraska and brought their herds of cattle up from the North Platte area. They were a huge outfit with the following cattle brands: FU, VU, UV. Their horse brands were KC on the left hip and —C on the left shoulder.

Hank Devoe was their cow foreman. Hank and his three brothers George, Charlie and Clark grew up in Marysville, Kansas, and all came west early in life. Clark stayed around Cheyenne but the others signed up with freight outfits operating between Rock River and Fort Fetterman. George ended up staying around Glenrock. He was a big man, 6′ 4″ weighing 240 pounds. There wasn't any fat on George either, he was all muscle and bone—so strong he could pick up a man in each hand and set them on the bar at the same time. He served as a deputy sheriff in early times. George had a crippled knee, which he said was the result of walking so many miles in the mud behind freight trains.

Charlie located on a homestead on Crazy Woman Creek just above the John R. Smith place and below the Barney Long homestead.

In 1878 Hank located at the foot of the mountains in northern Johnson County about 10 miles above Ft. McKinney. He and his

wife lived in a tent that winter while Hank hauled logs to the fort for Ed Chapline who had the wood contract. In 1881 the Devoes moved to the Bar C.

Hank was a tall, wiry, well-built man with a square jaw and very round expressive eyes (two outstanding characteristics of the Devoes on down through successive generations. They were all handsome men.)

Mrs. Devoe was the only white woman behind the wall at that time, so became quite an important person; for, no matter how rough men are, most of them enjoy and are willing to accept the things a good woman can do to soften frontier living. And odd as it may seem, a woman was completely safe then, as far as men were concerned. She was highly respected and never molested, notwithstanding tales to the contrary.

May Devoe was a tall, straight-up-and-down, very plain-looking woman, but what she lacked in beauty she made up for in liveliness. When she talked, "she made the funniest faces" to emphasize the mood of the conversation; so folks just automatically felt better for seeing her. A very capable, sensible woman she fitted in perfectly with this rough man's place. Unfortunately not enough of praise has been given these frontier women who so courageously lived a life beset with both big and little difficulties; with never a word of complaint and apparently with not the slightest feeling of self-pity. Even their own husbands were thoughtless and inconsiderate (though probably unintentionally), if judged by modern standards and if the following story told of the Devoes is true. One day an Englishman had gone hunting up the canyon above the Bar C. Later on a huge mountain lion ran out of the creek bed and headed for the house, followed by the hunter who appeared on the scene just as the frightened lion leaped through the kitchen window. Hank was leaning lazily on one elbow against the corral post smoking his pipe. When he made no movement whatever toward the house, the Englishman could contain himself no longer

Mountain lion, common in red wall country in early days.

and blurted out, "My God, man, isn't your wife in there?" Hank replied, "Reckon she is."

Englishman: "Aren't you going to do something?"

Hank, "Hell, man—we out here ain't got no use for them pesky critters and danged if I'm going to help him out. Let him get out o' there the best way he kin."

May was equal to any emergency and soon became very useful in time of sickness and trouble. She administered to red and white alike, her sunny disposition and skill bringing much comfort at such times. She'd climb on her bay mare, which she rode side-saddle, grab her little black satchel of remedies and go wherever needed, near or far, day or night. She told about a time a cowboy was accidentally shot over on Poker Creek Flats at the start of the fall roundup. "Mr. Devoe had a man sent to the ranch and I sent a spring wagon and mattress and had the man brought to the house where I took care of him for 9 days, when he died. The men made a coffin from some boards (Hank had sent to Cheyenne for to make a top box for the mess wagon) and covered it with my black alpaca riding skirt and lined it with sheets, and buried him down on Powder River."

The Arapahoe and Shoshoni Indians were thick around here then, coming every winter to this Powder River country to kill buffalo, dry meat for summer, and tan hides to sell to the whites. They always camped just below the Bar C house, four or five hundred in a band, with squaws and all. The cowboys were always dickering with the Indians, trading tobacco and whiskey for hides and horses; and May become well acquainted with the squaws of Chief White Horse and Chief Eagle Breast. She often took care of their ailing papooses and they came to respect her and depend upon her for help and advice.

One day May happened to be all alone on the ranch; all the men were to be gone for the night, too. Some old white villain, who thought everything deteriorated wtih age except himself and whiskey, visited the Indian Camp with his jugs of liquor and he and the bucks proceeded to get hilariously intoxicated. By nightfall the place was in a riotous, howling uproar. May felt much concerned, for drunken Indians could be a threat to the entire ranch, their being still in the semi-savage stage. She couldn't decide just what to do and was racking her brain for a sensible solution when she heard a gentle tap on the door. It was White Horse's squaw who'd come silently to tell her not to be afraid, for the squaws had securely tied all the bucks with rawhide thongs and put them in the tepees where they were to remain until all right again. She said the bad white man was also tightly bound.

Not long after this the opportunity came to repay the squaw, whose young married daughter with a newborn papoose had become violently ill with a high fever. May faithfully nursed the

sick girl for 2 weeks and her recovery was complete. The squaw mother soon after that brought May a yard of calico and a big spoon to let her know she was deeply grateful.

Soon after the Devoe's arrival at the Bar C a mail route was established from Powder River Crossing to the Bar C, going on over the mountain to the Basin country. Hank Devoe and Fred Hesse had the contract and May was postmistress for six years. At that time the mail was carried horseback twice a week (down one day and back the next).

Mrs. Bert Devoe of Kaycee has in her possession the old day books in which Hank Devoe, as foreman, kept the ranch accounts of Peters and Alston. (Her late husband Bert was a son of George Devoe, Hank's brother.) A perusal of these old books provides extremely interesting glimpses into early day life. From them we learn that Hank, as foreman, drew $300 a month and that the best cowboys drew $50. Cowboys drew wages according to their ability—from $50 on down to $15 per month. Here are a few listings from the years 1881, '82 and '83 (picked at random).

1881		
July 13	pair chaps	$9.00
" 27	4# tobacco	4.00
Sept. 16	one horse	40.00
Oct. 5	paid Chapplin for vegetables	119.50
" 5	paid Conrad[5] for groceries	26.75
" 5	stable bill at Buffalo	6.00
" 5	grain bill at Buffalo	12.00
" 5	sack of oats at Trabing[6]	2.75
" 5	hotel bill for Dutchey	2.50
" 5	recording brands	3.00
Oct. 29	20 days work for John Nolan	23.35
Nov. 15	Cartridges	7.75
Dec. 8	gun sling	3.00
Dec. 31	repair on wagon	6.00
1882		
Mar. 18	sugar and coffee	$7.90
" 18	bacon and sugar	1.00
" 18	50 # flour	3.75
Oct. 4	334# cabbage of Chapplin	?
Aug. 24	telegraphing Peters	3.50
June 15	paid Frewen Brothers	955.86
Dec. 6	dinner caster	5.00

5. Conrad had the first store in Buffalo.
6. Trabing's was a roadranch on Crazy Woman Creek.

1883		
Mar. 13	dues to Stock Assn.	3.00
" 13	whip	4.00

In those days fellows often went by nicknames (very evident in day books). They may have had special reasons for purposely not using their real names but probably most of them had been given a special one by their joke-loving fellow cowboys who thoroughly enjoyed playing pranks on one another, (a tendency not altogether appealing to the tenderfoot.) Here are a few of the nicknames. (What fun it would be to know *why* or *how* each earned the name.) Chicken Charlie, Bronco Smith, Bull Dog Bill, Less-leg Davison, Black Henry, Long-back Charlie, Old Good-Eye, Coyote John, Butter-Knife Ben, Hairy-Vest Ike, Beavertooth Barney, Nosey O'Brien, Hog Davis, Dirty Jack and many others, some of which certainly cannot be considered entirely flattering.

This incident taking place on lower Powder River in 1880 illustrates the habit of nicknaming. An old-timer related, "I had brought quite a string of unbroken horses up the trail to sell. I established a horse camp on Powder River, built a corral and set the boys to work breaking horses. I had quite a bunch of punchers with me—all good riders and in a short time had a good string of horses ready to sell. However, there was one horse in the bunch that was an outlaw and there wasn't a man in the outfit that could ride him. . . . Along about grub time one evening a stranger blew into camp and, as was the custom, found himself a tin plate and cup and proceeded to put on the nose-bag. There wasn't anything strange looking about the stranger, he was just a cowboy looking for a job; but what took my eye was his outfit. He was riding a flea-bitten cayuse and his saddle was the most nondescript thing it had ever been my luck to look at. Nearly all the leather was gone, the stirrups were suspended by rope; the horn was bare; in fact, you had to stretch your imagination to call it a saddle at all." He gave the stranger a job and, it being obvious he'd have to be staked to a good horse, he continued, "So I told the boys to pick him out a horse. What was my surprise when they brought out the outlaw. I didn't like it and told them to rope another horse and told the stranger none of my boys had been able to ride that horse. He said he didn't care—he'd ride him, so I said for him to pick out a good saddle from the supply tent—for I was afraid his own wouldn't stand the strain. But he said he'd use his own because he was used to it. . . . This outlaw was a peculiar sort of critter—he made no objection to being saddled and might go a mile or two without bucking, but when he did let go, he was hell on wheels. This time was no different and we'd gone about a mile when the outlaw broke loose and used every trick a long successful bucking career had taught him; but this time he'd met

his Waterloo. The stranger was a rider. He didn't pull leather because there wasn't any to pull — he rode him straight up, thumbed him and fanned him with his hat, and gave him his head. . . . That horse was hard to conquer. He'd rest awhile and then go after it again, but always with the same result. By the time we got where we were going he was a broke horse." So the stranger whose name was John Morrison became "Pack Saddle Jack" until his death.[7]

Along about 1884 or '85 a man named Coable filed on land at the mouth of Blue Creek Canyon and started a horse ranch (site of present Blue Creek Ranch Company) in partnership with a certain Brown Parker. They were easterners, hailing from Pennsylvania, and were also bachelors. As an old-timer said, "They came in with quite a bit of money and lost it all, of course; done just like all the Englishmen—lived in town a lot and tried to run a ranch." Parker was a surveyor by trade and his services were much in demand as the country began to settle up. He was a tall, rather stoop-shouldered fellow of medium complexion with a fancy mustache—folks didn't like him very well, for he was inclined to be somewhat over-bearing.

In the late '80's the post office was moved from the Bar C to the Coable ranch which was given the name Riverside (because the cabin stood on the bank of the beautiful little stream Blue Creek).

Another big cow outfit had started up east of the Hole-in-the-Wall on the South Fork of the Powder and was operated by Tisdale and May, (site of the present TTT ranch) They came to Riverside for their mail. In 1885 Owen Wister was a house guest of the Tisdales (there were 2 brothers), having come west on the advice of his doctor. Never having been west of Pennsylvania, Wister's experiences in Wyoming were a great revelation to him, in a way determining his career as a writer, for at that time and on each successive visit he began to jot down descriptions of happenings peculiar to this life and this country, (which provided the background for his famous book, *The Virginian*).

Wister often accompanied Tisdales to Riverside for the mail and he became thoroughly fascinated with the beauty of the place and with the people he met there while waiting for the mail. Due to the uncertainty as to the exact arrival time of the horseback mail-carrier (flooded streams often delayed him) the fellows usually came prepared to stay all night, if necessary, spreading their bed rolls out under the stars. Coable and Parker were gone a lot, but they left the key to the mail sack hanging by the door and, whoever wanted his mail, unlocked the sack and took out his

7. The late Dr. Wm. Frackleton of Sheridan told many stories about this heroic man, who eventually settled around Sheridan.

own letters. If hungry he cooked himself a meal and made himself thoroughly at home. So Riverside became quite a "visiting place" and hangout for loafers and newcomers.

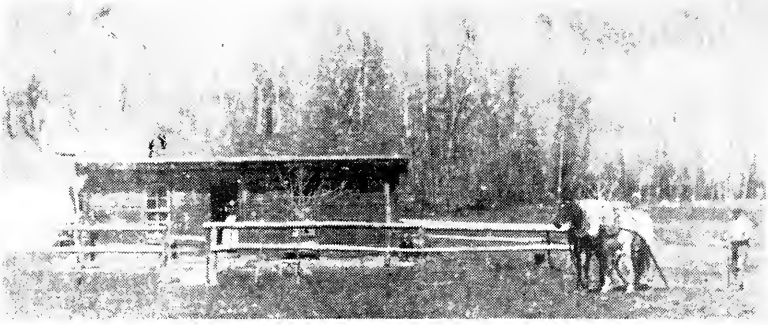
Wister became so intrigued with Riverside that one summer he stayed in a cabin there and wrote his "Lin McLean" book. During his stay at Blue Creek he was an eye-witness to much western life in the raw, and, like Sir Horace Plunkett, never inwardly became reconciled to the harsh code and seeming cruelty of this early west.

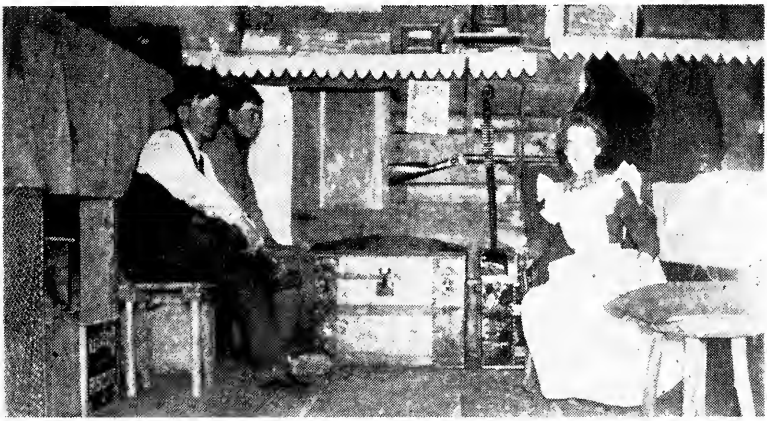
Even the roughest of the men had a sense of right and wrong, perverted as it appeared to outsiders, and often meted out justice (among themselves) as they saw it; This is so aptly illustrated by the following incident which was witnessed by Wister himself. It seems that a certain young puncher had committed some cowardly act, causing him to be held in supreme contempt by all the cowboys. It was decided, since he was quite youthful and his crime directed against no one in particular, that instead of "dry gulching" him they'd give him a 50-50 chance of survival. They'd let him live and leave the country if he could ride the worst outlaw horse on the ranch. Not even a coward wanted to be considered cowardly, so the kid rode the horse and he was a good rider. After all, he really was given no choice. Instead of a bridle he put on a rope hackamore and climbed into the saddle, so swift and sure that the amazed bronc stood still for a split-second, then sprang headlong into the air. As he lengthened out the boy suddenly reached down and caught the hackamore short, close up by the mouth, and jerked the horse around quick and hard. The horse skidded in a blind zigzag, rolling over and over in the red dust. After a mighty tussle he came to his feet again and took off toward the red wall, the boy still in the saddle but hanging limply over the horse's neck. When the horse stopped and the "self-appointed judges" rode up they saw that the kid was dead, hanging on by his spurs which were caught in the cinch. His neck must have been broken in the fall, no one knew exactly; no one could tell, they just saw that he was dead. So they made a crude box coffin and buried him over under the wall. Nobody now knows who he was, but his grave is still there and his story still told by the Blue Creek people.

Wister left a kerosene lamp in his cabin which successive owners cherished down through the years, calling it the "Owen Wister lamp." It represented Atlas holding the world on his shoulders. Atlas was of black pewter, the world was purple glass (holding the oil, over which the chimney fitted), the base was also black.[8]

Even before the big cowmen began exploiting the range with too many cattle, Harmon Fraker was living in the red wall country up

8. In recent years the lamp was stolen. "Someone wanted it worse than we did," said Mrs. Ed Taylor who now owns the Blue Creek outfit.





1. Augustus Fraker's cabin (still standing). Gus Fraker harrowing with harrow made from gun barrels salvaged from Dull Knife fight.
2. Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Fraker and children Mable and George.
3. Interior of Harmon Fraker cabin with George Fraker and two cousins, Verna and Johnny Fraker of Wisconsin. The gun hanging on the wall is now in the Jim Gatchell Collection in Buffalo and was made by Harmon Fraker. *—Courtesy Thelma Gatchell Condit*

under Fraker Mountain in the little hidden valley the Cheyenne Indians had loved so well. He had come in the spring of 1877 following the Dull Knife fight of the preceding winter.

Harmon was born and raised in the timberlands of Wisconsin and was most skillful in the use of the axe. He came to Wyoming in the role of buffalo hunter and trapper. He was a short, rather heavy-set man with a luxuriant beard, and he wore a buckskin outfit that was very showy. His few belongings were packed in a light wagon to which were hitched a pair of buckskin-colored horses. They were fine animals, his pride and joy, next to his gun, of course, and could be used as saddle horses, too. After considerable wandering here and there Harmon decided that this Red Fork place was exactly to his liking so he unpacked his wagon and set about making it his home. He filed on the land as soon as it was possible to do so.

After the cowmen arrived Harmon got *his* nickname. One evening he made camp by a little spring on top of the slope. He'd spent a strenuous day going over his trap line and both he and his team were about played out. As all kindhearted men will do at times (and regret afterwards) Harmon turned the buckskins loose that night thinking with the grass so abundant and fresh water at hand and in their "bushed" condition they'd stay close to camp. But as all good horses will do one time or another, they took off for fresher grass and next morning try as he would Harmon could not find his team. Berating himself for being a stupid fool, he picked up his gun and axe and started home afoot. He knew better than "to leave those blamed horses unhobbled"; "never trust a horse or a woman" was pretty sensible thinking, proving true time and again.

It was quite a stretch down to Red Fork but Harmon plodded along getting madder by the minute. Toward evening he came upon a cow-camp cabin. A tall, slim-faced old puncher was sitting in front of the door whittling on a piece of wood and chewing slowly on a sizeable chunk of tobacco. After letting loose with a big spurt of juice he look up and drawled, "Waal, if here ain't old Daniel Boone hisself." So from then on Harmon was known as "Daniel Boone Fraker."

He was a most interesting person, a typical pioneer, frugal and practical, his gun and his broad-axe his only tools. He tanned the hides of the deer he killed and made his own buckskin clothing. His gun was most unusual, it weighed 16 pounds and shot 45-145 cartridges. It was such a cumbersome piece that Harmon rigged up a special sling on his saddle horn to carry it up in front of him, when he rode horseback. It was mighty useful, shooting a slug that would penetrate a huge log, the size used for cabins at that time. There were only two such guns in the country; Wild Cat Sam Abernathy had the other one.

Harmon lived in a tent while he was building his cabin. Returning one day with a big load of logs, he found that a huge grizzly bear had entered his tent during his absence; after pawing and nosing around over everything and eating what struck his fancy, he had apparently become mildly confused and couldn't rediscover the flap where he had entered. When Harmon stuck his bearded face under the flap, the bear decided to leave anyway and, in so doing, ripped out the whole side of the tent. Grizzly bears were common in those days. (The Fraker family still have an old homemade cupboard with huge slashes down its sides made by a grizzly.)

The bear situation made it understandable how Bear Trap Creek got its name. Up on the mountains near the head of Bear Trap Canyon three log bear traps had been built at intervals, one of which is still there. It is believed Harmon built them, although this fact has not been proven. They were cute little cabins about 4′ by 6′ or 8′ built of heavy logs on three sides and the front left open. The open side had a sliding door made of arm-size poles, latticed together and fitting into wide grooves on either side of the front. A large wooden pin held the door up when the trap was set; to the pin was attached a rawhide thong which extended along under the roof and down into the back end of the interior. The bait was fastened on the end of the thong—usually a piece of bacon or "home-smoked" meat. The bear, smelling the bait, walked into the little house, and when he grabbed the bait the thong was pulled, which released the pin and down slid the door and the bear was neatly trapped. The house had to be small—just big enough for a bear—otherwise with room enough for leverage he would tear it apart. Bears have tremendous strength and can drag a freshly-killed, full-grown cow off into the brush. The captured animal could easily be shot by poking the gun barrel through an opening between the pole lattice-work.

Harmon, being domestically inclined, had built himself a "smoke house" to cure his wild meat for summer use. This was a drawing card for bears for how they loved this meat! First the meat was cut up into quarters and put into a large barrel full of salt brine where it soaked for 10 or more days, then it was hung up to drip dry. The final stage in the curing was the smoking in the little house which was narrow and tall and looked like a "privy." It always stood on a small knoll or on the edge of a cut bank under one side of which a little tin-covered tunnel led down to the fire-pit where a green boxelder fire smouldered, also under a tin covering. The green wood burned slowly and smoked profusely, the smoke going up the tunnel into the smoke house (and also out the cracks in all directions). The smoke caused the meat to put on a hard. dry coating which not only preserved the meat but also gave it that delicious smoked taste. It took constant vigilance to keep the fire going slowly enough to prevent setting the house

afire, and yet fast enough to keep up a steady flow of smoke. This smoked meat could be wrapped up and kept like a ham. The pioneers smoked all kinds of meat this way. Harmon was never the least bit wasteful, and like the Indians before him, wasted none of the meat he shot.

There were other predators. One day after Harmon had his chicken coop made he went out to feed the hens, and as he opened the door a huge mountain lion jumped at him (see picture of lion). He ran to get his gun, but when he fired he missed the animal. That night he poisoned one of his dead chickens and used it for bait and sure enough the next morning the lion was in the trap. (They were very stupid about walking into traps.) After hitting it in the head with his axe he noticed a grooved place on one hind leg; his shot had been that close.

Harmon's first cabin was only three 30-inch logs high and still stands at Barnum. (Although re-modeled somewhat, the original part is yet intact—it is the ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Graves.) As mentioned before Harmon was a broad-axe man and the huge logs he used are a source of amazement even now. No nails were used, the logs simply being notched and expertly fitted together. On the mountain above Graves' can still be seen an old fence built by Harmon. Some of the logs in this fence are 50 to 60 feet long; it was all put together without a nail or wire and is truly a work of art. Harmon's folks said he was a sickly man, he had stomach trouble. Seeing the immense logs he handled and made useable, one can't help wondering what he would have done had he been a "well" man. But Harmon really did begin to lose his health and he urged his brothers Will and Augustus to come to Red Fork.[9]

Gus Fraker filed on the land (about one-half mile) just below Harmon's, and they built another cabin down there which is there now and is worth anyone's time to go see.

The Frakers liked this country and began putting down roots, getting together a little bunch of cattle and horses and breaking up the land for crops. They continued to trap and hired out as hands to get together the necessary money.

But before much could be done with the land, the debris of the Dull Knife fight had to be cleared away—it was a terrible clutter—but all this time Harmon had been sorting it out at odd moments, saving every useable thing he found. As can be imagined he collected quite a pile of old gun barrels. While MacKenzie's orders had been "to render every article unuseable" the army hadn't

9. George Fraker, now an old man who lives in Sheridan, Wyoming, is the son of Augustus. George's son, Martin, works for the D (D+) + Cattle Company owned by Harry Roberts at the present time, so there still are Frakers in the red valley.

reckoned with the ingenuity of Harmon Fraker. From the salvaged material he found enough pieces of broken guns to make several new rifles.[10] These guns were completely useable and as good as any new gun.

Harmon also made a harrow out of old gun barrels (see picture) which he and Gus used to break up the sod. The corral gates and numerous other things around the ranch had salvaged iron pieces used on them and some are there yet on corral posts. Harmon made a big scoop which he used with his team to drag all the stuff he couldn't use off into Red Fork where it washed down country during high water time.

While the Frakers were busy in the extreme northern end of the red wall country, a fellow by the name of Ed Houk was starting a ranch on the extreme southern end, at the mouth of Buffalo Creek Canyon. Ed was also a bachelor, big and nice-looking, and "had the name of being a good, honest man." He had en enormous ranch, his operations spreading out to the south into present day Natrona County. He came in with plenty of money and equipped his place quite lavishly. He ran a sort of roadranch and bred blooded horses, besides his cattle herd. He had water pipes running all over the place—even faucets in the main house, which was considered something in those days. He spent a lot of money building a big ditch trying to make use of Buffalo Creek water for irrigation purposes. (The big ditch is still to be seen but it didn't work out satisfactorily—at least no one has used it since.) The cowboys called his ranch "Fort Houk," its pretentious outlay of buildings being quite as imposing as a real fort. Ed Houk was different from the other big operators; his main ambition was to do something interesting, not just make money fast. He liked the Hole-in-the-Wall country and came to stay. (More about him in the next installment of this series)

By the middle '80's the big cowman was in trouble and no one knew it any better than he did. His wonderful dream of amassing a vast fortune in the range cow business had suddenly, after a few years, turned into a sort of nightmare. In his planning he had failed to take into consideration the duplicity of this Powder River Country. He didn't realize that this big "grassiness" and rugged beauty could, overnight, turn into a burning, dry ugliness and a blinding blizzardy coldness which was to leave many of his cows starving and dead. He was face-to-face with many upsetting things that weren't plainly seen in the beginning.

Some of the things he was facing were unwittingly of his own creating, like overstocking the range until the very grass itself was

10. One of these guns is in the "Jim Gatchell collection in Buffalo," for Harmon, when an old man and leaving this country, presented it to Mr. Gatchell as a trophy from the Dull Knife Battle. (see picture)

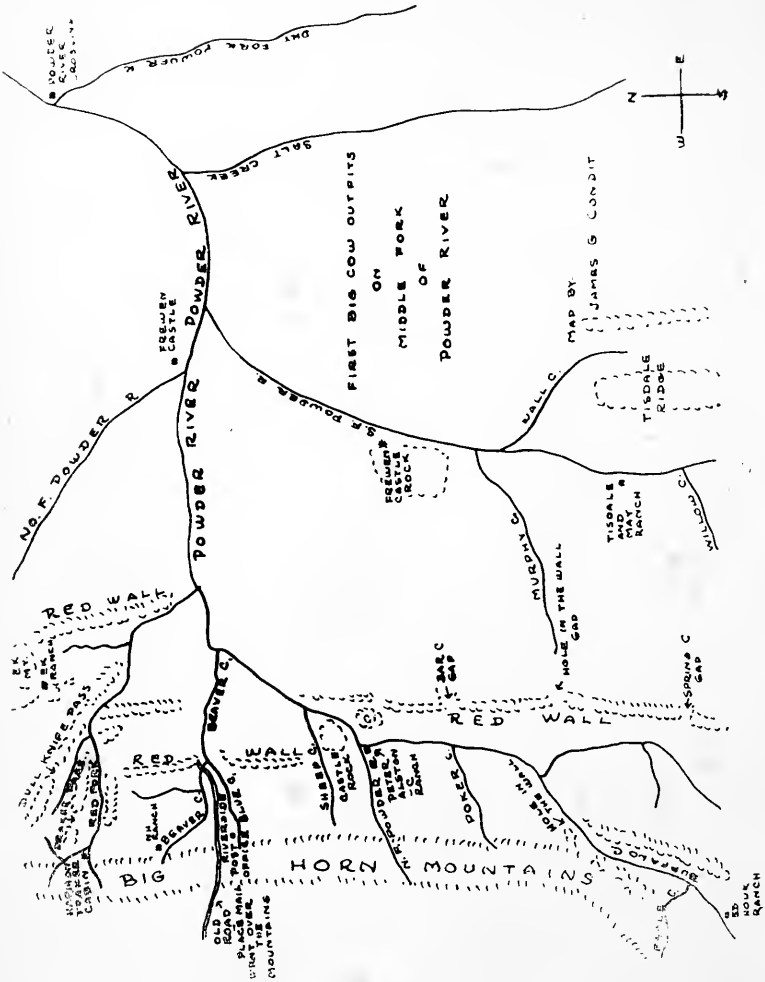
complaining. (For who could say with authority, *when* the range was overstocked, since the land was free to everyone?) And, like running his business slackly with no system, organization or judgment, really doing it more or less on the "absentee" plan, where his only tallies were kept on a corral post and his only record of loss was shown on his check stub. Unpredictable forces of nature coupled with the inevitable weaknesses of large management exhausted even the greatest of fortunes.

Few of the big outfits had any money invested in land, nor did they attempt to fence. The great range was unsurveyed and titles could not, at first, be had. Then, all at once, before anyone hardly realized it had happened, "little" cowmen, (following the example of the Frakers) began filing on the most advantageous waterplaces and surveying little acreages and putting them under fences. Who, now, could positively establish ownership of cattle? Dishonest men (as they have done from time immemorial) began arriving to take sly advantage of the laxness on the range. It was only a step from "mavericking" to changing brands; and even otherwise honest men's consciences now became dangerously elastic and they felt no compunction whatever in burning their brand on the hide of a calf following a cow belonging to a man who lived in England most of the time. An intense feeling of resentment toward these luxurious living and spending outsiders sprang up—these foreigners who'd never seen the tough side of life and whom they felt (and quite justifiably too) had no lawful hold on this big rangeland.

A decided undercurrent of unfriendliness was brewing. As Sir Horace Plunkett ably described, "These bad times have robbed the cattle business of its old careless geniality. Even our ranch is not the happy family it has been." When Sir Horace rode on the 1886 roundup he said, "They were not cordial at all. They'd been talking of shooting me all winter, as I have been made scapegoat of the attempt to reduce wages. I think I'll outlive it—but it is unpleasant being scowled at and talked at by the blackguards . . . they feel our intrusion. They say, 'You have a social position and we have hardly any—so we don't compare favorably with your society. But we're just as good as you are, though you don't know it'."

These men found many little complaints against the Englishmen; for one thing, they cut their horses' tails off square, above the end of the tail bone, and used check reins on the bridle, both very shocking procedures. They carelessly set fire to grass meadows on their gay hunting sprees, which was a scandalous waste of good animal food.

The big cowmen couldn't combat the severe storms and dry weather, but they could lash out angrily at these little cowmen who so persistently spoiled things. Trouble was in the making for a final showdown in 1892.


POWDER RIVER
SALT CREEK
FIRST BIG COW OUTFITS ON MIDDLE FORK OF POWDER RIVER
MAP BY JAMES G CONDIT
N.F. POWDER R.
FARWELL CASTLE
POWDER RIVER
M.F. POWDER R.
FARWELL CASTLE ROCK
MURPHY C.
WALL C.
TISDALE RIDGE
TISDALE AND MAY RANCH
WILSON C.
RED WALL
BEAVER C.
HOLE IN THE WALL GAP
BARC GAP
SPRING C GAP
SHERD C.
CASTLE ROCK
POKER C.
BIG HORN MOUNTAINS
OLD ROAD
PLACE MAIL CARRIED ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS
ED HOUK RANCH

The former (big cowman) now had two alternatives, either liquidate his holdings and leave or reorganize his outfit to meet the changing time, which meant buying and fencing land and feeding in winter. Some stayed and some left. In 1886 the Frewens went broke. In 1889 the Bar C closed out and sold what was left to the NH outfit. Sir Horace carried on until some time after 1890 when he, too, sold out and returned to Ireland where family responsibilities and other big financial ventures were becoming pressing. We cannot repress a feeling of intense admiration for Sir Horace when we read: "Spent day packing up. . . . I burnt papers by the bushel. . . . Left NH Ranch. This may be the last I see of it, and I had some of the feeling which life is so unfortunately full of—the feeling of saying goodbye to friends, animate and inanimate, that I have known and made part of my life for some years. . . . I don't think my ten years in the west wholly wasted—though doubtless they might have been better used. . . . I have gained much experience of men and affairs—more valued is my understanding of the vast, sprawling energy, the idealism, the crudity and the generosity of a country like America."

And Frewen Castle Rock[11] (named by the Frewens long ago and looking from a distance like one of their own beloved castles in England) still stands a silent, lasting memorial to the gay Frewen Brothers, "who had such a wonderful time here and lost 200,000 pounds between them."

We also must remember that it was these Englishmen who brought Johnson County into the limelight in England and France. Johnson County was then as well known in London as Washington, D. C., and cowboys from Powder River were a common sight on the streets of London. These same English cattlemen made Powder River beef famous throughout the world for its texture and flavor.

The big cowman played an important role in western history. He brought millions of dollars of foreign capital into the "Great American Desert", paving the way for the development of our present livestock business. His venture proved that the grama, the sod or bunch and the mountain blue stem grasses covering our rangeland sticking up so withered-like and yellow through the snow, was exceedingly valuable as winter feed for livestock. He brought to light the hitherto undiscovered fact that our dry climate has a most beneficial effect in curing these grasses on the ground, giving them high nutritive value. The big cowman proved what California Joe, an old trapper and scout, so aptly said years ago, "There's gold from the grass roots down, but there's more gold from the grass roots up."

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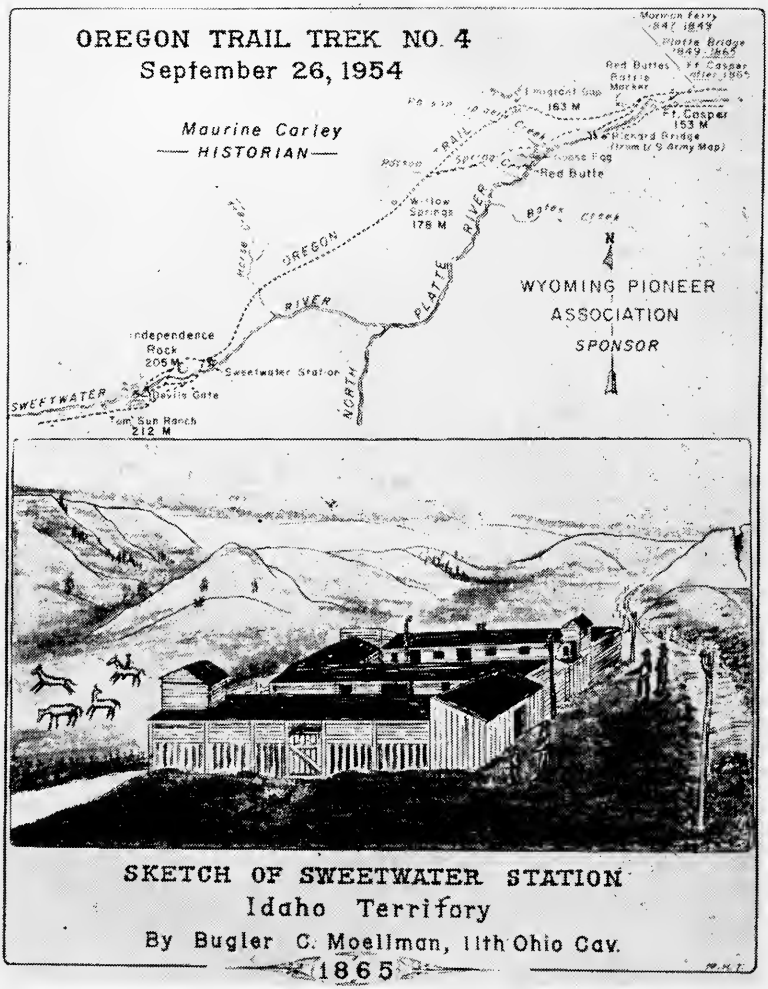
11. Frewen Castle Rock is plainly visible from hiway 87, several miles west of the Middle Fork of Powder River bridge.


OREGON TRAIL TREK NO. 4
September 26, 1954
Maurine Carley
— HISTORIAN —
Mormon Ferry 1847 1849
Platte Bridge 1849 1865
Red Buttes Battle Marker
Ft. Casper after 1865
Emigrant Gap
163 M
Ft. Casper
153 M
Richard Bridge
(from U.S. Army Map)
Horse Fog
Red Butte
Willow Springs
178 M
Bates Creek
OREGON TRAIL
PLATTE RIVER
NORTH PLATTE RIVER
WYOMING PIONEER ASSOCIATION
SPONSOR
Independence Rock
205 M
Sweetwater Station
Devils Gate
SWEETWATER
Tom Sun Ranch
212 M
SKETCH OF SWEETWATER STATION
Idaho Territory
By Bugler C. Moellman, 11th Ohio Cav.
1865

Oregon Trail Trek No. Four

Compiled by

MAURINE CARLEY, *Trek Historian*

September 26, 1954

Caravan - - - - - - - - - - 46 cars

Note: *Numbers preceding "M" indicate miles on the map west from the Nebraska-Wyoming line.* This trek began at old Fort Casper, crossed to the north side of the river, followed the river route for 2½ miles, branched to the right and followed the middle route for 1½ miles, took the ridge road to Emigrant Gap, and from there followed the north route. More than 90% of the emigrant roads are visible today, but fences and ditches make it necessary to use the present highways for the most part.

OFFICERS

Gen. R. L. Esmay	In command of military escort.
Col. Wm. P. Bradley	Captain of caravan.
Maj. H. W. Lloyd	Registrar.
Frank Murphy	Wagon boss.
Lyle Hildebrand	Assistant wagon boss.
Maurine Carley	Historian.
Keith Rider	Photographer and Press.
Col. A. R. Boyack	Chaplain.

9:00 A.M. Following a salute by a firing squad at the Fort Casper Cemetery, the Chaplain, Colonel Boyack, led the group in prayer.

9:10 A.M. The caravan left old Fort Casper (153 M. south side and 138 M. north side road. From this point the south side mileage is used.)

9:15 A.M. Arrived at 155 M. on top of a ridge. Halted ten minutes to examine old ruts. Here one branch of the old road turns to the right. The so-called Red Buttes Battle was probably fought on this ridge.

Mr. Lester Bagley gave the following interesting facts about this part of the country.

We have proceeded approximately two miles from Fort Casper, the location of Old Platte Bridge. We are now on one branch of the old Oregon Trail. Just as we topped the ridge a short distance

back, another branch of this trail took off northwest. This road can be seen if we look to the north a short distance. There was another road—sometimes called the "River Road" which was down closer to the river. It was this road that was probably used first and was the one used by the Mormon Pioneer company of 1847.

Before proceeding with further detailed description of this area, permit me to return to Fort Casper and the old Platte Bridge location. From 1847 to 1859 this place was known as the Mormon Ferry. From 1859 to 1865 it was known as Platte Bridge. In 1865, following the death of Lieutenant Caspar W. Collins, it was re-named Fort Casper.

This area is very rich in history. It is probable that the first white men to traverse this river were members of the Robert Stuart party as they returned from Astoria in 1812.

A continuous parade of trappers, traders and home-seekers passed this point for the next fifty years. In the early summer of 1836 the first white women came West over this Trail. They were the wives of Dr. Marcus Whitman and H. H. Spaulding, who were missionaries en route to the Pacific Northwest.

Father DeSmet, Catholic priest and missionary, passed this way in the early summer of 1840, proceeding on to the Green River where he conducted the first Catholic Mass in the State of Wyoming at the rendezvous near the present town of Daniel.

The first large migration started in the spring of 1843. At this time there were some of the emigrants headed for California as well as the Northwest.

The first ferry was operated at Fort Casper, probably a short distance above the Platte bridge location. The first ferry consisted of two rude rafts upon which the wagons were pulled across by ropes. Within a few days a ferry was constructed upon which a wagon could be driven or rolled and taken across with load intact.

A bridge was built below this point and known as the Reshaw bridge. The famous Platte bridge was built during the winter of 1858-59 by Louis Guinard at an original cost of $30,000.00. It was estimated that an additional $30,000.00 was spent on the bridge before it was abandoned on October 19, 1867. The bridge was burned by the Indians a few days later.

In 1858 a small fort named Platte Bridge was located where the present restoration of Fort Casper now stands across the river. A small garrison was placed here but was withdrawn in 1859 and not replaced until 1862.

On July 26, 1865, Lieutenant Caspar W. Collins led a relief party from Platte Bridge Station to the aid of a wagon train from the Sweetwater Station. Platte Bridge Station was surrounded by a large force of Indians who attacked Collins and his party. The young lieutenant was killed in the ensuing skirmish, and the post

was renamed in his honor. Through an error in the War Department orders the name of the fort was spelled Casper, the spelling still used today.

9:20 A.M. The caravan continued on left of river road to the bottom of the hill, then took the right hand present-day dirt road to intersect the center branch.

9:40 A.M. Arrived on the center branch where there are 20 gravestones and a cemetery with no graves. The Red Buttes Battle marker is located here.

Mr. W. W. Morrison related the story of the sad fate of Sergeant Custard and his men.

At about 11:00 o'clock, on the morning of July 26, 1865, some men stationed at Platte Bridge Station saw a wagon train coming toward the Fort from the west. The train was then on a hill some 4 or 5 miles distant.

A short way ahead of the wagon train were 5 men on horseback, acting as advance guard. This was the wagon train of Sgt. Amos J. Custard, and 23 men who had started from the Sweetwater Station and were making their way to Platte Bridge Station.

The soldiers at Platte Bridge Station knew they could not make their way through the thousands of Indians to help them, so in order to warn those in the wagon train of the danger which lay ahead they fired an old brass cannon twice. The men in Sergeant Custard's wagon train heard the warning, but almost at the same time they saw a great many Indians coming toward them.

The wagon train kept on coming, however, with all possible haste, until it reached a point about 4 miles due west from the Fort.

The advance guard of 5 men, in charge of Corporal James W. Shrader, made a run for the river, which was about a quarter of a mile to the south.

The diary of Lieutenant Y. Drew, who took an important part in the activities at the Fort on this unforgettable day, is as follows: "From the roof of the Station and with the aid of a large spy-glass, we had a pretty good view of what was going on at the train. The train had stopped on a side hill and with three wagons they had formed three sides of a square with one front facing up the hill to the north, one facing east and one south. The west side was open. The first Indians that came on to the scene of action charged right on to the train, but was repulsed, and as more of them arrived they again made a charge, but were again driven back. After this for a long time there did not seem to be much action going on; and every once in a while we would see a puff of smoke from the wagons or from the side hill below the wagons which showed that the fight was still going on, but we could not tell with what results, though we noticed that the puffs of smoke

from the hillside on the south were getting closer and closer, and we felt that the end could not be far off. Never, never in all our services as soldiers had we ever experienced anything like this before. To know that about twenty of our comrades, with whom for nearly three years we had been soldiering in the South, were now within two and a half miles of us, surrounded by an overwhelming number of enemies, determined on their destruction, and were not able to do anything for their relief. Some of us went to Major Anderson and requested that about forty or fifty of us might be allowed to volunteer and go out on foot to attempt their rescue, but the major, while feeling deeply for the gallant fellows that were making such a good fight against the tremendous odds opposed to them, yet realizing how futile would have been our attempt for their relief, and the probability that all who started out would have shared the same fate as those with the train, and that then the garrison would have been so weakened that after our destruction it would have been an easy matter for the Indians to have taken the station and massacred all that were left. . . .

"Just about the time Lieutenant Walker's party had started from the station, [which was shortly after 3:00 P.M. with 20 men to go east of Platte Bridge Station 2 miles to repair the telegraph lines] we noticed that the firing had ceased at the train, and very soon a large smoke arose, and we saw that the wagons were burning. We knew then that the fighting was all over, and that the brave men who had so well defended themselves were all dead. They had made a gallant fight for four full hours, but had been overpowered at last.

"The Indians stayed about the place where the train had been until nearly nightfall, and then a great many of them moved back to the bluff north of the river."

S. H. Fairfield, who was detailed as a clerk in the Quartermaster's Dept. was stationed at Deer Creek, and was among those who reached Platte Bridge Station on July 27, 1865. In his diary he writes: "On the afternoon of the 27th, twenty-five of us boys, under Lieut. Paul Grimm, went out in search of Sergeant Custard and his men. We followed the telegraph road among the hills. Several miles from the bridge we came to a washout, where the boys had made a stand.

"On three sides the embankment was three or four feet high, but on the west there was only slight protection. Onto this washout they had driven one of their wagons, and from behind such meager embankments the poor fellows fought for their lives for five long hours. Here we found the mangled and mutilated bodies of Sergeant Custard and his eighteen men. Seventeen of them had been left lying upon their faces, their bodies pinioned to the ground with long spears. They had been stripped and cut up in a shocking manner. The wagoner was strapped to his feed-box, and hot irons from the hubs of the wagon-wheels were placed along his

back, apparently when he was alive. The charred remains of one man were among the coals where the wagon was burned. The next day another detail of twenty-five men, under command of Lieutenant Hubbard, went out and buried the poor fellows where they had sacrificed their lives so dearly. A long ditch was dug and lined with blankets. In it the dead were laid side by side, with rubber blankets spread over them, and then the bodies were covered with sands of the desert."

Now back to the advance guard of five men with Corporal James W. Shrader in charge. These men reached the river, and, plunging their horses into the stream, started for the south bank. One of the men, James Bellew, was shot and fell from his horse when he was about thirty yards from the south bank. His body was never found. The remaining four crossed over, and had gone less than a mile when one of them, Edwin Summers, was shot and killed. The three remaining men, Corporal Shrader, Bryan Swain and Henry Smith continued to work their way toward the Fort.

When about half way to the Fort they came in contact with four or five Indians. The men shot two of them, and then turned their horses toward the southeast and rode hard and fast until they came to a deep ravine with some brush on the banks. There they abandoned their horses and started working their way down through the brush and ravine which led in the direction of the Fort. While working their way in this ravine, Corporal Shrader, raised his head to look out and was struck in the top of his skull with a bullet. He dropped, but the other two men restored him to consciousness by bathing his head.

The next time they took survey of the situation by looking out, they could see no Indians in sight, except two or three who were standing about three-quarters of a mile away. They made a run for the last gully nearer the Fort. It was then that some of the soldiers at the Fort noticed them, and some fifteen started on foot to help them. As the men started on foot to assist the three men some fifteen or twenty Indians came up out of the gully in which the soldiers had just left and attempted to head the three men off. The men coming from the Fort called to the three to head down the ravine. It was not long until they came out of the ravine and were running toward the soldiers from the Post.

On July 28th Corporal Shrader was sent out on the South side of the river to find and bury the bodies of Summers and Bellew. He found the body of Summers about a mile south of the river, where he dug a grave and buried it. The body of Bellew was never found. The exact spot where Sergeant Custard and his brave men were buried is not known. Sixty-one years after the massacre, Corporal Shrader returned to the scene and attempted to locate the spot, but the condition of the country had changed so much that he could not do it.

Records in the War Department designate this massacre as the

"Wagon Train Fight of Sergeant Custard." Colonel Dennison who was with the Eleventh Kansas Cavalry at the time says the battle ground where the men fell, and where they were buried was given the name of "Custard's Hill" by their comrades. Sometimes it is called "The Battle of Red Buttes" which ought not to be. Somewhere here, near where we are now standing, nineteen fine young Americans fought three thousand Indians for more than four hours before the savages finally closed in on them. It was one of the bravest and most gallant battles ever fought on American soil, or on foreign soil as far as that goes.

Today, after 89 years, we pay tribute to those brave men and to the other brave men who lost their lives in this vicinity on that July day in 1865—twenty-seven in all. The very soil here is stained with their blood. May we remember them evermore.

9:50 A.M. Departed from this spot on the center route to 158½ M. where the river road from the S. W. enters, and one branch goes S. W. to where Poison Spider Creek enters the Platte near the old Goose Egg Ranch House. We took the right hand road along the Emigrant Gap ridge to Emigrant Gap. At about 160 M. a plain branch road enters from the S. W.

10:20 A.M. Arrived at Emigrant Gap 163¼ M. Here Mr. Clark Bishop made a short talk in which he explained that a branch of the old road came along near the Poison Spider road from Casper and joined the ridge road at this point. We then continued S. W. on Poison Spider road about 3¼ miles. (The old Emigrant Road left this road to the S. W. at 164½ M., then turned south one mile on what is known as Bessemer Bend road. Then to S. W. on so-called Oregon Trail road to 171½ M. where we again entered the old Emigrant road. At 173½ M. we were in Rock Avenue as described in some of the Diaries.)

11:45 A.M. Arrived at Willow Springs 175½ M.

Mrs. Clark Bishop read a paper written by Mr. Paul Henderson, who was unable to be present.

Today we are having lunch at Willow Springs, an old camping ground and an outstanding spot on the old Oregon-Mormon-California Trail. They all came this way. To them it was an "Oasis in the desert" where good cold water, fine grass and some trees were found out in the center of a semi-desert region on a natural "cut off" route between the old upper crossing or Mormon Ferry site on the North Platte river and Independence Rock, on the Sweetwater river.

Those springs, like Ash Hollow in Nebraska, received their name from the native trees found growing here. They were discovered by the early fur traders and trappers more than a century and a quarter ago.

From the early diaries and copies of Emigrant Guide books we

find the following, giving these springs their place in the itinerary of the natural landmarks along the way in this section of the country: First from the Upper Crossing of the Platte were: Mineral Springs and small creek, Rock Avenue, Alkali Springs, Willow Springs, Prospect Hill, Alkali Swamp, Greasewood Creek, Independence Rock, and Sweetwater River—approximately 49 miles from rvier to river with Willow Springs about midway.

Let us take a quick glance in the past at some of the scenes that have transpired here.

Two hundred years ago we would find the Crow Indians here, claiming the country, as well as some Shoshones. In the 1820-30 period we would see the early fur traders and trappers, and a little later some of the fur brigades with pack animals loaded with Indian trade goods bound for the rendezvous grounds. In a later caravan we would see the Whitmans and Spaldings, and shortly thereafter the beginning of the covered wagon emigrant trains. The Latter Day Saints followed this trail to the Salt Lake valley, as did the '49'ers who were enroute to the gold fields of California. Detachments of troops, the stage coaches, the Pony Express riders, the great bull outfits with their heavy ox-drawn freight wagons, all paused for a rest and to "water-up" before commencing ascent of the "Hill one mile up." In 1861 came the "singing wires" of the transcontinental telegraph. Willow Springs has witnessed all this.

After grace by the Chaplain lunch was enjoyed, although it was hot and there were no trees. At 11:30 A.M. we continued up Prospect Hill for about 1½ miles. At 186 M. we passed to the north of what was Poison Springs.

At 186¼ M. we left the old road to our south, and continued to 189¼ M. where it appeared on the south of our road. From there we crossed and recrossed it several times to 193 M. where it crossed Horse Creek some 500 feet north of the road. We continued on or near the old road to about 198 M. where we left the old trail to our left then took the oiled highway.

1:00 P.M. Arrived at the Sweetwater Station site where Edness Kimball Wilkins gave the following interesting account of the old Station.

Sweetwater Station should be very close to the hearts of us Casper people, and to all of us who live along the trail we have just covered, because here was the official station of young Lt. Caspar Collins who was killed in battle leading a forlorn hope against the Indians near the Platte Bridge Station. Fort Casper, and our own city and mountain and Casper Creek, are named in his honor.

You remember the story: He had left Sweetwater Station on a journey to Fort Laramie, to draw more horses for his men, and

on his return stopped over night at Platte Bridge Station (later Fort Casper).

At the same time, Captain Bretney and ten men arrived there from the Sweetwater Station where we now stand, on his way to meet the paymaster and receive the pay for the men.

And again this Sweetwater Station enters the story, because the Custard Wagon Train, with Sergeant Custard and 23 men, was returning from this Station where we now stand. It was this train that Lt. Collins was ordered to rescue, although he was not stationed at Platte Bridge nor was he under command of Major Anderson, the new Commanding officer.

Also that day at the Platte Bridge Station was Caspar's best friend, John Friend, the telegrapher from this Sweetwater station. John Friend and Captain Bretney tried to dissuade young Collins from obeying orders, pointing out that he was not attached to that post, that the men he was to lead were strangers to him, and that it was very bad judgment on the part of Major Anderson. Collins knew all of these things well, and knew undoubtedly that he was facing certain death, but he said he was a soldier and the son of a soldier and must obey an order. So he made his last farewell to John Friend and Captain Bretney, borrowed Bretney's pistols, mounted a strange horse, and, dressed in his new uniform, gallantly led the 27 men against a horde of thousands of Indians. He and four of the men he was leading were killed. Sergeant Custard and 19 of his men were killed. The order had been a tragic mistake made by Major Anderson who was apparently new to the Indian country and resentful of advice from experienced but younger officers.

The establishment here of the Sweetwater Station, and others along the Overland Trail, was the result of the building of the telegraph line. You have been hearing earlier of the Oregon Trail and the migration of half a million people over this route on their way to California or Oregon. One of the great problems of the early days on the frontier was lack of communication with the East. Letters to various army posts were usually sent to Fort Leavenworth, and then forwarded whenever possible. Many never arrived. A stage line for mail was finally established in 1851, carrying mail and packages from St. Louis to Salt Lake City. The Government contract required the round-trip journey to be made in 42 days, and after a time the trip was made twice a month. Passengers were also carried.

With the great emigration and settlement of the West, military protection was required, and to supply the soldiers at the various posts and transport provisions to the settlers and emigrants, big freighting outfits were organized. One company, by 1858, had at work on the western plains 3500 wagons, 40,000 oxen, and 4,000 employes. This company bought the stage line, and by spring of 1859 had a daily passenger and mail service operating.

A new empire was building in the West—California. But back beyond the Mississippi, Civil War was ready to burst into flame.

A struggle to hold California in the Union was underway, but 2000 miles of unsettled land stretched between. Fast communication was needed—and so the Pony Express was formed; the trip from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, was now made in less than 10 days. The mail schedule had been cut in half.

But still faster communication was needed, so the Government offered a subsidy of $40,000 a year for 10 years to the builder of the first telegraph line across the plains. It was completed October 24, 1861, and sounded the knell of the Pony Express. The dashing figure, flying from station to station in face of storm and death itself, became only a memory.

Telegraph stations were built at many places across the present State of Wyoming, which was then known as Idaho Territory, and here where we stand today was one of them—Sweetwater Station.

The Indians soon realized the value of the telegraph line to the white man, and the threat to themselves, and they were constantly cutting the wires, tearing down the poles, burning the stations and killing the men. It was necessary to station soldiers at the telegraph stations along this route.

In 1861 the Civil War took the regular soldiers from their stations in the West to fight in the South; the Indians that had been attacking in small groups now formed into large bands; they attacked the stage lines and telegraph stations, captured the horses, mules and stores, killed the agents and settlers.

Colonel Collins, father of Caspar Collins, back in Ohio volunteered for service in the Civil War and was appointed a colonel of volunteer cavalry commanding troops from Ohio. But instead of fighting in the South as he had expected, he was sent with his troops to fight Indians in the Far West. Caspar, a boy of 16 or 17, went with his father. His letters to his mother are filled with the enthusiasm of a boy over the wild game, the birds and the country.

[In illustration Mrs. Wilkins read a letter written by Caspar Collins from Sweetwater Bridge June 16, 1862. The letter is quoted in full in *Caspar Collins* by Agnes Wright Spring, Columbia University Press, 1927, pages 116-119.]

Two years later Caspar Collins had entered the army and was commissioned a second lieutenant. He was then nineteen years old. He was in charge of four stations, with headquarters here at Sweetwater, protecting the telegraph line and escorting emigrant trains, and here is the description he sent his Uncle, December 13, 1864, written from Fort Laramie:

"I am now stationed on Sweetwater River, a tributary of the Platte. I have four block stations under my charge. The first is

Sweetwater Bridge, the bridge by which the emigrants cross the river on their way to California and Oregon; the second is Three Crossings of Sweetwater; the third, Rocky Ridge; and the fourth is South Pass. I make my headquarters at the first. I was summoned down here on a court-martial and came down in five days, two hundred and twenty miles, by myself most of the way, but I had places to sleep at night. . . .

"From my station to the upper one, it is one hundred and four miles, and I have to ride it and back about every two weeks, so it keeps me pretty busy. We have plenty of game up there by riding about 20 or 25 miles for it. There are buffalo, elk, mountain sheep, black-tailed deer and antelope. There is plenty of antelope close by the station, but they have lived so much on sage brush that they taste of it. . . .

(Lieutenant Collins in this letter enclosed a sketch of the Sweetwater Station and a description of almost every detail of the station and its surroundings) his letter continues:

"The post was built by Co. D and intended as quarters for forty men. But I have only twenty there now. It is situated on a hill about 50 yards from the Sweetwater River and overlooking the bridge. The second assistant surgeon of the regiment is stationed with me. The next station above is Three Crossings and is situated on the same river forty miles above. . . .

"It is also surrounded by a palisade, varying from 12 to 15 feet high, and surmounted by a large lookout and block house that sweeps the surrounding country. The next post above, thirty-nine miles, is Rocky Ridge or Saint Mary's. Although it is the depot station of the telegraph company, it is not surrounded by a palisade. But it is a place never visited by Indians, hostile or friendly. Twenty-five miles above is the last military station in the department. It is situated on the same river near a rapid Rocky Mountain Stream . . . and in the center of the renowed South Pass. I made the first trip from Sweetwater to Souht Pass and back in five days—going the first night to Three Crossings; the second to Rocky Ridge; the third to South Pass and back to Rocky Ridge; the fourth back to Three Crossings; and the fifth, home. . . ."[1]

On April 18, 1865, Caspar Collins wrote from Sweetwater Bridge Station to his mother, "There is now a very large number of troops on the road coming out here. The 11th Kansas is between here and Fort Laramie. We have this post well defended. I had the men at work for several weeks, and it is now invulnerable to the "noble" aborigines of this section. Twenty-six men are stationed here. General Connor, of California, is now in com-

1. *Caspar Collins* by Agnes Wright Springs, Columbia University Press, 1927, pages 158-161.

mand of this department. One of the men belonging to this post was killed about the middle of March, between here and Platte Bridge—Philip Roads, son of Henry S. Roads, of Paint Township, Highland County [Ohio]. He and another man were coming up with a load of rations with a four-mule team. The escort that was with them, having passed what the commander of the squad thought the dangerous part of the ground, turned back. Four Indians, who claimed to be Arapahoes, came up to the wagon and commenced talking with them. The Indians suddenly fired in concert, and killed him instantly and, strange to say, the other boy escaped with nothing but a ball or arrow hole through his blouse. He seized a gun and kept the Indians at bay for the balance of the afternoon. As he had two Spencer rifles, the Indians kept on the brow of the hill and contented themselves with firing from a safe position, filling the wagon body full of bullet holes. At dark he saddled the horse that was with the team and struck for this post, thirty miles distant, under cover of night. He arrived here a little after midnight, when we started in pursuit. It was so intensely cold that we had to walk much of the way. We arrived at the scene of action about daylight, but the Indians had fled, after stripping the dead man and wagon and loading the mules with plunder. We followed the trail until a windstorm came on and obscured it entirely. I do not think I ever suffered so much with the cold in my life. Two of the men were so nearly frozen that we had to take them off their horses, leaving only two of us for duty. . . .

"I would write oftener, but it is almost impossible to get letters from here to Fort Laramie, the road being unsafe for mail carriers, and large bodies of men cannot be spared from the posts on this road. . . .

A postscript added "If anything happens to me, I will telegraph. C. W. C."[2]

It was a prophetic ending, for three months later he was dead.

In the meantime the station had been attacked time after time by the Indians.

You will remember that he mentioned in this letter that more troops were expected, but the great increase did not materialize. His own and many other small garrisons were fighting against tremendous numbers of Indians, an almost hopeless war.

The Civil War had ended, and the demand was underway for economy, for cutting down the army, for demobilizing the men who had enlisted for the duration of the Civil War. Many troops mutinied against being kept in the army to fight the Indians in the West. Great leaders had developed among the Indians. They had little trouble holding their own against the inferior numbers of the

2. *Ibid.*, pages 168-171.

white troops. They had secured vast amounts of guns and ammunition from their attacks on the wagon trains, stage coaches and stations along the mail routes. Some of their plunder was traded to the Mormons in Utah for guns and ammunition. (The Mormons were attempting to found a government of their own, fighting the United States Government.) The Indians felt that they were becoming masters of the situation against the white man.

General Connor, who was one of the greatest of the soldiers fighting against the Indians, kept warning the Government against its policy of appeasing the Indians, and also warning against the Mormons in Utah. He claimed that Brigham Young had more influence with the Indians than the entire United States Government. (I bring in this sidelight because Robert B. David of Casper recently mentioned to me that the soldiers here at Sweetwater Station used to pan gold out of the river and send it East to their families.) That was one of the interesting policies developed by General Connor. He encouraged the search for gold along here, in the hope that the lure of gold would bring into the country a large number of settlers who would help hold the Mormons in check.

Gold seekers did flock in. The Indians ran off their stock time after time and killed and scalped the miners and settlers, freighters and supply parties. Parlies were held with the Indians, treaties signed and broken. Troops were withdrawn, and the power of the Government in this country became weaker and weaker. In three months time, over 5000 head of stock were run off and over 100 settlers were killed by the Indians.

The Government in Washington, and the people in the East, were sick of the Civil War and of all wars—especially the Indian wars that seemed so far away. Politics and politicians entered the picture. The cry was for economy, and, as usually happens after a war, the economizing was on the army. Platte Bridge Station, which had now been named Fort Casper, in honor of young Caspar Collins, was ordered abandoned, and the telegraph stations were left without protection of troops—burned, forgotten.

Sweetwater Station and this western country had again become the property of the Indians, who remained in control for ten long years, and then discovered that they had killed the golden goose. For the rental was no longer received for use of the land that once held the telegraph line; the rich wagon trains and freight trains no longer came over the Oregon trail to be pillaged and plundered; the army, with its herds of horses to be stolen, was no longer in the North—and starvation faced the Indians.

At Independence Rock (205 M.). Hazel Noble Boyack related the story of the Proud Shrine of Wonderful Wyoming:

Today we stand at one of the great natural monuments along the route of the combined and celebrated Oregon-Mormon-Cali-

fornia Trail, and the best authorities in historical research also agree that Independence Rock ranks among the great landmarks of our beloved America.

So today we of this interested party of Oregon Trail trekkers are also making history. As our caravan of modern prairie schooners labored this morning over the rough and rugged segment of the Old Trail that brought us to this historic mound, one gains a more profound reference and high regard for the caliber of men and women who broke this historic pathway to the West. Francis Parkman, author of *The Oregon Trail,* said, "By the strength of their arms and the valor of their hearts did they achieve this task." In this I think all of us can concur.

Independence Rock fairly vibrates with the history of the past. The many hundreds of names inscribed upon its granite form bear silent testimony of a mighty migration of people who passed this way. We ask ourselves, "How came this famed landmark to bear its patriotic name?" To answer this question we turn back the pages of history to the early eighteen twenties. On the outskirts of the frontier hamlet of St. Louis, Msisouri, there lived a distinguished gentleman by the name of William H. Ashley. In 1822 he organized his first fur brigade known as the Ashley-Henry Expedition. In this and later expeditions were men who were destined to write their names on the geography of the great West: James Bridger, then an eighteen year old youth; Jedediah Strong Smith, perhaps the greatest explorer ever to come West; Thomas Fitzpatrick; Etienne Provot; William Sublette and many others whose names are well known in the annals of Western history.

The commonly accepted story is that as the first Ashley trapping party made its way West, it camped at this rock on our nation's natal day. After a celebration, befitting, no doubt, the freedom and abandon of the early West, the rock was christened "Independence Rock", the name it has borne for more than a century.

Independence Rock marks the entrance into the beautiful Sweetwater valley. The famous river for which the valley is named flows placidly near the southern base of the great rock. The Pioneer caravans drank freely from this sylvan stream because of its clear and sparkling waters, free from the biting alkalis of the desert they had so recently traversed.

Yes, Independence Rock was an inviting camp spot. Here, as the summer sun sank to rest over the low western hills, caravans of weary travelers made camp by its sheltering form. As the evening campfires were lighted and the simple repast over, merry notes from the fiddle or the guitar floated out on the warm desert air, and soon the feet of happy dancers kept rhythm to the music.

But sadness and sorrow also entered into the picture. Loved ones, for whom the western journey had been too great a struggle, were laid to rest here by the rock, the journey scarcely half over.

These many events caused Independence Rock to be kept in vivid memory by the Pioneers, and is often referred to in their diaries.

In 1832 Captain B. L. E. Bonneville, who left Fort Osage on the Missouri River with a caravan of trappers, noted the great rock "in shape of a half globe of imposing appearance rising out of a lonely landscape".

Fremont, "the Pathfinder", tells of his profound impressions of the Rock and that he left a symbol of the Christian faith, the Cross, engraven upon the rock one thousand miles from the Mississippi River.

To Father Pierre Jean De Smet, famous Catholic missionary to the Indian tribes of the West, Independence Rock appeared as a great "registry of the desert". To other it was referred to as "The Emigrant's Post Office." The surface of the rock was searched for a name or names of some loved ones who had passed along the Trail.

As the famous Mormon Vanguard Company of 1847 traveled westward, two of their Scouts, Wilford Woodruff and John Brown, were traveling ahead of the Company and were the first to arrive at the Rock. Evening was coming on and a party of Missouri emigrants camped nearby invited them to spend the night. This they did. The next day, Mr. Woodruff records in his diary, they rode around the Rock, staked their horses and climbed to the top. On the highest point they offered up their morning prayers. As this scene of devotion was going on, the company of Missourians were burying one of their number, Rachel Morgan, a young woman twenty-five years of age, the third member of her family to pass away on the hard journey.

Enroute to Oregon in 1862 were twenty members of the Masonic Brotherhood. The company paused at this famous camp site and held a historic meeting that resulted in organizing the first Masonic Lodge in this part of the Rocky Mountains. Of the many bronze tablets that decorate the north face of the Rock, one commemorates this event.

Adding a touch of interest and lustre to the immediate area surrounding Independence Rock was the Sweetwater Station erected some two miles to the East. This outpost first served as a Pony Express and Telegraph Station. In the mid 1860's it became a garrison where soldiers were quartered to help protect emigrant trains from marauding Indians.

Coming West in 1870 was Dr. Ferdinand V. Hayden, a founder of the United States Geological Survey. With this party of scientific explorers came Mr. William Jackson, famous artist and photographer of those early years. To Mr. Jackson we are indebted for the first pictures of Independence Rock. Dr. Hayden not only climbed the rock but took with him his faithful horse, perhaps the first and the last animal to climb the mound and to be photographed there.

As the years passed by silence again returned to the prairie stretches surrounding Independence Rock. The grinding wheels of covered wagons were no longer heard. The romantic period of travel and adventure by ox teams to the West was at an end. Instead, iron rails had spanned the distance West and the shrill whistle of the Iron Horse broke intermittently the stillness of the desert regions.

But Independence Rock was not forgotten! In the minds and hearts of many people it was held vividly in memory. On July 3, 4, and 5, 1930, the year of the Covered Wagon Centennial, the famous landmark was chosen as a fitting site for a national celebration. Cooperating in this event was the Wyoming Historical Landmark Commission and the officers and citizens of Natrona County in which county the landmark is located.

As the time drew near for the celebration, a thousand Boy Scouts from many parts of America were present. Indians from the Reservation at Lander gave a realistic touch to the occasion. A thin line of Pioneers honored the gathering with their presence. Amid song, story and oratory, the Old Rock was formally dedicated as a national monument to the courage, fidelity and faith of our Western Pioneers.

For Christmas in 1953, Colonel Boyack and I featured Independence Rock on our Christmas cards. I wrote the following lines in memory of the great landmark.

Historic old Rock Independence,
Proud shrine of Wyoming land,
In the heart of these vast western prairies,
A memorial in granite you stand.

By a broad winding emigrant highway,
Famed path to the early West,
You stood like a sentinal courageous,
In view of the grand Rocky's crest.

As the shadows of evening lengthened,
Weary emigrants paused on their way,
And by the light of their flickering campfires,
Gave thanks to their God for the day.

Here fond lovers were joined in wedlock,
As they trekked on the long journey West,
Here courageous and brave hearts were saddened,
As loved ones were laid to rest.

Deep in your ice polished surface,
Many an Emigrant recorded his name,
Which made you the "great register of the desert",
With added lustre and romance and fame.

Storied old Rock Independence,
In the cycles of time yet to be,
May *our* faith and resolve for life's journey,
Be firm and as steadfast as thee.

1:40 P.M. We proceeded on the oiled road to the TOM SUN RANCH (212 M.), crossing the old road several times.

The Tom Sun Ranch, one of the oldest in the country, was begun by Thomas de Beau Soli, a French trapper, whose name has been Americanized to Tom Sun. In 1872 he built a one room log cabin on the Sweetwater River. This cabin has had several additions until it is a low, attractive, sprawling, log building under beautiful big shade trees. The latest addition is a museum which houses valuable antiques belonging to the family as well as many Indian artifacts found in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Sun told us that Tom Sun, Senior, camped on this spot with hunting parties before he decided to settle here. By the time Mrs. Sun came in 1883 he had added all the rooms except the museum. The old gate was built in 1880 and was in constant use until 1952.

The graves across the highway were there when Mrs. Sun came. She could count forty at that time.

The children buried at the Rock (Independence) died from diphtheria in 1898. One of them was Ross Merrill, aged four. He was the son of the stage drvier who lived at the Rock. Another child was the little three-year-old daughter of a freighter who lived at the Soda Works. Her name was McCorkle.

2:15 P.M. Departed from the Sun ranch and drove back to the Goose Egg Service Station. From there we traveled dirt roads to the historic GOOSE EGG RANCH.

Although nothing is left of the Goose Egg ranch building Virginia Trenholm recreated the lively times once enjoyed there.

In our trek along the Oregon Trail, we have dealt exclusively with fact. True it is, there is untold history at or near the Goose Egg Ranch. Mr. Bishop tells us the old government maps show a crossing of the river just above here. But the old stone house which stood many years has been toppled over, and there is little left to mark the location.

The story of the Goose Egg is more fictitious than real, though it is historical none-the-less. It has its setting near the famous trail followed by the Oregon settlers, the Mormon pioneers and the California gold seekers. By the time the Goose Egg was at the height of its glory, however, the Union Pacific had become a reality, and the historic trail was little more than a local stage and freighting road and a path over which the vast trail herds were driven eastward from Oregon.

Fortunately, we have the early record of this ranch preserved for us by W. P. Ricketts, of Gillette, in a letter to Bob Irvine, Douglas, in 1937. I shall quote the letter in part.

"On my arrival [in Cheyenne], I found many cattle owners and their foremen in the lobby of the Inter-Ocean Hotel, talking cattle and roundups. This was in the spring of 1876. Roundups would soon begin, and I was not long in finding a place to work for Searight Brothers, who owned a ranch on Chugwater, 50 miles north of Cheyenne. . . .

"I was employed on this ranch during '76, '77, and until May '78, when Searight Bros. sold their cattle to the Swan Land & Cattle Co. This was just after the blizzard of March '78. Alex Swan bought them on book account and later on had some regrets.

"From June 1, '78, I worked for your father, Billy Irvine, on his Y ranch near Bridgers Ferry at mouth of Shaw-Nee Creek. On March 1, '79, Searight Bros. employed 32 men to go to Oregon to drive seven trail herds of cattle back to the Goose Egg Ranch near Casper. I was one of those men who experienced the thrills of this long trip.

"Searight Bros. had planned to establish a ranch at the mouth of Poison Spider Creek and range their cattle on the Casper and Salt Creeks and other tributaries of the North Platte River. To carry out their plans during the summer of '79, they built a bunkhouse, storage house, kitchen and barn on the first bench of the Poison Spider Creek, right near its mouth. These log buildings were all still standing two years ago when I saw them last. When I first saw them in the summer of 1880, a man by the name of Blue Hall was in charge of the ranch known as the Goose Egg. The spring of '80 was the real beginning of the range work of the Goose Egg outfit on the North Platte River.

"In 1881, I succeeded Blue Hall as foreman of this outfit. It seemed to me things were moving along smoothly, and we had shipped thousands of the big Oregon steers that sold well considering the market and what we had paid for them in Oregon. The Searights had made money, built nice homes in Cheyenne. Prosperity seems to cause some individuals to allow their ambition to run away with their good judgement. This to me was verified when the owners of the Goose Egg outfit conceived the idea of employing a range manager, drawing a big salary. Not only that, but they built and furnished him a big stone house. In those days a range manager was called a "buggy-boss". Jim Lane was the fortunate one.

"I was advised of this move in the late fall of '81, when G. A. Searight wrote me as follows: 'I am loading some freight teams in Cheyenne with material for building a home for Jim Lane and wife, who will occupy same or be our range manager. With this outfit will come a carpenter, two stone masons, and you start some teams hauling rock.'

"I had plowed corn, milked cows, punched cows on the range and over the Oregon Trail, but to think of superintending the building of a two story rock building out on the rim of civilization was just going too far! When I called all cow hands into the log bunkhouse and told them the latest orders, consternation and dismay befell them. They thought of bruised fingers and toes in cold weather handling and quarrying the rock and hauling it for miles to the site of the house. All of this brought forth much profane language. This proved to be a winter of much discomfort and discontent for the cowboys. Excavation of the basement and rock hauling done, the stone masons and carpenters did their part. By spring this widely known structure, the Goose Egg Ranch home, was completed and ready for occupancy. The "buggy-boss" and wife arrived from Cheyenne in a shiny, brand new buggy drawn by a well groomed team with shiny new harness.

"Jim Lane was a likeable fellow and fit into the position quite well. I continued on as range foreman running a wagon and overseeing all range work until '85, when Searight sold out to J. M. Carey to whom I tallied the cattle.

"In recent years, I have seen pictures of the Goose Egg ranch home, the walls and roof still standing, but unless they are protected from stock entering the house and rubbing the walls, in a short time there will be little left as a reminder of this notable cattle ranch operated in the 80's when the north Platte River and its tributaries were used as an open range for some of the largest herds in the State of Wyoming."

Mr. Rickett's prophecy was correct. Today there is little in a material way to remind us of the part the old Goose Egg played in the glamorous cattle period. But its spirit will live as long as there is a yen for western literature, for it has been immortalized by the fluid pen of Owen Wister in *The Virginian.*

Wister was a close friend of Dr. Barber, early day physician at Fort Fetterman and later acting Governor of Wyoming. The Dr. Baker at Drybone, in *The Virginian,* is no doubt a counterpart of Dr. Barber, who furnished many ideas for the story. While *The Virginian* is supposed to be a work of fiction, the author shows plainly the influence of Barber, who befriended the prominent stock growers in their difficulties with the so-called rustlers.

After hearing Mr. Ricketts' account of the handsome rock ranch home on the "Rim of civilization" we are not surprised that it intrigued Owen Wister. Whether or not the barbecue, about which he writes, ever took place is a matter of conjecture. At any rate, he gives the reader a glimpse of the social life which undoubtedly did take place here. We quote from *The Virginian.*

"Inside the Goose Egg kitchen many small delicacies were preparing, and a steer was roasting whole outside. The bed of flame under it showed steadily brighter against the dusk that was beginning to veil the lowlands. The busy hosts went and came, while

men stood and men lay near the fire glow. Chalkeye was there, and Nebrasky, and Trampas and Honey Wiggin, with others, enjoying the occasion, . . . "

As to the authenticity of the Virginian, we will let Wister answer. This is his comment in 1902:

"Sometimes readers inquire, Did I know the Virginian? as well, I hope, as a father should know his son. And sometimes it is asked, Was such and such true? Now to this I have the best answer in the world. Once a cowpuncher listened patiently while I read him a manuscript. It concerned an event upon an Indian reservation. "Was that the Crow reservation?" he inquired at the finish. I told him that it was no real reservation and no real event; and his fcae showed his displeasure. "Why," he demanded, "do you waste your time writing what never happened, when you know so many things that did happen?"

So the Virginian may have been a mythical or composite character, a creature of imagination or mental off-spring. Whoever he was, his story of the switching of the babies at the Goose Egg Ranch did more to preserve the romance of the old cattle ranch than the stone walls could ever have done.

We then followed the river route to the divide northwest of Fort Casper, where the Chaplain gave a final prayer. After seeing everyone on the Poison Spider Road the caravan disbanded.

Washakie and The Shoshoni

A Selection of Documents from the Records of the Utah Superintendency of Indian Affairs

Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN

PART VIII—1863-186__.

XCI

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TELEGRAM DATED SALT LAKE, JULY 6, 1863.[191]

Your letter dated June 6th is received on my return from Bridger Gov [James W.] Nye is not here nor heard from. Pokatelle sends word that he wishes to treat for peace Sanritz [Sanpits] & Sagoity [Sagowits] have fled north of Snake River. The Utahs also wish to treat I wait your instructions

XCII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 18, 1863.[192]

Sir.

Herewith I transmit the original copy of the Treaty concluded at Fort Bridger on the 2nd. inst. by Agent Mann & myself with the Shoshonees—a duplicate of which was forwarded from that place on the 3d inst.

The Commissioner will please to add to that copy the name of the Chief *Bazil* who signed his name to this but did not arrive with his Band until that copy had been mailed.

I have just received word from Pokatello that he wishes to meet me in his country north of Bear River to make peace. With Genl. [Patrick Edward] Connor I shall meet him as soon as the place can be designated. . . .

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191. D/147-1863.

192. D/174-1863. Endorsed: "Treaty Sent to Sec. of Intr. for transmission to the President to be laid before the Senate for its action thereon. Dec. 30, 1863."

XCIII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 18, 1863.[193]

Sir: On the 7th of this month Genl. Connor and myself made a Treaty of Peace with "Little Soldier" and his Band of "Weber Utes," who have assembled at a point in the vicinity of this City indicated by us for their Camp, about twenty miles distant. We found with him individuals of several other Bands, who attended our meeting to ascertain, it is presumed, if we were sincere in accepting Little Soldiers proposals for peace, and if so, to let us know that the disposition of other Bands was favorable to peace. All who were present participated in the presents of provisions and goods which I made to Little Soldier and which were distributed by him; and promised to cease all further depredations and faithfully to maintain peace and friendship with all white men.

The other Bands of Utahs, to whom messengers had been sent, proposed to meet us at Spanish Fork, at an early day to be appointed, for the purpose of making peace. The 14th. instant being the time selected by Genl. Connor, we met there on that day, all of the principal men of those Bands, excepting two who sent word by others that they would abide by whatever terms were agreed upon.

It was agreed that hostilities should cease immediately; that the past should be forgotten; that the Utahs should give up any stolen horses in their possession; that no further depredations should be committed by them; that they would remain peaceable and quiet in future; and if any of their people should hereafter murder white men, or steal their horses, they would make every exertion to arrest the offenders and deliver them up for punishment.

We promised them liberal presents of provisions and clothing, and that these presents would be continued to them by the government as long as they kept their word—but no longer. We assured them that if any act of aggression upon the whites was committed by them, the soldiers would immediately enter their country and pursue the culprits until redress was obtained—to which they assented. We also assured them that if any injury was done to them by white men, the offenders should be punished, if they made complaint and gave the proper information to Genl. Connor, or to the Superintendent.

They appeared to be very anxious for peace, and to have their friendly relations with the government restored; and I feel confident the troubles with the Utah nation (in this Territory) are now

193. D/173-1863. Printed in: 38th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1182), pp. 513-514.

terminated. The large presents which I have made this Spring, and on this occasion, have undoubtedly contributed to this result; but I think the government is mainly indebted for it to the able Commanding officer of this military Department, Genl. Connor, and the efficiency and bravery of the officers and soldiers under his command.

These Treaties were made orally, and not reduced to writing, being without instructions from the Department; and our only purpose being to obtain peace with these Indians, and to stop further hostilities on their part—for the present at least.

They appeared to be very thankful for the food and clothing which I gave them; and I promised them, when the goods arrived which are now on their way, further presents would be made them —if they remained good. This I consider the best application of the Funds under my control for the general service, which could be made, for the benefit of the Indians, the security of Emigrants and of the Telegraph & Overland mail Lines, and the interests of the government. When they are assembled again to receive presents of provisions & goods, I think a Treaty may be effected with them upon such terms as the Department may desire.

I can but repeat the recommendation which I have heretofore made, that the Utah Bands ought to be collected on the Uintah Reservation, and provision made for them as herdsmen. Genl. Connor informs me that some of the Troops under his command can be employed (peace being now established with the Shoshonees) in settling and protecting them there, and in aiding them in erecting their houses and making other improvements for permanent homes. In this manner government may soon obtain perfect control over this nation, and with a less expenditure of money than is now required to maintain the very unsatisfactory and imperfect relations existing at present. . . .[194]

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194. In a parallel letter to Lieut. Col. R. C. Drum, Asst. Adjutant-General, San Francisco, dated Great Salt Lake City, July 18, 1863, General Connor described these same events. The meeting with Little Soldier Connor placed in "the valley of the West Mountain, about twenty-five miles west of this city," i.e., Tooele Valley. The Utes who conferred with him and Doty at Spanish Fork on July 14 included the chiefs "Antero, Tabby, Canosh, Ute-Pete, Au-ke-wah-kus, and Black Hawk," San Pitch being the only principal Ute chief not present. (Note that there were two chiefs by this name, one Shoshoni, one Ute, a circumstance which has sometimes baffled historians.) The consequence of the recent Shoshoni treaty-making, Connor added, was:

> The several bands have been once more united under the chieftainship of the peaceful Wa-sha-kee, and are living in quiet contentment near Bridger, under the charge and guardianship of the Indian Department. Since the date of the Snake treaty I have received a message from Pocatello, the celebrated Snake chief, begging for peace and asking for a conference. He says he is tired of war, and has been effectually driven from the Territory with a small remnant of his once powerful

XCIV

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 30, 1863.[195]

Sir,

Acknowledging your Letter dated July 22d, I have to request that two or more copies of the Map lately prepared at the General Land Office may be procured and sent to me, that I may be enabled to show the boundaries of the Country ceded by the Shoshonees-

The most accurate map which I have of this Country is the Military Map of Utah; but this does not exhibit the northern part of the Shoshonee Country— . . .

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band. He now sues for peace, and having responded favorably to his request I will meet him at an early day, and will conclude with him what I have no doubt will be a lasting peace. Thus at least I have the pleasure to report peace with the Indian on all hands, save only a few hostile Goshutes west and north of Deep Creek. . . . I may therefore confidently report the end of Indian difficulties on the Overland Stage Line and within this district, from the Snake River, on the north, to Arizona, on the south, and from Green River to Carson Valley . . . . (U. S. War Department, *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion* [Washington, 1897], Series I, Volume L, Part II, pp. 527-531.)

Another echo of these times and events is found in the narrative of William Elkanah Waters, an army-surgeon who traveled out to Utah in the spring of 1866. In his anonymously-published *Life Among the Mormons, and a March to Their Zion,* New York, 1868, pp. 204-205, Waters writes:

> The Shoshone (or Snake) tribe have their favorite hunting-ground in the Wind River Valley, and travel south and west during the summer months. These two tribes [Utes and Shoshoni] are now at peace with the white man, and receive their annual presents from the Government. Only three years ago [i.e., from 1866] the Snakes were at war with the troops stationed in Utah, but after a severe battle on Bear River, in which they were severely punished, and sustained a great loss, they in the dead of winter, and in an almost starving condition, begged for peace, and for subsistence. When they arrayed themselves against the white men in the territory, it was in opposition to the advice of their chief Washiki, who is the finest specimen of an Indian I ever saw. He abandoned the leadership of the tribe, rather than indulge in a war which he knew must prove disastrous to the red man. For their folly they elected another chief, and paid for it in the disaster to which I alluded. During the war, Washiki, with his squaws and a small party, camped in the vicinity of Fort Bridger, and after its termination the tribe were only too glad to reinstate him in his former official position.

These various accounts considerably elaborate Grace Raymond Hebard's discussion of this critical era in her *Washakie,* pp. 106-109.

195. D/203-1863. The requested maps were forwarded from Washington on Sept. 22.

XCV

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, SEPT. 21, 1863.[196]

Sir please find Enclosed Receipts for goods Sent me for distribution to Indians You will please inform me whether they are to be distributed for Treaty purposes by you as disbursing agent of said commission or whether I shall place them on Property return as received by you and disbursed by myself as Indian Agent I have purchased Beef to feed the Indians agreeable to your Telegraph and have Paid for part of it out of my own money will it be charged to Treaty fund and paid by you as disbursing agent of said commission please inform me fully in the matter and greatly Oblige. . . .

[Endorsed:] Answered "property to go in to his own accts as "agent"

XCVI

JAMES DUANE DOTY, COMMISSIONER, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 21, 1863.[197]

Sir: I have the honor to transmit herewith a treaty with the Shoshonee bands of the Goship tribe, which was concluded at Tuilla [Tooele] valley on the 12th October. I had previously made a verbal treaty of peace (on the 5th October) with the remaining portion of the southern bands who are connected with the Pahvont tribe. They gave their assent to all the provisions contained in this treaty. The largest portion of these bands have been killed by the troops during the past season. Also a treaty of peace and friendship with the mixed bands of Shoshonees and Bannacks of the Shoshonee (or Snake) River valley, concluded at Soda Springs, in Idaho Territory, on the 14th of October.[198] In the month of September I advised Governor [Lew] Wallace, by letter, of the proposed treaty, and of the time and place of holding it, and, agreeably to your suggestion, invited him to be present, but received no answer. I presume my letter did not reach him.

As many of these Indians, as also others with whom treaties have been made this season, have been engaged in hostilities, I deemed it proper that General Conner [Connor], who commands this military district, and has been personally in the field against

196. Utah Field Papers, 1863.

197. 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), pp. 317-318.

198. This particular treaty was never perfected. A copy of it is in Unratified Treaties File, I/463-1863.

them, should unite with me in the councils which have been held with them, and in forming the treaties of peace. He has rendered great service to the government in punishing and subduing them. By the rapid and skilful movement of his troops, and their repeated successful attacks, he has been mainly instrumental in bringing the Indians to acknowledge, for the first time, that the "Americans" are the masters of the country.

I hope these treaties, and the councils which have been held with the tribes with which I was not authorized to make formal treaties, will receive the approbation of the President.

My duties as commissioner being now terminated by the conclusion of treaties with all the bands of the Shoshonee nation, my accounts for treaty expenditures will be prepared and forwarded as soon as possible.

Allow me to congratulate the department upon the successful negotiation of these treaties, and the restoration of peace with all the tribes within this Territory. . . .

XCVII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, COMMISSIONER AND BRIG. GEN. P. EDWARD CONNOR TO A. J. CENTER, TREASURER, OVERLAND MAIL COMPANY, NEW YORK, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 21, 1863.[199]

Sir: Treaties having been concluded with all the hostile tribes of Indians in this country, and peace restored, we deem it proper to inform you of the fact, and to express the opinion that all the routes of travel through Utah Territory to Nevada and California, and to the Beaver Head and Boisé river gold mines, may now be used with safety.

No fears of depredations or molestation need be apprehended from the Shoshonee, Utah, Goship, or Bannack nations, judging from the feelings manifested by them, and their strong professions of friendship and desire for peace at the signing of the treaties, the last of which was made with the Bannacks of the Shoshonee River valley, at Soda Springs, on the 14th instant. . . .

XCVIII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, ACTING SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 24, 1863.[200]

Sir: In compliance with the regulations of the Indian depart-

199. 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), p. 317.

200. 38th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1182), pp. 539-540.

ment, I have the honor to present the following annual report for the year 1863. Its earlier transmission was impracticable, having been engaged in the performance of my duties as commissioner to treat with the Shoshonees until this date.

I beg leave to refer to the annual estimate for this superintendency which was submitted last year as proper for the coming year, and also to respectfully recommend that the goods for presents, farming implements, &c., be purchased in New York and shipped as early as practicable in the spring, as it is difficult to obtain them in this city, and only at extravagant prices.

Several of the Utah bands are both willing and desirous to become settled, as herdsmen or husbandmen, on the Uinta reservation. It is now unoccupied, except for hunting during the winter. It would be advantageous to the government to comply with their wishes, and it is again suggested that treaties be made with them for their removal and location there. They would then be withdrawn from the present routes of travel though this Territory, and peace insured hereafter with a people strongly inclined to agrciultural pursuits, but who have, from unknown causes, at several times this season, attacked the stages and killed the drivers.

Their friendship cannot be relied upon whilst they are in the immediate vicinity of the white settlements; and for this as well other reasons it is believed that all expenditures upon the farm at Spanish Fork are a waste of public money; that the farm ought to be abandoned, and the agency removed to Uinta valley, where all improvements made would have a permanent value. The inhabitants at Spanish Fork, as also in other quarters, for their own security against depredations, seek to maintain friendly relations with the Indians, as in previous years the government has not been able to give them adequate protection.[201]

During the year 1862 and the winter months of this year many of the Indians in this superintendency manifested decided evidences of hostility toward the whites. The numerous murders and depredations upon property whcih they committed, as also their language, indicated a determination to stop all travel upon the overland routes and upon the roads leading to the gold mines in Idaho Territory. It became unsafe even for the Mormon settlers to go into the canyons for wood; and the Bannack prophet said the Indians would combine and drive the white men from the country. This was his advice to the Shoshonee bands.[202]

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201. Many small reservations for Utes and Paiutes had come into being in the 1850's. In October, 1861, as we have seen, President Lincoln set aside the Uinta Basin as a reservation on which the Utes might be gathered, and the smaller reservations were in course of being liquidated. The Utah Legislature in January, 1864, memorialized Congress to have the Spanish Fork Reservation disposed of, and this was done by legislation passed the same year.

202. See Doty's prior letter of August 5, 1862, Document LXVI.

The battle with the Shoshonees on the bank of Bear river in January, and the subsequent engagements with the Utahs on Spanish Fork, and with the Goaships in their country,[203] effectually checked them, and severely and justly punished them for the wanton acts of cruelty which they had committed. The fight on Bear river was the severest and most bloody of any which has ever occurred with the Indians west of the Mississippi. One band that of Sanpitz) was almost exterminated. It struck terror into the hearts of the savages hundreds of miles away from the battlefield.

As soon as it was ascertained that any of the bands were inclined to peace they were met by General Connor and myself at places selected in their own country, and treaties of peace and friendship entered into with them—a service which, in some instances, was regarded as both difficult and hazardous. These negotiations have been communicated to the department from time to time as they occurred, as also other treaties formed by Governor Nye, Agent Mann, and myself, with the eastern and western bands of Shoshonees. These treaties could not have been made without the aid of the appropriations made by Congress for this superintendency, which have been wholly applied to the great object of restoring peace; and also to the presence of the military, who have rendered distinguished and lasting service to the government in subduing the Indians throughout this Territory.

It appears now as though peace was again permanently established with all of the tribes in this country, and that no danger from them is to be apprehended by emigrants moving in trains or singly, nor of an interruption in future to the overland stage or telegraph lines. They now acknowledge the Americans are the masters of this country. But peace can only be secured by regular, liberal, but just appropriations, and by the continuance of a strong military force upon the main routes of travel through this city, and especially on the routes north of it.

It was only by the judicious application of the appropriations made by Congress at its last session for the Indians in Utah that this department has been so successful in restoring peace, not only throughout this Territory, but in the southern part of Idaho also. It is believed that Congress will not be called upon for like appropriations again if the treaties are ratified and the goods required for the annuities are purchased and forwarded from the Missouri river early in the spring. It must be observed that it will take about three months' time to transport them to the places where

203. These troubles between March and June, 1863, are reported in U. S. War Department, *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion* (Washington, 1897), Series I, Vol. L, Part K, pp. 200-208, 229. A summary appears in Fred B. Rogers, *Soldiers of the Overland*, San Francisco, 1938, pp. 88-94.

they are to be distributed. If this is done, this country can be prospected for its minerals, and the northern gold mines worked with safety and increased advantages. . . .

XCIX

William P. Dole, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to J. P. Usher, Secretary of the Interior, dated Oct. 31, 1863. *Extract.*[204]

* * *

With the exception of a report from Agent Hatch, who is in charge of the Spanish fork reservation in Utah, and Agent Bancroft in Washington Territory, no reports have been received from any of the respective superintendents of Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Washington, and Idaho; consequently I can present but little information in regard to the wants and requirements of the Indian service within the limits of each.[205] * * *

Treaties of amity and peace have been concluded with the Shoshones, of Utah and Nevada, as follows, viz: At Fort Bridger, July 2, 1863, by Governor Doty and Agent Mann, as commissioners on the part of the United States, and the eastern bands of said Indians; at Box Elder, July 30, by Governor Doty and General Connor, on the part of the United States, and the northwestern bands; and at Ruby valley, October 1, by Governors Doty and Nye, on the part of the United States, and the western bands. These Indians have long been a scourge to the citizens of Utah and Nevada, and a terror to the emigrants and travellers over the routes leading through those Territories. From the representations made by Governor Doty, we have reason to believe that those treaties have been entered into by the Indians with a sincere desire for peace, and I have no doubt that the friendly relations thus inaugurated may be maintained by wise and judicious action on our part. The scarcity of game in these Territories, and the occupation of the most fertile portions thereof by our settlements, have reduced these Indians to a state of extreme destitution, and for several years past they have been almost literally compelled to resort to plunder in order to obtain the necessaries of life. It is not to be expected that a wild and warlike people will tamely submit to the occupation of their country by another race, and to starvation as a consequence thereof. It was perhaps unavoidable that, in taking possession of these Territories, hostilities should ensue between our own people and the Indians, as the latter knew but little of the vast disparity between their resources and power

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204. 38th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1182), pp. 155-156.

205. The Utah report came in belatedly and was appended to the Commissioner's Annual Report; see Document XCVIII.

and our own, and consequently would not listen to any reasonable propositions on our part. Much credit is due to General Connor and the forces under his command, for their prompt and efficient services in chastising these Indians for their outrages and depredations upon the whites, and in compelling them to sue for peace. Now that this desideratum has been attained, I respectfully recommend that measures be taken for the negotiation of further treaties with the Indians, having for their object the extinguishment of their title to the soil, and the setting apart of a suitable portion of the public domain upon which they may be concentrated, and so provided for that they need not be compelled to resort to plunder in order to sustain life.

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JAMES DUANE DOTY, COMMISSIONER TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, NOV. 10, 1863.[206]

Sir

The Map transmitted to me by the Department is herewith returned, with the exterior boundaries of the Territory claimed by the SHOSHONEES in their recent Treaties, as also the lines of the country occupied by different portions of the Tribe, indicated upon it as correctly as the map will allow. They fixed their Eastern boundary on the crest of the Rocky Mountains; but it is certain that they, as well as the Bannacks, hunt the buffalo below the Three Forks of the Missouri and on the headwaters of the Yellow Stone and Wind rivers.

As none of the Indians of this country have permanent places of abode, in their hunting excursions they wander over an immense region, extending from the Fisheries at and below Salmon Falls on the Shoshonee river, near the Oregon line, to the sources of that stream, and to the buffalo country beyond. The Shoshonees and Bannacks are the only nations which, to my knowledge, hunt together over the same ground.

Replying further to your Letter, dated July 22nd, 1863, I beg leave to refer to my Letter to the Commissioner, dated February 7th, 1862, in relation to the Indian Tribes in this Superintendency; and to add, that the Bands represented at the Treaty of Fort Bridger, on the 2nd day of July last, it was estimated numbered

206. D/290-1863. Printed rather carelessly in: 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), pp. 318-320.

between three and four thousand souls, over a thousand of whom were present at, and immediately after, the conclusion of the Treaty.

They are known as Wau'shakee's Band (who is the principal chief of the nation;

Won'apitz Band,
Shau'wuno's "
Tiba'gan's "
Pee'astoa'gah's "
To'timee's "
Ash'ingodim'ah's " He was killed at the battle on Bear River.
Sagowitz " Wounded in the same battle.
O'retzim'awik "
Bazil's "
Sanpitz " The bands of this chief and of Sagowitz were nearly exterminated in the same battle.

The chiefs at this treaty in fact represented nearly the whole nation; and they were distinctly informed—and they agreed—that the annuities provided in this treaty and such others as might be formed, were for the benefit of all the Bands of the Shoshonee nation who might give their assent to their terms. And this has been the understanding at each treaty.

At the Treaty concluded at Box Elder on the 30th of July, the first object was to effect and secure a peace with Pokatel'lo; as the road to Beaver Head Gold Mines, and those on Boisé river, as well as the northern California and southern Oregon roads, pass through his country. There were present

Pokatello's Band
Toomont'so's "
Sanpitz "
To'so "
Bear Hunter's " All but 7 of this Band were killed at Bear river battle.
Sagowitz " This chief was shot by a white man a few days before the treaty, and could not come from his Weekeeup to the Treaty ground, but he assented to all of its provisions He, and Sanpitz endeavored to be at Ft. Bridger, to unite in the treaty there, but did not arrive in time.

The chiefs of several smaller bands were also present and signed the treaty, which is considered of more importance than any made this season, in saving the lives and securing from depredations the property of our citizens—Emigrants as well as others. These bands are generally known as "The Sheep Eaters"; and their number is estimated at one thousand.

At the Treaty concluded at Ruby Valley, on the 1st. of October, the Western Shoshonees were represented by the two principal

Bands—the Tosowitch (White Knife) and Unkoah's. From the best information I could get, I estimated the Western Bands—sometimes called "Shoshonee Diggers-"—at twenty five hundred souls. But the Bands on the lower Humboldt and west of Smith's Creek, are not included in this estimate. Govr. Nye proposed to meet some of them at Reese river, on his return to Carson from Ruby.

At the Treaty at Tuilla Valley, on the 12th of October, with the Goaship or Kumumbar Bands, who are connected with the Shoshonees and are chiefly of that Tribe, there were three hundred and fifty present. Others, from Ibapah, Shell creek, and the Desert, would have joined them but for their fear of the soldiers. They number about one hundred more; and there is also a portion of this tribe who are mixed with the Pahvon'tee tribe, and occupy the southern part of the Goaship country, amounting to two hundred more. They are the poorest and most miserable Indians I have met. They have neither horses nor guns. I have seen several of them at work for farmers at Deep Creek and Grantsville, and therefore conclude that they would soon learn to cultivate the ground for themselves and take care of stock, if they were assisted in a proper way. They have expressed a strong desire to become settled as farmers, and I should be glad to see them located as such, at a distance from the Overland Mail route. More than a hundred of them have been killed by the soldiers during the past year, and the survivors beg for peace. It was the intention & understanding that all of the Goaship Tribe shall participate in the benefits of the treaty.

At the Treaty of Soda Springs on the 14th of October, with the mixed Bands of Shoshonees and Bannacks roaming in the Valley of Shoshonee river, there were one hundred and fifty men present with their families. Tindo^{5}ah and the chiefs of several other bands sent word that they assented to the Treaty, and desired to be considered parties to it; but they could not remain, as it was so late in the season they were compelled to leave for their buffalo hunting grounds. I had seen these bands, on Snake river, in the mounth of May last, in council, found them peaceable and friendly, and explained to them the objects for which it was proposed to hold a treaty before the snow fell.

Those now present were — Toso-kwan'beraht, the principal Chief of the Bannack nation, commonly known as "Grand Coquin": Tah'gee: — Mat'igund, and other principal men. This last chief and his band live at the Shoshonee river Ferry, where he meets all the travellers to and from the mines.[207] He has always

207. This ferry was at present Idaho Falls.

been friendly to them; and all of these Bands can render great service to the Emigrants, or do them great injury. They number about one thousand souls, as near as I can ascertain.

The whole number of Shoshonee, Goaships, and Bannacks, who are parties to these Treaties, may be estimated at Eight thousand, six hundred and fifty.

The amount to be paid to them annually in goods, &c., is—to the Shoshonees & Bannacks, twenty thousand dollars; and to the Goaships one thousand dollars, for the term of twenty years. This last sum I think ought to be increased to two thousand dollars, especially if they are to be settled as husbandmen or herdsmen.

The importance of these Treaties to the Government and to its citizens, can only be appreciated by those who know the value of the Continental Telegraph and Overland Stage to the commercial and mercantile world, and the safety and security which peace alone can give to Emigrant Trains, and to the travel to the Gold Discoveries in the North which exceed in richness—at least in the quality of the gold—any discoveries on this Continent. . . .

CI

WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO J. P. USHER, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, DATED DEC. 30, 1863.[208]

Sir: I have the honor to enclose herewith, for your consideration, and if approved by you, for transmission to the President of the United States, to be by him laid before the Senate for its constitutional action thereon, the following named treaties with certain Indian tribes, viz:

With the eastern bands of Shoshonees, July 2, 1863, at Fort Bridger;

With the northwestern bands of Shoshonees, at Box Elder, July 30, 1863;

With the western bands of Shoshonees, at Ruby valley, October 1, 1863;

With the Goship bands of Shoshonees, at Tuilla valley, October 12, 1863;

and

With the mixed bands of Bannacks and Shoshonees, at Soda Springs, October 14, 1863.

I also enclose a copy of a letter of Governor Doty, relating to the Indians, parties to the foregoing treaties,[209] with a copy of a map furnished by that gentleman, showing the territory ceded. . . .

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208. 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), p. 318.

209. See Document C.

CII

J. P. Usher, Secretary of the Interior, to William P. Dole, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Washington, D. C., March 12, 1864.[210]

Sir,

I herewith transmit to you:

1. A treaty with the Mixed Bands of Bannacks and Shoshones, concluded on the 14" of Oct°. 1863, together with a resolution of the Senate of the 7th instant, advising and consenting to the ratification of the same with an amendment.[211]

2. A treaty with the Shoshone Nation of Indians, of the Eastern Bands concluded on the 2d. of July 1863—with a resolution by the Senate of the 7th inst, advising and consenting to the ratification of the same with an amendment.

3. A treaty with the Northwetsern Bands of Shoshone Indians, concluded the 30th of July 1863, together with a resolution of the Senate of the 7th inst. advising and consenting to the ratification thereof with an amendment.

4. A treaty with the Shoshone-Goship Bands of Indians, concluded on the 12th of October 1863, together with a resolution of the Senate, of the 7th instant, advising and consenting to the ratification of the same with an amendment.

To the end that these amendments proposed by the Senate, may be presented to the tribes of Indians named, for their acceptance. . . .

CIII

James Duane Doty, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to C. M. Mix, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated New York, April 21, 1864.[212]

Dear Sir

Mr. Dole authorise me to ask of you to send to me *here,* by the Express, two of the Small *medals* for Chiefs— I wish them for

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210. I/463-1864.

211. The substance of the amendment in each case, was: "Nothing herein contained shall be construed or taken to admit any other or greater title or interest in the lands embraced within the Territories described in Said Treaty in Said Tribes or Bands of Indians than existed in them upon the acquisition of said Territories from Mexico by the laws thereof."

212. D/399-1864.

Waushakee and Dindoah- Please send them before Monday, if you can— . . .

CIV

WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, GOVERNOR AND EX-OFFICIO SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED MAY 17, 1864.[213]

Sir: I have the honor to enclose herewith four treaties negotiated with the mixed bands of Bannacks and Shoshonees, the eastern band of Shoshonees, the northwestern bands of Shoshonees, and the Shoshoneee Goship bands of Indians, respectively, to each of which treaties the Senate has made an amendment.

You will please cause these several treaties, as amended, to be laid before the respective tribes, and endeavor to secure their assent thereto at as early a day as practicable, and return the same to this office.

As there is no fund from which to defray the expenses incidental to calling the Indians together for the express purpose of procuring their assent to the amendments, you can, for this purpose, probably improve the occasion of their assembling for their payments; otherwise the expense will have to be paid out of such funds as are at your disposal for the incidental expenses of your superintendency. . . .

CV

JAMES DUANE DOTY, GOVERNOR AND EX OFFICIO SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 13, 1864.[214]

Sir.—I have the honor to acknowledge your Letter dated May 17th '64, with its enclosures—being four Treaties with the mixed Bands of Shoshonees and Bannacks, with instructions to procure their assent to the amendments proposed by the Senate.

Having lately returned to the Territory I have not learned where these Bands are now to be found—except Washakee's Band (the North Eastern Shoshonees) who I am informed are on the Wind river Mountains, where they have lately encountered the Crows in several battles, the occasion for which, it is represented, was an attempt made by the Crows to steal the horses of the Shoshonees who were hunting the Buffalo in the vicinity of those Mountains.

As funds will be required for the purposes indicated in your

213. 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), p. 323.

214. D/449-1864; now filed in Ratified Treaties File.

Letter, as also for the current expenses of the Superintendency (without which the duties cannot be performed) I hope to receive soon a notice of a deposit to my credit with the Assistant Treasurer N. Y. of such sum as you may deem adequate for those objects until the arrival of the Superintendent.[215] Whether he has left the Missouri is unknown to me. I infer from your Letter that the Department desires that I should as Governor of the Territory, continue to perform the duties of Superintendent.

The best time to procure the assent of these Bands to the Amendments, will be on the arrival of the goods which are to be received by them under the provisions of the Treaties. It is very desirable that I should be informed *when* the goods are to be delivered by the Freighters at the places where the Treaties were held, that I may be able to give due notice to the Bands who are to receive them. As they are scattered over a country several hundred miles in extent, it will take several weeks to assemble them.

Having just passed through about eleven hundred miles of the Indian country from the Missouri to this place, I am enabled to state to the Department that there were but few Indians upon the Overland Mail Route, and that they were entirely peaceable and friendly to the whites. . . .

CVI

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, ACTING SUPT. INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER AGENCY, JUNE 20, 1864.[216]

Sir One of Washakees Indians brought to this place Nineteen, 19, head of Horses Said to have been Stolen from the Miners at Beaver Head [Montana] by a party of Too Coo Rekah or Sheep Eater Indians they make the Excuse that they did not know that a Treaty had been made with the Whites After being informed of that fact they delivered to One of Washakees Indians the Horses who brought them here by whom Shall they be received the Military here or by myself The Act to regulate trade and intercourse with the Indians appears to make it the duty of the agent Section Seventeen of the act requires that all aplications for redress or recovery of the Stolen property Shall be made to the agent please confer a favour by giving me instructions in the matter and greatly Oblige . . .

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215. The new superintendent was O. H. Irish, Doty having in 1863 been elevated to the governorship.

216. D/461-1864 Encl.

CVII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, EX OFFICIO SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 23, 1864.[217]

Sir: Your Letter dated June 20, in relation to 19 Horses Stolen by the Sheep Eaters & delivered by them to Waushakee, is received this morning. It is proper that you as Agent should receive them of the Indian having them in charge, and immediately give notice to the parties from whom they have been taken that they are in your charge, and requesting them to come forward and prove their property and take them away after paying expenses. A proper reward should be given by them to the Indian who has brought them to you, as well as to Waushakee—

If the Claimants are unknown, it seems proper that you Should give notice in the Settlements on Beaver Head in some public manner, that these horses are in your possession.

I shall forward your Letter to the Commissioner, and request of him to give you further Instructions if required. . . .

CVIII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, EX OFFICIO SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 23, 1864.[218]

Sir:

I enclose herewith a Letter from Agent Mann in relation to Horses stolen in the Beaver Head country (Montana) by the Sheep Eaters, and surrendered by them to Waushakee on being informed by him of the provisions in the Treaties made last season - Also my Letter to Mr. Mann; wishing such further Instructions may be given him by the Commissioner as the case may require.

This is one of the benefits derived from the Treaties of last year, and shows the determination of Waushakee to maintain peace with the whites . . .

217. D/461-1864 Encl.
218. D/461-1864.

Wyoming State Historical Society

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By

DeWitt Dominick

JOHN COLTER

The year 1957 marks the 150th Anniversary of John Colter's solitary trek through the Northwestern part of Wyoming.

It seems fitting that the Wyoming State Historical Society should commemorate the Anniversary. This will be done in cooperation with the Park County Chapter at the Historical Society's Annual Meeting in Cody, Wyoming, September 27, 28, 29.

There are many John Colter enthusiasts whose imaginations are captured by the terrific personality of this true American explorer and early mountain man. There are expert historians who have spent meticulous research in an attempt to piece together the few unknown facts about this man.

During the search for facts controversy has arisen among the expert historians concerning specific details of Colter's route in 1807-1808. Such controversy is healthy; it stimulates further search for truth and some day may bring together the several missing parts of the fascinating story. Such controversy also fires the imagination of amateur historians, and like the writer of this article stimulates and allows for conjecture and study.

The purpose of this short report, however, is to confine ourselves to some of the established facts, first considering Colter himself, and second concerning his route near Cody, Jackson and Yellowstone.

For these facts we refer specifically to Stallo Vinton's book, *John Colter Discoverer of the Yellowstone;* and to Burton Harris's book, *John Colter.* These fine books review material set down by Lewis and Clark in their journals and delve into hosts of other authoritative references.

It is quite well agreed that John Colter was born in Virginia, near Staunton, sometime between 1770-1775. We can safely say that he was a man of about 35 years when he made his famous trek through Northwestern Wyoming. It is well established too and no one can deny that he was intelligent and resourceful and must "have been driven by some overmastering power" according to Vinton.

He stood probably 5 feet 10 inches tall, was thin, wiry, alert, strong and quick with an obvious ability to overcome extremes in

weather and terrain. He'd learned to hunt and shoot before joining the Lewis and Clark expedition. He had also learned how to improvise in order to preserve himself in difficult situations in the wilderness. Our imagination can picture much more about this man as we unfold his exploits but there are no photographs and very few personal facts to help give us a clearer picture. As Vinton says "there still remains an aura of mystery" about John Colter.

Quoting Vinton again, "because of this irresistible daemon of adventure" burning in his breast Colter chose to return to the wilderness, turning back from near civilization on the Missouri. He was granted permission to leave the expedition by Lewis and Clark at Mandan on the expedition's return trip.

He started back up the Missouri with two beaver trappers, Dixon and Hancock, and eventually reached with them, according to Harris, the mouth of Clark's Canyon on the Clark's Fork, where they spent some time trapping. We next learn that Colter was at Manuel's Fort in the fall of 1807. Manuel's Fort was located below the present site of Billings, Montana. He was commissioned by Manuel Lisa to look for friendly Indians south and west of the Fort. This was to be an attempt to bring Indians to trade their furs at the Fort. Thus he left Manuel Lisa some time in the fall of 1807.

His pack was small, perhaps 30 pounds in weight; the essentials included salt and one blanket; his dress was what he had on his back and feet; his knife, gun, powder, and ball were his main tools for existence.

We know he came to the present site of Cody in 1807; he either came up the Clarks Fork, leaving present Montana and following it to the Wyoming line, then over to the Shoshone; or he came up the Big Horn River through Pryor Gap. In any event we know he passed Heart Mountain and stopped at the present DeMaris Springs then called "Stinking Water".

There is no doubt as to his route from then on until he reached the Wind River because historians do seem to agree that he went up the present Southfork of the Shoshone, which was then called by the Indians "Salt Fork", and in so doing he passed the "Boiling Tar Springs", now somewhere under the present Buffalo Bill Lake, at the junction of the present North and Southfork of the Shoshone. He'd been told, probably by the Indians, that a "14 days hike" would bring him to the Salt Caves, famous to the Indians and even known to the Spaniards. It seems logical that he dropped over into the Wind River country at the head of the Southfork passing through Bliss Meadows. Those of us who have pack tripped in this area know the natural path to the south and east of Bliss Creek. All of this travel was accomplished in winter by Colter and he by necessity had to resort to the use of snow shoes; the art of making these he had learned from the Indians.

Colter was apparently inspired to press on during the obvious winter difficulties for at least three reasons. 1) He was looking for the Salt Caves. 2) He was looking for friendly Indians, perhaps wintering in the neighborhood, with whom he could trade and fulfill Lisa's wish to persuade to trade at Manuel's Fort. 3) To find the headwaters of the "Pierre Jaune" known now as the Yellowstone.

Those of us who have experienced sub zero weather in the hills can appreciate the hardships a single man would experience with scanty equipment. We suffer considerable despite all modern equipment and canned foods. Only Colter's impelling tenacity and rugged physique could have withstood these extremes. Some of us, recently, spent a night in a cabin near Yellowstone Park; the temperature dropped to 30 degrees below zero; it was a struggle with dry wood and electric heaters to bring the temperature up to zero in the cabin. Water from the stove froze before one could brush one's teeth. How incongruous and soft this would have seemed to Colter.

There is no question that John Colter found his way into Jackson's Hole, either by the Union Pass leading to the Green River and north to the Gros Ventre, or by Togwotee Pass. He passed through the Jackson Hole valley and over onto the west slopes of the Tetons going over Teton Pass. This brought him well into the year of 1808 and could make authentic the famous Colter Stone which was found on the west slopes still within borders of the State of Wyoming. This stone, shaped in the form of a man's head, with John Colter on one side and 1808 on the other carved deeply into the stone, is under dispute as to its authenticity.

Colter must have known now that the headwaters of the Yellowstone had to lie north and east of his present position. This caused him to cross back over the Tetons either retracing his steps over Teton Pass or going further north and crossing a pass which led him to the upper end of Jackson's Lake, then called "Lake Biddle"; he must have passed this lake at its north end giving Colter Bay its name.

He crossed the Snake River above the Lake, then following a well marked Indian trail he found his way to Shoshone and Heart Lakes and from there thence to Yellowstone Lake, called "Lake Eustis."

The Indians had told Captain Clark "that there was a place where the earth trembled and frequent noises like thunder were heard, a place where their children could not sleep". Colter no doubt knew of this and perhaps he knew he was near the famous Geyser Basin near Old Faithful and the Norris Basin. Some historians dispute the fact that he ever saw these Basins; again, we can not be sure, but the facts do show that he eventually travelled north through the present Yellowstone Park and came upon the well known Bannock Trail which leads North and East crossing

Yellowstone River a little way below Tower Falls. It then passes to the Lamar River, up Soda Butte Creek, and finds its way near the present site of Cooke City. By this time we think that Colter probably was being guided by friendly Indians, either the Bannocks or the Shoshones, who by taking this trail avoided the hostile Blackfeet to the north. In any event Colter followed down the Clarks Fork and soon found himself in familiar territory. He seemed to know the Sunlight Basin. Harris believes he explored this when he was trapping near there with Dixon and Hancock, having come up through the mouth at Clarks Fork Canyon or over Dead Indian Hill in 1806 and '07.

According to Burton Harris he chose to return to the "Stinking Waters" back over Dead Indian Pass before returning down to Manuel's Fort and thus he completed the circle.

This was a fascinating and exciting exploration done on foot, the hardest terrain in winter, by a man who for the most part was completely alone. It is difficult to comprehend the seemingly impossible feat. His place in Western History is gradually reaching the stature it deserves. He was truly "driven by some overmastering power, some irresistible daemon of adventure".

Wyoming Archaeological Notes

STONE ARTIFACTS

By

L. C. Steege

CUTTING ARTIFACTS

Since it is envisaged that the American Archaeologist, both amateur and professional, will persist in using the term "blade" in a very broad and classificatory sense as a catch-all for a goodly amount of finished artifacts, I will not attempt to deviate from this common practice either.

At the beginning, any sharp edge of a thin flake was considered sufficient for a good cutting edge. When the edge became dulled and chipped from use, the flake was discarded and another picked up either as found in nature or struck off from some suitable material. There was no standard for size or shape; the main requirements were that it be large enough to be held in a hand and sufficiently thin, sharp and strong enough to cut skin, flesh and wood. This type of cutting artifact undoubtedly lasted for a long period of time. By blunting one edge of the flake, a great deal more pressure could be applied to the flake without injuring the hand holding it. A slight convex cutting edge ending in a point added considerably to the efficiency of this flake knife. In our knives today, even with their many specialized functions in our modern lives, we see very little change in the shape of the metal blade over the stone flake knives of ancient origin.

The evolution of the flake into a blade came with the development of flaking technics. At this stage we have a somewhat rough unifaced or bifaced implement with a strong irregular V-shaped cutting edge. These blades were discoid or ovate in form and were considerably larger than most flake knives. (Figure 1A)

Through the medium of pressure flaking, edges could be thinned and straightened causing a much sharper cutting edge. Some blades were pointed (Figure 1B) which I classify as "Points".

Leaf shaped blades (Figure 1C) and triangular shaped blades (Figure 1D) were used very efficiently as knives. These types are found almost everywhere in North America. Many show very careful exacting workmanship with finely retouched edges.

The more highly specialized types of knives are the "tang knives". (Figures 2A and 2B). These are not a very common form and consequently are choice pieces for collectors. At first these tang knives were found only in Texas but occasionally one

Figure 1

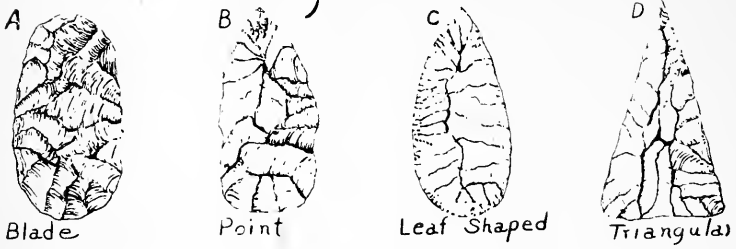
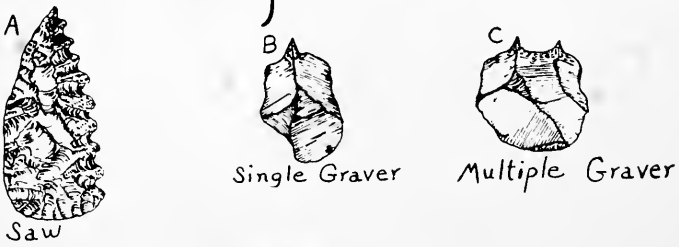


Figure 2

Figure 3



has turned up in other Western States. Some very beautiful specimens have been found in Wyoming.

The purpose of the tang is for the attachment of a short handle. This handle was for better control of the blade as well as enabling the user to have an unobstructed view of the cutting operations, especially while cutting a definite pattern. If the truth were known, I believe that a good many of the larger off-center arrowheads, which are found everywhere, would fall into this tang knife classification rather than into a class of projectile points. Just where the line of distinction should be drawn is strictly the opinion of the individual collector.

"Slitters" (Figure 2C) are a relatively new classification. These may be typed as a tang knife, however; they are single notched and have but one barb which is the cutting edge. These tools which were mounted on a short handle were very effective skinning knives. The point was inserted through the skin of a bird or animal and the tool rotated until the barb was brought beneath the skin. Then by drawing the barb along at an angle under the skin, the latter was easily cut and the flesh beneath it was unharmed. It was very easy to follow a straight or curved line since the tool was always held in place by the barb which extended ahead of the cut. With this tool it was a simple task to remove the thin tender skins of birds.

Not all single notched artifacts can be classified as "slitters". Barbs were often broken off projectile points by accident. A careful examination of single barbed points often reveals a sharp retouched edge which indicates a definite cutting function.

Occasionally a person finds a blade which has a deeply serrated edge. (Figure 3A). These artifacts are the precessors to our modern steel saws. They were not too practical except for use on soft material. They were used for grooving and notching soft wood and for rasping and leveling of high spots on wood and bone. "Saws" were not common in the Plains Regions. They were used by some of the Pueblo cultures of the Southwest area, but their greatest concentration seems to be in the States of Missouri and Arkansas.

Gravers (Figures 3B and 3C) are incising tools. The main feature of a graver is a stubby, sharp point formed on the edge of a flake or a flake artifact. The point is formed by pressure flaking directed from a single side of a flake resulting in the point being unworked and flat on one face. The points nearly always show a slight bevel or twist and were usually formed on a dorsal ridge where it tapers to the edge of a flake.

Although not a common artifact, gravers are found throughout all of the United States. They were found at the Lindenmeier Site on the Wyoming-Colorado border forming part of the Folsom Complex. They were found in New Mexico in the Sandia Cave. They are associated with the Clear Fork Complex in Texas.

Gravers have been found in Paleo-Indian sites in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts and with Archaic Cultures in Louisiana, Illinois and Wisconsin.

Gravers had many uses. The most common was the engraving of bone, shell, wood and soft stone. Examples of this engraving art on bone were found at the Lindenmeier Site. These little tools could certainly be used for piercing operations such as tatooing and sewing. The eye in a bone needle could be carved with a graver. They were always used in a gouging fashion, that is by a forward, pushing movement with the tool held in the same manner as a chisel. Multiple pointed gravers are not uncommon.

This important little artifact is often overlooked by many amateur archaeologists due to the simplicity in design. If you find a flake with a small point or spur, study it closely; perhaps you have found a graver.

ERRATA

The following corrections should be made in the October 1956 issue of the *Annals of Wyoming:*

"Oregon Trail Trek No. Three" page 187, second paragraph, 4th line:

> "One of the victims had 50 steel-pointed arrowheads still embedded in his spine; another had two arrowheads in his jawbone and several others deep in his backbone. All of the sad little group had been riddled by arrows."

"Riverton: From Sage to City," page 128, paragraph four:
"The land drawing, . . . took place at Shoshoni."
Page 129, paragraph four, the first street named should have been Park; paragraph five, the information that Fourth Street was changed to Broadway should be added.

"Twentieth Century Pioneering," (review), paragraph one: W. S. Adams and Goyne Drummond made the survey of Riverton, not Frank H. Allyn.

Book Reviews

With Crook at the Rosebud. By J. W. Vaughn. (Harrisburg, Pa.: The Stackpole Company, 1956. 245 pp. Illus. $5.00.)

With Crook at the Rosebud is the most comprehensive treatment of this important preliminary to the Battle of the Little Big Horn that has been written, and should be of great interest to the legion of Indian War readers.

The author writes clearly of the Crook campaign from Fort Fetterman to the return to Goose Creek, inclusive, giving the reader an excellent, broad picture of the march to battle, the engagement itself, and the withdrawal and licking of wounds. There are contained in the volume also some two dozen pages of notes, 40 pages of appendix, a bibliography and index. Within the front and rear covers are sketches of the battle area showing terrain features, troop positions and routes of movement. The sketch would be more helpful, to some at least, if it were contoured. However, one of imagination can visualize, to an appreciable extent at least, this omission.

Not only does the author embody the product of broad research, but is able to supplement extensively through a personal ground reconnaissance aided by a metal detector which permitted him, by cartridges, cartridge cases and expended lead locations, to corroborate research with physical evidence of considerable reliability. Certainly every effort was made to write with the greatest authority available, and, although some conjecture must of necessity be indulged in, this has been reduced to a minimum. The net result is a factual dissertation of conviction. The few good illustrations contribute little except the boast of the only published picture of Crazy Horse, the documentation of which is not too convincing and doubting Thomases are certain to register their lack of conviction as to its authenticity.

The text is rather extensively footnoted to material in the back of the book which will be disconcerting to footnote haters; there are also lengthy quotes with which some will find themselves in discord. However, on the whole, the author is to be commended on a well written, clearly described, and broad review of one of our much neglected historical military incidents, and the publishers have put his manuscript together in an excellent and attractive publication to grace the libraries of the great horde of collectors of better things in the field of Indian Wars and Western Americana, well worth the five bucks requested.

Laramie, Wyoming ALFRED M. PENCE

Men To Match My Mountains. By Irving Stone. (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday and Company Inc. 1956. 435 pp. index; end maps. $5.95)

Mr. Stone gives us humor, pathos and tragedy in his tale of men and mountains. He is even brutally frank in places, but his frankness makes for readability.

I found many familiar names in this book, but with intimate details attached to them that change them from just names to real people as I read.

John Charles Fremont the map-maker; the dreamer Adolph Heinrich Joseph Sutro who, after years of heartbreak, filled his lungs with fresh air gushing up from his tunnel; John Sutter who had a vision; Lucky Baldwin; Pancake Comstock who insisted on getting a bill-of-sale with his wife when he bought her from her husband; Theodore "Crazy" Judah; the Big Four, Crocker, Huntington, Hopkins, Stanford; H. A. W. Tabor who was a United States Senator for thirty days, these become more than men who made and lost millions.

Many pages are devoted to Utah, Brigham Young and the Mormons and their practical religion. I like this passage. "Within two hours of their arrival they were plowing, and within four hours having found the soil so hard it broke two plows, they had dug irrigation ditches and were bringing water to the earth in which tomorrow they would plant their communal potatoes and corn."

There are women who match mountains in this book too. Some of the outstanding ones are Jessie Benton Fremont, Tamsen Donner of the Donner Party tragedy, Leah Sutro, Augusta Tabor, Phoebe Woodruff who gained the vote for Mormon women, Juliet Brier and Baby Doe Tabor.

The search for GOLD runs through the entire story. Denver, when a lusty infant, reports this: "At the first funeral service, Pat, standing with the mourners, leaned down to examine the dirt shoveled from the grave and instantly staked out a claim."

Denver and her sisters Leadville and Central City, Virginia City, Nevada, with her short but colorful life, Salt Lake City, San Francisco and Sacramento, those two hardy queens, were busy making history while Los Angeles rested in the sun. But in 1887 the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific railroads waged a transportation price war, and for a few days it was possible to ride from Kansas City to Los Angeles for a dollar bill and her mushroom growth began.

This account of the opening of the far west, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California, from 1840 to 1900 is a book to read and read again.

Wheatland, Wyoming LEORA PETERS

The Far Western Frontier 1830-1860. By Ray Allen Billington. (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1956. 292 pp. Illus. $5.00)

This volume is part of the New American Nation Series of 40-odd volumes being published under the general editorship of H. S. Commager and Richard B. Morris.

Billington is a Northwestern University professor of history whose best known previous publication is an 800-page volume, *Westward Expansion,* which is sometimes used as a textbook in westward movement courses.

If the other volumes in the New American Nation Series turn out to be as good as this one, the set may quickly relegate the old, 28-volume American Nation Series to the dead storage shelves of our libraries. A. B. Hart edited the original series some fifty years ago. There has been much clarification of our history in the interim, and a marked shift from major emphasis on political history to a balanced treatment of political, economic, social and intellectual developments.

Covering the West 1830-1860 in less than 300 pages requires ruthless condensation and omission. In this part of the West, for example, Billington omits mention of such more or less important items as Father De Smet and his work, Francis Parkman's 1846 visit, the Grattan Massacre, the Sioux Indians, the battle of Ash Hollow, Chief Washakie and his Shoshoni Indians, the Ft. Laramie Treaty Council of 1851, Capt. William F. Raynolds, Capt. Howard Stansbury, Capt. Randolph B. Marcy, and F. W. Lander and his Lander Road. To be sure, some of these may show up in overlapping volumes in the series, though one might expect them to be mentioned in a book with this title.

Billington focuses attention on twelve main themes, such as "The Overland Trails" and "Manifest Destiny." He handles the twelve themes clearly and entertainingly. He ventures no really new interpretations, but effectively summarizes the best of the vast literature on the special topics to which he addresses himself. Footnotes on almost every page and a 19-page bibliographical essay serve to tie down his narrative.

The editors state that Billington employs "scientific objectivity and critical acumen" in dealing with the history of the West, which, they say, "is, peculiarly, the happy hunting ground of the romancers and the myth-makers." Certainly Billington does have the total pattern of American History well in mind, and he keeps western developments in perspective.

The use of striking detail enlivens the narrative. In dealing with the mountain men, for example, he tells how they scalped their enemies: 'Taking firm hold of the scalp with the left hand, they made two semicircular incisions with and against the sun, loosened the skin with the point of a knife, and pulled with their feet against

the dead man's shoulders until the scalp came loose with a characteristic "plop." ' The mountain men, he says, at mealtime preferred buffalo chips to wood "because of the peppery flavor imparted to the meat." And at the rendezvous they "indulged in sexual orgies with passively indifferent Indian maidens."

Again, when dealing with the mining frontier, he quotes an explanation for the origin of the name "tarantula juice" whisky: "When the boys were well charged . . . it made the snakes and tarantulas that bit them very sick."

Laramie, Wyo. T. A. LARSON

Before Barbed Wire. By Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton. (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1956. 254 pp. Illus. $10.00.)

L. A. Huffman came to Montana in 1878 to apply for the unpaid civilian position of photographer at old Ft. Keogh, Montana Territory. Once he had secured the position and gained permission to use a rough building at the post, he bought his predecessor's equipment and set up shop.

Huffman immediately started recording in pictures the story of the Indian, the hide hunters, soldiers, scouts, bull whackers and jerkline teamsters. These pictures form the pictorial background of the book *The Frontier Years,* published by authors Brown and Felton in 1955.

Huffman's difficulties were many in these early days, for the camera he used was large and bulky and it was necessary to use wet plates which had to be coated and sensitized before using and developed before the sensitized material dried. In 1885 he began using a dry plate, thus eliminating some problems; but the "Instantaneous" film was slow and the camera weighed nearly fifty pounds. The excellence of his pictures, however, illustrates the excellence of the photographer, for in spite of many handicaps Huffman captured with his lens the spirit of the time and the way of life of the frontier West.

Before Barbed Wire takes up the story of the frontier with the passing of the first stage of change—the disappearance of the buffalo, the setting up of Indian reservations and the coming of the permanent settlers and the cattle herds.

Huffman was thoroughly familiar with the big open country, and he chronicled with lens and a descriptive pen the day-by-day life of the people who were settling the new land. This book is the story of the open range and the life of the ranchman and the cowboy. The book is illustrated with 124 Huffman photographs, which are supplemented by his own descriptive notes; they include

the cowboy at work and play, early ranches, roundup scenes and the story of sheep in early Montana.

Authors Brown and Felton have accompanied the pictures with an excellent narrative describing the social and economic life of the era. Glimpses of Montana history are given, including a tantalizing section entitled "The Stranglers," hinting at the suppressed story of the struggle between the cattlemen and the rustler element. The vigilante cattlemen won this battle by reportedly hanging or shooting sixty-three men over a period of several years. The later unsuccessful raid of Johnson County, Wyoming, by the Wyoming cattlemen in 1892 was probably patterned after the earlier Montana "cleanup."

Huffman's notes on his pictures and the authors' footnotes are both to be found in supplementary sections at the end of the book. If a criticism is to be made, this reviewer found it disconcerting to be constantly turning to the back of the book to these notes.

Students of the western range cattle history will find an excellent bibliography in the book and the reader will find the attractive end maps of Montana Territory and northern Wyoming Territory helpful.

Cheyenne, Wyoming HENRYETTA BERRY

Feud on the Colorado by Arthur Woodward. (Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1955. 165p. $4.75)

"Since the 16th century to the presen tday men have risked their lives attempting to ferret out the secrets in the roily reaches of the Colorado river." Yet the most fascinating period in the struggle with nature is the adventure of the steam vessels of the 1850's and the desire of the captains to gain wealth by carrying pay cargoes up the river.

Feud on the Colorado records this struggle with nature and the men who lived and fought for the riches that went with adventure and boldness. John Glanton was only one of the desperate characters who, having killed in Texas, decided to make a fortune ferrying immigrants and what have you across the river for extortionate prices. In 1850 he and a group of his followers met their end at the hands of the Yumas. Such a lucrative business did not go wanting for successors even though chances of being ambushed by Indians could not be ignored.

Into such a surrounding came George Alonzo Johnson, a young New Yorker, seeking his share of the West's gold. Through a chance item in a Los Angeles paper he learned about the Glanton massacre, thus whetting his interest in becoming a Colorado ferry captain. In a few years Johnson and his boat, Uncle Sam, became familiar sights on the river.

Into such a scene also arrived a young, ambitious officer Lt. Joseph C. Ives and his orders from the government "to explore the upper reaches of the Colorado by steam". The plot thickens for Johnson also wanted such a disposition. Both men set out to be the first, thus for years a bitter controversy has been waged, for Ives claimed that he, with his little government steamboat, Explorer, was first up the river, refuting Johnson's argument that he and his General Jesup preceded Ives upstream by a comfortable margin of two months.

Through Arthur Woodward's research into the controversy, the matter has been settled, for the long buried and forgotten report of Lt. J. L. White and party, who rode the General Jesup on its eventful voyage is brought to light. The White Report establishes the Johnson claim beyond doubt, thus closing another chapter in the story of the Colorado. Woodward's treatment of Ives makes him a rather despicable individual who through influential relations kept the White Report from becoming public. Of the three—Ives, White and Johnson—only the latter lived to an advanced age with considerable security.

Woodward includes a vivid picture of the life and hardships at Fort Yuma—an outpost harassed by Indians, the shortage of food and A.W.O.L. soldiers. He captures a lost era presenting an exciting and delightful scene of a river—its steamboats, military life and savage Indians.

Fargo, N. D. ALBERT G. ANDERSON, JR.

When Grass Was King. By Maurice Frink, W. Turrentine Jackson and Agnes Wright Spring. (Boulder: University of Colorado Press, 1956. 465 pp. Illus. $8.50.)

In 1944 the Western Range Cattle Industry Study, financed by a Rockefeller Foundation Grant, was initiated to conduct a concentrated study of the cattle indusrty in the western states, principally New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, for the period 1865-1895. A great bulk of records including manuscripts, correspondence, documents, diaries, company reports and other business papers, photographs, books, periodicals, pamphlets, and newspaper articles was collected. These materials are located at the State Historical Society of Colorado where they are now available to researchers, students and writers.

Mr. Frink has served as director of the Cattle Study since June 1954 and at the same time as executive director of the State Historical Society of Colorado. As head of the Study his task has been to organize and catalog the collected records and to prepare a one-volume discussion of the cattle study. *When Grass Was King* is the result of this assignment.

Since only eighteen months were allotted for the writing of this work, Mr. Frink obtained the assistance of W. Turrentine Jackson, professor of history at the University of California at Davis, and Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring, State Historian of Colorado, each of whom have authored sections of the Study.

This book is divided into three parts. Mr. Frink, in Part I, ably covers the background story of the days of the open range from its beginning to its end. In a chronological account he relates the status of the industry and the main developments which took place each year from 1865 to 1895.

Part II is devoted to an account of British and Scotch investments in the western livestock business. Dr. Jackson discusses in great detail the causes of the rise and the decline of foreign investments and the resultant effects. In addition to the records collected by the Cattle Study, Dr. Jackson was able to study records in England and Scotland while a Fulbright professor of history at the University of Glasgow.

Mrs. Spring, a well known historian of both Colorado and Wyoming and author of a number of books on Wyoming in particular, has authored Part III of this Study, the biography of John W. Iliff. Iliff was one of the first "comers" to the open range and developed in southern Wyoming and northern Colorado one of the largest and most successful cattle outfits of the 1870's.

In 1865 he left Ohio with $500.00 and within twenty years through hard work, good judgment and tenacity he built this into a fortune. His story was proof that there was money to be made in the cattle business and offered a practical inducement which funneled eastern and foreign capital into the western industry.

Thirty-five rare old photographs illustrate the volume, and end maps of the western plains and Rocky Mountain states showing the main landmarks, the railroads and trails are of assistance to the reader. Of particular help to researchers and students will be the fine bibliographies which each of the authors have included. Publication is a limited edition of 1500 copies.

Cheyenne LOLA M. HOMSHER

Salt Creek, The Story of a Great Oil Field. By Harold D. Roberts (Denver: W. H. Kistler Stationery Co., 1956. 213 pp. Illus. $5.50.)

Salt Creek is indeed, as the author states, the story of a great oil field. Nearly 400,000,000 barrels of crude oil have come from the wells of Salt Creek, and it is still a producing field with many years of production remaining. Historically this oil field had an important effect upon the growth of the State of Wyoming and particularly the growth of the Casper area. The rugged history of

this field is indeed a saga of one important aspect of Wyoming's economy. No other area can equal nor exceed in the number of rugged individualists who developed this Salt Creek field. Not only is it a story of these examples of individualism but of the obstacles that confront the individualist.

Technically the research that went into this book was obviously of considerable quantity and is reflected in the quality of the narrative. This quality bears adequate testimony to the careful ascertaining of minute details by the author and indicates an intimate knowledge of the subject and more particularly of the real life characters he so wonderfully portrays with word pictures that show the complete charm of the individuals and the manners of the times. A clear concise narrative is drawn of the complex operations in the history of the Salt Creek field. As the author mentions "a great variety of people from sober economists to wild-eyed fanatics" complicated the history related both on a local basis and on the national level when, under the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, Congress became concerned with "conservation" and their actions so completely effected this Wyoming area. Every acre of unpatented land was withdrawn. This "bombshell of a major size" led to still further complications of "discord, confusion and uncertainty". From a simple beginning in the days when the Indians utilized the oil seeps for ointments and paints, through the period of promotion, discord and violence, the author skillfully relates his story of a frontier as wild and wooly as any frontier in history. The progress, profits and the steps towards peace are equally well handled and the history then becomes that of the field's development, with its technical problems and its lengthy litigations.

"Since its instigation 16 years ago (referring to unitization), the story belongs in engineering reports", the author relates, and "of these problems there is no end and their magnitude is a challenge to anyone."

Although not a publication of great general interest, it is a valuable book for those interested in the developmental history of Wyoming and for those particularly interested in oil exploration. It is more importantly a particular history of a part of the operations of Standard Oil of Indiana and its wholly owned subsidiary, Stanolind Oil and Gas Company. The incidents narrated within this book are extremely fascinating from the standpoint of historical significance as well as from the standpoint of personality characterizations drawn by the author. As an underlying narration to the history of this great oil field is the story of the life and times of central Wyoming.

Regarding the author, Harold D. Roberts, his personal knowledge of many of the individuals concerned gives great additional weight to his characterizations and results in many apt descriptions of various individuals. Mr. Roberts died within hours after the

final proof went to the printers. Had this undertaking been delayed the material contained herein "would have been lost with the passage of time and men". The book is a fitting memorial to a fine lawyer, historian, naturalist and public servant.

The author himself provided an excellent book review in just a few lines.

> "The pioneers of Salt Creek came from many different walks of life, drawn by chance or unflagging purpose. It was in their hands that Salt Creek gained recognition as a great oil field.
> "If this book can reclaim a few of that motley crew from oblivion and show them in the setting of the problems with which they struggled, it will have served its purpose."

There can only be added these words——it was a good job well done, for the author did accomplish what he sought to do. Would every author be as successful.

I recommend its reading as a sound commentary on a saga of one of Wyoming's great industries.

Cheyenne, Wyoming BOB STEILING

The Running Iron. By Rachel Ann Fish. (New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1956. 380 pp. $3.95.)

The novel opens under a cloud of dust on the trail out of Texas to Abeline. Under the dust are the longhorns, the leather skinned cowboys, Robert Forge, Confederate colonel, and his fatihful Negro, Rock. Holly Morgan is there too, and makes her status clear when she says, "I ain't a fancy."

Mrs. Fish then takes her story to the South and the last shot of the Civil war; to the home of Colonel Forge, the central figure, and his pampered wife, Fonella, and their family. The author's portrayal of America's major crisis is skillfully handled. She has smoothly worked the significant details of the times into her story. The principal characters are distinctive, and seem to live and breathe. She moves into their minds, and into the minds of the secondary characters, with the ease of a clairvoyant. The interlude between the war's end and the Colonel's home-coming builds the crisis of the tale.

The story shifts to the Wyoming home ranch on the Chugwater, the next setting for the Colonel and his family. One of his sons, a secondary personality, kicks over the traces. Holly Morgan marries and is there too. Mrs. Fish vividly portrays the Chugwater valleys: ". . . and in summer cloudbursts can make the Chugwater a rolling muddy river . . . destructive . . ." "In the spring the water feels the soft breast feathers of the Mallards, Canvasbacks . . ." "On either side of the creek are rolling hills . . ." She covers the history of the earlier West briefly, and in the rich

cadence of a poem shows the suffering of the Indian soul, and the pride of the victors, or settlers.

Colonel Forge becomes a cattle baron. He builds an elegant town house for Fonella who now recovers from self pity and spitefully bears him a son. The Colonel's love for his youngest is pitted against his lifelong ambition for a political career. The "Running Iron," of course, is used by the cattle rustlers who with the influx of the small farmer cause the Colonel's crown of success to become a torture.

Cheyenne ALICE M. SHIELDS

Contributors

MRS. THELMA CONDIT, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Gatchell, is a native of Wyoming. She has lived in the Hole-in-the-Wall country for 21 years and her husband, Clark H. Condit, has lived there nearly all his life. Mrs. Condit taught school for 15 years in the Barnum, Kaycee, Sussex and Mayoworth communities. For a number of years she has collected the history of Johnson County and the Hole-in-the-Wall country. Mr. and Mrs. Condit are the parents of three children: James G. Condit of Kaycee, Richard H. Condit of Buffalo, and Carolyn Knapp (Mrs. David).

KENNETH E. CROUCH is a staff member on the *Bedford* (Virginia) *Democrat,* a position he has held since 1944. He is the author or several historical articles relating to Bedford, the Thurman family and the history of the Palestine and Peck's Baptist Churches in Bedford County, Virginia.

DALE L. MORGAN, prominent western historian and author, was born in Salt Lake City and is a graduate of the University of Utah. Mr. Morgan served on the staff of the Department of Information of the OPA from 1942-46. In 1948 he became acting editor of the *Utah Historical Quarterly.* More recently he was Acting Archivist of the Utah State Historical Society, 1953, and since 1954 has been on the Bancroft Library staff. Since 1953 he has also been a specialist in Indian Claims research.

Mr. Morgan has written a number of books, the first of which were *The Humboldt: Highroad of the West* (1943) and *The Great Salt Lake* (1947). More recent publications are *Life in America: The West* (1952), a juvenile geography; *Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West* (1953); *Jedediah Smith and His Maps of the American West,* in collaboration with Carl I. Wheat (1954);

Pioneer Atlas of the American West (1956); and he is currently working on *The West of William H. Ashley,* a book of documents, which is to appear later in 1957.

LOUIS C. STEEGE, a native of Burns, Wyoming, and a resident of Cheyenne, is a postal transport clerk, a position he has held since June 1941. He has been a student of archaeology for a number of years and is a member of the Society for American Archaeology, the Loveland Chapter of the Colorado Archaeological Society, and was appointed the Archaeologist of the Wyoming State Historical Society in 1956 and reappointed in 1957. He is past president of the Laramie County Chapter of the Wyoming State Historical Society. He served as chairman of the Archaeological Committee for the State Society in 1955-56 and worked with other groups to have the Frontier Creek petrified forest area in Wyoming preserved. Mr. Steege gives volunteer service to the Wyoming State Museum and has cataloged much of the Indian artifact collection in the museum and assisted with setting up some of the displays. In 1939 he was married to Berenice J. Merrick and they are the parents of three children, Sherry Lou, Janice Elaine and Tommy Dale.

VIRGINIA COLE TRENHOLM is a native Missourian, with B. J. and M. A. degrees from the School of Journalism, University of Missouri. She began her teaching career as Instructor in English and Journalism and Director of Publicity at Stephens College. She also served as a member of the English Deparmtent at Park College before coming to Wyoming to make her home.

Now the wife of Robert S. Trenholm, a native son, she does free lance writing as a hobby. She is the author of *Footprints on the Frontier* and co-author, with Maurine Carley, of *Wyoming Pageant.* Mr. and Mrs. Trenholm, who reside on a ranch near Glendo, are the parents of two children, James R. and Mrs. Virginia Phillippi, of Bordeaux.

CLARICE WHITTENBURG was born at Marshfield, Missouri, and came to Wyoming in 1930, at which time she became a member of the faculty at the University of Wyoming where she now holds the position of Professor of Elementary Education in the College of Education. She holds a degree of B. S. in Education from Central Missouri State College and an M. A. from the University of Chicago.

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Lower Falls of the Yellowstone, January 1887
Photo by F. Jay Haynes, Courtesy of Jack Ellis Haynes

The Indians in Yellowstone Park *

By

AKE HULTKRANTZ

YELLOWSTONE PARK—AN INDIAN TERRITORY

Comparatively late the wonderland at the source of Yellowstone River was taken into possession by white men. The explanation is probably partly its protected position between such high mountain ranges as the Absaroka and Gallatin as well as its inaccessible passes and severe climate, and partly insufficient information from the Indians about the geological uniqueness of the region. Probably the first white man to have seen the future national park was John Colter (1807), a previous member of the famous exploring expedition led by Lewis and Clark. Intermittently from the 1820's occasional trappers and traders stayed in the park, and amongst them the well-known trapper and scout, Jim Bridger. At this time, those visits were in all likelihood combined with the exploitations of the beaver trappers in western Wyoming, and with the prevalent "rendez-vous" in the valley of Green River. In the middle of the last century the Yellowstone plateau was traversed by a few missionaries, soldiers and scientists. But the first official discovery of the region is attributed to General Henry Washburn and his expedition of Montana residents in 1870.[1] Shortly afterwards, in 1872, Congress established the first national park of the United States, Yellowstone National Park. From that time on, the hidden land of the geysers has constituted an eldorado for tourists from all over the world.

But for those Indians living in the Rocky Mountains no vital discovery had been made. For generations and centuries the Indians undoubtedly had traversed the park. The first white men already had Indian guides and wandered on more or less trodden Indian paths. The name Yellowstone is of Indian origin. The Indian tribes moving about in the Yellowstone River area named the river Rock Yellow River after its colorful walls in its upper canyon flow, a name which in the language of the French beaver hunters was Roche Juane or Pierre Jaune. David Thompson, in 1798, wrote Yellow Stone, and this English term was adopted in

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* This is a preliminary and introductory survey. More detailed accounts will be published in the future. This article was translated from Swedish by Astrid Liljeblad. It originally appeared in the Swedish Journal YMER 1954, No. 2, pp. 112-140 including a two page summary in English.

the report of Lewis and Clark and subsequently got into common usage.[2]

Though it has been evident to the American scientists ever since the first discoveries, that Yellowstone Park consists of old Indian territory, the region has for a long time been a *terra incognita* from an ethnographical viewpoint. The reasons appear to have been the following: First, the traces of Indian settlements seem comparatively few. With regard to the old Shoshone inhabitants in the park, Superintendent Norris writes that they "left fewer enduring evidences of their occupancy [of the park] than the beaver, badger and other animals on which they subsisted."[3] Second, ever since their removal from the park in the 1870's, these Shoshones have been mixed with other Shoshones in Idaho and Wyoming, and since then the anthropologists have not felt able to identify their culture.[4] Third, the historically better known and famous Plains Indians in the neighborhood only occasionally visited the park. The history of the National Park certainly tells about Indian guerilla bands now and again fighting each other or molesting the white pioneers. But these Indians usually came from areas outside the Park: they had their main camps in the valleys intersecting the surrounding plateaus. The encroachment on the Yellowstone basin has been of transitory nature.

It is, however, possible to gain a relatively complete picture of the cultural history of the Indians in Yellowstone Park by thorough search of different documents, by ploughing through the ethnographic and archaeologic literature, by comparative studies and by direct field research. The author has tried to follow this outline, and in the following is a presentation of the general results of his research. It is his intention to show what part Yellowstone Park played to the Indians up to the time immediately after the act of establishing the National Park, that is, up to the time ending the national independence of the Indians. We shall find that the park contains many old Indian traditions, and that still at the end of the last century the park in different ways remained a resort for Indian groups of people: partly it functioned as a hunting ground and outlying area for a number of tribes, who then lived there periodically; partly it constituted the main territory for a hitherto little known, but very interesting group of definitely mountain Indians. Lastly, there is also an exposition of the raids of the Nez Percé Indians in the park in 1877.[5]

THE CULTURAL—GEOGRAPHIC PREMISES: ECOLOGICAL POINTS OF VIEW

The Indian's cultural history within the Park is more understandable if the character of the geographical environment is taken into consideration.[6]

As is well-known, Yellowstone Park is a high plateau with an

average altitude of 2500 meters (8,125 feet) above sea level. It consists of extensive lava flows of ryolite and basalt, in the east superseded by volcanic tuffs of breccia, which spread over the wild and inaccessible Absaroka mountains. In the middle of this extensive area, where the lava is a thousand meters (3,250 feet) thick in places, is situated Yellowstone Lake, which is a remainder of the glaciers of the last ice period. The entire basin is surrounded by a tremendous mountain range which in the east has grandiose alpine formations.

Climatically the National Park belongs to the Taiga.[7] It is cool the year round, and the winter shows great temperature drops. In February, 1933 a temperature of —66°F. was noted at Riverside Ranger Station at the western entrance. The snow during the winter is deep; it begins early and remains for so long that the park is open for visitors only from the middle of June to the middle of September. Summer, counting from the last frost in the spring to the first one in the fall, is not more than thirty days.

Plant and animal life within the park is best characterized by reference to the Merriam regional system: The main part comes under the Canadian zone, the rest under the Hudsonian zone. Coniferous trees of many kinds, some deciduous trees (birch, aspen, willow, etc.) and several kinds of berries belong to the flora of this region, while the fauna is foremost represented by a lot of bigger and smaller fur bearing animals. Among the larger animals there are the grizzly bear, the black bear, moose, wapiti, and bighorn. Also deer, antelope and buffalo.

Against the background of these tentative data it is possible to give a rough estimation of the means available to the Indians in exploiting the Park. These resources changed, however, quite naturally with the cultural status and activities of the exploiters.

1. The area controlled by primitive gatherers and hunters. A primitive hunting people may easily be well-off here, in spite of the character of the country, the high elevation and the severity of the winter. Rivers and lakes contain plenty of fish (especially several kinds of trout, in Yellowstone River, also whitefish), forests and mountains shelter fur-bearing animals and edible wild game, and there are also in places an abundance of berries. Such sources for sustenance may, however, also be attractive to people with technically more advanced culture (see below under 2), and the gatherers would then be forced up into the mountains, where the bighorn is the best game.

2. The area controlled by hunting peoples with a more developed culture, e.g., mounted plains tribes. When such peoples confine their hunting to buffalos and other hoofed animals, their interest in the park region must be fairly limited. One can expect that only at certain hunting seasons—and then only in connection with the wanderings of the buffalos—they stay in the park, especially in its more open and lower situated areas. It is here that the

horses get along better, and it is here that those animals dwell which are most important in the economic system of the Plains culture.

The mounted Indians raiding the Park in order to plunder or fight hostile groups may reasonably also be referred to this group of exploiters. Military aggression was intimately associated with the ideological structure of the Plains culture.[8]

3. The area controlled by agricultural Indians. It may seem superfluous to consider this alternative, because the shortness of the summer season does not leave a broad margin of existence for a people living from agricultural products. It is unlikely that any farming was done in Yellowstone Park; the findings of prehistoric pottery within the Park do not confirm anything to this effect, as the former ethnological concept of simultaneous dissemination of pottery and agriculture long since is disproved.[9] On the other hand, agricultural Indians may very well temporarily have stayed in the national Park in order to hunt, quarry obsidian, etc.

4. The area controlled by Indians exploiting the natural resources of the park for export. It seems very likely, for instance, that Indians from far and near went to the Park area to quarry its obsidian. In the Park there is plenty of obsidian available which was formed when the volcanic lava rapidly cooled off. Another desirable article for trade may have been the teeth of grizzly bears, which were used as ornaments and amulets by the Indians from the Woodlands and the Plains.

The above survey shows, that already before the white people entered Yellowstone, the Park with all likelihood may have been the environment for three different forms of primitive economy. However, it will be noted that only a people on the level of gatherers and primitive hunters could entirely subsist on the means of support existing in the Park.

THE CULTURES

Archaeological and historical data show that the three forms of exploitation, considered as possible, have really existed within the National Park in ancient times. During several periods they have existed simultaneously, as for instance during the 18th century. Let us review them:

1. Since time immemorial the Park has presumably been the habitat of primitive hunters and gatherers, whoever those people may have been. In the last centuries a Shoshonean mountain people, *dukurika,* apparently lived within the area.

2. The last Indians who controlled the Yellowstone Park were Plains Indians, and from them the white authorities officially bought the territory. Until the end of the 1870's the Plains and Plateau Indians operated within the Park area hunting, fighting and robbing. The Plains Indians who considered the Park as

their direct sphere of interest were: the Shoshones, the Bannocks, the Crows and the Blackfeet Indians.

3-4. In the early days agricultural Indians from the east visited the Park and obtained obsidian, horns of mountain sheep and teeth of bear, all valuable items within their cultures. Later the Shoshones and perhaps also other Plains Indians arranged for the export of these goods, as well as for various products of hide (for example the hide of mountain sheep), which were bought by white traders.

In the following historical survey of the National Park in aboriginal Indian days, the different cultures will be treated in chronological order.

YELLOWSTONE PARK IN PREHISTORIC TIMES[10]

As has been indirectly stated in the preceding survey, the area of the Yellowstone's headwaters must be considered as a region which is both relatively unimportant and inaccessible for a primitive people with a technically complicated culture. Characteristically enough, in the 19th century the country was an outlying area in the intersection of several Indian territories, namely those of the Blackfeet, the Crows, the Bannocks and the Shoshones. It must have been different in older times, when people with a relatively uncomplicated culture (e.g., the dukurika) could use the park area as their main hunting-grounds.

Far back in time, Yellowstone Park undoubtedly has been an important region to the Indians. This is evident by its geographic position, which must have appeared both central and protected, from the point of view of the hunters and gatherer. If we adhere to the thesis of the aboriginals migrating over the Bering Straits,[11] the main direction of migration southward ought to have gone past Yellowstone Park, possibly on both sides of it. The "high western plains" and the "intermountain region" were passable entries which the migrators traversed a couple of ten thousands of years ago.[12] Much later, probably five or six hundred years ago, the Athabascans followed either of these routes, and in the end of the 17th century the Kiowas and the Comanches migrated towards the south along the old eastern trail.[13] Between these main passages, protected but not isolated, the largest region of geysers in the world was situated as a fortress on the crest of the Continental Divide.

The archaeological findings are comparatively few. In any case, for the distant past no evidences have been found of any form of Indian settlements. According to research into older climatic conditions in North America, it seems possible that the National Park constituted an effective place of refuge for surrounding groups of Indians during the so-called Anathermal period (5000-2500 B.C.)[14] The prevalent dry and hot climate forced

Buffalo Herd, Yellowstone National Park
Stimson photo, Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

a considerable part of the population from the present deserts and plains in the middle of the North American continent. This population vacuum seems to have prevailed in the Great Basin area also during the following Medithermal period to the last centuries B.C.[15] During these milleniums the region of the glacial lakes in Yellowstone must have been the refuge for Indians from both the west and the south.

In close proximity to the National Park, several sites from this period have been discovered. They represent the oldest cultures of buffalo hunters, the Folsom culture about 8000 B.C. and the Yuma culture about 6000-4000 B.C.[16] Grooved arrow heads or spear points, typical of the Folsom period, have been found near Helena, Montana.[17] At Sage Creek near Cody, Wyoming, Yuma points from about 5000 B.C. have been discovered and dated through the new Carbon 14 method.[18] Yuma points have also been found together with artifacts from a later period at the site of Red Lodge in southern Montana as well as in the lowest cultural strata of Pictograph Cave near Billings, Montana.[19] Other sites, some distance away from Yellowstone Park, could also be mentioned. But in this connection they are of less interest.

The hunters from the Yuma period, living in the vicinity of the National Park—and possibly within the Park—were gradually succeeded by other peoples. East of the Park, along the Shoshone River, several smaller encampments have been discovered, con-

taining a cultural complex which in part seems typical of horizon II in Pictograph Cave. The amount of metates, the scantiness of projectile points and bones from animals indicate that the inhabitants were gatherers, subsisting on vegetables. There are several signs pointing to the fact that these gatherers had their refuge in large parts of the Wyoming Basin.[20] Very likely they also had camps in Yellowstone Park. It has not yet been possible to state the origin and age of this prehistoric culture of gatherers. Pending more detailed reports, the following interpretation remains hypothetical. If the culture of the gatherers has a certain, though slight, affinity with Pictograph Cave II, and, as Mulloy pointed out, the latter in its turn to a great extent is identical with Signal Butte II in western-most Nebraska,[21] we acquire a vague background for the dating of the culture of the gatherers, for Signal Butte II followed Signal Butte I, which has been dated before or about 1000 B.C.[22] Griffin's conclusion, stating the age of Signal Butte II as about 700 A.D.,[23] does not appear reliable, since only period III has ceramics; and, so far as is known, pottery came into the Plains (from the East) several centuries B.C.[24] Everything suggests that the old culture of gatherers in Wyoming already existed before the beginning of our pottery chronology.

Further data about this particular culture are not known. Similar cultures with metates may have existed at this time, both in the Great Basin and around the lower part of the Missouri.

A certain contact existed possibly simultaneously between the Missouri and Yellowstone. People from the great river basin in the east have come wandering along the Platte River and camped in the Sweetwater country, where the pictographs in Castle Gardens, with the characteristic drawings of the big water turtle, testify about their presence.[25] In all likelihood these Indians brought pottery and fishing tools from the eastern woodland culture to Yellowstone Park.

From this time and some centuries onward the earliest archaeological finds from the Park area itself originate. About 1880 fragments of a big clay vessel were found in the park. According to Holmes' description, the vessel is ornated with a series of circular bulges and incisions immediately under the upper edge. Holmes shows, that as regards the ornamentation, the vessel has certain analogies with the pottery found in Naples, Illinois.[26] In reality, complete identity in style exists: The finding from Yellowstone must be referred to the cord-market ceramic group which was manufactured during the middle and later Hopewell period in Naples, Illinois, and, to a certain degree, in Weaver.[27] The dating of the Hopewell period is rather doubtful. Perhaps this culture belongs to the time around the birth of Christ and the following centuries.[28]

But why did the agricultural Hopewell Indians want to go to

Yellowstone Park? Apparently because they wished to exploit those natural resources in the Park, which held the greatest attraction for a distant high culture: the obsidian mines. It is well known that the Hopewell Indians undertook long journeys and that they, more than other ancient cultural groups, made use of obsidian.[29] Undoubtedly they visited the Rocky Mountains, where there are several places containing obsidian which was mined by prehistoric Indians.[30] Shetrone thinks that the Hopewell Indians outfitted special expeditions to get obsidian and teeth of the grizzlies from Yellowstone Park.[31] There are indications that Obsidian Cliff, the huge mountain of obsidian in the northwestern part of the Park, east of the Gallatin Range, was neutral ground to Indians looking for material for arrow heads—perhaps holy ground in the same way as the well-known mines of catlinite at *Coteau des Prairies*.[32] Among those getting obsidian from Yellowstone Park we find the Hopewell Indians from Illinois. The proofs are the above mentioned potsherds and the findings of obsidian in the Naples site.[33]

Possibly the Hopewell Indians brought plummets to the National Park. These egg-shaped stones with a scooped out groove or hole in the narrower end existed in the Woodland cultures in the east several centuries B.C.[34] In the Illinois area for instance, they appeared in the Baumer culture.[35] It is possible that these stones were used as sinkers while fishing. It is not known whether they were used with net or with line and drag.[36] The plummet found in Yellowstone Park is made of quartz and mica and is described as eliptic, pointed at both ends and perforated in the one end.[37]

The Hopewell Indians probably retained contact with Yellowstone Park to the very end. Their interests and privileges were taken over by the Upper Republican in Nebraska and Kansas, a culture developed in the periphery of the Hopewell area. This semi-settled culture, showing a certain affinity to the culture of the Pawnees, who lived within the same region in historic time, probably disappeared in the 15th century. So the last possible contact broke off between Yellowstone Park and the agricultural east.[38]

However, at least one fact shows that an indirect contact remained. Lewis and Clark relate that, in 1804, the Mandans and the Arikara in North Dakota produced beads from pulverized blue glass, an art which they said they had learned from the Snake Indians (Shoshones). It is to be noted that the glass referred to apparently had been imported by white people.[39] However, Matthews relates having been told by the Indians that in the old days they got the glass back "in the hills".[40] Ball considers it likely that the glass in question was obsidian and that the finding place must have been Yellowstone National Park.[41] It is not far fetched to believe that in the 18th century the Shoshones, controlling both the Yellowstone area and the great plains north-east of it, traded

with the Mandans and the Arikara, which also meant export of obsidian. The settlements of the last mentioned tribes on the upper Missouri were the places on the northern and central Plains mostly used for trading, and they were not least used for trade by tribes from the Rocky Mountain area.[42] The Shoshones were extremely skilled in working with obsidian.[43] Probably therefore they supplied the village tribes at the upper Missouri both with obsidian and the art of manufacturing it.

When historic time dawned upon Yellowstone Park, the Park was inhabited by Shoshones who probably already had been there for a long time.

THE IMMIGRATION OF THE SHOSHONES

The prehistory of the Shoshones is little known. Before 1800 their history west of the Continental Divide is practically unknown, as the Great Basin and its peoples are not described in any documents before this date, and the archaeological findings within the region, only in some cases, can be brought back to Shoshone Indian groups.[44] The branch of the Shoshonean family, which in historic time lived around Yellowstone Park, namely the northern and eastern Shoshones, probably had their centers in eastern Idaho, northeastern Utah and southwestern Wyoming.[45] In these areas one form of the Basin culture presumably prevailed, closely related to that culture which in historic times existed among the West Shoshones in Nevada and among their neighbors to the West, the Northern Paiutes. Successively, the eastern Shoshones penetrated into Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, and in so doing they also took possession of Yellowstone Park.

It is impossible to fix an approximate date for the eastern expansion of the Shoshones. Mainly relying on linguistic calculations, Shimkin states the time to be about 1500 A.D.[46] The date is likely, but rather uncertain. The archaeological findings east of the Rockies yield no clear answer. For instance, Birdshead Cave, a site at Owl Creek Mountains some miles northwest of the present city of Shoshoni, has several cultural strata of apparent western origin: the strata IV-VI show a culture related to that of the West-Shoshones, based on hunting of bigger mammals.[47] Some primitive Basin Shoshones have apparently maintained this culture; and according to evidences in the same cave, it superseded the primitive gathering culture mentioned before. But on the one hand these cultural levels are undated (stratum II may be both 3000 and 5000 years old), and on the other hand it is uncertain whether the gatherers of vegetables (strata II and III) have not been identical with the Shoshones at least during the later periods. The problem of timing the Shoshone migration remains unsolved.

The primitive Shoshone hunters and gatherers, who sometime

in the past migrated over the Rocky Mountains, soon spread over a region to the north as far as Saskatchewan and to the east to the Dakotas and the prairies of Nebraska, as documentation from the middle of the 18th century shows.[48] But long before this time Yellowstone Park undoubtedly was under the control of the Shoshones. And while the Shoshones who roamed on the plains changed into mounted nomads during the 18th century and more or less took over the culture traditionally connected with the Plains Indian, the Shoshones of the forests and mountains kept to that which was essential of their ancestral Basin culture. To these Shoshones the Dukurika in Yellowstone Park belonged.

THE DUKURIKA INDIANS

Dukurika, meaning "sheepeaters" in Shoshone, is the collective name for all the groups of Shoshones who in historic time roamed as primitive hunters in eastern Idaho and western Wyoming, mainly pursuing the wild mountain sheep, *Ovis canadensis*. Competing for the wild game with the mounted Plains Indians, the Dukurikas who did not change their old forms of existence were forced further up into the inaccessible mountain ranges; one of their last entrenchments was Yellowstone Park.[49] As these primitive Shoshones are the only known Indians from later time who actually lived within the Park, a rough outline of their culture may be of interest. The information is derived from my Indian informants (Dukurikas) on Wind River reservation in Wyoming, and from manuscripts in archives and older literature.[50]

These primitive Indians of relatively short stature have also seemed to be a puzzling people to their tribesmen from the Plains. Though marriages between Dukurika and the Plains Shoshone occurred not infrequently, the former maintained their secluded, isolated life, distrustful of strangers, and seldom being seen. Possibly a fear for the Plains Indians coupled with a feeling of isolation in the mountain region contributed to this mentality. Once restricted to the mountains, the Dukurika were forced to higher regions for economical reasons: Here roamed the wild mountain sheep of the Rockies, the most edible game as well as the most useful one in general, in an otherwise most unfertile mountain area. In a way the mountain sheep became as important to the Shoshones in the mountains as the buffalo to the Plains Shoshones. Their life was adapted to the demands of their game, the mountain sheep. The Mountain Indians had to adapt themselves to an unfavorable climate and a rugged nature. This meant both cultural stagnation and cultural specialization.

In several important ways the culture of the Yellowstone Shoshones may have been identical with the culture of their ancestors, scattered over the entire western Wyoming. Not only the moun-

tain sheep but also other big game and not a little of small game served them as food. Deer, antelope and sheep were shot with bow and arrows with obsidian arrowheads; bear were caught in pitfalls, groundhogs were smoked out their holes, etc. Where there were waters abounding in fish, fishing was pursued; and a lot of vegetables were gathered, though probably not as much as among the western Shoshones in the Great Basin: there were many berries of all kinds, but also roots which were dug out with the help of digging sticks. Antlered and horned animals supplied the material for clothing. The shelters were probably mostly cone-shaped, covered by tules or bulrushes and branches of pine, sometimes—especially during the summer—simple grass huts. In some places also caves and tents from hides may have been used. Disregarding the more involved kinship system the social structure was very elementary, the family group being both the social and political unit. The religion was dominated by a primitive shamanism coupled with a belief in various nature spirits; one essential spirit was the invisible dwarf spirit *nynymbi,* which was considered to cause the more serious illnesses.

As before mentioned, the culture of the Dukurika was specialized, because for their support they were dependent on the mountain sheep or the bighorn, *Ovis canadensis.* These sheep were hunted by dogs on isolated cliffs and shot with bow and arrow. The use of snow shoes in winter time facilitated hunting in the snowcovered mountains. The game was butchered and packed in bags of hide, loaded on travois, and pulled by large dogs (the race is now extinct). Hunting mainly mountain sheep possibly reshaped or modified the Shoshone culture; there are reasons to suspect that both the completeness of the dress, the varied material for shelters, and the lack of real tribal organization constitute adaptations to the type of nature where the pursuit of mountain sheep took place. In the same manner the mentality of the Dukurika was possibly formed as has already been stated.

The Dukurika were a peaceful people, almost timid. They stayed away in the mountains, but as the Sioux Indians and other marauding Plains tribes assaulted them and smallpox diminished their number, they went down to their tribesmen on the plains in Idaho and Wyoming and joined them on the reservations set apart for them. In 1879, probably, the last Dukurika Indians left Yellowstone Park.

One of the last independent Sheepeater Indians, Togwotee, became a chief among the Plains Shoshone (under Washakie), and he was a trusted and famous guide during the end of the Indian wars. He was also a feared medicine man. Togwotee Pass in the Teton National Forest close to Yellowstone Park is named for him. When in 1883, President Chester Arthur with his attendants rode from Washakie Springs to Yellowstone Park,

Obsidian Cliff, Yellowstone National Park
Stimson photo, Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

he passed along Indian paths and animal trails, and the guides were some Dukurika Indians conducted by Togwotee.

As to the exact dwelling sites of the Dukurika Indians in the National Park, we know very little. Probably they roamed over the whole region. Indian paths cross the valleys of the Park in all directions; probably from the very beginning they were trodden by the Sheepeaters, though we got to know them as passages for other peoples (cf. below). Traces of Dukurika culture such as simple shelters and enclosures for hunting have been found everywhere in the Park. Obsidian Cliff, mentioned previously, probably is the place where the Dukurika suppleid themselves with material for arrowheads and spearheads, skinscrapers and knives. Not far north of Obsidian Cliff along the Gardner River towards Undine Falls, there are the longish Sheepeater Cliffs and Sheepeater Canyon. In this region Superintendent Norris (1877-1882) discovered the "ancient but recently deserted, secluded, unknown haunts" of the Dukurikas. It is possible that also many of the Indian camps, found around the shores of Yellowstone Lake,

are traces from the Dukurika Indians. In that case they would have been in seasonal use as bases for hunting and fishing.

The most remarkable relics of these Indians have otherwise been discovered outside the National Park. Scientists as well as Indians have considered that the primitive wooden huts in Shoshone National Forest, the mystical stone construction Medicine Wheel in the Big Horn Range, and the pictographs at Dinwoody in the Wind River Range, all may originate from the Dukurika Indians.

THE PLAINS INDIANS IN THE NATIONAL PARK

I mentioned that the Dukurika Indians hid themselves in the forests and mountains of Yellowstone Park. However there are indications that they never were the sole owners of the region. Down in the valleys and along the rivers there roamed other Indians, belonging to tribes having their main hunting grounds outside the Park proper. There are reasons to believe that these heavily armed Indians had forced the Dukurikas from the valleys and the plains. For all, the transformation of the Plains Indians to mounted nomads must have had fatal consequences for the Dukurikas living in the lower regions of the Park. The change of living among the surrounding Plains Indians can be fixed to the time after 1700.[51]

But how could mounted Indians force themselves into an inaccessible area such as Yellowstone Park? The passes are difficult to traverse, the forests are thick with heavy brushwood, and the mountain ranges—especially in the east—are insurmountable. Still more, a frosty climate prevailed and a thick cover of snow closed off the Park from mounted visitors through the main part of the year. It is remarkable that mounted Indians on the whole succeeded in entering the Park. They were, however, well acquainted with the passes, and there were paths to follow, though usually poorly trodden. Some of these old Indian trails are nowadays used by the tourists.[52]

So the hardened and agile Plains Indians defied the obstacles of nature. But why did they go to all this trouble; the hunting grounds outside the Park area were better, and from the point of view of the Plains Indians this region must have been less attractive and almost frightening—evil spirits lived in the geysers according to the Shoshones, the Bannocks and the Crows.[53] But do not forget that even the nomads of the Plains could find things of value in Yellowstone Park. There was obsidian for weapons and tools, there lived many wapiti, and there they could obtain the sought for hides of beaver and mountain sheep which were used in trading with the white people. According to my information, the Shoshones also got power for medicine and relief from rheumatism from the hot springs.

Besides this, the Park was the home of three herds of buffalos. Norris' account of the buffalo stock in 1880 showed that in summertime a herd of two hundred animals lived furthest north between Crevice Creek and Slough Creek, and in wintertime they grazed at Lamar and Soda Butte farther southeast. A second herd of a hundred animals had their summer grazing in the center of the eastern parts of the Park, from Hoodoo Basin to Grand Canyon and toward Yellowstone Lake; those grazed during the winter at Pelican Creek and Lamar. Last, a third herd of three hundred animals, divided in different groups, grazed in the summer on the Madison Plateau and Little Madison River in the center of the western parts of the Park; these animals probably stayed over the winter west of the Park.[54] In all likelihood, these herds had already been reduced—the number of individual buffalo appears very small, and the buffalos on the Plains were being extinguished at this time. Not until 1894 was it definitely forbidden to hunt buffalos in the Park.[55] Probably there has never been any greater number of buffalos in Yellowstone. The information I received from the Dukurika Indians concerning a great number of buffalo in the mountains probably refers to regions somewhat further south. Significantly enough, the Bannocks living west of the Park went eastward across the Park (via the so-called great Bannock trail) in order to hunt buffalos east of the Big Horn mountains.[56]

The herds in the National Park must have gained in importance as the buffalos on the plains "went underground". In 1880, at Miller Creek Springs, i.e., in the most eastern edge of Yellowstone Park, but at the same time with the buffalo grounds within reach, Norris found the relics of about forty Indian lodges, which apparently had been in use the previous year. Hidden amidst the mountains and with excellent grazing in several adjoining canyons, this camping ground was a very good place for marauding Indians. There were plenty of traces showing frequent usage in summer time. "Fragments of china-ware, blankets, bed-clothing, and costly male and female wear-apparel here found, were mute but mournful witnesses of border-raids and massacres", Norris reports.[57]

Incidentally, it was suggested that the National Park also appeared to be the thoroughfare for Indians from the West. Without doubt this traffic was intensified in the nineteenth century, when the West Shoshones and mounted Indians of the Plateaus changed to hunting buffalos east of the Rocky Mountains. The Dukurikas, who already earlier had been ousted from the Plains, were now entirely isolated in the mountains, and on all sides surrounded by mounted nomads. The raiding into the Park by the Plains Indians should, however, not be overestimated. One member of the Washburn expedition reports in 1870 (a year when the whole West was in latent war) that "a party of three can travel with

perfect safety, so far as Indians are concerned, in any part of this district" (Yellowstone Park).[58]

Nevertheless, the following survey of the activities of different tribes will show that the Park was the scene for many hostile acts from the Plains and Plateau Indians.

THE KIOWA INDIANS AND YELLOWSTONE PARK

In his recent handbook on the North American Indians, Swanton shows on a map that the Kiowas in the middle of the 17th century held the northern parts of Yellowstone Park.[59] The reason for locating them there seems to be the statement by Mooney that the Kiowas, who in historic time lived in Colorado and Oklahoma, have a tradition saying that they earlier had lived where the Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin forks meet, close to Virginia City, Montana.[60] There is no reason not to believe the truth of this tradition. But the Kiowas have hardly more than occasionally stayed in the Park which in all likelihood already at this time was inhabited by the Dukurikas.

THE PLAINS SHOSHONES IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

For the mounted groups of Shoshones in Wyoming, Yellowstone Park was outlying land which they seldom visited. The tribe as a whole moved (in general) between Wind River Valley and Black's Fork in southwestern Wyoming. In the early spring and in the early fall, hunting of buffalos took place in any one of the river valleys in the northern part of the state or in Montana; territories close to the National Park, such as the valleys around Shoshone River and Yellowstone River (in its lower flow) were then frequented by the Washakie Shoshones. But to Yellowstone Park itself they never came as a group; the Park was moreover at these times of the year a closed area.

The Shoshones were, however, very loosely organized, and single family groups stayed at times within the Park. Visits were also made in wintertime. Washakie's band—one of the main groups belonging to the tribe—sometimes passed the winter at the springs of Greybull not very far from the southeastern corner of the National Park. Small groups of Shoshones on snowshoes would then leave the base camp where often starvation was impending for Yellowstone Park in order to hunt mountain sheep, wapiti and beaver. During the summer smaller groups of Shoshones, momentarily independent from the tribe, would scour the Park area, where they quarried obsidian, "pipestone" (steatite), etc. From their relatives, the Dukurikas, they acquired the hides of big horn sheep in order to sell them to the white traders with good returns. How they used the hot springs for medical and religious purposes has already been mentioned. In all likelihood

they also fished in Yellowstone Lake. This lake has an exceptional abundance of fish, and numerous Indian camping grounds have been found along its shores. It is true that according to Shimkin the Shoshones did not fish in Yellowstone Lake to any great extent.[62] It seems to me, however, that Shimkin here misunderstood his informants. As Shimkin also has noted, it is evident that the Plains Shoshones in Wyoming counted the area around the lake as their region of interest.[62]

In the middle of the 19th century some groups of Shoshones from Lemhi River in Idaho traversed Yellowstone Park each summer on their way to the buffalo country in the east. According to Teit, the Shoshones, usually called the Lemhis, began these journeys when they got horses.[63] But this cannot be correct. The ancestors of the Lemhis roamed around on the western Plains already before they owned any horses.[64] And when they were pushed back to the Rocky Mountains and the region west of them, they surely were mounted, but they did not to any greater extent try to return to the Plains.[65] Only after the year 1840 did they, during the summer, more generally undertake hunting expeditions to the buffalo grounds east of the Rockies. The reason for these seasonal expeditions probably were that the buffalo at this time was extinct in Idaho.[66]

After 1840 and for the same reasons did the Bannocks who were related to the Shoshones traverse the mountain range to the buffalo country in Montana and Wyoming in company with Shoshones from Fort Hall. These expeditions began when the leaves fell in the fall.[67] According to reports from the 1860's the Bannocks hunted buffalo below the Three Forks of the Missouri River and along the source-streams of Yellowstone and Wind Rivers.[68] The most notable of all the Indian paths leading through Yellowstone Park was the Great Bannock Trail: it went from Henry Lake in Idaho over the Gallatin Mountains to Mammoth Hot Springs, continuing over the plateau to the ford just above Tower Falls, along the valley of Lamar River to Soda Butte, and lastly along Clark's Fork and Shoshone River to the valley of the Big Horn. Chittenden reports that this trail was very old and well-trodden. It had made definite traces in the grass-rich hillsides, and in several places it was still visible twenty-five years after the last Indians had used it.[69] Bannock Trail was the special trail of the Bannock Indians leading from their home area around Henry Lake to the buffalo country east of Big Horn.[70]

The Bannock Indians were the last Indians raiding in Yellowstone Park. In the summer of 1878 the Bannocks left their reservation in Idaho and raided, inter alia, in the National Park. They were, however, soon defeated by General Howard, and within the Park area the marauding Indians were only guilty of stealing horses.[71] Still in 1879 smaller bands of thieving Indians stayed

in the Park, and their entrenchments from the preceding year made of wood and stone could be seen in places.[72]

SIOUAN TRIBES IN YELLOWSTONE PARK: CROWS AND DAKOTAS

Three or four centuries have probably passed since the Crow Indians first appeared in the northern and eastern border districts of Yellowstone Park.[73] According to tradition they once were one tribe with the Hidatsa Indians but had separated from the main group of Hidatsa at the Missouri River and had gone westward until they occupied the country around the Big Horn range and Yellowstone River (which they called Elk River). Several things point to the fact that during their wanderings they pushed away the Dukurikas living in the mountains.

Apparently two bands of Crows, the one identical with the River Crows, the other being a part of the Mountain Crows, have had closer contact with Yellowstone Park. About 1855, according to Denig, a band of Crow Indians under Two-Face roamed over the mountainous Wind River area and traded with employees of the American Fur Company along the Yellowstone. Another band led by Bear's Head wandered along the valley of the Yellowstone, from the mouth of the river to its source. They sometimes spent the winter with the Assiniboin Indians and traded at Fort Union. Each summer the entire nation had rendezvous when they traversed the mountains in order to exchange goods for horses. Denig says, "This traffic is carried on with the Flat Heads in St. Mary's Valley, or with the Snake (Shoshones) and Nez Percé Indians on the headwaters of the Yellowstone."[74] For the Crows as well as the Plains Shoshones the Park area may have been a distant outlying land of the tribe's territory. When in 1882 they denounced their interest in the Park, they only received remuneration for its most northern part—the strip belonging to Montana. This does not mean that they did not ever so often visit the more southern parts of the National Park. General Washburn's expedition in 1870 found traces of Crow Indians and relics of fifteen of their tipis close to Tower Falls.[75] And in 1863 when an exploring expedition was robbed of all their horses by Indians at Cache Creek in the northeastern part of the Park,[76] it was in all likelihood the Crows who did it. The Crow Indians were horse thieves *par preférance* in this part of the Wild West.

In the middle of the 19th century the Crow Indians were pushed away from their more eastern hunting grounds by the Teton Dakotas, their distant language relatives and their bitter enemies. The front bands of the latter, the Oglala, occupied the Powder River country sometime between 1825 to 1850. The American historian, Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, maintains that the Dakota Indians—popularly called the Sioux—exterminated the Du-

kurika.[77] Evidently they did penetrate clear into the ranges of the Rockies. Their visits to the Yellowstone Park were however probably very infrequent. There were two possibilities for invasion: the valleys of Yellowstone or Gallatin. The latter valley, in the 1860's and 1870's used by white cowboys, was violently devastated in repeated attacks by the Sioux who had reached it from the Flathead Pass (east of Three Forks, north of Bozeman, Montana)—the same pass used by the Flatheads and the Bannocks when on their way to the buffalo districts at Musselshell, Missouri and lower Yellowstone.[78] According to contemporary reports, the valley of the Yellowstone River was swarmed by Sioux in the 1870's.

THE BLACKFEET INDIANS IN THE NATIONAL PARK

From about 1800 the Blackfeet Indians have made invasions into Yellowstone Park. During the latter part of the 18th century they continued to advance southward from their domains just south of North Saskatchewan River, and pushed the Shoshones ahead of them all the time.[79] Gradually single bands of Blackfeet reached the Yellowstone Park (probably along the Gallatin and Yellowstone), and in the middle of the 19th century they claimed the plains next to the Rocky Mountains clear down to Yellowstone Park.[80]

The Blackfeet Indians were a warlike tribe, well known because of their sneaking, deceitful warfare. They fought all tribes but the Sarsi and the Atsina, and in the years 1806 to 1870 the whites (who supported the Crow Indians) also were attacked. About 1830 the Blackfeet displayed their greatest military activity; it was then they molested white people and Indians in Yellowstone Park. In the following, two accounts will be given of the Blackfeet raids within the Park.

In September 1827 *The Philadelphia Gazette* published a letter from a trapper or trader who earlier that year had been surprised by Blackfeet Indians in the area of Yellowstone's springs. The Indians pursued him and his companions all the way to the plains.[81]

In August 1839 the trapper Osborne Russell and his colleague were surprised by Blackfeet Indians at the northern end of Yellowstone Lake. "The woods seemed to be completely filled with Blackfeet, who rent the air with their horrid yells." Having resisted for a while the rain of arrows behind trees and bushes, the two white men succeeded in dragging themselves to the lake without being discovered, and here they could tend their wounds. The following day the Indians still swarmed around in the surroundings. The two white men found a third trapper who said that their common base camp had been attacked by Indians.

Slowly all of them succeeded in getting away from the dangerous area.[82]

The bands of Blackfeet appearing now and then within the National Park were fairly large; 275 Indians were counted in the band which in 1845 pursued Shoshonean horse thieves to the area of the geysers.[83]

THE PLATEAU INDIANS AND THE EVENTS OF 1877

It is not stated with any certainty when the many Indian groups in the northwest—the Plateau Indians—for the first time got acquainted with the geyser country amongst the mountains. It is known that the Kalispel Indians and the Nez Percé visited it sporadically, but it is also testified by white observers that these Indians felt at a loss and uneasy in those peculiar surroundings and that they had not known the trails or the country of the Park.[84] And still the Plateau Indians more than others have given Yellowstone Park a name in the Indian history of war.

In June 1877 the Nez Percé Indians, a mounted tribe in westernmost Idaho, southeastern Washington and northeastern Oregon, belonging to the Shahaptian family, had dug up the war axe. They were discontented with the whites' proposition that they should denounce a large part of their ancestral hunting grounds. Nez Percé in Wallowa Valley rebelled against the whites under the leadership of the extraordinary Chief Joseph, a remarkable Indian character. At last he was forced to retreat before General Howard's attacks, and undertook a splendid march with warriors, women and children, all mounted, crossing plains, wild mountains, tablelands and forests towards the looming buffalo country east of upper Missouri. This masterly conducted escape that has been compared with the retreat of the ten-thousand under Xenophon, ended unfortunately in northern Montana, close to the Canadian border, where Joseph and his little band were surrounded by the whites and had to surrender.[85]

In these dramatic events also the recently created National Park was drawn in. The Nez Percé Indians passed through the Park area in the end of August. Via Targhee Pass (close to the West Entrance) they marched into the Park, following Madison River and Firehold River to the Lower Geyser Basin, where they captured a company of tourists from Radersburg, Montana. G. F. Cowan, the leader of the tourists, was badly injured and left behind for dead; he was, however, later rescued by General Howard's pursuing group. The redskins continued their journey eastward via Nez Percé Creek, Mary Mountain and, probably, Trout Creek, until they reached Yellowstone River. Here the main body of the Indians sought the nearest ford over the river, at Mud Geyser, while a small party of young, pugnacious Indians continued northward along the western shore. At Otter Creek they

surprised a company of tourists from Helena, Montana, and killed one man; the rest of the tourists escaped in different directions, most of them to Mammoth Hot Springs. The young marauders continued their devastating course along Yellowstone River via the road around Mt. Washburn, burning Baronett Bridge close to Tower Falls, and continuing northward close to three miles north of the border of the Park. Here they turned back and attacked Mammoth Hot Springs where some of the tourists from Helena still remained; one of them, a professor Dietrich, was killed outside the hotel.

The way the Nez Percé Indians took from Mud Geyser has not been ascertained. It seems likely that after having crossed the ford they followed the right side of the Yellowstone river up to the lake, and then continued northward along Pelican Creek and Lamar River, from where they went east towards Clark's Fork either along Miller Creek or along Cache Creek (and Crandall Creek). General Howard, on the contrary, turned northward at Mud Geyser following the Lamar from Tower Junction, and passed out of the Park via Soda Butte Creek.[86]

Not only tourists but also miners from the Black Hills were in all likelihood killed during the raid. The skeletons of miners and their horses were found together with blankets and other field equipment close to the Indian line of retreat.[87] Otherwise the posthumous reputation of the Indians is very good. For example, Superintendent Norris states this: "The selection of their camp sites, and their rude but effective fortifications, their valor in conflict, and their omission to scalp the dead or maltreat the living who fell into their hands, indeed, their conduct in all respects, proves that the Nez Percés are not wanting in courage, chivalry, or capacity, and that they are foemen not unworthy of the noted military officers, Howard, Miles, Sturgis, and others, who have battled against them."[88]

THE DEPARTURE OF THE INDIANS

From the American side several counteractions were immediately put into effect when the many conflicts with the Indians in the end of the 1870's shook the position of the whites in Yellowstone Park, such conflicts as the war of the Sioux in 1875 to 1877, rebellion of the Nez Percés in 1877, and the raids of the Bannocks in 1878. Norris had defensive arrangements made against possible new attacks; for instance, the headquarters of the superintendent on Capitol Hill, Mammoth, was constructed as a fortress. At the same time, the evacuation of Indians in the Park was hastened, and the Park was officially bought from the old "owners", the Shoshones and the Crows. While the new fortifications were construed as a protection against invasion from unreliable or hostile tribes outside the Park area, the other mea-

sures were against those peoples who permanently or occasionally stayed in the Park, and who always had shown friendliness towards the whites, the Plains Shoshones, the Crows and the Dukurika. It was hardest for the latter as the forests and mountains of the geyser country was their homeland proper.

Our sources do not give any unanimous one way information about the departure of the Dukurikas because the documents do not distinguish between these Indians and their fellow tribesmen of the same denomination outside Yellowstone Park: the Indians in the mountains of Idaho, the Indians in Wind River Mountains in Wyoming, etc. In all likelihood the Dukurikas from the National Park have been brought both to the Lemhi reservation and to the Wind River reservation. Possibly they belonged to those Dukurikas who in 1867 asked the government's help in a difficult situation.[89] One information says that the Dukurikas from Yellowstone Park belonged to those Indians who about 1871 arrived at the Wind River reservation in Wyoming which had been established three years earlier.[90] Some years later, in 1875, an executive order was given according to which the Shoshones, the Bannocks and the Dukurikas should go to the Lemhi reservation in Idaho close ot the Montana border which had been prepared for them.[91] In all likelihood, this order has also referred to those Dukurikas, who still lived in Yellowstone Park—it is even likely that the main body of those Dukurikas were brought to Lemhi.[92] At the same time there is positive information that the last Dukurikas of Yellowstone Park in 1879 were moved from the Park to the Shoshone Reservation in Wyoming.[93]

The evacuation from Yellowstone Park of the Indian people aimed at "averting in future all danger of conflict between these tribes and laborers or tourists." Norris was very active in trying to make a treaty between the Government and the Indians in question. In order to bind the Crows, the Shoshones, the Bannocks and the Dukurikas to the new Indian policy he stayed in 1880 in Washington; shortly after he visited the Indians on their reservations and got their promise to renounce the Park and not to enter the area beyond Heart Lake (south of Yellowstone Lake).[94] The treaties were ratified by the Congress in 1882.

In this way ended the Indian domination of Yellowstone Park. Certainly, it had not been very noticeable in the last decade, with exception of the raids by the Bannock and Nez Percé Indians. In 1870 a member of the Washburn expedition noted, "The only traces of Indians we had seen were some shelters of logs, rotten and tumbling down from age, together with a few poles standing in the former summer camps; there were no fresh trails whatever. Appearances indicated that the basin had been almost entirely abandoned by the Sons of the forest."[95] In August, 1877, immediately before the invasion of the Nez Percé Indians into the Park,

General Sherman, inspecting the area, wrote, "We saw no signs of Indians . . . Some four or five years ago parties swarmed to the Park from curiosity, but now the travel is very slack."[96] Norris States, that in 1879 still some Dukurikas, Bannocks and Shoshones remained in the Park.[97] But his important report from the year 1880 testifies in several ways about the complete final evacuation of the last Indians.

FOOTNOTES AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. See the diary of the expedition, "The Discovery of Yellowstone Park, 1870," written by the first Superintendent of the Park, N. P. Langford (1905). Another famous expedition was undertaken in 1871 to 1872 by the U. S. Geological Survey under the leadership of Dr. F. V. Hayden.

2. See *H. M. Chittenden,* The Yellowstone National Park (1918), p. 1 ff.

3. *P. W. Norris,* Ann. Rep. of the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park for the Year 1880 (1881), p. 36.

4. Cf. *R. H. Lowie,* The Northern Shoshone (Amer. Mus. of Nat. History, Vol. II:2, 1909), p. 206 and *J. H. Steward,* Culture Element Distributions XXIII, Northern and Gosiute Shoshoni (Anthropol. Records 8:3, 1943), pp. 263 f.

5. My report is based partly on studies from literary sources (manuscripts; official documents; historical, archaeological and ethnological works; accounts of travels, etc.), partly on fieldwork in Yellowstone Park and Wind River Valley (Wyoming), 1948 and 1955. Reports from my field trip to Wyoming can be found in *Ymer* 1949, No. 2 and *Ymer* 1956, No. 3. The fieldwork took place in the Park in August, 1948, and August, 1955.

6. The following sources have been used: *C. M. Bauer,* Yellowstone—Its Underworld (1948); *C. W. Thornthwaite,* The Climates of North America According to a New Classification (The Geographical Review 21, 1931); *Chittenden,* op. cit.; *M. Cary,* Life Zone Investigations in Wyoming (North American Fauna 42, 1917).

7. Any more remarkable climatic fluctuations do not seem to have occurred since the birth of Christ, that is, since the time when farming spread over the central parts of North America. Cf. *W. R. Wedel,* Some Aspects of Human Ecology in the Central Plains (Amer, Anth. 55:4, 1953), p. 500.

8. See for instance *R. Benedict,* Patterns of Culture (1946), p. 70. See further *M. W. Smith,* The War Complex of the Plains Indians, Proceed. of the American Philosophical Society, Vol. 78:3 (1937).

9. *A. D. Krieger,* New World Culture History: Anglo-America (in A. L. Kroeber, Anthropology Today, 1953), p. 254.

10. Though nothing yet has been published about the archaeology of the Park, it is likely that the National Park Service, United States Department of Interior, Washington, gradually will publish orientation about it. See International Directory of Anthropological Institutions (1953), p. 383 f. Every information about time given in the following must be considered hypothetical; this refers not in the least to the diagnosis made with radioactive charcoal (C^{14}).

11. See for instance *D. Jenness,* Prehistoric Culture Waves from Asia to America, Smithson. Rep. for 1940. An American archaeologist has recently wanted to dismiss the hypothesis about Bering Strait because of negative data from Alaska. See *F. Rainey,* The Significance of Recent Archaeological Discoveries in Inland Alaska (Mem. 9 of the Society for American Archaeology, 1953), p. 43 ff.

12. Cf. *P. S. Martin, G. I. Quimby,* and *D. Collier,* Indians Before Columbus (1948), p. 20 f., 81.

13. About the migrations of the Athapaskans, see *J. P. Harrington,* Southern Peripheral Athapaskawan Origins, Divisions, and Migrations, (Smiths. Misc. Coll., 100), 1940, and *B. H. & H. A. Huscher,* Athapaskan Migration via the Intermontane Region (Amer. Antiquity, VIII:1), 1942. About the Kiowas, see below.

14. See *E. Antevs,* The Great Basin, with Emphasis on Glacial and Post-Glacial Times; Climatic Changes and Pre-White Man (Bull. of the Univ. of Utah, 33:20, 1948).

15. *R. F. Heizer,* An Assessment of Certain Radiocarbon Dates from Oregon, California, and Nevada (Mem. 8 of the Soc. for American Archaeology), p. 23 ff. Cf. also the description of the Bonneville culture by G. Willey and Ph. Phillips in Amer. Anthropologist 57 (1955), p. 733, 742, 749 f.

16. Cf. *J. B. Griffin,* Radiocarbon Dates for the Eastern United States (in Griffin, Archeology of Eastern United States, 1952), p. 367 f.

17. *E. H. Sellards,* Early Man in America (1952), p. 132.

18. *Sellards,* op. cit., p. 74, 145. Cf. *Griffin,* op. cit. p. 365. Concerning the new method of dating, see the short resume in *S. Linné,* Radiocarbon Dates (Ethnos 1950:3-4).

19. *W. Mulloy,* The Northern Plains (in Griffin, Archeology of Eastern United States, 1952), p. 126.

20. *Mulloy,* op. cit., p. 128. Cf. *E. B. Renaud,* Archaeology of the High Western Plains (1947), p. 29, 104.

21. *Mulloy,* op. cit., p. 127.

22. *W. D. Strong,* An Introduction to Nebraska Archeology (Smiths. Misc. Coll., 93:10, 1935), p. 224 ff. See also *Griffin,* op. cit. p. 366.

23. *Griffin,* Archeology of Eastern United States, fig. 205.

24. *Krieger,* op. cit., p. 254.

25. *Renaud,* op. cit., p. 64 ff.

26. *W. H. Holmes,* Aboriginal Pottery of the Eastern United States (Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Ann. Rep. 20, 1903), p. 194, 201.

27. See *Griffin,* Archeology of Eastern United States, fig. 72 C; cf. also fig. 72 A, 73 E and 76 H.

28. See the speculations in *Griffin,* Radiocarbon Dates . . . , p. 369. Dr. Griffin has personally informed me that the vessel from Yellowstone rather has been brought in by the Crows after the separation from the Hidatsa (in the 16th century A.D.?) and refers to the Hagen investigation by Mulloy. But the pottery brought in by the Crows to the upper Yellowstone area is the type Mandan-Hidatsa, though in a very simplified form (see *Mulloy,* op. cit., p. 131 f). And how would it be possible for the Crow Indians to retain a pattern which had existed a thousand years earlier in Illinois?

29. Cf. *Martin, Quimby* and *Collier,* op. cited., p. 72; *J. B. Griffin,* Culture Periods in Eastern United States Archaeology (in Griffin, Archeology of Eastern United States, 1952), p. 360; *S. H. Ball,* The Mining of Gems and Ornamental Stones by American Indians (Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Bulletin 128, 1941), p. 52 ff.

30. See *W. H. Holmes,* Handbook of Aboriginal American Antiquities, Part 1 (Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Bulletin 60, 1919), p. 214 ff.

31. *H. C. Shetrone,* The Mound-Builders (1930), p. 65.

32. *J. C. Alter,* James Bridger (1925), p. 381. Cf. *Ball,* op. cit., p. 49. About Obsidian Cliff, see also *J. E. Haynes,* Handbook of Yellowstone National Park (49th ed., 1947), p. 57 f., and *C. M. Bauer,* Yellowstone-Its Underworld (1948), p. 37 f.

33. *D. E. Wray,* Archeology of the Illinois Valley: 1950 (in Griffin, Archeology of Eastern United States), p. 154. Unfortunately there has been no geological determination of the place where the current finds of obsidian were quarried.

34. *Griffin,* Culture Periods, etc., p. 355 f.

35. *Martin, Quimby* and *Collier,* op. cit., p. 291.

36. *S. W. Pennypacker,* The Problem of the "Plummet-Stone" (Amer. Antiquity IV: 2, 1938), p. 145.

37. *G. Fowke,* Stone Art (Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Ann. Rep. 13, 1896), p. 112.

38. Cf. *W. R. Wedel,* Culture Sequences in the Central Great Plains (Smiths. Misc. Coll. 100, 1940), p. 311.

39. *Krieger,* op. cit., p. 255. Cf. *Wedel,* op. cit., p. 328 ff., 346.

40. *W. Matthews,* Ethnography and Philology of the Hidatsa Indians (1877), p. 19 ff., 23.

41. *Ball,* op. cit., p. 52.

42. *J. Jablow,* The Cheyenne in Plains Indian Trade Relations (Monographs of the American Ethnological Society, XIX, 1951), p. 21 ff.; *J. C. Ewers,* The Indian Trade of the Upper Missouri before Lewis and Clark: An Interpretation (Missouri Historical Society, Bull. 10, No. 4, 1954).

43. See *R. H. Lowie,* Notes on Shoshonean Ethnography (Anthrop. Papers of the Amer. Mus. of Natural History, 20:3, 1924), p. 225.

44. *J. H. Steward,* Native Cultures of the Intermontane (Great Basin) area (Smiths. Misc. Coll. 100, 1940), p. 463, 465 f., 477.

45. *D. B. Shimkin,* Shoshone-Comanche Origins and Migrations (Proceed. of the 6th Pac. Sc. Congr., vol. 4, 1940), p. 20.

46. *Shimkin,* op. cit., loc. cit.; cf. also *Steward,* op. cit., p. 479.

47. *W. L. Bliss,* Birdshead Cave, A Stratified Site in Wind River Basin, Wyoming (Amer. Antiquity XV: 3, 1950), p. 187-196.

48. See the accounts in *Shimkin,* op. cit., p. 22, and in *J. A. Teit,* The Salishan Tribes of the Western Plateaus (Bur. of Amer. Ethnol., 44th Ann. Rep., 1930), p. 304-305.

49. Hoebel refers these Indians to a special category, *doyiane,* "mountaineers", and separates them thus from the Dukurika (*E. A. Hoebel,* Bands and Distributions of the Eastern Shoshone, Amer. Anth. 40:3, 1938, p. 410). But the "mountain people" in Yellowstone Park are properly a branch of the Dukurika.

50. I intend to publish a more extensive, technical account of these Indians and their culture. This is the main reason why I have not here given an account of my literary sources.

51. Cf. *F. Haines,* The Northward Spread of Horses among the Plains Indians (Amer. Anth. 40:3, 1938), fig. 1, p. 430.

52. *Chittenden,* op. cit., p. 7 f.

53. *A. Hultkrantz,* The Indians and the Wonders of Yellowstone (Ethnos 1954: 1-4, Stockholm).

54. *Norris,* op. cit., p. 6, 38.

55. *J. E. Haynes,* Handbook of Yellowstone National Park (1947), p. 130.

56. *Norris,* op. cit., p. 28.

57. *Norris,* op. cit., p. 7.

58. *L. C. Cramton,* Early History of Yellowstone National Park (1932), p. 137.

59. *J. R. Swanton,* The Indian Tribes of North America (Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Bull. 145, 1952), map 4, p. 186. Cf., however, *R. H. Lowie,* Alleged Kiowa-Crow Affinities (Southw. Journal of Anthropology, Vol. 9, No. 4, 1953).

60. See *J. Mooney* in Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Bull. 30:1 (1907), p. 699.

61. *D. B. Shimkin,* Wind River Shoshone Ethnogeography, Anthropol. Rec. 5:4 (1947), p. 268.

62. *Shimkin,* op. cit., p. 247.

63. *Teit,* op. cit., p. 305.

64. *J. B. Tyrrell,* ed., *David Thompson's* Narrative of His Explorations in Western America, 1784-1812 (Publ. of the Champlain Society, vol. 12, 1916), p. 327 ff. Cf. *A. Hultkrantz,* in Ymer 1956:3, p. 166 f.

65. *J. H. Steward,* Basin-Plateau Aboriginal Sociopolitical Groups (Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Bull. 120, 1938), p. 188, 191.

66. *Steward,* op. cit., p. 191.

67. *Steward,* op. cit., p. 201, 203 f.

68. *Steward,* op. cit., p. 207.

69. *Chittenden,* op. cit., p. 8.

70. *Norris, op. cit.,* p. 28; *Cramton,* op. cit., p. 119.

71. See Ann. Rep. of the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park . . . for the Year 1878 (1879).

72. *Norris, op. cit.,* p. 33, 35.

73. Cf. *R. H. Lowie,* The Crow Indians (1935), p. 3 f.

74. *E. Th. Denig,* "Of the Crow Nation" (Bur. of Amer. Ethnol., Bull. 151, 1953), p. 24 f. See also *F. V. Hayden,* Contributions to the Ethnography and Philology of the Indian Tribes of the Missouri Valley (Transactions of the Amer. Philosoph. Society, XII, 1863), p. 394. It emerges that Hayden word by word has cited Denig (but without mentioning his source), as pointed out by the editor of the Denig paper, Dr. J. C. Ewers (op. cit., p. 17 f.).

75. *Cramton, op. cit.,* p. 118.

76. *Chittenden,* op. cit., p. 58.

77. *G. R. Hebard,* Washakie (1930), p. 118.

78. *F. V. Hayden,* Sixth Ann. Rep. of the U. S. Geological Survey of the Territories . . . of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Utah, 1872 (1873), p. 75.

79. *J. C. Ewers,* The Story of the Blackfeet (1944), p. 17 ff.

80. *Ewers,* op. cit., p. 29.

81. *Cramton,* op. cit., p. 5 f.

82. *Osborne Russell's* Journal of a Trapper, ed. by A. L. Haines (1955), p. 101 ff.

83. *V. Linford,* Wyoming Frontier State (1947), p. 251.

84. See for instance *Chittenden,* op. cit., p. 37 ff., 125, 132 footnote.

85. For the war in general see *O. O. Howard,* Nez Perce Joseph (1881), and *J. Mooney,* The Ghost-Dance Religion (1896), p. 711 ff.

86. The different routes used in the war have been reconstructed according to information in the following works: *Howard,* op. cit., p. 239 ff., *Chittenden,* op. cit., p. 122 ff., Ann. Rep. of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs (1877), p. 10 ff., *Norris,* op. cit., p. 33. Cf. also *Bauer,* op. cit., p. 83 f., with the sources cited, and *M. D. Beal,* The Story of Man in Yellowstone (1949), pp. 165 ff.

87. *Norris, op. cit.,* p. 33.

88. *Norris, op. cit.,* loc. cit.

89. *Hebard, op. cit.,* p. 118.

90. A letter by Superintendent Haas from the year 1929, now kept in the agency at Wind River Reservation.

91. *C. Royce,* Indian Land Cessions in the United States (Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Ann. Rep. 18:2, 1902), p. 878.

92. Cf. *Norris, op. cit.,* p. 26.

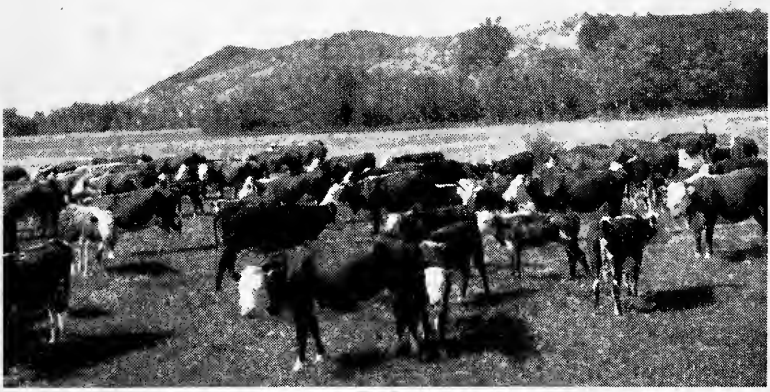
93. *D. G. Yeager* in a letter from 1929, now kept in the archive of the agency at Wind River Reservation.

94. *Norris, op. cit.,* p. 3, 25.

95. *Cramton, op. cit.,* p. 137.

96. *Cramton, op. cit.,* p. 36.

97. *Norris, op. cit.,* p. 33.



Myer Brothers Ranch, Uinta County
Stimson photo, Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

Over My Shoulder

Dictated by
Charles A. Myers
to his daughter, Mrs. Marion Paschal

EDITOR'S NOTE: In 1857 John Walker Myers settled on Bear River at what was later known as Myers Crossing in present-day Uinta County, Wyoming. Mr. Myers first used a horn brand for his oxen, but as he acquired a small herd of cattle he felt the need of a permanent brand. J. V. Long, a friend from Salt Lake City, suggested that for Myers it would be appropriate to use the M Hook in Pittman Shorthand. Since that did not seem to be sufficient, to this was added a quarter circle which was later embellished with an upturn at each end. Known as the Mill Iron Open 9, this brand is now being used by the third generation and is credited with being the oldest brand in Wyoming which has been in continuous use by one outfit.

To commemorate the One-hundredth Anniversary of the founding of the Myers ranch, which is probably the oldest Wyoming ranch continuously owned by one family, we publish here the following excerpts from a longer manuscript which Mr. Charles A. Myers dictated to his daughter while in a Salt Lake City hospital in 1951.

FOREWORD

Coyotes very often frequent a ranch during the hours of darkness, looking for meat scraps, offal of any kind. Just before daylight they indulge in one soul-satisfying howl, and disappear into the hills.

As a boy, I used to listen to them in the hour before daylight and think, "As soon as it's light, I'll be out there and get one." That was before I learned that they don't locate themselves by howling until they are just ready to leave the vicinity.

Following this philosophy, I am not jotting down these memoirs until the gathering years forewarn that I must soon leave these familiar fields for the Heavenly Range—where no one can take a shot at me!

For years my old friends like Russell Thorp and Elmer Brock have said to me, "You should write down some of your experiences and your yarns and ranch history."

And I have as often replied, "I don't want to get to looking back over my shoulder too much, lest I lose my hold on the present."

But, laid up for three months in a hospital, my daughter Marion has finally overpowered me—and here are some of the happenings that have enlivened the past eighty years.

Charles A. Myers

My father was an Englishman, most of whose early life was very hazy to me. I know that he was born in the village of Ardsley in Yorkshire, March 5, 1825. When John came of proper age, 13 or 14 years old, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith; but six months or so later father and son came to the conclusion that the smith was being too harsh with him and broke the apprenticeship, contracting another with a master carpenter.

I know that he came to America, then up the Mississippi to St. Louis where he got a job as a carpenter, later moving on up the river as work developed and building several houses for a rich old farmer at some point in Illinois. He worked this way for a number of years. I always take pride in the fact that his work was so satisfactory as to bring it in continued demand.

All except a few of the major facts of this early life in "the States" are entirely unknown to me. But somewhere along the line he accepted the Mormon faith and got interested in migrating to the Utah valleys, finally getting three yoke of cattle and a wagon outfit together and driving them across the plains in the summer of 1855. No details are in my memory of his settling, except that he built a cabin and a stable for his pony.

The pony had to be stabled at night and locked in because Indians wanted ponies, not slow moving cattle useful only for meat! They had plenty of other meat—deer, elk, antelope, sage chickens and for many years prairie hens, as distinct from sage hens, also grouse of many varieties, which solved the meat problem as far as the summertime was concerned.

There were no buffalo in the Bear River Valley even at that early date, though skeletons were quite plentiful. When my father talked to such Indians as old Chief Washakie they gave him to understand that the buffalo had all died one hard winter when the snow was a fanciful number of "Indians" deep, and had never reoccupied the range. This date was definitely fixed as 1837. There were plenty of buffalo further east and south, but none within the area where they would winter on the Muddy and the branches of the Green and summer on the upper reaches of the Bear.

One of the opportunities for making money that my father observed came from the fact that at times in the spring the Bear River got dangerously high, and being a stream that falls from 65-75 feet to the mile at the ranch and further up the river, it drives along with terrific force. Any reasonably careful driver would prefer to pay a fair sum to cross safely on a bridge, rather

than venture into the stream. So my father and his partner commenced to whipsaw timber for a bridge.

Personally I am sure I could build an equally strong bridge and leave all the timbers rough. But my father was a carpenter and used to having things look right, so he "sawed out" the flooring to the bridge. To the cultured youth of today who may not know anything about whipsawing, I will say that to accomplish this purpose a log is placed crossways of a pit deep enough to have the saw extend the full length into the hole. Then one man stands on a scaffold above the pit and another in the pit. They saw lengthwise of the log and produce a rough edged board—for this purpose not less than three inches thick. You can imagine that there was a lot of sweat that went into that bridge, but by spring Father had it finished and ready for traffic.

There was a lot of snow in the timber and the rise of the stream was sure to be high, but until that time came the wagon trains (which were plentiful) forded the river without trouble.

I wouldn't have you think for a moment that my father was one of the blustering, roistering, six-shooter type of man. He distinctly was not. But he had a lot of what Winston Churchill would call "blood, sweat and tears" in that bridge.

One evening a train of two hundred wagons came to the river just at dusk. They looked, camped and hoped—for a recession in the waters. But when morning came the river raged even more wildly. So the wagon boss thought he'd try another tack.

He went to Father who was at the bridge and said that he was going across that bridge and wasn't going to pay anything. He said he'd heard back on the trail that there was "a certain fella up a ways who claimed he'd built a bridge across the Bear and was charging $1.50 a wagon to cross."

He had two hundred wagons in that train and something more than two hundred teamsters. They weren't use to having anything put over on them and didn't propose to now. Two hundred to one would seem to be sufficient odds for having their way, and yet they didn't have it.

Father remembered the story of an Irishman penned in a stockade during a certain riot, while a mob outside was thirsting for his blood. But the fellow inside had an Irish mind, and just before they closed in on him he shouted at them, "I kin only kill one of yez, but I have me eye on the wan I'm goin' to kill!"

Father thought it might work with this outfit. He said, "Of course there are enough men here to take this bridge away from me—but the first man that sets foot on this bridge dies!"

Nobody set foot on the bridge. They backed away and the boss said he didn't believe him; but he paid the bridge toll of $1.50 a wagon. This news traveled by grapevine just as fast in the old days as now, and he had no more trouble collecting the toll that spring. I have heard some of the fellows who knew him

in those old days say that he had to come home three times a day to empty his pockets.

My father has told me that in the winter of 1858 he worked as a carpenter on the construction of the fort at Bridger, known as Fort Bridger. Where old Jim Bridger and his two squaws were at the time I do not know.

Where my father's original cattle came from I do not know. I do know that the main part of the bunch that he moved to Hilliard and back to the ranch were of Shorthorn blood, or, as they used to be called, "Durhams". These came from a well bred bunch of cattle that were being driven through the country west from Colorado, probably headed for California. The owner had quite a number of sore-footed cows and calves. These he traded to father for yearlings, mostly steers, a cow and a calf for each yearling.

At the ranch he didn't seem to have much trouble wintering them. The hills immediately to the east of us produced a lot of grass; and being reasonably steep and facing the sun, grass could normally be obtained at any time of year. Also, he put up a small amount of hay.

The few years that we were at Hilliard, Father used to hire the cattle taken sixty miles to Henry's Fork of the Green River each winter. A French Canadian by the name of Joe Pierette drove them to his place in the fall, ran them with his cattle all winter, and brought them back in the spring.

I remember that one spring he failed to bring one yearling home, so he replaced her with a yearling heifer of his own. She eventually grew as wild a set of Texas horns as I ever saw. These horns went up and made almost two complete turns before they quit growing! We had this cow for many years—clear down into my active life. She had many calves and I doubt not that her blood, diluted ad infinitum, flows in the veins of many of our present herd. She was known as "Old Joe" for her original owner.

At another time the man who had hauled Father's original stuff from Hilliard back to the ranch (Johnson) had a blue-roan heifer running with our cattle. He came to the ranch one morning riding one of his work horses and carrying a rifle and went over on the Millis Mountain to kill her for beef. He put in the whole day trying to get close enough to shoot her and came back to our ranch that night much discouraged. He made Father some kind of a proposition to trade the heifer for something he could get close to—a quarter of beef, or something of that nature! So father added another heifer to our herd.

This heifer presented no problem to the Myers boys for we expected all our cattle to run from us on sight—maybe a quarter of a mile distant. She was known as "Blue Johnson" and I never remember her staying in a corral over night. We could drive her in and readily keep her calf, but somehow before morning

she always managed to jump or break out. She also had many calves, and the calves were not so wild.

It must be understood that when my father moved back to the Bear River Ranch [from Hilliard where he had been in business] the Valley was still unsurveyed. Consequently, although the Homestead Law had been passed in 1862, all Father had was a "squatter's right", but that was enough to insure him 160 acres. That was before the days of barbed wire. He fenced 40 or 50 acres with what was known as a stake-and-rider fence, that any able-bodied cow could push over. However, the rails made great race tracks for the chipmunks, which one rarely sees now on the ranch, but which at that time inhabited it by the thousands.

It was in this way, and with the natural increase of the Shorthorn stuff, that we finally, after many years, came to have a fairly numerous holding. But I well remember the poverty stricken years when with low prices and larger needs the family was struggling to get the number of livestock to a place where they would really support us.

Years later, in 1887 to be exact, my father took me (a boy 16 years old) with him (to Evanston?) and traded a number five set of bob sleds to Coughman and Morse for our first Hereford bull. Two years later he traded to the same outfit four two-year-old heifers and their calves for two purebred Hereford bulls that were of Funkhauser breeding. Funkhauser was a well known breeder of Plattsburg, Missouri.

Joe Coughman of the firm of Coughman and Morse had been born and raised in Missouri on a farm close to the Funkhauser farm. When the urge came for better cattle in our neighborhood. Coughman brought them in.

I was so imbued with belief in the whitefaces that the Myers Land and Livestock Company (as it was later known) never turned back to Shorthorns.

We used to ship one load of cattle or more to Omaha annually. On one of these annual trips, I went on to Plattsburg and got acquainted with Funkhauser. I bought a bull calf from him which he crated and put on the cars for me. On reaching home, and in subsequent months, I realized that this bull wasn't what we wanted. So the following year I went to Funkhauser at Plattsburg again. I bought a bull called Hesiod 56 by Hesiod 2nd. Hesiod 2nd at that time had more of his sons heading purebred herds than any bull in the United States. Hesiod 56 was indeed a beautiful calf.

Cattle were tragically cheap at that time, but I had shipped eight head of my privately-owned three-year-old steers and one cow to the Omaha market a few days before. These steers weighed a little better than 1300 pounds and were shipped in with a load belonging to my father. They netted me right at

$50.00 a head. I put the whole eight head—$400.00—into the calf, Hesiod 56. The price of the cow got him home!

I believed, and still believe, that Funkhauser was doing me a real favor to sell him to me at this price; but he seemed to be very much interested in what I was able to tell him of our plans. That bull did us more good than any animal that ever came to the ranch.

In relation to the price of my eight fat steers, I would like to quote an item on the front page of an Omaha market paper on the date of their sale (this is one of the most interesting things in the whole deal) which said, "The market is not to be judged by the sale of these Myers cattle. They were a strictly fancy bunch, and brought a strictly fancy price."

We cut out a bunch of our best cows, tattooed a number in their ears, and hand-bred them to this little bull the following year. He actually got us 43 calves that year, although he was only an April yearling, and we bred the cows in July and August. In the following years we handled him very carefully and, as I say, got more good out of him than any animal that ever came to the ranch.

The Myers ranch has three "oldest" firsts of which it may be proud—the oldest brand, ranch and water right. Such men as David Miller of Rock Springs, who was our water master for southwestern Wyoming, says that the 1862 water right for the older portion of the Myers ranch is the oldest water right in the State.

The original ranch consisted of four forties in a string. As I think I said somewhere else, it was taken up five years before the homestead law—which came out in 1862—so it was taken up under what was termed "squatter's right". When, a number of years later it was finally surveyed, all that was necessary to make it conform to the government survey was to drop off about 1/8 mile at the north end, add that much at the south, and, of course, go through the form of entry under the Homestead Act.

I don't know that it's any credit to an outfit to say that they have stayed ninety-four [1951] years in one location, but it shows that they must have been reasonably honest or they would have been run out of the country before this time.

Old Wyoming Postoffices

By

COLONEL NORMAN D. KING

Many of Wyoming's old and now defunct postoffices were named after geographical features. Little Horse Creek (Laramie), Hatcreek (Niobrara), Big Sandy (Sublette), Wind River (Fremont), Bearcreek (Converse), Boxelder (Converse), and Badwater (Natrona) are old postoffices named after streams. Coldspring in Converse county was just that, a cold spring. Slide in Teton County was at the site of the famous Gros Ventre slide on the river of the same name. Kortes Dam, an office of short life, was at the Kortes Dam in Carbon County, and of course all travelers remember the Split Rock near the Sun Ranch on the Sweetwater. That was the site of the Split Rock postoffice.

Several old postoffices were named after cattle ranches of the old days. There was Anchor (Hot Springs), Goose Egg (Natrona), Pitchfork (Park), Dumbell (Park), Circle (Fremont), Camp Stool (Laramie) and Painter (Park) to mention a few.

It is also interesting to know that some modern postoffices had predecessors of the same name but different location. There was a Midwest in Hot Springs County, and Douglas in Carbon County, both preceding the offices of today. Atlantic City in Fremont County was defunct in the 1923 scheme but thirty years later it was back and active. Lost Spring in Converse County is gone but is now known as Lost Springs. They must have found another?

Military posts gave their names to many old postoffices. Prob-

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AUTHOR'S NOTE: The early history of Wyoming prior to 1925 is reflected in the old postoffices which once dotted the land. When it was suggested that I might write an article about these early offices, I was intrigued by the idea but it immediately became a challenge. As an Examiner for the Railway Mail Service prior to entering military service, I had accumulated much data on these early offices, by research and by the kindly help of two Wyomingites who were associated with the early development of the postal service in this state. I refer to William G. Haas and Hugh Coffman. If this article need be dedicated to anyone, it is dedicated to them, and for their kindly assistance. Others who contributed were William M. Goss, David R. Kinport, Albert J. Miller, Walter H. Yeager, and others. Unfortunately, the list so prepared was lost during the war years, and now I must rely on research second hand, and a not-too-good memory to try and restore some of this information. I realize that I run the risk of being reminded that such and such a statement about such and such a postoffice is wrong, but in so doing, we shall get the facts. And so to work.

ably the oldest post offices in the state now active are at Fort Bridger and Fort Laramie, although the military posts which gave them their names have long since gone. Fort McKinney (Johnson), Fort Mackenzie (Sheridan), Camp Brown (Fremont), Fort Fetterman (Converse), Fort Sanders (Albany) and Fort Russell (Laramie), all once knew the bugle call and the military cadence. And Fort Russell (now known as Francis E. Warren Air Force Base) is still a military post, but the others have long ceased to function as military establishments. Of Fort Reno there is no sign, but Fort Caspar has a park and reproduction to remind us of the Indian days.

Mining produced many postoffices now long since abandoned. While South Pass City and Atlantic City remain, where is Miner's Delight and Pacific Springs, all in the same area? And where is Hecla in Laramie County? Or Frederick in Goshen County? In the early 1900's the Encampment area was active. How many recall the old overhead tramway that brought the ore down? Or the old post offices that served that mining area? Battle, above Battle Lake where Edison is reputed to have discovered the filament for his incandescent lamp, and Copperton. Or Dillon, Riverside and Rambler. And somewhere in this area, so "Bill" Haas used to tell me, was the mining town known as Rudefeha and named after the 3 Irishmen (Deal, Ferris and Haggarty) who with James Rumsey founded the mining town and gave it as its name the first two letters of each name. And in Sheridan County three old mining towns were Monarch, Dietz and Carneyville. And below Kemmerer in Lincoln County was Cumberland, Blazon, Glencoe and Wyotah.

When the railroads came, the post offices came also and when the railroad folded, some postoffices did likewise. When the C&NW from Chadron west gave up the ghost, with it into limbo went Bucknum (Natrona), Waltman (Natrona), Vonnie (Fremont), Wolton (Natrona), and Careyhurst (Converse). And Jireh (Niobrara) too. But then Jireh was already on its way out, after the illfated attempt to found a university in that small settlement. When the railroad to the Salt Creek oil fields folded, the illfated North and South Railroad, with it went Illco (from a trade name) in Natrona County. Other small lines folded and with them went many a postoffice. The Bellefourche & Aladdin, the Cambria & Newcastle, Kemmerer & Cumberland, are gone and more recently the Clearmont & Buffalo was discontinued. Famous Uva in Platte County, long a stage station on the Laramie River, is no more, and on the same line of the Colorado & Southern went Bordeaux and Diamond.

Indian names are not prominent in the old postoffices that have died. But there was Inyankara (Crook) which was named after Inyankara Butte. On No Wood Creek in Washakie County,

only Ten Sleep remains, since No Wood and Big Trails have long since bit the dust.

People prominent in Wyoming history have given their names to our old postoffices. Underwood (Laramie), Bishop (Natrona), Knight (Uinta), Metzler (Fremont), Mondell (Lincoln), Gramm (Albany), Labonte (Converse), and Gallio (Laramie) were all names of people famous in the state. "Albin" Anderson, founder of Albin in Laramie County, told me that Gallio was named after Gallio C. Connolly an early settler. Lavoye, a company oil town (Natrona) was named for Louis Lavoye, an original homesteader of the area, and Lindbergh, less than 20 miles away, was founded in the 30's and named for "you know who!"

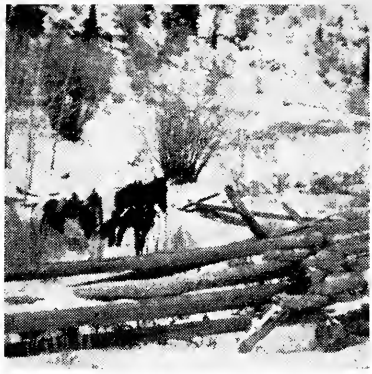
When the Union Pacific drilled the Aspen Tunnel through the mountain in Uinta County, a postoffice was founded at each end, Akwenasa at the west and Aspentunnel at the east end, both now discontinued.

An apocryphal story but very likely true. At least "Bill Haas told me and he should know. When the settlers on the Gros Ventre River in Lincoln County applied for a postoffice and the inspector came, they told him they wanted it named "Gros Ventre" but they pronounced it "Grovont" which he wrote down, and which it became. So rather than argue, I guess they left it at Grovont.

And of course Teapot in Natrona County was named after the famous Teapot Dome.

But many unusual post office names remain to intrigue our curiosity. What was the origin of Pleazel in Goshen County? And was Braae in Converse County named by a Scotsman? Or Tipperary in Fremont by an Irishman? Parco, a company town in Carbon County, was of course an abbreviation for Producers & Refiners Corporation which founded it. Was Goldsmith in Laramie named after Oliver? Or Verse in Converse by a poet or did they just take 5/8 of the county's name? Poposia, a Crow Indian word for "head waters", in Fremont County was no doubt named for the springs on the Popo Agie River. Another curiosity was Alta in back of the Tetons, and accessible only thru Idaho. Other odd names confront us—where and how did they get their names? Readers may help. Divide in Laramie County. Punteney in Hot Springs. Bonnidee in Johnson. And Neble (Fremont), Emigh (Campbell), Rex (Albany), Difficulty (Carbon), and Nefsy (Weston). That last one has always puzzled me.

But having considered the old post offices, the active ones also have played their part and are still on the scene. Jay Em is of course a ranch. Veteran alludes to the veteran land filing in Goshen county. And now I see that Hell's Half Acre is with us. And with that we should close.



1. Remains of outlaw corral on Middle Fork of the Powder.
2. Outlaw corral on Backus Creek
3. Outlaw corral hidden in trees
4. Outlaw fireplace on Eagle Creek
5. Old dugout used by Butch Cassidy gang, Middle Fork of Powder River.
6. Cowboys using a "running iron."

—Courtesy Thelma Gatchell Condit

The Hole-in-the-Wall

By

THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT

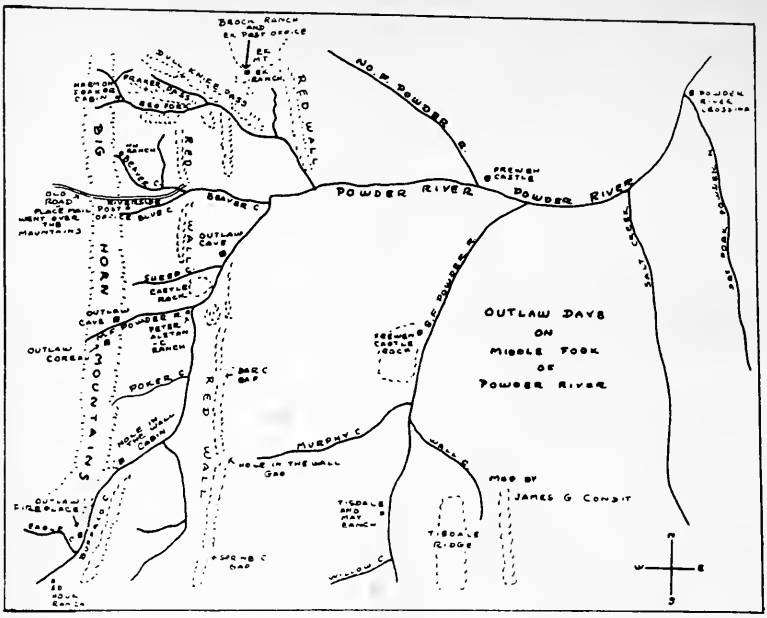
PART V, SECTION 1: OUTLAWS AND RUSTLERS

The Middle Fork of the Powder River country in the late '80's and early '90's had again become a battleground—no longer was it the isolated grassland of the big cow-outfits, where the longhorns grazed at will—no longer was it a vast public domain to be exploited for big cattle profits. Suddenly it had ceased to be the last frontier. A new type of thing had come, an unbeatable thing. Again men fought for the land—this time, white men against white men; but now with a difference, a *good* difference; for the home-making, "settling-down" type of men had put in an appearance with taking up land in mind. After the excitement and period of unrest following the Indian Wars and the Texas Trail days many men decided, and rightly, that the Powder River country was a place valuable in itself, where men might live and prosper modestly, where they could establish a home and have a family and settle down to normal living.

Many of these men were cowboys out of work, who wanted to get together a little bunch of cattle of their own. This was hard to do, for the big cattlemen had all the political and financial advantage, the laws were his laws, the towns springing up were his towns, and he proposed to be boss over all he surveyed. However, he could not afford to buy this vast expanse of land upon which his cattle grazed, and he could not then lease the public domain. It was sticking to these isolated areas that was important, for when his isolation was greatest, his financial rewards were most satisfying.

The big cowman fought hard to keep the land, but from the beginning he was doomed to failure. Times were changing and his downfall was inevitable. Two things which he failed to see were his undoing. First, he didn't fully understand the cow business, and secondly he under-estimated the deep purpose of these little cowmen, who were for the most part skilled cowhands, who not only knew cow and horse critters, but also knew every inch of the ground over which they grazed.

The year 1892 was one never-to-be-forgotten in Johnson County. It was the year of the Cattlemen's War. This time it was an unofficial, undeclared war, fought without the consent of the Government, but no less deadly for all of that. It was a "class" war, a struggle between big cowmen and small landowners and



small cowmen. Both sides, naturally, believed they were right. The big outfits called the small ranchers rustlers, and the small outfits charged the big ones with illegally pre-empting all the grazing country and starving them out.

Under such circumstances there grew to be an antipathy so bitter between the two factions that it soon was regarded semi-ethical to prey relentlessly upon the opposing side. The small cowmen, filing on the land, were now right on the very ground, and their individual activity coupled with their staunch resolve made up for what they lacked politically and financially. It was a simple case of divergence of feeling and a difference of aims so wide that *anything* was considered *fair* which operated to the disadvantage of the opposing side.

The Powder River was the scene of events and killings which created upheavals beyond belief between neighbors and in the very families themselves. Those in the two opposing factions, or most of them, were courageous, honest men fighting for what they believed were their just rights. Grievous as were many of the things that happened on both sides, justification is due in part because of the sincerity of purpose. On a smaller scale, of course, this period is comparable to slavery and Civil War days in the south; both sides partly right, both sides partly wrong, and it has left deep, never-to-be healed scars along the Powder.

It is unwise, as well as futile, to moralize or try to find sense to it. All that should be stressed is the intense turbulence of the

times, and a realization that it took ruthless measures to survive during that period. Every man, whoever he was, was caught in an unfavorable situation, where he had to decide himself, often against his better judgement, what course he'd take, whether good or bad. The frontier was gone, the glamorous wolfing & trail-herd days were over, and a change was in the making.

Then to add more fuel to the already flaming blaze, as is always the case in times of basic economic trouble, a really lawless element arrived, with no honest part in the fuss and no cause to fight for—just the rough-neck characters who live on excitement outside the law and are ever seeking newer, "farther-removed" places for their shady deals. These men might easily be dubbed the "carpet-baggers" of the West.

Unfortunately, during and after the "Invasion", Johnson County was acclaimed far and wide as a den of thieves, rustlers and outlaws, who brazenly scoffed at any semblence of conformity to law and order. In the intense frenzy of the times the little cow-men, the homesteaders, and the rustlers and outlaws became synonymous. All small operators immediately became objects of suspicion as being in "cahoots" with all that was wrong with things. The very fact that they had a cabin and a cow automatically made them a rustler willing to harbor the worst of outlaws. In spite of any argument to the contrary, no one person will ever know the whole truth. Why, a man couldn't tell for sure whether his neighbor was friend or foe; he couldn't even swear that his own son was not a rustler or horse thief; and no doubt, he found himself wondering why he, too, was doing some of the things he did.

Then it was that the grossly exaggerated tales of the infamous Hole-in-the-Wall were spread far and wide. It became known as the impregnable hide-out of the most lawless element in the entire Rocky Mountain area. Regardless of the magnification of reports and rumors certain facts did stand out clearly and truthfully about this place. Never was there a more perfect setting for an outlaw gang than the Hole-in-the-Wall. It was "God-made", it seemed, just for cattle rustling, full of box and blind canyons for hiding animals; plenty of easy escapes and high places for seeing all the surrounding country. It was made specially to hide in, and fight "Indian-style". These reckless-living cowboys would have missed an ideal opportunity had they failed to make use of such a place, since they were bent on leading this kind of life, anyway. There is ample verification for saying that there is no place in the world like the Hole-in-the-Wall country; and for a very short time it was used advantageously by men who matched its ruggedness, by men who deliberately chose reckless, dangerous, hard living, and who were indeed quite capable of facing and using the toughest envrionment. It certainly isn't necessary and perhaps not even

desirable to think of the right or wrong of the thing; nor is it essential to either approve or disapprove. These men should be admired, even if grudgingly, for taking advantage of a particular environment at an opportune time and doing a thoroughly good job of what they set out to do. They were rugged individualists who asked no favors and expected none in return.

In short, they were the fellows who didn't want to give up the adventuresome life—they just couldn't settle down to calm living, they couldn't bear to conform. They were like the Negro woman who said, "The trouble with life, it's so darned daily". They wanted to pep it up with excitement and were willing to work hard at rustling or thieving in order to provide themselves with that seemingly desirable dangerous living. And don't think for a minute that this kind of life was an easy way to make money—it wasn't. It was beset with danger and the most laborious work, all of which they figured was worth it in order to spend freely and gayly, perhaps all in one night at some road-ranch or saloon. They were a peculiar bunch. They didn't want money for money's sake, just for the fun of getting it in an exciting way. Another unusual thing—good cowboys were thus associated with real outlaws and everything was all mixed up. Who was doing what and why? And where?

The first rustlers and outlaws on the Powder were out-of-work cowboys—some good, some bad—most of them Texans by birth "all born behind a cow with a six-shooter in their hand". As said before they knew the cow and the "cow-country" and they knew every divide and creek and canyon, every draw and gulch and water-hole by heart; born and raised on large open ranges, isolated from practically everything but cattle, they came to understand the habits and traits of cow critters as no one else did. They led a rough life with a very limited chance to better their moral or mental condition. They were really in a class by themselves with a philosophy of life all their own—truly a frontier product, reluctant to obey any law but their own; and far too independent to conform to laws and restrictions they saw no sense in.

They brought many Texas customs to the Powder River country, as told by Granville Stuart in his *Forty Years on the Frontier* (Vol. 2) Quote:

"In the early range days the Texas system of everybody's placing his brand on every calf found unbranded on the range, without even trying to ascertain to whom the animal belonged, was in full vogue. . . . It was only a step from "mavericking" to branding any calf without a brand and from that to changing brands. Cowboys permitted to brand promiscuously for a company soon found that they could as easily steal calves and brand them for themselves. If we are to believe the stories that floated up from Texas to our range, a goodly number of big Texas outfits had their beginning

without capital invested in anything save a branding iron." . . .

So these cowboys, no longer having a job and denied the means of honestly providing themselves with a start in cows, turned to stealing. They had to live, and all in the world they had to earn a living with was a cow pony, a rope, a bed roll, a running iron and a vast knowledge of cows. They probably salved their consciences by saying to themselves that if they didn't brand these calves somebody else would (and they would) and somehow that made it seem right (if it did have to seem right—which often was doubtful). Thus it was that indirectly and certainly unintentionally the big cowmen were making horse and cattle thieves out of their cast-off employees. What they failed to realize in time was that these fellows knew the cow business and the cow country too well—*far too well.*

The real genuine, dyed-in-the-wool outlaw cowboys took great pride in their appearance and trappings. The latter consisted of a fine heavily silver-studded saddle, silver mounted bridle and spurs, a fancy quirt, also silver decorated, a fine rawhide rope, a pair of leather chaps (usually plain) and a cartridge belt with silver buckles. Often their six-shooters were pearl-handled and elaborately decorated. They carried 30-30 rifles on their saddles. Many had fancy hatbands of dressed rattlesnake skin on their expensive stiff-brimmed light felt hats. Brilliantly colored handkerchiefs were knotted about their necks. The most spectacular part of their regalia were the exquisitely fitted (often skin-tight) high-heeled boots which were usually made to order.

The vest was much in vogue, any kind it seemed—even a cowhide one with hair left on. "Hairy-vest" Jumbo wore a red cowhide vest with the hair outside. He also had a couple of saddlebags slung on behind his saddle made of the same stuff in which he carried extra ammunition. He came in and out of the Hole-in-the-Wall and was a queer sort—had little eyes and a big nose—couldn't tell much about his mouth for the whiskers, except that it could open and shut very expertly. When he laughed, which was suddenly like a clap of thunder with no beginning and no end, he'd just open his mouth big and the laughter came out. You couldn't tell for certain whether he was amused or not. Jumbo was a big fellow—always rode his horse loose and sloppy—with grimy hands on the horn. His hands were big, with fingers fat and pointless, like weenies. He always seemed much too big for the horse he rode. The only thing anybody knew for sure about Jumbo was that he drowned in the flooded North Fork of the Powder, horse, vest, saddlebags and all. Everybody thought the poor horse felt drowning was easier than packing Jumbo any farther.

Each one owned one or more fine pure-blooded saddle horses. They always had the best of horse flesh under them—it was vitally necessary to do so. They chose animals of endurance and

1. Hole-in-the-wall cabins on Buffalo Creek. Main house at left.
2. Close view of main house
3. Cowboy snaking in wood.

—Courtesy Thelma Gatchell Condit

speed and spent much time training them to respond instantly to the needs of their trade. Much could be said of these horses and what part they too played in these days of rustling. Their skill and intelligence were almost human; often more than human.

Some of these outlaw cowboys could draw a gun like lightning, some were expert, fancy-ropers and some could ride any horse no matter of what disposition or temperament; but the best and most successful ones could do all three things well. Also it is well to bear in mind that these Texas cowboys and their Texas cow ponies contributed a great deal indeed to the Wyoming cattle raising; and when the drifters came into the Hole-in-the-Wall the worst offenders and those most difficult to apprehend, were those previously connected with the range cow-business, all had experience necessary for their trades and most important of all, they had the nerve to go with their skill.

Presumably the headquarters for the Hole-in-the-Wall gang was the cabin on Buffalo Creek (see picture and map). Sanford (Sang) Thompson was supposed to have built it, for he was coming in and out of the Hole many years before the "Invasion". Nobody ever seemed to know what his business was—but obviously it wasn't legitimate. Sang was a good-looking fellow of medium height, with a somewhat sandy complexion. He wasn't too awfully bad because he had sort of nice eyes—kind of "half-laughing" eyes. When you looked at them you like him. It was unfortunate for him that you sometimes forgot and looked at all of his face, for altogether there was something wrong with it. It was hard to describe just exactly what was wrong, but it was there and you knew it. Whenever you saw him you couldn't for the life of you make up your mind whether he was good or bad. Sang had a crippled foot resulting from a badly-set broken ankle. (In his later outlaw career in a brush with the law he gave himself away by his crooked boot-track in the mud.)

His cabin was originally one-roomed, with a shallow ridge-roof, about 16′ x 24′. Later, as more visitors (?) came and went a 10′x12′ bunk room was added on the rear of the main cabin. (See picture) Somewhat later another smaller cabin was built nearer the creek. A good, strong, small corral was there, but seldom used, for mostly the horses were hidden in small canyons out of sight. There never was much sign of life around the place, purposely. To the casual passer-by it appeared infrequently used, as did all other places occupied by the outlaws and rustlers.

There was nothing much inside either, for the wants of these men were few. A long table, crudely home-made, stood in the right corner of the bigger room, sort of sideways near the doorway. Behind it, in the corner itself, was a cook-stove. Double-decked bunks for bed-rolls and rough homemade chairs, some covered with cowhide, and two small tables filled the back of the room—these latter for the card games so vital a part of a cowboy's life.

Here and there haphazardly nailed to the wall were reward notices for various outlaws. Some cowboy with a flare for the artistic had drawn spectacles, mustaches, etc. on the faces or scrawled humorous remarks below. Wooden pegs along the walls held chaps, rifles and full cartridge belts for the single-action 45 Colts used by the fellows. You never found hats on the pegs, for the cowboy seldom parted with his hat, even for his occasional ablutions. The hat was the first apparel donned in the morning. It wasn't at all unusual to see one of the men parading around in his long underwear with his hat perched on his head.

There wasn't much grub around—just the staples like flour and coffee—these men lived mostly "off the land". They ate meat, and good meat, sometimes even raw. Like a fellow up there they called "Old Tex". He was a big, brawny Texan, very dark complexioned with quite a sophisticated air about him. He always had a quid of tobacco in his cheek and wore gaudy boots that came clear to his knees. A lot of the younger fellows mimicked him, thinking he really knew all the answers, and he did give that impression. He came in one day from a hard day's ride and said he was plenty hungry and wanted a big, juicy beefsteak. No one made a move to do any cooking—just went on playing cards. Old Tex looked at the wood-box. If there was anything the average run of cowboy hated, it was getting in or chopping wood. He would condescend to rope a snag and drag it in, if in a pinch, but he just couldn't see doing anything that he couldn't do on horseback. (See picture) When he saw that the wood-box was empty Old Tex said, "Hell, you fellows don't need to bother cookin' me none. I'll just eat her raw" and he proceeded to go outside, take down a quarter of beef hanging in the tree outside wrapped in a tarp, and cut himself a sizable chunk and ate it with seeming relish. He'd roll an old tobacco can full of cigarettes to carry with him so he wouldn't "have to roll 'em in the wind and get his hands cold."

The Hole-in-the-Wall cabin was strictly bachelors' quarters; it was a man's country and none of the gang were ever hampered by female entanglements. They were free as the breezes to come and go, answering to no one for what they did. It was a wonderful set-up. They were in perfect accord with the geography of the place.

The country around Salt Creek and the head of Murphy Creek, east of the red wall country, was considered more or less neutral ground. None of the big outfits ever thoroughly worked it or actually even claimed the use of it. For one thing it was mostly unfavorable kind of land—full of bog holes, etc., but it led straight into the Hole-in-the-Wall trail. It gave the outlaws clear sailing to pick up little bunches of cattle and slip them behind the Wall, and for a long time no one was ever the wiser. Contrary to general

opinion the rustlers never got away with big bunches of stock at any one time, it was the frequent gathering of small numbers which were easily disposed of that escaped detection. Mostly cows and calves would be taken in, and at weaning time the calves cut away from their mothers, which were then turned back out into the Murphy Creek country. There was a cleverly hidden corral in the "Hole" on Buffalo Creek on a little piece of ground tight up against the red wall. When you looked there all you saw was a bunch of willows. It seemed impossible that a pole corral (no nails, no fence posts or wire) was there. It no doubt has held many a critter at needful times. In fact, it's still there and entirely useable. (See picture).

Further up on the slope were two more corrals (See map)—both works of art in that they were made by simply cleverly piling up tree trunks and tree roots to make the enclosure—no nails, no wire—just dead trees. They also are still there. In addition to the ingenuity used in their construction is the shrewd choice of location. The big one on Middle Fork is cleverly hidden in trees and there is no obvious trail leading to it or signs of anything around. The first thing they knew, a bunch of horses were in the corral and that was that. Anyone wandering around up there today can suddenly find himself in the corral, too, and feel the same puzzled bewilderment experienced by the horses. It's a little mysterious and spookish as are many things found in the Hole-in-the-Wall.

Farther down the Powder River, below the Bar C and east several miles, is an old "dug-out" used by the outlaws. (See picture) Actually the cabin on Buffalo Creek was more or less of a blind. When an outlaw really was decidedly on the dodge he took to a secret hideout in Eagle Creek Canyon. This was again a natural, seemingly special-made place for them with a four way escape formed by Eagle Creek Canyon itself and two cross canyons disecting it. They had built a stone fireplace in the center of the canyons (see map and picture) where the place rounded out into a cozy little open place. Here was wood, water, and horse feed and protection. What else was needed? Each of the four little canyons were heavily grassed and boxed in.

An outlaw slept up each canyon—no two in the same spot, with his horse and bedroll hidden. If the law did happen to get that far into the Hole-in-the-Wall country he'd never be able to get more than one outlaw, for the others could be up and gone at a moment's notice. The way in and out of these places was rough and hazardous and only a skilled rider and a good horse could use it advantageously and quickly.

On the slope immediately north of this hideout is what is called the "Dry V", it being a V-shaped bench, cut off from the rest of the mountain. Stolen cattle or horses could be run up there (for a short time only, as there was no water there.) The one

entrance blocked off and there the cattle were, ready to be slipped off and over into the Basin country or wherever they were to be headed. If any interfering parties arrived and found cattle there, the culprits could be miles away by the time anything could be decided or planned. It was indeed an ideal set-up; all the men had to do was furnish the brains and courage to make use of it.

Now we come to that unanswerable question—who were the men in the Hole-in-the-Wall gang? Nobody now will ever find out. It's hard to realize the constant "coming and going" of men at that time. They didn't stay long in any one place. It's very doubtful if people living right there at the time knew who was in the gang, for men who frequented the Hole-in-the-Wall came from everywhere and who could know them all or what they did? One thing is very certain: no one permanent gang ever stayed in any particular section for any length of time. Their activities took them far and wide and, as is true in any walk of life, some got killed, some reformed and some just never used this place again, went with another gang, took off for Montana or Canada, or just plain disappeared. Perhaps in this instance, the mystery surrounding these men adds to our desire to find out more about them and certainly a good way to do this is to try to understand the ones we can find out something about. For a lot of people did know some of the fellows—knew them in a friendly, neighborly sort of way. Perhaps it would be truer to say that they found the outlaws friendly and neighborly in their contacts with them. Any man has many sides, and it's only natural to judge him by your own personal experiences with him. If your relationship and contacts have been favorable to you, your opinion of him will be a friendly one, no matter what some one else thinks or says about him. Besides, in the West a man was accepted (or rejected) and no questions asked. He wasn't expected to give a report of himself and his past. That is why we know so little of so many of them —we get only a glimpse and that's all. Often he didn't even use his right name. Nobody had time to wonder about a man's heredity and breeding. The very fact that he was here on the Powder at this time meant that whoever he was, he was quite able to take care of himself or, if he wasn't, would suffer the consequences. It's most difficult for us to understand these impersonal relationships. A fellow would be friendly and stick with you in a tough situation and the next instant seem as remote and distant as the very sky itself. If you thought for a minute he'd lie awake at night and tell you his troubles or innermost thoughts, you were mistaken. He'd spin yarns and relate past happenings, but just for conversation's sake—never because he wanted to be close to you or have you know his personal feelings. A man who needed that sort of "human closeness" didn't come West.

Even when he got married, as some of them finally did, his wife had to take a lot for granted—she couldn't pin him down, either,

or understand him inside any more than she could understand the Hole-in-the-Wall country itself. She couldn't run him, that was certain, as he was too used to looking out over big spaces to ever concentrate on a garden, milk-cow or wood-box. She never could quite reach this man of hers and so learned to accept him and attempt, often with much heart-ache and sometimes periods of bitterness, to take him the way he was, for she finally came to know that he could no more change than could the red wall itself ever be like other walls.

It is very appropriate at this time to describe another early-day post office where the outlaws got their mail, for here we are able to get a fairly clear picture of some of their doings and ways. Riverside on Blue Creek, while still a favorite gathering place for outlaws, and everybody, in fact, was no longer a postoffice, and Powder River Crossing was no more. The mail now came to the red wall country from Mayoworth (from Buffalo and then on west over the mountain). The first Mayoworth postoffice was established in 1888 to serve those settling on the North Fork of the Powder. A Mrs. Morgareidge was postmistress. She lived on the Griffith Jones ranch about 16 miles (maybe less) from present-day Kaycee.

In 1893 (or maybe a year or two before) it was moved to EK mountain and Mrs. A. L. Brock was appointed postmistress. She was the mother of the late J. Elmer Brock, and never could mere words alone describe the comforting, deep-rootedness of this gracious woman. At the very peak of the unrest and reputed evilness of the times she came to this homestead on EK (See picture and map) where she and her husband established a home on the edge of the very worst outlaw and rustler country.

The Brock family had previously homesteaded on Kelly Creek to the north (Oct. 12, 1884). Here they remained six years, when they moved to the EK place near the North Fork of the Powder[1] In the midst of the Cattle War and the upheaval before and after it, they were able to carry on their ranching activities and maintain friendly relations with everybody. This was perhaps even more difficult than being on one side or the other—this being neutral. As said before, each man took a stand and the not-to-be forgotten thing was this very fact. No matter what was decided it took courage to follow it through and the men had the fortitude to abide by their decisions, come what may. In those days a man saw to his shooting-irons, kept good horses and learned to think straight and quick, and most of all, to attend to his own business. It was indeed a brave thing to be neutral—to take a place apart

1. It was at this place and immediate vicinity they stayed to found a cattle ranch on the sound and sensible economic basis upon which our present-day cow-business is based.

1. A. L. Brock Ranch at EK Mountain about 1892.
2. Early day cowboys roping and branding on the open range.
3. Mrs. A. L. Brock, postmistress at EK ranch during the Invasion.

—Courtesy Thelma Gatchell Condit

and at the same time gain and keep the respect of both factions. This the Brocks did.

Mrs. Brock (Julia) was one of those completely unselfish persons so rarely found. She was so sweet and rich within herself that she looked only at the good in others. Her wonderful personality reached out to all types alike. She was charitable towards all—a born lady. Their little log cabin became a place of such hospitality that everybody looked forward to getting the mail; in fact, they came early and stayed late on mail day, which was Thursday. It was more than mail day—it was a social event. It was not at all unusual to have forty persons for supper that day. The family hurried about making necessary preparations. The kerosene lamps had to be filled, wicks trimmed and food, much food, prepared. An ovenful of bread was baked and considering the huge cookstoves then in vogue, that meant a lot of bread.

Genie Brock, the second child, tells many interesting things about their life at EK. (She is now Mrs. T. W. Harper and lives in Florida). Her mother put up wild plums in five-gallon cans. The top would be cut off a 5 gallon kerosene can; a cloth was tied securely over the jam and the cans were then placed in the cellar, which was dug out of the side of the hill back of the house. So it was a sure thing that the mail-night guests would have fresh bread and plum jam. (Genie said she got so tired of plum jam she'd let no means of persuasion go untried at school to swap her plum-butter sandwich for a chokecherry jelly one.)

She also told of the hogsheads of molasses shipped up from Missouri. Cakes and puddings were made with this—it was the main cooking sweetening. A little hatchet was used to chop it out of the keg when it became hardened and too thick to run out the bung-hole.

One time the two oldest Brock children decided their place might just as well be a road-ranch, too, as well as a postoffice. This name seemed very exciting to their youthful imaginations. So they took great pains fixing up a big sign spelling out "Road-Ranch" and named a now forgotten price for meals and lodging. They hung it over the gate and waited rather impatiently for their first customer. Unfortunately this person was Mr. Brock himself who was quite demonstrative in his objections to their newly-formed idea. The sign came down and that was the end of that.

In the face of back-breaking, everlasting household tasks one never ceases to marvel that a woman could or would find time to have a flower garden and hollyhocks in the yard, but Julia Brock did. She also found time for many little extras that lessened the severity of this kind of life—she gave so very freely of herself in warmhearted service to those she loved and to all those with whom she came in contact.

Her postoffice was in the southeast corner of the livingroom. The desk she used for mail is now (on loan) in the Jim Gatchell-

Johnson County Memorial Museum at Buffalo, Wyoming. The flat top lifts up and discloses a hidden compartment for special secret things. The desk front opens to form a little table, behind which are the pigeon-holed shelves where the sorted letters were placed. The inside of the desk shows considerable usage, but the outside is still very presentable.

One would naturally suppose it would have been somewhat frightening, if not downright dangerous, to deliver mail to outlaws, but it wasn't that way at all. Even the most hardened ones took their gunbelts off and hung them outside the door before entering the house and were courteous and friendly while there, for they all respected this warm-hearted little postmistress who not only greeted them graciously, but fed them as well and even went so far as to personally show them her precious flower garden. One big raw-boned, bumpy-knuckled outlaw was genuinely intrigued with the delicate little moss roses. He'd kneel down, squatting on his spurs to scrutinize them closely. Each one of these men felt happier when in her presence and one cannot help wondering if the course of their lives might not have taken a better turn had there been more good women in this world of theirs. For rough as they were they had genuine regard for a good woman and always treated her with utmost respect. She would have been completely safe even if all alone in a remote cabin on the slope. Mrs. Brock treated the outlaws as if they were the nicest of men and they would have granted any favor had she asked it of them. Often she had as much as $400 in her postoffice, and not once was even a dime stolen, nor anything else, for that matter.

One time when the family had to be gone for several months it was an alleged outlaw who stayed at the ranch to care for things. When Mr. Brock returned he found the fellow very low on grub and asked him why he hadn't used potatoes and vegetables from the cellar. The man replied, "I didn't want to—they weren't mine." He had in no way taken advantage of their faith in him.

"Flat-nosed" George Curry, the notorious horse thief and cattle rustler, was head of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang before Butch Cassidy took over. When you met Curry you knew right away that it took more than reckless nerve and foolish bravado to be a leader of outlaws. You had to have brains, too. Curry was a strong believer in planned organization, and he was loathe to kill just for killings' sake. His racket was a matter of expert maneuvering and outwitting rather than love of taking human life. He was neither mean nor cruel. He was just a young chap when he came to the EK postoffice. He wasn't too big a fellow and had a pugnose, not disfiguring however (hence the nickname), and a happy smile and was really fun to visit with.

One day when he came for the mail young Genie had a face swollen all out of shape with a toothache. He felt very sorry

for her indeed, and the next day brought her some pretty blue hair ribbons.

Another time while out horseback riding Genie lost her scarf. Curry later found it laying on the ground and promptly returned it to her. Her mother insisted that she thank Mr. Curry for his thoughtfulness and kindness in bringing back the lost scarf; but Genie very saucily tossed her head and replied, "Why should I thank him, it's mine." She later said that this remark pleased the outlaw—he liked her spunk and she thought he was very nice.

In reminiscing about her EK childhood Genie relates a most unusual experience, one which has remained the highlight of her childhood memories. She says she still takes great pleasure in telling it to people she meets in various places in her travels over the world. They look at her with mingled awe, disbelief, and admiration, and perhaps secret envy when she says that she actually visited the Hole-in-the-Wall gang at their headquarters on Buffalo Creek, and was a very special guest of theirs for several days—she and the girl who was at the time helping Mrs. Brock with her housework. The children had a perfectly wonderful time being the absolute center of attraction. When trying to recall this time Genie says, "There was an awfully big bunch of men, but I can't possibly remember all their names, or how they looked. I was just a child, you know."

The Harris Boys were there. They were half-breed Indians and really bad; there was Ladigo Bill and Saul Terrell, both nice looking, slim fellows and good cowboys; and Sang Thompson, the horse thief; and Driftwood Jim (Jim McCloud), who was willowy and tall and very, very graceful in the saddle—no one would even suspect he was an outlaw.

Genie remembered the beautiful horses they had—sleek and shiny and well-cared for. They allowed the girls to ride some of their top cow-ponies. This was indeed heaven, for to quote Genie, "The horse I rode at home was named Poddy. He was a little mouse-colored pony with weak knees. He fell down so often I still wonder why I didn't get my neck broken."

The outlaws put up swings for the little girls and they'd swing up to the highest treetops. Genie said, "I remember we had lots of good beef to eat". In the evenings it was always card-playing time; the men taught Genie to play poker and "riffle" the cards in true card-shark fashion. She still astounds staid bridge partners by "riffling" the cards. Their eyes open wide when she calmly remarks, "I learned to do this in the Hole-in-the-Wall when I visited Curry's 'Wild Bunch'."

At one time a letter came addressed to George Curry in a Western Union envelope. Mrs. Brock, thinking it must be of extreme importance, got a man who knew where Curry was to deliver the letter to him 30 miles away in a secret hideout. She begged the fellow to ride fast and he did. At the first opportunity

George himself returned to EK and personally thanked her for her thoughtfulness. Once she asked him, "George, why do you do these things that cause us worry?" and he replied, "Oh, I don't know—just the fun of it, I guess. It ain't the money—just the fun, just the *fun,*" and he looked at her seriously several moments and then burst into merry laughter and rode off south into the Hole-in-the-Wall.

(To be continued)

Three Crossings Pony Express and Stage Station on Sweetwater River
By W. H. Jackson

Oregon Trail Trek No. Five

Compiled By

MAURINE CARLEY, *Trek Historian*

July 17, 1955

108 Participants - - - - - - - - - 42 cars

OFFICERS

Colonel W. R. Bradley of Hiway Patrol.... Safety Officer and Captain of Train
General R. L. Esmay.... Commander of Military Escort
Major Henry Lloyd.... Registrar
Frank Murphy.... Wagon Boss
Tom Sun.... Assistant Wagon Boss
Lyle Hildebrand.... Assistant Wagon Boss
Maurine Carley.... Historian
Pierre La Bonte, Assonet, Mass.... Photographer
Frances Seely Webb.... Photographer and Press
Colonel A. R. Boyack.... Chaplain

Note: *Numbers preceding "M" indicate miles north and west on the Oregon Trail from where the south branch of the main Emigrant Road enters Wyoming.* Ft. Laramie is 33 M., Ft. Casper 153 M. on the south road. The Tom Sun Ranch, starting point for Trek #5, is 212 M. The north side road from Ft. Laramie to Ft. Casper is 17 miles longer.

9:30 A.M. Met at the Tom Sun Ranch and inspected their Museum, then registered for the trek.

Prayer by Colonel Boyack

Our Father in Heaven —

As we are about to begin another trek in our series, we give thanks to Thee for all Thy blessings. We thank Thee for this goodly land and for the freedom we enjoy in it. Especially are we grateful this day for the heritage bequeathed to us by the men and women who made this Oregon-Mormon-California Trail a pathway of destiny.

Give us Thy protection on our journey. May we fully appreciate that every foot of the way we go has been dedicated by the toil and tears and tragedies of thousands. We bless their memory and pray that in our hearts shall be written living memorials to their heroic sacrifices.

We pray Thy blessings upon those who by their planning and painstaking research make possible these treks into the past. May

Members of the caravan before No. 5 Trek began at the Tom Sun ranch and museum on the Sweetwater, southwest of Devil's Gate and Independence Rock. *Photo by Pierre LaBonte, Jr.*

we learn this day lessons of faith, courage and devotion that will serve us well in the present.

We pray for the spirit of brotherhood amongst us, for we know that by serving each other, we serve Thee. Now may the blessings of peace be upon us, we ask in Jesus' name, *Amen.*

10:10 A.M. Departed from the Tom Sun Ranch. 212 M.

The site of the old Seminoe Robinette Stage Station and Stockade was pointed out in the meadow about 300 feet south as the caravan left the Sun ranch. This was seen before the highway crossed Pete Creek.

After crossing Pete Creek, the old Emigrant Road was plainly visible on the south side of the Highway until it crossed to the north just before the Martin Cove Marker. From there it was plain for some distance, but cannot be traveled because of fences and washouts.

10:15 A.M. Arrived at the Martin Cove Historical Marker. 214 M. The site of the Hand Cart Company tragedy is 1½ miles north.

Mrs. A. R. Boyack gave the following sympathetic account of the Mormons at Martin Cove.

HANDCARTS ALONG THE TRAIL IN 1856

Annals of history will be searched in vain for a more colorful pageant of human endeavor than the march of Handcarts along the Trail in 1856. It was the answer of a devoted people to the call of gathering made by the President of the Latter-Day Saints Church in Salt Lake City. This newly devised method of emigration was to enable thousands of eager converts, recruited from the Scandinavian countries and the British Isles, to journey West to the Zion of their hopes in the heart of the mighty Rockies.

It all came about this way: The Perpetual Emigration Fund, created in Salt Lake City in 1849, to aid those who were unable to finance the westward journey, had been taxed beyond its limits. Said President Young through the medium of the Millenial Star—"Let the Saints who can, gather up for Zion and come while the way is open before them. Let the poor also come, whether they receive aid from the P. E. Fund or not; let them come on foot with handcarts or wheelbarrows; let them gird up their loins and walk through and nothing shall hinder or stay them." Iowa City, then the end of rails to the West, was selected as the best outfitting post. It was here that the great drama of Handcarts Along The Trail began.

Five companies, including more than sixteen hundred men, women and children, formed the Handcart Brigade to Utah in 1856. The first three, led respectively by Edmund Ellsworth, Daniel McArthur, and Edward Bunker, were eminently successful. Out of eight hundred souls only eight deaths had occurred along

the line of march, a lower mortality rate than among those who travelled by ox teams. They had averaged about twenty miles per day, were not encumbered by slow-moving ox-drawn wagons and many extra cattle, and had arrived in the valley by early October, 1856.

As these foot soldiers of Zion made their way down Emigration Canyon, a welcoming pageant was there to greet them. Presidents Young, Kimball and Wells, with military and band escorts, paid homage to these gallant and fearless folk. When they entered the city people came running from everywhere eager to catch a glimpse of the long-looked-for handcarts. Tears ran down the cheeks of many as they looked upon these victors of the Plains and Mountains in their epic march of thirteen hundred miles. If the curtain of History could be drawn at this point for the year 1856, we would not be standing by this monument today.

Of the last two companies of handcarts, led respectively by James G. Willie and Edward Martin, three major factors entered into the picture which brought many deaths and near disaster to the parties. These were: delay, over-zealousness to get to the valley, and the snows of early winter. The combined numbers in the two companies was about one thousand souls. Edward Martin had the largest number, five hundred seventy-six persons, with one hundred forty-six handcarts, seven wagons for extra supplies, fifty cows for beef cattle. The Willie Company numbered four hundred and four, with eighty-seven carts, six yoke of oxen with wagons, thirty-two cows for beef.

The good ship Horizon did not debark from Liverpool, England, until the end of May. It was early July before the emigrants assembled at Iowa City, only to find that their handcarts were not ready.

It might be of interest to know just how one of these carts was constructed. In length the side pieces, or shafts, were about six or seven feet long and made of Iowa oak or hickory. These were connected by a cross-piece to serve as a bar or handle for pulling. Three or four other cross-pieces about a foot apart served as the bed of the cart. Under the center was fashioned a wooden axle without iron skeins. On the center cross-pieces was a box made of wood or leather, in which provisions and clothing could be stored. The weight of the cart was about sixty pounds, and the width that of a wagon, so as to roll easily in the ruts of the Old Trail. Seventeen pounds was the load limit for each adult, and ten pounds for children.

On the 15th of July, the Willie Company began its westward march. The Martin Company did not leave until July 26th. The trek across the green-rolling prairies of Iowa was not too difficult. Extra food was obtainable. One kind-hearted merchant gave the Willie Company fifteen pairs of boots. The summer sun bronzed the skin of these travelers and toughened the muscles. The Com-

panies arrived at Florence, Nebraska, on August 11th and 22nd respectively.

Here an important mass meeting of the two companies was called. They must determine whether to continue the journey so late in the season or wait at the old site of Winter Quarters for the return of another Spring. Eager voices in the group clamored to go ahead; the more cautious warned of the difficulties that might beset them. Levi Savage, a veteran of the Old Trail and a returning missionary, counseled the old and sickly to remain until another Spring. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he foresaw that if such took the journey that late in the season, their bones would strew the way.

Certainly these emigrants were anything but seasoned veterans for such a journey. Recruited from the milder climates of Europe, they would be marching into altitudes from five thousand feet at Devil's Gate to eight thousand feet at the top of Big Mountain. But the final decision was made. They would go on! There was merriment and laughter as they began the westward trek. A marching song, sung to the rhythm of the step, helped them forget the intense heat of an August sun and the stifling dust. It went like this:

For some must push and some must pull,
As we go marching up the hill,
As merrily on our way we go,
Until we reach the Valley Oh.

Gradually the landmarks of the Old Trail disappeared behind them. Ash Hollow, Chimney Rock, that proud sentinel of the Platte Valley, Scotts Bluff, and then Fort Laramie. At the Fort many bartered trinkets for extra food. Up to this time the daily ration of flour had been one pound per person. From now on it would be necessary to cut the rations to three-fourths and later to one-half pound.

It was early October now. Heavy frosts covered the tents and blankets of those who slept out on those bleak plateaus. Deaths were occurring more frequently. The collapsing carts became a bitter trial to those whose steps were already faltering because of short rations, fatigue and exhaustion.

The Willie Company was about two weeks' travel ahead of the Martin. On October 18th the Martin Handcarters reached the last crossing of the North Platte at Red Buttes. They waded the stream and when scarcely across, rain, hail and sleet began to fall. Here the elements took their first heavy toll from among the weakened party. The storm raged unabated for three days. A caravan of six wagons, carrying flour and other supplies, and led by C. H. Whellock, Dan Jones and Abel Garr, reached them here. It was a time of rejoicing—but not for long.

There was a foot of snow on the ground. The Emigrants must

A modern day wagon train of some 40 cars are here shown on the occasion of the 5th Trek over the Old Oregon Trail. Site: Split Rock Pony Express Station. *Photo by Pierre LaBonte, Jr.*

go on. Their patient, dull plodding must continue until some place of refuge from the storm was found. As we stand here at this monument (The Martin Handcart) and look directly East toward those low bluffs, there is a place known as Martin's Cove. Here the people huddled together to await help or die. The same storm had halted the Willie Company at Rock Creek, enroute over South Pass.

In Salt Lake City, President Brigham Young knew nothing of these last two companies of Pilgrims belatedly coming to the Valley until returning missionaries brought the sad tidings. It was October Conference time. All meetings were promptly adjourned. Urgent calls were issued for men, teams, wagons, warm bedding, food. When the last call was answered, one hundred four wagons and more than two hundred fifty teams were on the road to bring relief to these stricken people.

The bright side of this chapter in westward emigration is the way the Mormon people responded to the call from those in distress. Men driving the wagons scarcely took time to eat or sleep. The head wagons in this rescue party met Captain Willie and companions who had gone in search of help.

The rescuers reached the Willie Camp first. Great fires were built, food, clothing and bedding distributed. "Eat all you want", they told the Camp, "more is on the way". Said one handcarter "Angels from the Courts of Glory could not have been more welcome than these brethren who had come to their rescue".

Part of the rescue party pushed ahead to aid the Martin Company, encamped about two miles north and east of Devil's Gate. The camp had become a veritable graveyard. But help had come at last. There was warmth and food and shelter in the wagons. The handcarts and personal belongings of the Martin Company were left at Devil's Gate in charge of twenty men. The first contingent of the rescued reached Salt Lake City on November 9th. It was a day of rejoicing and of many tears. The Martin pioneers arrived November 30th. Every relief that shelter, food, clothing, kindness and devoted attention could bring from the people of Salt Lake Valley was afforded them.

The casualties in the Willie Company numbered sixty-six. Those in the Martin Company numbered one hundred thirty-five, or a total of two hundred and one persons.

As we hastily scan the pages of Western History, there is no instance in all the migrations westward where greater faith in a cause, the courage to endure, and a determination to fight through to the end, was more boldly demonstrated than by those valliant folk who proved themselves the bone and sinew and the un-sung heroes of the lands from which they came.

10:35 A.M. Departed from Martin's Cove.
11:00 A.M. Arrived at the site of the Plont Pony Express and

Stage Station (217½ M.) where Jack Slade killed 2 men. The Jackson Ranch was located a short distance to the north.

Mrs. Tom Sun Related the Story of the Plont Pony Express and Stage Station.

There is no record, as far as I know, of the dates this old Plont Stage and Pony Express Station was operated by a Frenchman named Plont. Jack Slade, who operated the stage stations through this area at that time, was hung in Virginia City, Montana, in 1864, not for any of his more vicious misdeeds, but for riding his horse into the general store. The dates for the station were earlier than that.

It was known that Slade used various high handed and unethical methods to dispose of his enemies. At this Station, about the year 1862, Jack Slade and his hirelings killed two men and buried them near this Station. (He claimed they were going to hold up the stage). Later, probably about 1875, a man by the name of A. M. Jackson started a ranch here. His buildings were just north of here on the south bank of the Sweetwater River.

The story is told that thirteen years later a man by the name of Hall, working for Jackson in digging a cellar, found the remains of these two men. They were covered over with earth and poles and their bodies were in a good state of preservation. The earth was replaced over the poles and the cellar dug in another place.

The following letter, written to Mrs. Tom Sun, Sr. in 1935, sheds some light on the time Mr. Jackson operated this ranch:

ANDREW M. JACKSON
Sioux City, Iowa
November 29, 1935

Mrs. Tom Son:

My dear Mrs. Tom Son:

I am in receipt of a letter from Mr. McIntosh and in it he spoke about you.

Mrs. Son I knew you before you were married to my good friend, Tom Son. I threw the first herd of cattle into the Sweet Water valley. My ranch was about 6 miles up the Sweet Water from Mr. Son's ranch. This was over 50 years ago (before 1885). Your husband (Tom Sun, Sr.) was always a staunch friend of mine, and some of my friends like Boni Ernest, Frank Ernest and Jim Cantlin of Sand Creek were often with me at Mr. Son's ranch at Devils Gate. I never expect to have such friends as these gentlemen again. It is a pleasure for me to write to you and I hope that you are well and will be spared many, many years.

Wishing you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am, your friend of over 50 years ago.

(Signed) A. M. Jackson

AMJ:HV

When Durbin Bros. bought the ranch from A. M. Jackson they moved the buildings about one-half mile west, where we will turn north from the old Emigrant road on which we are now. The Plont Station was just south of the old road and the Jackson buildings a few hundred feet north. There is very little evidence of any human habitation at any of these places today, as you can see.

I regret that we do not know the exact dates of the foregoing information but believe the basic information, which has been furnished by my husband, Tom Sun, Jr., to be substantially correct.

11:15 A.M. Departed 217½ M. In one half mile paused at location of Durbin (successor to Jackson) Ranch buildings then detoured south-west leaving the old road to our right, as it was not practical to travel it the next 4½ miles. At 222½ M, re-entered the old road near location of an old Stage Station ¼ mile west of Turkey Track Ranch. The road forks here. We took the right or north branch.

12:10 P.M. Arrived opposite location of old Split Rock Pony Express and Stage Station (230 M). The old buildings were in what is now a meadow below a ditch some 500 feet north of our stop. The south branch from 222½ M. joins the north branch here.

Miss Lola Homsher prepared a paper on the Split Rock Pony Express and Stage Station. This was read by Mrs. Daley from Rawlins.

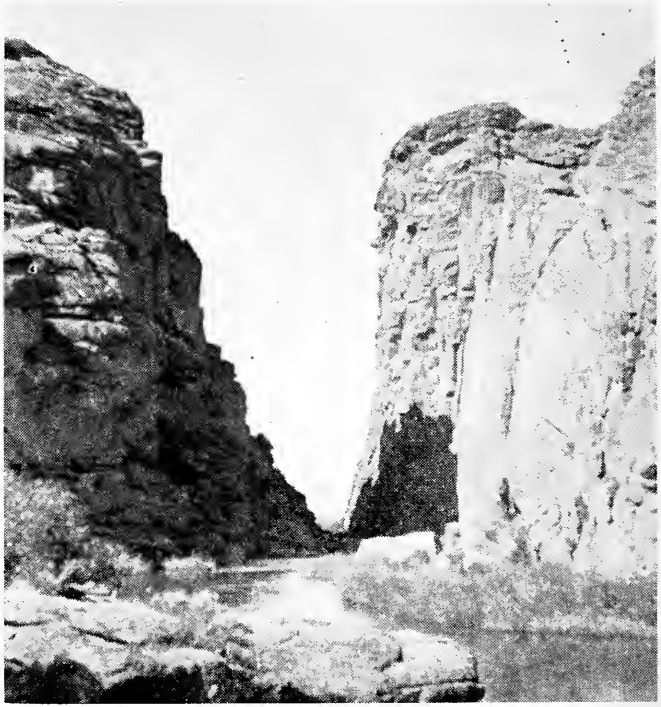
The history of the majority of the stations on the old Pony Express and Stage lines is yet to be written, and only scattered mention can be located about them.

Split Rock station is mentioned in government mail contracts for the stage and pony express line as one of the stations on the central mail route. It apparently was not one of the "home stations", and it seems to have but little recorded history.

According to the Wyoming *Guide* issued by the Wyoming Writers Project in 1941, the station was erected by Russell, Majors and Waddell in 1859, at which time their freighting and stage business was at its height, and the year before the Pony Express was started.

Quoting from the *Guide,* we learn that "Deep in the Shoshone country, the station escaped the wrath of the eastern and northern tribes. But, in March, 1862, the traditionally friendly Shoshone went on the warpath, striking simultaneously at every station between Platte Bridge and Bear River. Drivers, station attendants, and guards, taken completely by surprise, permitted them to capture every horse and mule belonging to the company in this area; coaches laden with passengers and freight were left standing where encountered. At President Lincoln's request, Brigham

Oregon Trail in Sandstone near Split Rock



Devil's Gate on the Sweetwater River

Young sent the Mormon Battalion, 300 volunteers under the command of Captain Lot Smith, to quiet the Indians.

"The Shoshone killed nobody, except at Split Rock. Here they ordered a Negro, who had lived only among the Pennsylvania Dutch, to prepare a meal. When he did not understand, the Shoshone killed him and helped themselves to the larder."

Split Rock Station existed between the years 1859-1862. But, although recorded history of this particular stage station is scanty, much of the area's early history passed in review at this point: the trappers, traders, missionaries, the '49'ers, the settlers, the freighters, the early stage line of John M. Hockaday and William Liggett, the later great stage and freight line of Russell, Majors and Waddell (who bought out Hockaday in 1859), the Pony Express, the overland telegraph line, all passed within sight of the famous landmark for which the station was named. The central route and the stations were abandoned as a practical line to the West in 1862 because of Indian hostilities, at which time the southern Overland Trail became the great road to the West.

Jule Farlow added interest by telling the following story.

In the spring of '68 when the gold excitement was at its height in South Pass and Atlantic City, there was a party made up of miners and teamsters in Fort Laramie who wanted to go to South Pass City. On the 10th day of March in 1868 fifteen men, one woman, two children, and eight wagons mostly drawn by ox teams left Fort Laramie to go to South Pass. In this party of western men was W. P. Noble who was driving an ox team for Jules Lamoreaux. Mitch Seminole was also along. Lamoreaux told me of this trip more than once. W. P. Noble also verified his statements.

Here is the story as told by Mr. Noble: "We started out on a fine morning and there was a lot of feed for the cattle. I drove three yoke of cattle hitched to two wagons for Jule, and he drove four yoke hitched to two wagons. When we got near the spot where Orin Junction is now located we were attacked by Indians in the day time. They rode to the hills at some distance from us and shot at us but were too far away to harm us. This seemed to be a small party and they soon left us. Again, when near the present site of Casper we were attacked, so corralled our wagons and remained in this position all night. In the morning no trace of Indians could be seen and we resumed our journey. Near Split Rock on the Sweetwater we were suddenly surrounded by a large war party and it looked as though our time had come. We hastily corralled our wagons and got ready for the fight of our lives, so it seemed. The Indians were all around us and within two hundred yards. There was shouting and yelling by the Indians with arrows flying and now and then a bullet hitting our wagons.

"We thought it was all over—that it would be our last fight, when all at once Mrs. Lamoreaux, a Sioux woman whose name was *Woman Dress,* began shouting at the top of her voice. She climbed down out of the wagon in which she and her two children were riding. She had a strong voice and she had recognized our assailant's voices as Sioux. She stepped boldly out in sight and this is what she said, 'I am Woman Dress, sister of your chief, Gall. Beware lest you harm me and my two children here. Go away or you will rue it.' They told her to step out where they could see her. She did and the attack was over. The whole party owed their lives to this brave Indian woman.

Her little daughter, Lizzie, told me she remembered this fight and wanted to peek out of the wagon to see the battle but her mother gave her a good spanking to keep her down in the box.

Noble said they pulled in on Willow Creek below South Pass on the 24th of April. On the 25th Jules' wife presented him with another boy. He was born under a bunch of willows so they called him, WILLOW. Later it was changed to Willie who was our Bill Lamoreaux.

The Lamoreaux family were real pioneers of Wyoming. The family consisted of four boys and four girls. Jules Lamoreaux died in December, 1914; Mrs. Lamoreaux died in April, 1908; George Lamoreaux died in December, 1916; Phoebe died in October, 1923; and Lizzie in August, 1932. I don't know when Dore, Mary, or Dick died. Bill Lamoreaux was also known as Smiling Fox by the Indians.

12:30 P.M. Departed from Split Rock and drove two miles (232 M) to an old CCC Camp where the Caravan stopped forty minutes for lunch.

1:20 P.M. The trek continued on the Highway across Cottonwood Creek, where we turned north to enter the old road. At (235 M) the ruts in the sandstone were nearly two feet deep.

Maurine Carley told about the ruts and the so-called Castle Rock, which is visible a few miles to the south east.

It is indeed remarkable that these ruts in the sandstone are plain after not being used for nearly 100 years. While there is no way to check on the number of wagons that passed here between the 1830's and the 1870's it was certain that they numbered in the hundreds of thousands.

The four pairs of plain wagon-wheel ruts here are concrete evidence of the fact that when possible the caravans traveled four abreast. Over much of the distance across Wyoming there were many separated roads, but at this point there was only one, as far as anyone knows today. No other trail crossed West. All traveled here, cutting these ruts.

The so-called Castle Rock which you see about one mile to the

southeast was named because of the type of structure which resembles room enclosures and it gives the general effect of a castle. (This Castle Rock is not to be confused with a better known one bearing the same name near Green River.)

Names have been carved on all sides of this castle but the oldest names are found on the north face. The oldest name found there is that of W. K. Sublette—June 17, 1849. He was not one of the famous Sublette brothers for whom Sublette County has been named. Their names were—Andrew, Solomon P., Milton G., Pinkney W., and William L.

W. K. Sublette—1849—could not have been W. L. Sublette even if the second initial is not too clear as W. L. died in 1845 and was buried in St. Louis. Today I can find no reference to W. K. Sublette in the Historical Department in Cheyenne. He may have been related to the famous brothers. He may never have heard of them. He probably was a gold seeker as the date indicates.

Other names carved in the rock and still legible are—William Jennings—June 15, 1853; D. L. Thomas—June 10, 1863—Wis.; A. Craig May 28, 1850; A. Kraft—Aug. 23, 1884; and C. Kraft—Aug. 21, 1881 and Aug. 23, 1884

A few hundred feet to the north east is a similar but smaller promontory but of softer sandstone where a few names and dates are at present partly legible. It is too bad that many of these names are disappearing. What can be done to preserve these authentic bits of history for the distant future?

2:00 P.M. The party left the sandstone ruts and continued on its way.

2:30 P.M. The caravan arrived at 241 M. opposite crossing Number 2, which is Number 1 of the three famous Three Crossings of the Sweetwater.

Mr. Lester Bagley addressed the group on The Three Crossings.

We are now near the point which was designated on the old trail as The Three Crossings. The Three Crossings Station was about 3/4 mile north of this point, just south of the gap which you see in the distance. It was so named because as the Sweetwater River nears the gap to the north it winds back and forth across the narrow valley, making it necessary for travellers to ford the river three times within a very short distance.

The trail divided near The Three Crossings. One branch went through the gorge which you see directly to the north and another cut out to the west around the hill. Although both of these roads were used, it is believed that the one which passes through the gap was used most by early migrations. The emigrants kept to the stream in order to have water and forage for their animals. The

road which branches to the northwest became the much used freight road.

The first Pony Express station was built here in the fall of 1859 and was used during the Pony Express period which began April 3, 1860, and was discontinued October 24, 1861. It may be of interest to note that only valuable and important mail was carried by the Pony Express, the rate being $5.00 for each one-half ounce. With the connecting of the overland telegraph at Salt Lake City important messages could be telegraphed as cheaply and more rapidly, and the Pony Express was put out of business.

Ben Holladay, the famous "stagecoach king" received the contract to carry the Overland stage from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Salt Lake City. The first coach left St. Joseph on July 1, 1861. The Three Crossings Station was one of the principal stage stops. This stage line was transferred to a more southern route via the South Platte, LaPorte, Virginia Dale and Bridger Pass on July 18, 1862.

Holladay operated the stage past this point for slightly over a year, during which time he sustained heavy losses as a result of Indian depredations. During that time The Three Crossings Station was burned, three oxen were stolen from Holladay, two coaches were damaged in an Indian battle, four horses were taken, 39 sets of stage harness, and 38 mules were taken, for a total loss to him of $14,490.00.

In July of 1861 The Three Crossings Station was designated as a United States Post Office.

Due to the nature of the terrain and the gap just ahead, this was a spot frequently selected for raiding parties by both Indians and road agents. One of the most prominent encounters occurred on April 17, 1862, near this point. A mail party, consisting of nine men and two coaches, left Atchison on April 2, 1862. On the 17th they were attacked by the Indians. Mr. T. S. Boardman, one of the party, writes of the engagement:

"We drove to the top of a slight elevation to the left of the road; the other coach was driven up along side, distant about ten feet; mules badly frightened; one of them was shot through the mouth, and the bullets whistling rapidly among them it was thought best to let them go. They were accordingly cut loose and were soon driven up a canon to the southwest of the road, by some ten or twelve Indians. Everything that could afford protection, mail sacks, blankets, buffalo robes, etc., were thrown out of the coaches and from the front boots, and were placed upon the north and south sides between the coaches, against the wheels and along the east side of us, behind which we barricaded ourselves. James Brown who was standing by the hind wheel of one of the coaches, then received a shot in the left side of the face . . . Lem Flowers (Division Agent) was then struck in the hip . . . Phil Rogers received two arrows in the right shoulder . . . James Anderson

was shot through the left leg, and William Reed through the small of the back . . .

"The bullets pattered like hail upon the sacks that protected us. We returned the fire with our rifles and revolvers whenever we got sight of any of the foe, reserving most of our revolver shots for their charges. They charged upon us twice, but the volleys that we poured upon them repelled them. About four o'clock p.m. they withdrew in parties of two and threes . . . We soon determined to get away if we could, with the wounded to the next station."

They uncoupled one of the coaches, spread some blankets on the running gears and attempted to draw the wounded to safety upon this improvised ambulance. However, this process was slow and hard and was soon given up. Instead, the wounded were helped along by a man on each side.

"After a fatiguing walk of eight miles we reached the station of Three Crossings. Here we found the station keeper, wife and three children, and the men employed by the Company, who informed us that Indians—probably the same band—had stolen all the mules and eight head of cattle the night before."

Here the station house and stable were made into a fort. Some of the cattle returned, and on the 21st these were yoked to a wagon and the party moved westward, reaching Fort Bridger on the 2nd of May, where the wounded were properly cared for in the hospital.

The Three Crossings Station is rich in the history of many exciting episodes. It is to this station that Bill Cody claimed he galloped on his Pony Express ride from Red Buttes, only to find that the station had been burned and the station master killed. After securing a fresh mount which had not been driven away by the Indians, he rode on to Rocky Ridge station and returned to Red Buttes, having ridden a distance of 322 miles in 21 hours —a feat unequalled in recorded history.

Jackson, "picture maker of the old west", gives the following information about one of his pictures of this station:

"Near the abandoned Station was this grave of a United States soldier, killed at Three Crossings during the Indian raids in April, 1862. Washakie and his Shoshones were accused of these operations against the line of the Overland Stages between Fort Laramie and Green River, but that wily chief established his innocence. Later on, it appeared that the attacks were the work of wandering hostiles from several tribes under the leadership of renegade whites."

During the stage coach period The Three Crossings Station was rebuilt of stone and logs. The main part of the building was a large stone structure which was flanked by log houses and surrounded by a stockade to the south. A lookout was erected on the northwest corner.

On May 20, 1865, Indians attacked this station, reportedly 500 to 600 in number. The telegraph line was cut but the station withstood the seige. It was during this attack, so the story goes, that Bill Cody, the former Pony Express rider, drove the stage coach. Years later in his great wild west show he often enacted the scene of the stage coach being attacked by Indians.

During part of the stage coach period The Three Crossings Station was looked forward to as a place of rest and good food. Many stories tell of the very fine venison and other wild meat which was made available to those who stopped at the station for a meal.

Some of the earliest white men to traverse this area were members of the Ashley-Smith expeditions of 1822-1829. The following account appears in "The Ashley-Smith Explorations and the Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific":

"In February 1824 they decided to attempt a more southerly crossing and so moved up the Popo Agie to the vicinity of the present town of Lander, whence they went south to the valley of the Sweetwater just above the so-called "Three crossings." With the breaking up of winter the expedition cached part of their powder and lead, and in the last days of February 1824 started westward through a barren land where their only water was secured from melting snow. They discovered shortly that they had crossed the main divide when they reached the banks of the Sandy. On the twentieth of February they were on Green River. This is the first recorded use of the South pass from east to west. The returning Astorians had apparently been unaware of its existence until they actually came through it in the opposite direction nearly twelve years before."

The old emigrant road (South branch of the Oregon Trail) that we took from 241 M. to Home on the Range (246½ M) was sandy in places and some of the cars got stuck, causing a loss of one hour.

The 22 remaining cars drove on the Highway direct to Ice Slough Creek (257 M.) thereby missing several miles of the old trail that we had planned to travel.

Mr. Clark Bishop addressed the group as follows:

The south branch of the old emigrant road crossed at this point on the Highway. Looking to the northeast you can plainly see the scar left by the thousands of teams, wagons and people that traveled there. The distance from here to the fourth crossing of the Sweetwater River is five and one half miles east, and the fifth crossing is 12 miles west making the distance between the 4th and 5th crossings 17½ miles. The Emigrant Guide shows the distance from the 4th crossing to the Ice Spring to be five and three quarters

miles which makes the spring come about a quarter of a mile west of here. The south branch of the old road that we left at Home on the Range enters this main branch at 252½ M or five miles east of here.

The slough you see here, which at present is nearly dry, was known as Ice Slough. Some of the old diaries relate that ice was found at a depth of 18 inches.

We are fortunate in having with us today, Mr. Bruce McKinstry of Riverside, Illinois, whose grandfather, Byron McKinstry, traveled this road in 1852. I am asking Mr. McKinstry to say a few words and read from the diary of his grandfather.

Mr. McKinstry read the following from the Byron N. McKinstry diary:

"July 6th Saturday. (1852) Cool in the morning, hot sun, then a Thunder and wind shower in the afternoon — the dust sufficient to smother one. Forded the river in 6 miles and then take to the hills in 6 miles farther, came to the famous ice springs. These are in a long wide Slough or Swamp, mirey and covered with a fine coat of grass but the cattle cannot get at it. In the Swamp I noticed numerous little elevations with higher grass on them with Springs boiling up in their centre. The coldest water that I ever saw, and the worst tasted. I could shake the grass for three or four rods around me. It is a perfect quagmire. The guide says that Ice may be found by digging down two feet. But I found none, though I had nothing to dig with but I ran my arm into the mud in many places, and though the mud was as cold as Ice I could find none of the latter. The mud has a bad smell and I should not like to drink much of the water for fear of its being poisenous. We nooned here, our cattle got nothing. In ¼ m. we came to an Alkali Lake with some beautiful incrustations three inches thick of pure white Seleratas (or nearly so). Came to the river after leaving it for 16½ m, finding neither grass nor water, heavy rough roads, Sand & Sage. When we got to the river at Ford No. 5 we found no grass, all eat into the ground. So we tied up our cattle without their having anything to eat, though they had travelled 22 m. without anything. We overtook Miller, Wm. Jackson very sick, also Mrs. Hall. Hibbard no better. The Mountains in the N. W. show finely, covered with snow almost to their bases. To the South the snow lays in patches near the top and covers but a small part of the Mountains, while those in the N. W. are perfectly white. Made 22 miles."

Mr. Bishop thanked Mr. McKinstry then explained it had been necessary to skip eleven miles of the old road between Home on the Range and Ice Slough because of sand. The old road is plain from here to the fifth crossing of the Sweetwater but the last five miles are too rough for auto travel.

The next trek will start just west of the river near the fifth crossing and will probably go to Pacific Springs.

The group, which was assembled on the north side of the Highway about 100 feet east of the ice slough, lingered for an additional half hour and did their best to finish the excellent lunch of fried chicken and the trimmings left over from noon. Pictures were taken and the party disbanded at five o'clock.

Following is a short summary of Trek No. 5 by Mrs. P. E. Daley, Rawlins, Wyoming and Frances Seely Webb, Casper, Wyoming.

On July 17 after visiting the interesting Tom Sun Ranch, one hundred Oregon Trailers of '55 traveled in a forty car cavalcade along passable portions of the old Oregon Trail for fifty-one miles as far west as the Ice Slough.

Preceded and followed by Highway Patrol Officers, the caravan was well-protected.

Mrs. A. R. Boyack gave a paper on the tragic experiences of the Hand Cart company as the group stopped near the site of their camp at Martin's Cove. Here they were caught by an early storm, and many of them perished for lack of food and warm clothing. Many of them were newly arrived English converts to Mormonism, and all of them totally unprepared for this rigorous trip.

Other historical spots visited were the Plont Pony Express Station, old Split Rock Pony Express and Stage Station, and the Durbin-Jackson ranch site. Among the most interesting stops was that at the spot near Castle Rock, where the deeply cut wagon ruts in the sandstone are still visible near the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater.

Washakie and The Shoshoni

A Selection of Documents from the Records of the Utah Superintendency of Indian Affairs

Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN

PART IX—1864-1866

CIX

JAMES DUANE DOTY, LATE ACTING SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1864.[219]

Sir.

Mr Irish, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Utah Territory, arrived in this City on the 26th of August. He desired me to continue to perform the duties of Superintendent—there being then several parties of Shoshonees and Utes here—until the 31st., which I did; and on that day delivered to him all the public property in my hands belonging to the Indian Department, for which his receipts were taken.

My account and Return, up to that date, will be forwarded in a few days. . .

CX

O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SEPT. 26, 1864.[220]

Sir: In compliance with the regulations of the Indian department, I have the honor to make the following report of the condition of Indian affairs within this superintendency, so far as I am able to obtain information in the short time I have been here, less than one month.

I took possession of what property there was on the first of September, and relieved Governor Doty from the further performance of duty as acting superintendent of Indian affairs. . . . [A considerable discussion of Ute affairs follows.]

. . . I have to-day received a telegram from the operator at

219. D/551-1864.

220. 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), pp. 313-315.

Shell creek, two hundred miles southwest, that the Indians are gathering in, demanding their annuity goods, and out of humor by reason of the delay. Another despatch from Fort Bridger informs me that Shoshonees are in large numbers at Bear lake, one hundred and forty miles north, impatient because they are not paid, so that they can go to their winter hunting grounds on Wind river.

I also subjoin a copy of a letter handed me the 16th instant, from his excellency Governor Doty and Brigadier General Conner, late commissioner for negotiating the treaties with those Indians, urging me to make some provision to pay them now, and not wait the arrival of the annuity goods:

Great Salt Lake City,
Utah Territory, September 15, 1864.

Sir: The undersigned trust that their long connexion with the Indian service of this Territory will excuse tham in addressing you, who have but recently assumed the duties of your office here, on matters which we consider of great importance connected with your department.

You are aware that treaties were made in the year 1863 with the Shoshonee Indians and mixed bands of that nation, by which they were to receive a certain sum annually, in such articles of property and presents as the President of the United States should think best for them.

Our Indian relations, so far as maintaining peace along and in the vicinity of the overland route, and generally throughout this rich mining country, is concerned, have been and still are so delicate, and the interests involved in the preservation of peace so important, that, in our opinion, the greatest care should be taken on the part of the government in strictly complying with its obligations with these Indians.

The time has already passed when they had a right to expect their annuity for this year. They will soon leave for their winter hunting grounds, some four or five hundred miles from this place.

Should they not receive their annuity before their departure, dissatisfaction and disturbance may be the result.

It is understood that the presents that the government is forwarding to them cannot arrive here until quite late in the fall, and so late that it will be impossible to deliver them to the Indians this season.

We therefore respectfully but urgently recommend that you make some other provision to fulfil the obligations assumed by us on behalf of the government in these treaties at an early day, and before they depart for their hunting-grounds.

The peculiar circumstances with which we are surrounded in this country, the fact that we are cut off from communication with the department at Washington, and the generally disturbed

condition of the Indians throughout the whole country, will, in our opinion, justify you in assuming the responsibility.

Very respectfully, &c.,

JAMES DUANE DOTY,
Governor and late Commissioner.
P. EDWARD CONNER,
Brigd. Gen. U. S. V., Commanding District Utah.

Hon. O. H. IRISH,
Superintendent Indian Affairs.

I have accordingly sent a messenger after Washakee, with a present of some tobacco, and a letter inviting him, with four other chiefs, to comt in and consult with me as to what had better be done. I cannot determine until I have seen these Indians, and have so informed Governor Doty and General Conner.

The difficulties of our situation cannot be appreciated by any one not here to share them. I have not received a letter from any eastern correspondent dated since the 6th of last July, and I cannot, owing to the condition of the mails, expect therefore to be advised by you as to what to do in the emergency.

The goods were, I am informed, shipped from Nebraska City about the 18th of August, and I have not heard of them since. They cannot reach their destination before the 18th of November, and that is doubtful, as snow fell in the mountains on the 22d instant, while I was travelling between here and the Spanish Fork farm. While I am anxious to keep the peace among the Indians in the mountains, I am still determined not to overreach appropriations and embarrass the department by making it necessary to beg from Congress money to make up deficiencies.

I have written you from time to time, since my arrival in this Territory, as to my movements, and it will be seen that I have not had the opportunity as yet to inform myself fully as to the condition of Indian affairs within this section of the country, as is necessary to making a full report.

After my council with Washakee, I will send such further report as circumstances may require. I will endeavor to make up for the deficiency in this in my subsequent communications. . . .

CXI

O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, OCT. 1, 1864.[221]

Sir

I have the honor to inform you that I have this day appointed

221. I/696-1864.

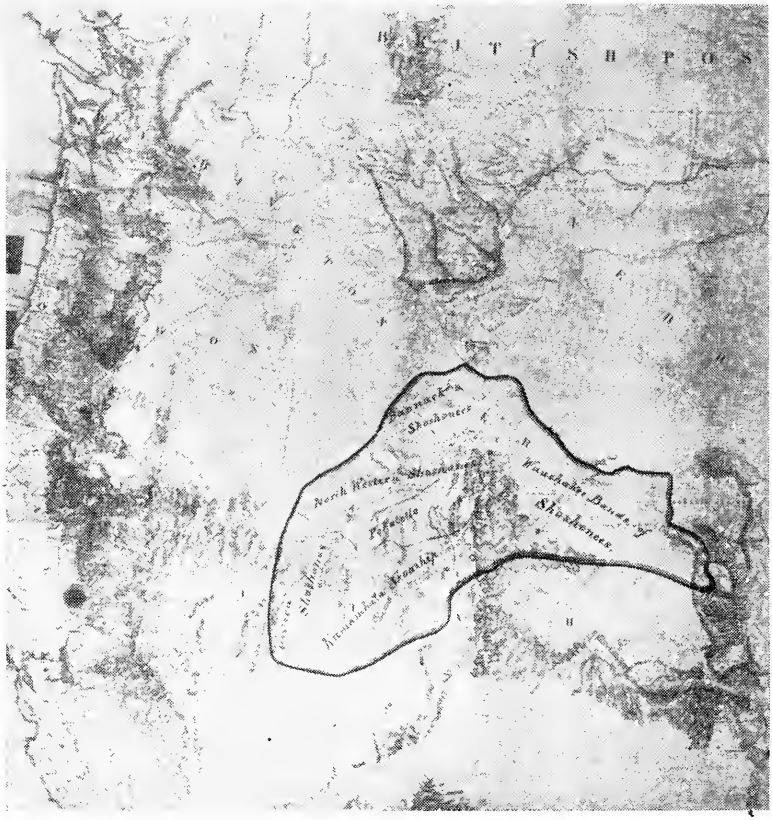
Dimick Huntington U. S. Indian Interpreter for this office in place of Joseph A. Gebow, removed for selling Indians Liquor, of which offence he has recently been convicted. I have also to inform the Department that I have employed temporally, until Agent [L. P.] Kinney takes possession, George [Washington] Bean as U. S. Indian Interpreter at the Spanish fork Agency to commence his services the 1st of October, in place of Mr. Ellsworth who cannot speak the Utah Language fluently enough for the purpose for which an Interpreter is required at that Agency. . .

CXII

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER AGENCY, OCT. 5, 1864.[222]

Sir: In compliance with the regulations of the Indian department, I have the honor to submit the following report relative to the affairs of this agency for the past year. I take pleasure in bearing testimony to the uniform good conduct of the eastern bands of the Shoshonee Indians towards the white citizens living in, as well as all emigrants travelling through, this country during the past year. All with whom I have conversed have expressed a very strong desire to fulfil their treaty obligations, and report to me any depredations committed by any of the tribe with great vigilance. About the first of June a party of Loo-coo-rekah or Sheep-Eater Indians stole and brought into camp nineteen head of horses belonging to a party of miners at Beaver Head, Montana Territory. Washakee, the chief, informed them that a treaty had been made with the whites. They surrendered the horses to him, and he sent them to Fort Bridger and turned them over to the military authority of the post. A large number of the tribe visited this agency and were very anxious to receive their presents before leaving for their hunting-grounds, (the valley of Wind river.) I was unable, however, to give them any information at what time they would arrive. They were induced to leave the agency without them, under the promise that, should the goods arrive, I would retain them and distribute them in the spring, which appeared to satisfy them. In order that such an occurrence may not again arise, I would recommend that in the future all supplies designed for this agency should be forwarded as early as practicable, that they might reach their destination by the first of August each year. It would thus give the agent time to collect the Indians, who from necessity are scattered over a very large extent of country, distribute their presents, and send them to their hunting-

222. 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), pp. 316-317.



Map prepared by Doty which accompanied Treaties to Senate.[223]
Courtesy National Archives

grounds early, thereby enabling them to collect their food for the winter. I have been unable, for the want of proper facilities, to take an enumeration of the Indians under my charge during the present year; from all the information that I have been able to obtain, however, I believe there are about fifteen hundred souls.

The hunting-grounds of the Shoshonee Indians being in a section of country where the whites, during the last year, have

223. Map transmitted by James Duane Doty to William P. Dole, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Dated Great Salt Lake City, Nov. 10, 1863. This map was referred to in Document C, page 95, Vol. 29 No. 1, April 1957 *Annals of Wyoming*. The map was not received in time from the National Archives to be included earlier.

been in search of gold, their game is becoming exceedingly scarce, much of it having been killed and a great deal of it driven from the country; hence it will be absolutely necessary in the future to feed them during the winter months. In view, then, of the scattered condition of the Indians, and their almost extreme destitution, I would recommend that some suitable measures be taken to locate them upon a reservation where they might be protected by the government until they could be taught to take care of themselves. I would respectfully urge that an appropriation be made by Congress for that purpose. I am happy to be able to state that the introduction of whiskey has been much less during the past year than formerly; enough, however, still finds its way into the nation to cause considerable trouble. The Indians find no difficulty in procuring what they desire. It is generally obtained in the settlements. My attention has been called to a case that occurred lately in the vicinity of Cache valley, where, to obtain a buffalo-robe, one of the citizens of that locality sold to an Indian whiskey, which caused him to become intoxicated, causing some trouble, and finally in the shooting of the Indian, mortally wounding him. He is at this agency in a very critical condition.

I would most respectfully urge upon the department the necessity of erecting an agency building. I am at present entirely dependent upon the military authority of this post for shelter. I have been destitute of an office a large portion of the year. I would also urge upon your department the necessity of furnishing the agent with an ambulance and mules for the use of his agency. I would ask for an appropriation of $2,000 for the above purposes. . . .

CXIII

O. H. Irish, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to William P. Dole, Commissioner of Indian Affars, dated Great Salt Lake City, Oct. 13, 1864.[224]

Sir

I would respectfully call your attention to that portion of my Annual Report made under date of the 26th of Sept. last, which refers to the matter of paying the ShoShonies their Annuity Goods; You will observe therein that I had sent for Washakee the principal Chief to see what arrangements could be made to enable them to reach their hunting grounds.

I have now the honor to report that Washakee finaly came in after a good deal of difficulty to Fort Bridger, and then in company

224. I/707-1864.

with one other Indian and Agent Mann he took the stage and came into the city.[225]

He refuses absolutely to start on the hunt now at all, says he cannot go over the Mountains with his Women and Children, it is too cold; That they are affraid of the Souixs, and that they will leave their families in the vicinity of Ft Bridger for safety, and will hunt in that neighborhood and do the best they can, but that they depended upon their Great Father helping them to live now that the White Men have driven off their game and that he must give them some provisions for the Winter or they will starve.

He further says that they do not need all of the presents in Blankets, Calicoes, Shirts, &C. That they want provisions first and Clothing next; He insists upon this. Agent Mann [Acting] Governor [Amos] Reed and all others whom I have had the opportunity of consulting, and who are familiar with the matter say that Washakie is right; That they must have help in Subsistance, that there is not game enough to sustain them in the country.

I have urged as urnestly as possible, that they Should go to their hunting grounds, but it is of no avail, and useless to say more; I told them that the Great Father had sent them goods of such things as he thought best for them, and that when they arrived, I would see that they received them; He again said that they did not want them all, wanted me to keep back part of the goods, and give them something to eat, that they did not want to hear Blankets again but wanted meat—This was his answer to all my propositions, and I promised to lay the matter before you, and ask you for your instructions by Telegraph.

He went away apparently greatly dissatisfied at not having some understanding now.

I am entirely satisfied that we will be under the necessity of furnishing those Indians provisions; and that the cost of doing so should come out of their Annuity, for if taken out of the funds for "Incidental Expenses of the Indian Service in Utah" it would be drawing directly from the resources upon which we must depend for aiding those Indians who receive no stated Annuities from Government, and who have claims as just and urgent as the Shoshonies.

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225. Mann to Irish, Dec. 3, 1864, Estimate of funds . . . for the quarter ending December 31, 1864, an enclosure in Irish to Dole, Dec. 23, 1864 (I/765-1864), has among the items:

Expence in Sending Messenger to Washakee	22	50
Fare of Washakee to Salt Lake & Back	60	00
Fare of One other Indian " " " "	60	00
Fare of Myself to Salt Lake & Back	60	00
Expense incurred o nround Trip	37	00

The exact date does not appear.

The [blank] ShoShonies are entitled to $10,000 in presents, this is double the amount in proportion to their numbers, which we will under present approp[r]iations be able to give the other Indians of this Superintendency.

I would therefore respectfully request that $4,000, from the appropriations for the "Incidental Expenses of the Indian Service in Utah" be set aside for the purpose of furnishing them provisions, and that this amount of goods be taken out of those sent to them and distributed among the Indians who would otherwise have to be provided with goods from the appropriation out of which the $4,000. is taken.

This would be fulfilling the Treaty Stipulations by giving them the $10,000 in presents as follows. Viz. $6,000. in goods $4,000. in provisions; And the withdrawal of this sum from the resources of the Department for aiding the Southern Indians would be made good by permitting me to retain that amount out of the goods originally intended for the ShoShonies, and distributing them to the other Indians not provided for by Treaties as their necessities required it.

This plan if admissable will enable us to comply with the demands of these Indians, quiet all apprehensions of difficulties from that source, and at the same time avoid any danger of increased liabilities. Agent Mann says that he can help them through the Winter with that Sum.

I promised the Indians that I would ask you to Telegraph me whether I might do this or not. It is highly important that I should receive an answer as soon as possible; So earnest were they in the matter that they refused all presents for the people except provisions. Refused even some small presents I offered them individually; I desire however to say in their favor that they gave not the sligh[t]est intimation of an unfriendly spirit; They evidently feel that the neccesities of their people are such that they should make the request, and persist in it even if they seemed obstinate; They tried to make this apparent in such a manner as to give me no offence.

I have written the foregoing in the absence of any official information, as to the quantity of goods purchased, but upon what Hon J F. Kinney, told me at Nebraska City, you intended doing, Viz. Expending in the purchase of goods, all of the appropriations of $16,000 made for fulfilling the obligations of the Treaties negotiated by Governor Doty, Ten Thousand going to the ShoShonies, $6000 to other Indians.

I presume the same question will occure as to those to whom the $6,000. is to be paid; they will want provisions in part, and

the same necessity will exist in their case, as there does in this they have not talked with me directly upon this subject; but enough has been said to satisfy me that they will make the same demands; I have simply informed them that when the wagons come, I would go and see them, and give them their goods; That they should be patient, and make an honest living until then.

If I am misinformed, and you are not sending the whole amount in goods, and there are unexpended balances of the appropriations made for carrying out these Treaties, I would urgently request that said balances be at once placed at my disposal for Winter is upon us, and arrangements must be made now, and I cannot buy on credit in this market.

It is during the approaching winter months we will need the most of the funds for the remainder of the fiscal year for all purposes; save the settlements of the Indians in the Uinta Valley, and the regular and contingent expenses of the Service; from the 15th of October to the 1st of June is the time when provisions, and clothing are more necessary than at any other season of the year; with the appropriations made by Congress, if I can have them to expend from time to time, as circumstances may require, I am confident peace will be maintained within this Superintendency, and the Indians will feel the practical benefits of the humain policy of the Indian Department.

I am greatly embarrassed from the want of Mail facilities, I have received no letter from the Indian office since the 6th of July; No information from Indian Goods. We are informed that the route is open, but I don't see it at present writing; we get no Mails, and I presume some of these will never come to hand. The press of business is such that we will not be able to depend upon them for some time; Hence I would the more urgently request (that I may act understandingly in all of these matters) information by Telegraph as follows. Viz. How much funds can be placed to my credit with the Assistant Treasurer in New York under the following appropiations, Viz.
1st For paying Annuities under the Treaties negotiated by Governor Doty.

2nd For the "Incidental Expenses of the Indian Service in Utah."
3rd The appropriation for deficiency under which it was understood arrangements were to be made for transportation of 1000 Sacks of Flour. Having no Mails I am not informed whether arrangements were made for the purpose of purchasing, and transporting it or not, if it has not been done I can use the money to advantage here; will buy some flour, but principally wheat and have the Indians boil it, if the suggestion meets your approval.

By responding by Telegraph to these questions, refering to

them as they are numbered, I can with the copy of this letter before me understand your wishes.[226]

In this connection I beg leave to say that we are called upon to minister in this Superintendency to the wants of Indians residing not only within its limits but numerous bands roaming on the frontiers in the adjoining Territories not understanding jurisdiction; They seem to make this a central point, not being governed at all by the boundary lines of the Territories as designated by the laws of Congress but by the natural divisions of the country marked out by the Rivers, and Mountains which they have for Generations regarded as the boundaries of the lands belonging to their respective Tribes, and through this throws them principally into other Territories, yet because a corner of the land they claim to occupy runs into my jurisdiction they consider themselves under my care, and do not in any instance as I can learn seem to know that they should apply to other Indian Authorities over the Mountains, East or West. . . .

CXIV

O. H. Irish, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to William P. Dole, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, Oct. 18, 1864.[227]

Sir: I have the honor to herewith enclose the annual report of Agent Luther Mann, jr., received at this office on the 15th instant.[228]

I would respectfully recommend to the favorable consideration of the department that portion of his report referring to the locating of the Shoshonees on a reservation. The Indians, in all this mountain country, cannot live any longer by hunting; the game has disappeared, the old hunting-grounds are occupied by our people to their exclusion. We must instruct them, therefore, in some other way of making a living than the chase, or else support them ourselves in idleness, or leave them to prey upon the emigration pouring into the country. For starving Indians will steal, pillage, murder, and plunge the frontier, from time to time, into all the horrors of savage warfare. Thus the country demands

226. The Commissioner wired Irish on November 10 and wrote him on Nov. 14 to say that $4,000 had been placed to his credit in New York, and he could apply that amount in provisions for the Shoshoni in place of the same amount in goods. In effect, he would buy $4,000 in provisions from the fund for Incidental Expenses of his Superintendency, and trade it for the same amount of goods bought with Shoshoni annuity funds, distributing such goods to his non-Shoshoni Indians. Office of Indian Affairs, Record Copies of Letters Sent, Vol. 75, pp. 411, 427-428.

227. 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), p. 315.

228. See Document CXII.

from government defence, retribution, and often the extermination of the starving savages, at a cost of millions of dollars to the national treasury, when thousands would have sufficed if placed in the hands of the Indian department to be used in settling them in homes and instructing them in the peaceful arts of industry.

The farmer, with the plough, hoe, and axe, will, if used at the first, be more efficient in keeping peace on our frontier than the soldier with cannon, muskets, and bayonets. With the tribes in these mountains, the first means should be directed to locating them on reservations, and I feel that we cannot too strongly recommend the policy suggested by Agent Mann as to the Shoshonees, but that it should be carried out as to all the tribes in these mining Territories. Herein lies economy, peace and safety. . . .

CXV

BRIG. GEN. P. EDWARD CONNOR TO O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED HEAD QUARTERS DISTRICT OF UTAH, CAMP DOUGLASS, UTAH TERRITORY, NEAR GREAT SALT LAKE CITY NOV. 4, 1864.[229]

Sir

I have to inform you that I have this day received a letter from Ben Holladay Esq. Proprietor of the Northern [Overland] Stage Line, on whose complaint the Indian Chief "Pocatello" was arrested by me. Mr. Holladay informs me that on further examination he finds that the alleged offences of "Pocatello" are not of that serious character he at first apprehended and understood them to be, and requests that no further action be taken by mę.

Under those circumstances, I deem it proper to transfer the prisoner "Pocatello" to you, for such action in the premises, under the treaty and the laws, as you may regard necessary to maintain friendly relations with the Indian tribes and for the prompt punishment of offenders. . . .
[I/735-1864 Encl.]

CXVI

O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, NOV. 9, 1864.[230]

Sir

Refering to my communication of the 29th ulto, I have the honor to report that Genl. Connor has sent the Indian Chief,

229. I/735-1864 Encl. Marked "Copy."
230. I/735-1864.

"Pocatello" to the office, with a letter explaining his reasons for so doing, a copy of which I herewith enclose.

The Northern Bands of the Shoshonees upon learning of Genl Connors intention of hanging Pocatello had gone to the Mountains with an intention of preparing for war as soon as he was turned over to me I sent him to Box Elder [Brigham City] from which point he will start in search of his people and will bring them to Box Elder to meet me in Council next week.

If the Military authorities will allow me to manage these Indians without any further interference, I am satisfied that by a judicious use of the appropriations made I can maintain peace. . . .

CXVII

Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Nov. 15, 1864. *Extract*[231]

UTAH SUPERINTENDENCY.

At the date of my last annual report advices of the negotiation of treaties of peace and friendship with several of the tribes of Indians of Utah, as well as of Idaho, whose range lies along the great overland route, had been received, and the annual report of Governor Doty, in relation to the affairs of his superintendency, and particularly in reference to these treaties, was received in time to be published in the Appendix. In addition to the treaties, verbal or written, referred to in my last report, as having been already made, and from which great good was expected to result in securing a peaceable transit of emgirants throughout the great routes of travel, two other treaties were forwarded by Governor Doty, under date of October 21, 1863, having been effected by him, in conjunction with General Conner, commanding the United States forces in Utah Territory, to whose energy and good judgment, combined with the bravery of his troops in their previous operations against the Indians, great credit is due, as having impressed the latter with a wholesome idea of the power of the white man, and disposed them to seek for peace. The two treaties referred to were made - the one October 12, 1863, at Tuilla valley, with the Shoshonee bands of the Goship tribe, and the other October 14, at Soda Springs, Idaho Territory, with the mixed bands of Shoshonees and Bannacks, of Snake River valley. After negotiating these two treaties, Governor Doty and General Conner had the pleasure of announcing that there remained no hostile tribe along the routes of travel to Nevada and California. In a later letter from Governor Doty, much valuable information is given in relation to the various bands and tribes of Indians whom

231. 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), pp. 160-161.

he had visited, and with whom he had treated, and an approximate estimate of their numbers is given.

The various treaties thus made were transmitted to the Senate in due course. They were all returned from the Senate, confirmed, but with amendments, which amendments were forwarded to Governor Doty with instructions to obtain the assent of the Indians to them. There is not in our files any acknowledgment by him of their receipt, neither does Superintendent Irish, who succeeded Governor Doty, allude to them in his report. In the letter of instructions sent with the amendments to the treaties, it was suggested that, inasmuch as there existed no appropriation to defray the expenses of getting the Indians together to obtain their consent thereto, the object might be attained at the time of the payment of their annuities.

The subject of abandoning the several small reservations in Utah, and concentrating the Indians upon one large reservation, known as the Uintah valley, has been frequently urged upon the attention of this office, but for want of proper information as to the locality and its resources, and on account of the hostility of and pending military operations against, several of the tribes, nothing has yet been accomplished in that direction. In January, 1864, a memorial was received from the legislature of Utah, asking that the smaller reservations might be surveyed and opened to the whites for settlement, and by the act of Congress approved May 5, 1864, provision was made for their survey, and for the permanent reservation of Uintah valley as a home for the Indians of Utah. An appropriation of $30,000 was also made for the purpose of preparing homes on the reserve for those Indians who should be removed to it, and for aiding them in becoming self-supporting, by means of agriculture. The Uintah valley had been by order of the President, as recommended by this office, set apart for the exclusive occupation of the Indians as long ago as October, 1861, but in the imperfect geographical knowledge of the country, its exact limits could not be defined. The tract set apart by following what are supposed to be dividing ridges, so as to include the whole region traversed and drained by the Uintah river and its upper branches down to its junction with the Green river, is understood to be ample in extent, containing two million acres, abounding in valleys of great fertility, with all the necessary water-power for mills, and having an abundance of timber; indeed, as being admirably adapted for the purposes of a large Indian reservation. Many of the Indians exhibit a desire to be placed upon it, and undertake in earnest the pursuit of agriculture. A difficulty presents itself in the want of accurately surveyed lines, so that, by the exclusion of whites from them, the Indians may be left in undisturbed possession, and I recommend that application be made to Congress for an appropriation for the purpose of making this survey; but meantime the superintendent has been directed to

warn all white settlers now on the tract to leave it, (describing it as fully as possible,) and to notify all other white persons, who may be found upon the reservation when its limits shall be definitely established, that they will be required to remove. The superintendent has further been instructed to prepare and submit, as soon as possible, a plan for removing the Indians from the old reservations to the Uintah valley. It is confidently expected that the most gratifying results will follow the completion of the plans thus set on foot for the concentration of the Indians in their new homes.

Superintendent Irish, who succeeded Governor Doty in charge of Indian affairs in this Territory, did not arrive at Great Salt Lake City until August 25, having waited some time at Nebraska city, in the expectation of taking with him the annuity goods, upon the prompt distribution of which much seemed to depend in regard to preserving peace with the Indians. It is to be regretted that, in consequence of apprehended danger of Indian hostilities upon the plains, the goods were not shipped from Nebraska city until late in August, and were therefore not expected to arrive at their destination in less than three months, if indeed they are not delayed on the way until spring. Some apprehension is therefore felt lest the Indians, who have kept their faith and observed the terms of the treaties made with them, should become dissatisfied and hostile, some symptoms of such feeling having exhibited themselves already; and the superintendent was urged by Governor Doty and General Conner to make, if possible, some temporary arrangements in advance of the arrival of the goods, so as to prevent an outbreak. At the last dates received Mr. Irish had sent presents to the principal chief, and invited him, with four others, to come and see him, when, it was hoped, some satisfactory arrangement would be effected. . . .

CXVIII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, COMMISSIONER, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, NOV. 25, 1864.[232]

Sir:—On the 18th of this month the Northwestern Bands of Shoshones were met by Col. Irish and myself, by invitation, at Box Elder in this Territory; and their Treaty as amended was submitted to them, and their assent was given to the proposed Amendments of the Senate, by adding Article 5 to the Treaty; and their Agreement, duly executed according to your Instructions, is herewith transmitted.

232. D/586-1864. Printed in: 39th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1248), p. 326.

One of the principal men who signed the Treaty, and whose name does not appear to this agreement, died during the past year; and another was absent on a hunt, as was reported.

There was however, between four and five hundred of these Bands present, who gave their assent freely to the Senates Amendment, and joyfully participated in the annuity provided by the Treaty. It is believed the only individuals of these Bands who were absent on this occasion, were those of five lodges—to one of which it is supposed the absent chief belonged—on the Goose Creek Mountains, who refused last year to unite with these in their Treaty. With these Lodges it is hoped the Superintendent may be instructed to open negotiations during the winter, or spring, as they are on the northern California road, and near the newly traveled road to Boisé from this City.

The Treaty with the Shoshonee-Goship Bands, as ratified by the Senate, was submitted to those Bands at Tuilla Valley on the 24th instant; and their assent was given to the Senate Amendment by an Agreement adding Article 8 to the Treaty, which was duly executed by the Chiefs and principal men, according to your Instructions, and is herewith transmitted. Harrynup, who signed the Treaty had died last winter; and Dick Moni, one of their principal and best young men, now signed in his stead as a chief.

Col.º Irish as the Superintendent of Indian Affairs in this Territory, joined by my invitation in these Councils and negotiations; and the funds for holding intercourse with these Bands being in his hands—none having been received by me for this special service—he has paid all of the expenses incurred.

The North Eastern Bands of Shoshonees who were treated with at Fort Bridger, and the mixed Bands of Bannacks and Shoshonees treated with at Soda Springs, had left for their Buffalo hunt near the Wind river Mountains in the Territory attached to Nebraska, before the arrival of the Superintendent; and it is not probable they can be met until Spring, when the Senates amendments will be submitted to them; and from what I have learned of their feelings have no doubt of their acceptance. They could not be negotiated with at an earlier day, for the reasons stated in my Letter to the Commissioner of the 13th, of June last. . . .

CXIX

[Certificates of Issue, 1865][233]

[The Utah Field Papers for 1866 contain three certificates of

233. The record does not show whether there was any extensive distribution of provisions to the Shoshoni in the winter of 1864-1865. Any major distribution presumably would have been through Superintendent Irish. Issues of wheat and a beef ox by Mann, as attested herewith, were too slight to have much bearing on the problems which had preoccupied Irish in the autumn of 1864.

issue for the first three quarters of 1865. The first, signed by Jack Robertson, Interpreter, and Harry Rickard, Fort Bridger Agency, March 29, 1865, certifies that they were present at the distribution by Agent Luther Mann of certain articles. The issue dates were Jan. 16, 29, Feb. 8, and March 5, 1865, and were for various dry goods except for 2 bushels of wheat on Jan. 16, the same on Jan. 29, 4 bushels on Feb. 8, and on March 5 a beef ox and 6 bushels of wheat. On the verso of this document appears the certificate: "We the undersigned Chiefs Head Men and Delegates of the Eastern Bands of ShoShonee Indians and duly authorized by them to represent Said Bands do hereby Certify that we have received from Luther Mann Jr. U. S. Indian agent the Within named Goods and Provisions being a portion of the amount due our Said Bands for the Year A. D 1864 under the Fifth article of Our Treaty made with the United States at Fort Bridger U. T. dated the Second day of July A D. 1863." Dated "Fort Bridger Agency U. T. July 16th 1866," and signed by mark by Washakee, Wanapitz, Toopsapowet, Pantoshiga, Narkawk, Taboonshea, Neeranga, Tortsaph, and Bazil.

[A second such certificate, for the second quarter, 1865, attested by Jack Robertson, Interpreter, and L. B. Chapman, shows issues on April 10, 26, May 7, and June 20, exclusively of dry goods, certified by the same chiefs, July 16, 1866. A certificate for the third quarter, signed by Robertson and P.[?] V. Lauderdale, A. A. Surgeon, U. S. A., attests issues on Sept. 17, 1865, all of dry goods except 54 bushels of wheat and 94 lbs. of tobacco. Again signed by the chiefs, July 16, 1866.]

CXX

O. H. Irish, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to William P. Dole, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, August 4, 1865.[234]

Sir

Yesterday (3[d] inst) I received the following telegram from Agent Mann Jr at Fort Bridger, Viz "I learned this morning that a large party of the ShoShonees are preparing to leave that Agency for the purpose of fighting the hostile Indians who are Engaged in committing depredations on the Overland Mail Line and Telegraph Lines, Shall I permit them to leave if I can avoid them? Please answer at once and oblige Washa-Kie and his band here."

I answered immediately as follows "With the concurrence of and by placing themselves under direction of the Military Authorities I am willing they should fight the bad Indians. Let them be good Soldiers that the Great Father may think well of them."

234. I/1254-1865.

I have entire confidence in the fidelity and efficiency of the ShoShonee Indians and believe they will do good service at this time. . . .

CXXI

O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO D. N. COOLEY, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SEPT. 9, 1865. *Extract.*[235]

Sir: I have the honor to submit my annual report of the general condition of Indian affairs within the Utah superintendency for the past year.

The tribes included within this superintendency are the eastern and northwestern bands of Shoshonees and the mixed bands of Bannacks and Shoshonees, the Goships, the Cum-umbahs, the Utahs, Utes, Pah Vants, Pi Edes, and Pah Utes.

THE SHOSHONEES.

The eastern bands of Shoshonees and mixed bands of Bannacks and Shoshonees number upwards of four thousand souls. These bands are under the control of Wash-a-kee, the finest appearing Indian I have ever seen. He is justly regarded as a firm friend of the government and the whites, and steadily refuses to hold communication with bad Indians. He offered his services with his warriors to fight against the hostile Indians on the plains, as I informed you by letter of the 4th ultimo.

The treaty negotiated by Governor Doty, at Fort Bridger, on the 2d day of July, 1863, was with the eastern bands of the Shoshonee Indians.

The treaty negotiated at Soda Springs on the fourteenth day of October, of the same year, was with the mixed bands of the Bannacks and Shoshonees, in which it was agreed that the latter bands should share in the annuity provided for by the Fort Bridger treaty with the eastern bands. These Indians have not, since the making of the treaties referred to, received their presents as promptly as they expected them, owing to the burning of some of the goods on the plains, and the lateness of the season when the balance were received for last year, it being after most of the Indians had gone on their winter hunt. This year, all but the old men and some of the women and children have gone on the hunt without their presents, for fear they would suffer the same disappointment as last year, the goods not having come to hand yet, and there being no prospect of their arrival until the snow falls in the mountains. These bands range through the north-eastern portion of Utah Territory and that portion of southern

235. 39th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1248), pp. 310-216.

Idaho lying along and south of Snake river. They generally inhabit the Wind River country and the headwaters of the North Platte and Missouri Rivers. Their principal subsistence is the buffalo, which they hunt during the fall, winter and spring, on which they subsist during that time, and return in the summer to Fort Bridger and Great Salt Lake City to trade their robes, furs, &c., for such articles as they desire and can obtain in the market. The only portion of their country suited for agricultural purposes is Wind River valley, in which they are desirous that government should set aside a reservation for them.

These Indians do not properly belong to this superintendency, their country being north and northeast of Utah, principally in Idaho Territory and Wyoming,[236] (now attached to Dakota.) With their agency located in Wind River valley, as they desire it should be, they would remain away from the white settlements, the mail and telegraph lines. They have repeatedly asked that this should be done. The reports of Agent Mann of last year, concurred in by the superintendent, recommended a compliance with their wishes.

THE NORTHWESTERN SHOSHONEES.

There are three bands of Indians known as the northwestern bands of the Shoshonees, commanded by three chiefs, Pocatello, Black Beard, and San Pitch, not under the control of Wash-a-kee; they are very poor, and number about fifteen hundred; they range through the Bear River [and] lake, Cache and Malade valleys, and Goose Creek mountains, Idaho Territory, and should be under charge of the superintendent of Indian affairs for that Territory. They come into Box Elder and the northern settlements, within this Territory, for the purpose of living off the people, but their country is almost entirely outside of our limits.

Governor Doty negotiated a treaty with them at Box Elder, Utah, on the 30th day of July, 1863, by which the government agreed to pay them a yearly annuity of five thousand dollars ($5,000.) They have kept the treaty, as a general thing; but, owing to their country being so much of it occupied by the whites, the game almost entirely destroyed and driven away, they suffer frequently from hunger, and I have been compelled to assist them a great deal during the past winter, or else they might have felt

236. One of the earliest allusions to Wyoming by its present name. The previous January a Pennsylvanian, James M. Ashley, had introduced in the House of Representatives a bill to provide "a temporary government for the Territory of Wyoming," referred by the House to the Committee on Territories. So late in the session, the bill never got out of committee. Abortive proposals in 1866 and 1867 were for a Territory of Lincoln, but the name Wyoming was revived when on the initiative of the Senate a Territory was actually created in 1868.

themselves compelled to commit depredations upon the stock of settlers in order to keep themselves and families from starving.

I made an arrangement early in the winter with the leading citizens of the northern portion of the Territory to employ chief Black Beard and his band to herd their cattle, and pay him in flour and beef. This, with relief I furnished enabled them to get through the winter.

But they should be attached to an agency in Idaho, and instructed in farming. They would like a reservation on the Snake river, in the southwestern corner of Idaho.[237] Though they are called Shoshonees, they are an entirely separate and distinct people from those under the control of Wash-a-kee, and while they are friendly they are not disposed to associate together. . . .[238]

CXXII

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER AGENCY, SEPT. 28, 1865.[239]

Sir: In compliance with the regulations of the Indian department, I have the honor to submit the following report relative to affairs at this agency during the past year:

The Territory over which my surveillance extends is bounded on the north by Snake river, east by the Sweet Water and North Platte rivers, south by Yampa and Bear mountains, and west by the valley of Salt lake.[240] The Indians occupying this tract are

237. Such a reservation was never set aside. President Andrew Johnson, by Executive Order on June 14, 1867, had created a reservation for the Boise and Bruneau bands of Shoshones and Bannocks, "Commencing on the south bank of Snake River at the junction of the Port Neuf River with said Snake River; thence south 25 miles to the summit of the mountains dividing the waters of the Bear River from those of Snake River; thence easterly along the summit of said range of mountains 20 miles to a point where the Sublette road crosses said divide; thence north about 50 miles to Blackfoot River; thence down said stream to its junction with Snake River; thence down Snake River to the place of beginning." This, the Fort Hall Reservation, embracing about 1,800,000 acres as estimated, was situated in southeastern rather than southwestern Idaho, and it was here that the so-called mixed bands of Shoshoni and Bannacks were eventually located.

238. Irish's further remarks, on the Goships or Goshua Utes, Cumumbahs or Weber Utes, Utahs, Pi Edes, and Pah Utes are omitted in the present printing.

239. 39th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1,* (Serial 1248), pp. 326-328.

240. As Mann describes his jursidiction, it extends far beyond the boundaries of Utah Territory on the north and east, the jurisdiction being tribal rather than geographical, except that he leaves out of account the Wind River country where the Shoshoni now lived most of the year.

Luther H. Mann, Shoshoni Agent at Fort Bridger, 1861-1869
Original given to Bancroft Library by Dr. Edward F. Corson

known as the eastern band of the Shoshonee tribe, under the acknowledged leadership of Wash-a-kee, an Indian chieftain who has never been known to have held hostile relations with the whites, and who, when a portion of his tribe deserted him to join a band of insurrectionists, remained firm in his allegiance, though bound to keep the peace by no treaty stipulations.

In my report of last year I estimated the number of these Indians at fifteen hundred souls. No enumeration could be made this year, but from the best data I am able to obtain I should set the population at eighteen hundred—men, women, and children. In addition to the natural increase by births, there have been additions from neighboring tribes by old deserters coming back, and those individuals who, attracted by Wash-a-kee's rising home [i.e., fame?] have cast their lot with him.

This tribe is entirely nomadic; and there being no reservation on land which they can call their own, they spend about eight months of the year among the Wind River mountains and in the

valleys of the Wind river, Big Horn and Yellowstone. Here they subsist entirely by chase—buffalo, deer, elk, and the mountain sheep affording them their only food. They are tolerably well provided with comfortable lodges, perhaps one hundred and fifty in all. They clothe themselves almost exclusively with the skins of the deer, sheep, and buffalo, made into garments of a style peculiarly their own. The leggings and breech-cloth are not very soon to be replaced by the pantaloons worn by the whites. I observe a marked improvement each year in their means of protection against the inclemency of the weather. This people have never turned their attention to agricultural pursuits, nor can it be expected of them until they are placed upon a reservation where they can have the necessary protection. If they are not provided with such a home, they are destined to remain outside of those influences which are calculated to civilize or christianize them, as has been done in many parts of our country to tribes not one whit more susceptible of being rendered useful members of society. Wild Indians, like wild horses, must be coralled upon reservations. There they can be brought to work, and soon will become a self-supporting people, earning their own living by their industry, instead of trying to pick up a bare subsistence by the chase, or stealing from neighboring tribes with whom they hold hostile relations.[241] I trust this matter will engage the serious attention of the department.

As I have said, this tribe live entirely by hunting wild animals, because their only source of revenue is derived from the sale of skins. The result of the past year's hunt might be stated approximately at eight hundred buffalo robes, five hundred beaver skins, and four hundred elk and mountain sheep skins. These products of their only industry are either bartered with other tribes for ponies, or with white traders for small articles of merchandise—paint, beads, and trinkets.

The Shoshonees are friendly with the Bannacks, their neighbors on the north, and with the Utes on the south, but are hostile toward the tribes on their eastern boundary, viz: Sioux, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, and Crows, between whom there is more or less stealing continually going on. Wash-a-kee feels himself too weak to engage in any aggressive movements against either of these tribes, but says that if he should be attacked he would give them battle. When the tribe arrived at this agency, in June last, some fifty of the braves hearing of General Connor's expedition against the

241. The history of a tribe even so peaceably disposed as the Shoshoni, as brought out in these documents, shows that the acculturation of Plains Indians was far more difficult than such idealism as Mann's could well comprehend.

Sioux,[242] presented themselves armed and equipped, eager to join the troops in a campaign against their old foes. The lack of a suitable military organization moving from this point alone prevented the acceptance of their services.

The sanitary condition of the tribe is good; no epidemics have visited them and vaccination never has been thought necessary. They mingle so seldom with the whites that they are not exposed to their diseases. Pulmonary affections are infrequent, and deaths from any cause whatever are comparatively rare.

On the seventeenth of this month I turned over to Wash-a-kee the annuity goods for last year, which came too late for delivery. These, consisting of blankets, calicoes, butcher knives and tobacco, were distributed to the most needy ones, and seemed to give universal satisfaction. The time had arrived for the tribes to return to their hunting grounds and make preparations for winter, or I should have insisted on their remaining until the goods for the present year came to hand, which would have made their outfit more complete.

It affords me pleasure in stating that the Indians belonging to this district are peaceable and well disposed; that all their acts have been in strict accordance with the friendly relations which have heretofore existed between themselves and the white resident population of this Territory, as well as those passing through. In many instances they have aided persons seeking to develop the mineral resources of the country by pointing out valuable deposits of silver and coal or oil springs.

No outbreak has come to my knowledge; few, if any, trespasses have been committed, and no incursions have been made by them, and I am proud to say that they remain true to their treaty stipulations.

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242. Indian troubles, rising in intensity through the sixties, led the War Department in March, 1865, to merge the districts of Utah, Colorado, and Nebraska into a single District of the Plains, with General Connor in command. He garrisoned key posts along the overland trail, and after a number of bitter local engagements, in one of which Lieut. Caspar W. Collins met a celebrated death, sent four columns north into the Sioux country. This "Powder River Expedition," as it has become known, has a complex history but was on the whole a failure. Grace Raymond Hebard and E. A. Brininstool wrote a detailed account of the campaign in *The Bozeman Trail,* Cleveland, 1922, 2 vols., Vol. 1, pp. 131-200, 237-261; and another appears in Fred B. Rogers' *Soldiers of the Overland,* pp. 146-246. Col. Rogers, pp. 244-245, contributes a military critique of the campaign, and on p. 167 notes from a contemporary Denver newspaper Washakie's premature judgement, voiced at the outset of the expedition, that the hostile Indians could not escape.

Washakie's interest in a successful campaign is evident from what is said in various of our documents concerning pressure upon his people in this climactic era of Sioux power on the Plains.

Some dissatisfaction has been expressed by them that the annuity goods do not reach this agency in time enough for distribution to let them get to their winter hunting grounds before the snow prevents their progress thither. I would therefore urge upon the department the recommendation made in my last annual report, that all goods designed for this place be shipped at the earliest practicable moment, in order that they may reach the agency in time for such distribution.

I would again most respectfully urge upon the department the necessity of erecting an agency building. I am at present entirely dependent upon the military authority of this post for shelter.[243] I would also urge upon your department the necessity of furnishing the agent with a pair of mules for his ambulance. . . .

CXXIII

O. H. Irish, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to D. N. Cooley, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, Oct. 9, 1865.[244]

Sir

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from the Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs under date of 13th ulto granting me leave of absence to visit Nebraska and Washington in which I am requested to advise you of the probable time of my arrival in the latter place.

I am at this time unable to say when I can in justice to the public service leave, but will advise you as soon as I can do so. The delay in the receiption of the annuity goods is going to operate more unfavorable than I anticipated. We have had heavy snows in the mountains already, and a large proportion of our goods are now, as near as I can learn at least 400 miles distant. One train is expected here in about five days, whether I will receive by it a sufficient assortment of goods so that I can proceed to distribute, I will not be able to determine until it arrives.

The North Western Sho-Shonees are now in the neighborhood of Box Elder waiting for their annuities and if the goods are not on this train, I do not see any other way for us to do than to get goods to supply deficiencies of the merchans here, to be paid for out of the goods to arrive. If I do not make some such arrangement I must either subsist these Indians, until the goods

243. Troops had been stationed in the Fort Bridger area since the fall of 1857, and a military reservation was created in 1859. Most of the troops were withdrawn in 1861, with the outbreak of the Civil War, but a sergeant's guard remained, and in December, 1862, the post was regarrisoned by Connor. Fort Bridger was maintained as an army post till 1890.

244. I/1347-1865.

come which our limited resources will not warrant or send them away without them which they would regard as a violation of the treaty.

The Eastern Bands of ShosShonees have gone to their hunting grounds. I arranged with them satisfactorily. I gave them presents amounting to $2487.- and then they proceeded to Fort Bridger where Agent Mann gave them what goods he had over from last year, and they were satisfied with the assurance that they would receive the balance of their annuities for the year, on their return next spring.

I am informed that the unforeseen delay in the arrival of the goods is occasioned by the difficulties on the plains that the train was attacked by hostile Indians and some of the stock run off, and one man killed.

Under ordinary circumstances the goods cannot be got here as early as the necessities of the service requires them, so long as the present plan of transportation is adhered to. In this connection I beg leave to refer you to my letter of the 30th of January 1865 and other communications refered to therein as well as to mt annual report dated the 9th of September last. . . .

CXXIV

O. H. Irish, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to D. N. Cooley, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Washington, D. C., Dec. 15, 1865.[245]

Sir:

I have the honor to enclose herewith a Treaty made with the Eastern bands of Sho-Sho-ne Indians, in which they give their assent to the amendment proposed by the Senate on the 7th of March AD 1864, to the Treaty made and concluded at Ft Bridger Utah Territory on the 2d day of July AD 1863, by and between the said Indians and the United States, represented by James Duane Doty and Luther Mann Jr. Commissioners. . . .
[Endorsed:] Enclosure sent to Secretary with report May 31, 1869.

CXXV

O. H. Irish, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to D. N. Cooley, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Washington, D. C., March 2, 1866.[246]

Sir

I would respectfully suggest that a large Medal [inserted with

245. I/1393-1865.
246. I/128-1866.

caret, apparently in another hand: of President Johnson] be given to Washakee the principle Chief of the Shosho-mees. There is no more deserving Chief Among all the Indians—

I have a safe opportunity of transmitting it to him by the hand of W A Carter Esq Special Mail Agent for Utah. . . .

CXXVI

O. H. Irish, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to D. N. Cooley, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Nebraska City, N. T., April 3, 1866.[247]

Sir.

I have the honor to herewith transmit the original Treaty, negotiated with the Eastern Band of the Shoshonee Indians which was recently found among the late Gov. Doty's papers and forwarded to me here. . . .[248]

[Endorsed:] Treaty and amendments sent J. Duane Doty Mar 18 1864

Endorsed treaty sent to Secretary with report May 31, 1869

CXXVII

Luther Mann, Jr., Indian Agent, to F. H. Head, Supt. of Indian Affairs, dated Fort Bridger, June 9, 1866.[249]

Dear Sir

. . . I have word this Morning that Washakee the Head Chief of the Eastern Band of Sho.Sho.nee Indians will be here this Week I Should be much pleased to receive your Contemplated Visit on his arival or the arival of the Goods designed for this agency I have nothing to feed them on their arival and Stay at this place. It would be very desirable that the Goods for this agency should reach here at the Earliest practicable opportunity as it will be imposible for them to subsist for any length of time in this locality. . . .

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247. I/222-1866.

248. Governor Doty died in office in Great Salt Lake City June 13, 1865. As an exception among Territorial officials, he had been liked by the Mormon people, who would also have been gratified had Irish been appointed his successor. For the Indian Office memorandum filed with the present letter, see Document XC, note 189. (*Annals of Wyoming* Vol. 28 No. 2, p. 205.)

249. Utah Field Papers, 1866.

CXXVIII

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TELEGRAM DATED JUNE 14, 1866.[250]

By Telegraph from Bridger

WashaKee the Head Chief of Eastern Bands Shoshonee Indians Arrived this morning[251]

CXXIX

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TELEGRAM DATED JUNE 18, 1866[252]

By Telegraph from Bridger

Washakee desires to know if the ute Indians are friendly—

CXXX

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, JULY 26, 1866.[253]

Sir

The Within Bill of Provisions was received by Mr James on his departure from this place you will please retain from any Money due him the amount and remit by letter $14.50

The following amount was furnished James and the Indians with him on their arival here the day you left Bridger Sugar Tea Bread Beef Amounting to $10.50 which was paid for by me if that amount Could be paid for by you it would releive me please write me on the Subject and greatly Oblige . . .

CXXXI

F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO D. N. COOLEY, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 13, 1866.[254]

Sir-

Washakee, the chief of the Eastern Bands of Shoshonees, with

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250. *Ibid.*

251. While at Fort Bridger on this visit, Washakie and other Shoshoni chiefs acknowledged certain issues made the tribe in 1865. See Document CXIX.

252. Utah Field Papers, 1866.

253. *Ibid.*

254. H/340-1866. Printed in: 39th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1248), p. 128.

some 300 of his men came in a few days since to make me a visit. He wears about his neck the medal which you sent him by Judge Carter of Ft Bridger and with which he is exceedingly pleased—The enclosed photograph [not present] was taken at the time of his visit, and is a very good likeness. He is by far the noblest looking Indian I have ever seen, and his record is untarnished by a single mean action- In your last report you recommend that medals be given Washakee and Kanosh Chief of the PahVents who is equally deserving of such a testimonial, or present.[255] I beg you will send me a medal to be presented to Kanosh. I shall visit his tribe in about six weeks if the new goods arrive when I expect them and would like to take it with me—It would be safely transmitted by mail. . . .

CXXXII

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER AGENCY, SEPT. 15, 1866.[256]

Sir: In compliance with the regulations of the Indian department, I have the honor to submit the following report relative to the affairs of this agency:

About the 20th of September, 1865, the season being far advanced and game scarce, the Shoshones immediately set out for their winter hunting grounds across the mountains, if possible to reach there before the snow fell.

The whole tribe accompanied Chief Washakee thither, with the exception of five or ten lodges, who passed the winter on Green river, about fifty miles from here, where they subsisted on the small game there to be found, and making no demands upon me for assistance. The main portion of the tribe proceeded to the valleys of the Pawpawgee [Popo Agie] and Wind rivers, where they spent the winter hunting the buffalo, deer, elk, and mountain sheep. They procured during the season upwards of one thousand

255. In his annual report, Oct. 31, 1865, the Commissioner had remarked:

> I recommend that medals and presents be given to Washakee, chief of the northeast Shoshonees, and to Konosh, chief of the Pah-Vants, as a special testimonial of appreciation by the department of their good conduct and good influence over their people. Washakee recently asked permission to take part in the campaign against the western Sioux, and this was granted, subject to the arrangements to be made with the military commander of the district of the Upper Platte . . . . (39th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* [Serial 1248], p. 187.)

The medal was sent out to Washakie in March; see Document CXXV. A similar medal was sent to Kanosh on Sept. 1, 1866.

256. 39th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1*, (Serial 1284), pp. 126-127.

buffalo robes and a few dressed skins of other named animals, a much larger collection than during any previous year. They also secured a good supply of dried meat. Although the past was the severest winter on record for the past ten years, the Indians of my agency never fared better nor looked so fat and healthy as they did on their arrival here this summer, proving conclusively that they had fared sumptuously every day. Such well-fed Indians could not be otherwise than healthy, so that the mortality among them has fallen far below the average.

I did not have a favorable opportunity for taking the census of the tribe this year, but estimate the number of Shoshones at nineteen hundred. Aside from the natural increase by births, which has not fallen short of former years, there has been a considerable addition from neighboring tribes. About four hundred Bannocks, under a chief named Tahgay, (a very worthy Indian, and in whom I fully repose confidence,) who have been residing in the vicinity of Soda Springs and along the Snake river, passed over into the Wind River valley and located themselves adjacent to the Shoshones, with whom they are at peace. They also accompanied the Shoshones on their visit to this agency, and, from all that I can learn of them, I think they desire to be on the most friendly terms with the whites. I did not have any presents for them, and was informed that they had not received any from the Great Father in times past. The neglect, if any, must be owing to their being so far removed from any agency. I supplied them, however, with a few articles of food for their immediate wants out of my own pocket, and would recommend that such provision be made for them in future that they too may receive a share of the annuity goods with their neighbors, the Shoshones.

These Bannocks will undoubtedly return to this agency once or twice during the year.

The supply of presents for the Indians of this agency reached me in due time, was ample in quantity, and gave universal satisfaction.

Shortly before the distribution I had the pleasure of meeting, in company with Superintendent Head, Washakee and his chiefs in council, on which occasion the superintendent made them a speech, and the best of good feeling prevailed. Washakee has lately received, under the pledge of friendship from the President, a fine large silver medal, bearing the image and superscription of the Great Father.

There were present at the distribution about one hundred and fifty Utes from the Uintah agency, who came for the purpose of trading with their neighbors, the Shoshones.[257] Some of my

257. Although there were intermittent periods of bad relations between Utes and Shoshoni, Utes had frequented the Fort Bridger area for purposes of trade from the time the fort was founded, in the early forties.

Indians were dilatory in coming in this season, but I did not distribute the goods until all, or nearly all, had arrived. The cause of this delay is the scarcity of game and the consequent difficulty in maintaining an independent sustenance at this post, for they have but little money to buy food with. I would here observe that the location of this agency is a bad one, and for this reason: the Indians are obliged to come a long way from their hunting grounds to receive their presents, and by the time they reach me their stock of provisions is well-nigh exhausted, and for them to maintain themselves in this vicinity without an abundance of game is an impossibility, and discourages some from coming at all. I would therefore recommend that a portion of their annuities be given them in money, to enable them to defray the expenses of subsistence during their visit at this agency.

In this connexion I would again recommend the plan of locating this tribe upon a permanent reservation and establishing thereon an agency, and make such other arrangements as I have heretofore suggested for improving their condition.

The valley of the Wind River mountains is the territory which the tribe have selected for their home, and this is the place where such a reservation should be set apart and an agency established.

The country abounds in game, has a very mild climate, and possesses agricultural advantages which make it a great desideratum to the white man. Numerous oil springs have been discovered and located in the valley of the Pawpawgee,[258] but this tribe are strongly opposed to any invasion of their territory by the whites.

I greatly fear that these mineral and agricultural resources of the country will turn out to be a bone of contention between the whites and the reds, and would therefore urge that the tribe have a reservation staked out which may be held sacred to them, and not be encroached upon by the whites.

Several of our citizens are looking toward the Wind River country with a view to its development, and I give you a few extracts from a letter written by one who passed the winter and a part of the spring in the valley. He says: "The air is pure, the water of the best, the climate mild and regular. The soil is not second in fertility to that of Illinois or Iowa, farming land enough to support a population of two hundred thousand persons, the climate well adapted to the growth of small grain and fruit, especially apples and vegetables. There is plenty of timber for building and fencing purposes. The scenery is most beautiful and picturesque. There are two oil springs in the valley, one of which pours forth one hundred barrels per day. There are good indica-

258. These springs had been known since the earliest days of the mountain men, recorded on maps by Jedediah Smith, Captain Bonneville, and others, and their value has been realized in the Lander oil field.

tions of stone-coal and iron, with numerous quarries of limestone suitable for building purposes. The foot-hills and valleys are covered, winter and summer, with a luxuriant growth of nutritious grass, making the finest grazing region west of the Missouri. The mountains give indications of mineral deposits. But little snow fell, and what did fall soon disappeared. Stock can be wintered without any feeding. Buffalo, and other game, abounds," &c., &c.

As long as our Indian tribes are permitted an existence in the land, I contend that they should have a territory assigned them where they can procure a living, instead of being driven away to the poorest tracts of country, where a white man, with all of his superior knowledge, would fail to make a living. Washakee and his tribe deserve a permanent and exclusive reservation in the valley of the Wind river, and I pray you to let them have it at once. The subject demands serious attention, and I hope it will receive a proper consideration. The Indian must be reclaimed from his wild ways, or he will continue to be an expense to the country so long as he lives; and no plan of rendering him a self-supporting and law-abiding citizen is so effectual as that one which civilizes, educates, and christianizes him, and this work cannot be done save on a reservation.

The Shoshones have not been engaged in any warfare, offensive or defensive, during the past year with neighboring tribes, have been at peace among themselves, and, I am proud to say, continue faithful to their treaty stipulations. . . .

CXXXIII

F. H. Head, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to D. N. Cooley, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, Sept. 20, 1866. *Extract.*[259]

Sir: I have the honor to submit my annual report of the general condition of Indian affairs within the Utah superintendency for that portion of the year past during which I have been acting as superintendent. The Indian tribes within this superintendency are:

1. The eastern bands of Shoshones and the mixed bands of Bannocks and Shoshones. These bands all recognize Washakee as chief. They number about four thousand five hundred souls.

2. The northwestern bands of Shoshones. These Indians number about eighteen hundred. Pokatello, Black Beard, and San Pitz are the principal chiefs.

259. 39th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1,* (Serial 1284), pp. 122-126.

3. The western Shoshones. These Indians number about two thousand.

4. The Goships or Gosha-Utes. These Indians number about one thousand.

5. The Weber-Utes or Cum-umbahs. These Indians number about six hundred.

6. The Utahs. These Indians are now principally consolidated into two bands, one under the control of Tabby, who has succeeded to the chieftainship made virtually vacant by the old age and infirmity of Sow-i-et. This band is composed of the Tim-panogs, the Uintas, and the San-pitches, and numbers about four thousand. The other Utahs are known as Pah-Vants, and are controlled by Ranosh [Kanosh], and number about fifteen hundred.

7. The Pah-Edes. These Indians number about six hundred. Their principal chief is Tut-sey-gub-bets.

8. The Pah-Utes. These Indians number about sixteen hundred.

THE EASTERN BANDS OF SHOSHONES.

These Indians are under the special supervision of Agent Luther Mann, whose annual report is herewith transmitted [document CXXXII]. They are the most wealthy of any Indians in the Territory, owing to their hunting grounds embracing much territory still frequented by the buffalo. The robes taken by them on their hunting excursions form an article of traffic of considerable importance, and enable them by the sale of their surplus skins to purchase ponies, ammunition, &c. During the year these Indians have been entirely friendly. Washakee, their chief, is the noblest Indian, both in act and appearance, that I have ever known. When young he spent much of his time for many years in company with the famous Kit Carson, then an adventurous trapper among the Rocky mountains. Carson and his companions had frequent skirmishes with hostile savages, and the familiarity which Washakee thus acquired with the arts of civilized warfare enabled him to rise to the chieftainship of his tribe.[260] It is his

260. It is difficult to judge the correctness of these comments. Although Head may have been reporting something said to him by Washakie, Carson's fame had been spread abroad by Fremont as early as 1845, and he had recently been much praised for his campaign against the Navajos in the Canon de Chelly, in January, 1864. Head may thus have been disposed to play up an acquaintance between Carson and Washakie, though Carson did not enter the Shoshoni country until the fall of 1831, and it was some time after this that he attained prominence among the mountain men.

boast that he has never shed the blood or stolen the property of a white man. The propriety of soon locating these Indians upon a suitable reservation is discussed at large in the report of Agent Mann, and his views are such as meet my entire approbation. The Wind River valley, which is the favorite hunting ground for these Indians, will be the most suitable locality, unless it shall be found to be rich in mines of gold and silver and springs of petroleum. Should this be the case, it would not perhaps be the policy of the government to prevent the development of its mineral resources by setting it apart as a reservation. Its location, too, is a considerable distance from the usual lines of travel, and would render the transportation of supplies, presents, &c., somewhat inconvenient and expensive. The miners are, however, already prospecting this valley, and the results of their researches will soon be known. The rapid development of the surrounding territory will soon render the isolation of the valley less complete, and should it not be valuable for mining an exploration of the same should be made, and the Shoshones permanently located thereon. These Indians receive an annuity of $10,000, according to the provisions of the treaty of July 2, 1863. This amount is usually sent in goods, and is ample to comfortably clothe the Indians in connexion with the proceeds of the sales of their surplus robes and furs.

NORTHWESTERN SHOSHONES.

These Indians are very poor, their country affording but little game. They are peaceably disposed, and will probably become merged in the eastern bands within a few years, should Washakee live and retain his popularity and influence. A considerable number of these Indians, including the two chiefs Pokatello and Black Beard, have this season accompanied Washakee to the Wind River valley on his annual buffalo hunt. These Indians receive an annuity of $5,000 in goods by the provisions of the treaty of July 30, 1863. This is sufficient to clothe them comfortably, but it is necessary to furnish them, during the winter season especially, a considerable amount of provisions to keep them from starving. Neither these Indians nor the eastern bands have as yet displayed any inclination to agriculture, or an abandonment of their nomadic life.

* * * * *

EDUCATION AND WEALTH.

There are no schools of any kind yet established among the Indians in Utah. The wealth of the Indians consists almost entirely in horses, of which some bands have a considerable number. No accurate report can be made in respect to the number owned by

the different bands, but from the best information I can obtain I should place it as follows:

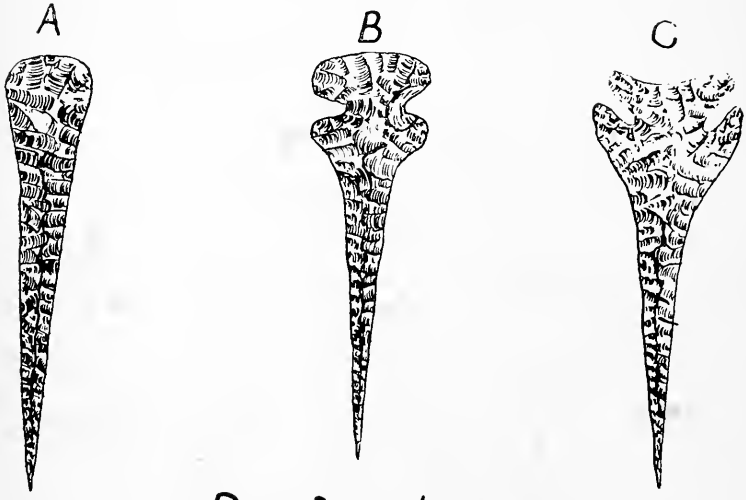
Eastern bands of Shoshones	500
Northwestern bands of Shoshones	100
Weber-Utes	50
Goships	20
Utahs	400
Total number of horses	1,070

The horses are all of the breed usually known as Mustangs, being very small, but capable of great endurance. Their average value would be probably about $30, making the wealth of the tribe in the Territory $32,100.

* * * * * * * *

Figure 1

Drills



Perforators

Wyoming Archaeological Notes

STONE ARTIFACTS

By

L. C. Steege

PERFORATING ARTIFACTS

One of the most controversial of all the stone artifacts to be classified are the drilling types. Collectors will readily agree as to the identification of these artifacts, but, how many of these stone tools actually show any use as a drill?

An iron-clad classification as to the limits of size and form is impossible for these artifacts. From a mechanical and technical standpoint in order to be practical, the stem of a drill would have to be made quite thick to withstand the downward pressure and the twist in addition to the resistance of the object being drilled. Thin-stemmed drills would never stand up under such use.

The drilling of hard objects such as stone and slate would naturally impart a ground surface on the point of a stone drill. The drilling of softer materials such as wood or bone would eventually leave a glossy polish on the drill point, yet upon close examinations of these so-called drills, I have still to find my first evidence of such usage.

It is my opinion that these implements with the long, slender stems (Figure 1; A, B, and C) were used as pins or fasteners for robes, cloaks and blankets and not for drilling purposes as heretofore believed.

Perforators and borers are the small short-stemmed tools of the "drilling" classification. (Figure 1; D, E, and F). These may be described as a short, sharp, and tapered point made on a flake or blade of flint and having a flat base which was easily grasped between the thumb and the folded index finger. The cross section of the point is roughly lozengic with sharp edges which add abrasion to the penetrating power of the tip. These perforators were used with a twisting, reaming motion with downward pressure applied for penetration. Holes could be made in buckskin, wood, shell, bone, steatite, slate and soft stones.

Occasionally one may find an object which had been too thick to drill from one side only. In such a case the drilling was restarted on the opposite face with a result that the hole is roughly shaped like two hollow cones joined at their apices—not always too correct due to deficient workmanship or a slight miscalculation on the part of the operator.

Drills ("Pins"), and perforators are found throughout the United States. Wherever chipped implements abound in numbers, you can expect to find these interesting stone artifacts.

Wyoming State Historical Society

PROGRAM

Fourth Annual Meeting
September 27-28-29, 1957
Cody, Wyoming

Friday September 27 — Registration: Buffalo Bill Museum

11:00 — Exhibition Flint Lock Shoot by members of the National Muzzle Loading Association

1:00 — Historical Tour to John Colter's camp site of 1807

4:30- 6:00 — Tea at the Buffalo Bill Museum, sponsored by the Trustees of the Museum and Mrs. Mary Jester Allen and Helen Cody Allen.

Saturday September 28

8:30-10:00 — Annual Business meeting of the Wyoming State Historical Society.

10:15 — Tour of Historical sites north and west of Cody. Ned Frost and E. E. Newton in charge.

12:00 noon — Barbecue at Cody City Park.

1:30 — Parade in costume of 1807 period; line of march from Cody City Park to site of pageant.

2:30- 4:00 — Pageant *John Colter*. Site of pageant just west of Cody. Presented by the Park County Chapter of the Wyoming State Historical Society, Lucille Patrick, Chairman.

4:30 — Committee meetings; Executive meeting.

7:30 — Banquet at Cody Auditorium.

I. H. Larom, Toastmaster
Introduction of Distinguished Guests

Speaker: Mr. Merrill J. Mattes, Regional Historian, National Park Service.

DEBATE: Authenticity of the Colter Stone
Burton Harris (positive side)
W. K. Cademan (negative side)
Moderators: Dr. T. A. Larson
Mr. Frank Oberhansley

10:00-Midnight Square Dancing

Sunday September 29

9:30 Tour to Valley Wyoming. Dedication of plaque to John Colter.

11:45 Buffet lunch at Valley Ranch as guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Larom.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

A full account of the Fourth Annual Meeting will be given in the April 1958 issue of the *Annals of Wyoming*.

Book Reviews

Frontier Editor. By Daniel W. Whetstone. (New York, Hastings House, 1956. 287 pp. $4.50.)

Daniel W. Whetstone is owner and publisher of a weekly newspaper, *The Pioneer Press* of Cut Bank, Montana. He has been a citizen of this small town at the edge of the Rockies and the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, not far from the Canadian border, since June of 1909 when it was a rough, tough, delayed-frontier outpost. The title would indicate that the book was an autobiography, but it is not—may I say, regretfully, not nearly enough of D. W. Whetstone is in its 287 pages.

Essentially this is a volume of thumbnail sketches of the characters, good, bad, and mixed, who sparked Cut Bank and helped to bring about or suffered through its transition from a raw, wide-open, completely uninhibited community of people who wanted to keep it that way, to its present status as an oil and wheat center with a way of living which makes it much like other towns of its size in the West. As a chronicle of a developing community this is an observant man's report and of value to all readers and students of Western Americana.

While Mr. Whetstone was making up his mind to settle in Cut Bank and establish a newspaper, he received no encouragement from the citizenry: "Here there was unhidden evidence of hostility —with one and only one exception . . . Richard Ramsland, the banker, builder and real estate operator". Being stubbornn, Mr. Whetstone stayed and this book covers his forty-six years of covering the ups and downs of Cut Bank. One meets a rare assemblage of saloonkeepers, bartenders, elbow benders, bootleggers, Orientals, cattlemen, sheepherders, homesteaders, land commissioners, wheat ranchers, promoters and oil men. Much of the drama centers in the "Cannibal Islands", the saloon district.

The following paragraphs epitomize much of the history of towns in the Northern Great Plains: "The little annals of the little towns on the Northern Plains, on and off the railways, went something like this: In the period when the livestock interests constituted the major industry these hamlets grew to a size that supplied all needs—solid and liquid—and then remained in a sort of suspended animation. In most cases this was the way the business people wanted it.

"When the homestead invasion filled the land these towns, regardless of the wishes and sentiments of the business elements, quickly expanded; new blood, merchants, bankers, hotelmen, saloonmen, food dispensers, liverymen, itinerant, excitement-loving

boomers rushed in, in the hope of making an easy dollar or two. Ministers and other moral uplifters followed later.

"When in later time proven commercial oil development took place in many parts of the plains this produced newer and greater enthusiasm and excitement. It brought a needed stimulation to sections that had experienced dark days after high hopes had vanished. The stock towns that became wheat towns—each with no less than a half dozen grain elevators and a surplus of business places—were falling apart after periods of drought, grasshoppers, cutworms and accompanying ills. Now they had a new and more substantial revival.

"Those attracted by the oil explorations and developments were a new type, not at all like the sober-minded and little-travelled ruralists and townspeople; they were a rather romantic breed of roamers who had flitted from place to place . . . It was cosmopolitanism invading provincialism."

Mr. Whetstone's two great interests are writing and politics. (He has been Republican National Committeeman from Montana for almost ten years). He has been identified with the activities of Cut Bank from the days when it was a roistering hamlet of 400 to the present when it is a hustling town of 5,000. There is some nostalgia as he looks back to the old frontier days, but not much: "Hardly one old timer took advantage of the oil development or the other chances that came with it. A great many of them are pensioners or spending their last days in old people's homes. Like the Indians they failed to adjust and fell before the acquisitive invaders." As for Mr. Whetstone: "As the hill slopes westward—and I'm hoping not too abruptly—I pause to recall that speech of Spartacus of Thrace . . . 'Oh, Rome, Rome, thou hast been a tender nurse to me' ".

Bozeman, Montana MRS. LOIS B. PAYSON

Dakota Territory, 1861-1889; a study of Frontier Politics. Howard Roberts Lamar. (New Haven, Yale University Press, 1956. 304 pp. $4.50.)

Political histories do not invariably radiate interest; but this remarkable book is a vivid presentation, full of local color, of the exigencies inherent in a territory unique in western history in that it had a political organization before it had an economic basis. It is many books in one. On the local level it is a story of frontier politics in the two Dakotas—a rough and tumble political eye-gouging counterpart of the six-gun frontier during the wide-open days—and a story of the settlement of Dakota territory that catches brilliantly, if briefly, the flavor of the early Dakota towns. It is a story of Dakota personalities done with a deft touch

and a broad eye to the significance of certain types of personalities in the settlement of the frontier. It is, along the way, a story of the place of the recently and not quite thoroughly defeated Indians in the expanding west, and the complex motives of the frontiersmen in determining their destiny.

So much alone would make the book rich, but this is local history seen in very broad perspective. If any of the younger historians is capable of attaining the breadth and depth that characterize Walter Prescott Webb's approach to western history, Lamar is the man to watch. Consequently, the politics of early Dakota is seen in all its gruesome detail as a reflection of the lowered public morality that pervaded the country after the Civil War. This is a study of the interaction of frontier politics and national politics during the most corrupt period in our nation's history. It is, above all, a book with a thesis that provides one more qualification, a major one, to Turner's concept of the frontier as the breeding ground of democracy.

In the settlement of Dakota, Lamar sees forest man launched by expansive forces into a semi-arid area before he understood its nature. The concept of the Great American Desert hampered agricultural development, the railroads were slow in coming, and in the interim the prairie farmers and politicians set up a crude kind of state socialism. Before the territory had a sound economic basis, government and politics were its first industry. The government sold or gave the farmer his land, helped him build railroads, bought his produce through Indian agencies or army posts, and supported his newspapers through public printing contracts. As a result, the people came to view government as a means of solving social and economic problems. Lamar finds this habit of mind reflected in the unfolding of successive stages in the territory's political history, as he does in the fact that today a larger percentage of the population of North and South Dakota work for the government than that of any other state. The argument is thoroughly documented and valid beyond questions. Historians should now determine to what degree the same terms apply to the politics of the rest of the western frontier.

Colorado College ELLSWORTH MASON

Massacre: The Tragedy at White River. By Marshall Sprague. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1957. 364 pp. Illus. Endpaper maps. $5.00.)

The tragedy at White River Agency in northwest Colorado was the massacre on September 29, 1879, of Nathan Meeker, agent to the Ute Indians, with all his employes, and the capture by the

Indians of his wife and daughter and another girl. The history of the West is full of massacres and captures, but there was no other that had exactly the same dramatic values that this one had. And Sprague's writing ability, plus careful research, brings these dramatic values out in all their intensity.

The book is an outstanding example of the contribution that a scrupulous writer can make to the understanding of history. Sprague tells the sensational story, and tells it well. But beyond this, he sets it in its historic background, and he does so with a fidelity to the facts that is too often lacking in popular writing. Sprague is conscientious as well as talented. He cites his sources but he does so unobtrusively so that no footnotes get in the way of his narrative. But the footnotes are there, lending authority to the work.

Both plot and characterization are skilfully handled as in a well-knit novel. The unique personalities of the idealistic Meeker and the members of his family and entourage are emphasized. So is the factual background—the land hunger of the white men, the corruption of the government men dealing with the Indians, and the Indians' devotion to their homeland. Sympathy for the oppressed and misunderstood savages is evident, as is sympathy for those who misunderstood them. Meeker himself is the most notable of these, and his pitiful but determined attempt to convert the Utes overnight from savagery to civilization is shown as the culminating cause of the tragedy that eventually overwhelmed them all.

Several Wyoming figures play their parts in the drama: Major Thomas T. Thornburgh, commander of the ill-fated troops from Fort Steele who died with him at Milk River on their belated ride to Meeker's rescue; Thornburgh's guide, Joe Rankin of Rawlins; and Rawlins' "first citizen," James France, whose warnings Meeker disregarded because Meeker thought the pioneers "exaggerated everything" in an effort to compensate for the boredom of border life.

But of all the *dramatis personae* in the book it is perhaps the women who stand out the strongest. To just what extent the women prisoners of the Utes found their captivity painful and to what extent they looked back upon it as a unique and even pleasant experience is left pretty much for the reader to decide for himself. Sprague seems to feel that the women themselves looked upon at least some phases of their experience with mixed emotions.

This is a carefully written book, and it will richly repay the careful reader.

Denver, Colorado MAURICE FRINK

Navajo and Ute Peyotism: A Chronological and Distributional Study. By David F. Aberle and Omer C. Stewart, (*University of Colorado, Series in Anthropology,* No. 6. 1957. Boulder: Univ. of Colorado Press. 129 pp. $2.50.)

This study provides new and reliable information on an important phase of the history of the peyote cult. It deals with the transmission of the cult from the Dakota to the Northern Ute and thence to the Southern Ute and eventually to the Navajo. Also described is the spread of the cult over much of the Navajo country and the present distribution in this area. It is essentially an historical exposition largely concerned with a description of events in this particular slice of American history.

The peyote cult has been of interest to students of diffusion and other cultural processes and a considerable literature about it is gradually developing. It is a widely diffused religious movement including both native American and Christian elements. Important rituals involve the ingestion of the peyote cactus *(Lophophora williamsii)* which produces a variety of psychological effects.

The effective introduction of the peyote cult to the Northern Ute from the Dakota took place in 1914 through missionary work by Samuel Lone Bear who was originally from Pine Ridge, South Dakota. Earlier travels between 1906 and 1908 by White River Ute to the Dakota appear to have acquainted the former with the cult and facilitated later proslytizing.

Transmission to the Southern Ute took place by several instruments. A Northern Ute convert named Wee'tseets brought the cult to Towaoc between 1914 and 1917. Ignacio seems to have been visited by Lone Bear also between 1914 and 1917. Earlier contacts with peyote from Oklahoma and from the Arapaho may have taken place.

The cult was introduced to the Navajo from the Towaoc Ute. Some Navajo groups north of the San Juan may have gotten it before 1920. It does not appear to have been widespread until after 1930. Probably in the early 1930's there developed in the Mancos Creek area a group of Navajo peyote priests. A number of Navajoes also made contact with the cult through employment on C. C. C. projects on the Southern Ute reservation between 1933 and 1938. Before 1935 there are only scattered reports of the peyote cult south of the San Juan and after 1937 there was a great increase in number of meetings reported. By 1940 the cult was widespread enough to have action taken against it by the Navajo Tribal Council. Rapid development was apparently related to the increase in economic and other personal problems involved with difficulties developing out of government stock reduction programs and similar activities. Peyote is still spreading

and numbers of converts are growing. In 1951 12 to 14 percent of the Navajo were involved. Distribution is still spotty with some areas and communities having larger proportions of members than others.

The distribution of the peyote cult and especially the matter of its acceptance or non-acceptance by particular groups has long been of interest as an indication of variation in cultural ethos. Though these authors are primarily interested here in history, they present an interesting consideration of patterns of spread on the Navajo Reservation as related to different intensities of general contact and special appeal to specific individuals. The conclusions are that intense contacts are more important and special cult appeal less important than some students might expect.

Taken as a whole this work represents a careful bit of craftsmanship and a real contribution to the growing literature of peyote.

University of Wyoming WILLIAM MULLOY

From Trapper to Tourist in Jackson Hole. By Elizabeth Wied Hayden. (Paper-bound pamphlet, 1957. 47 pp. Price $1.00)

The volume is well annotated, with sixty-six references, which shows the author has made a review of the literature of the region. There are seventeen sub-headings, dealing with the Geology, The Discovery of the Hole, The Astorians, The Expedition of 1816, The Mountain Men of 1822, The Fur Trade Era of 1832, The Prospectors, Sheep Men Warning, Some of the Expeditions into the Region, The Settlers of Jackson Hole, Indian Trouble of 1895, Early Days in Jackson, The Elk Herd, The Gros Ventre Slide, and The Preservation of the Area by the Rockefeller interests.

This small pamphlet will serve the purpose of giving a glimpse into the historic past of one of America's most scenic wonderlands.

This small book has neither introduction nor index, but there are three excellent reproductions from the collection of H. R. Crandall, one of the great scenic photographers of the West.

Denver, Colorado NOLIE MUMEY, M.D.

Riders of Judgment. By Frederick Manfred. (New York: Random House, 1957. 368 pp. $3.95.)

"Riders of Judgment," is a surprisingly realistic novel of the Middle Fork of the Powder River Country in the late '90's, giving a vivid, historically-sound picture of Wyoming cow-outfits, cow-

boys and events leading up to, and through, the Johnson County Cattle War.

Manfred has done much more than relate dramatic happenings. He has made this colorful period and these places come to life through his keen, deep analysis of each character. His cowboys are cleverly drawn, definitely individualistic as they actually were, a queer combination of strength, courage, cruelty and carefreeness, roughness and softness. He has brought out clearly the geographical phase of this rough country, where men of all types, confronted with the harsh code and seeming cruelty of the early west, had to adjust, each in his own individual, good or bad, way.

He has shown the great confusion of the time (always present when a change takes place) when a man didn't know for certain who was friend or foe, when brother was pitted against brother and family against family; as in Civil War days, when a man had to accept violence and friendship, and chart his own course *alone,* under normal conditions in order to survive.

The ending of the book shows Manfred's skillful ability as a writer. It closes with a sense of great humility, leaving a broader understanding of mankind and a feeling of reluctance to judge the actions of any man, whether honorable or dishonorable,—for each, of necessity, meets his destiny—bravely, cowardly, weakly or strongly—each fallen victim to the turbulence within himself, thus paying the price for living the life he chose and making the decisions he made.

Over Manfred's keen insight into human hearts is the beautiful descriptions of nature, giving a final touch of reality, an added meaning to the story. This meticulous care in bringing out little details shows the author is a careful observer of nature and understands the things he writes about.

It is a great book, not like the average "western" which is read and cast aside. The reader will long remember Cain Hammett, the cowboy's personal bravery and staunch code of living.

Kaycee, Wyoming THELMA G. CONDIT

The Horsecatcher. By Mari Sandoz. (Philadelphia: The Westminster Press, 1957. 192 pp. $2.75.)

In her latest book, *The Horsecatcher,* Mari Sandoz has continued her writing of the American Indian which she began with *Crazy Horse* (1942) followed by *Cheyenne Autumn* (1953), two works which deal with the Indian in his native life and as he came into association and conflict with the white man in American history. In this new work, however, she has left history as such and has written a brief, imaginative novel, but the work she did to gather the material for her histories has without doubt made the

writing of this novel possible and has given it its obvious truthfulness—truthfulness to Indian life, character, and psychology. The dedication of the book would indicate that she has, as she had for *Miss Morissa* (1955), living models for her fictional horse catcher.

The Horsecatcher is essentially a simple story, one which is quite likely to be thought of as a book for teenagers, and it is. But it is more than that. It is one more serious contribution to our understanding of the Indian; and though it is fiction, it is like history in that it illuminates the past. Further, it can have meaning for both adolescents and adults in this age of conformity. For Young Elk, the Cheyenne boy who is the center of the novel, was a genuine non-conformist—a rarity in his day and society as in ours, unless one equates eccentricity with non-conformity. His non-conformity was in those things that matter, a deeply felt rebellion against the tribal pattern which required every young brave to earn his place by deeds of war, by killing, and by courage and daring which were too much their own ends. "I cannot go on the warpath," he told the Bowstrings, the tribal warrior society, when they asked him to join. Instead, he would earn his standing by catching and taming the wild horses which dotted the land. His was the hard choice because he must be thought by the tribe to be a coward and weakling, yet it was more dangerous than the usual course and required more real courage as he had always to be alone and often far in enemy territory, unarmed, the victim of ruthlessness if he were caught. But he was faithful to his choice. Once he was forced to kill an enemy to protect the village, but he never ceased to mourn the deed. During the months he was away from the tribe, by himself, living without tribal comforts close to the earth as he searched out the wild horses, his firm belief was strengthened "that all things of the earth and sky were a part of him. True it was necessary to kill game to feed the people—buffalo for meat, but when a man died he returned to the grass which in its turn fed the buffalo. So it was all one great holy circle, a round, as all great things are round—the moon, the sun, the earth's far horizon."

The novel, then, is the story of Young Elk's struggle against destruction and his victory, tribal acceptance on his terms. As it progresses, Miss Sandoz, as usual, gives us a few memorable characters in a brief space, Young Elk's father, the elder Horsecatcher, the women—people of great affection, delightful humor, and genuine dignity.

"The Horsecatcher," though less pretentious than either "Cheyenne Autumn" or "Crazy Horse," deserves to stand with them because it is filled with the same insight into the Indian character which has made those earlier books classics and because it is written in that same distinctive style, a prose of great simplicity,

dignity, and beauty. This is a way of writing which has its origin and takes its life from the way Mari Sandoz regards the American Indian, with great sympathy, understanding; admiration, and a true sense of his tragic past. In the foreword to "Crazy Horse" she has written: "In it [*Crazy Horse*] I have tried to tell not only the story of the man but something of the life of his people through that crucial time. To that end I have used the simplest words possible, hoping by idiom and figures and the underlying rhythm pattern to say some of the things of the Indian for which there are no white-man words, suggest something of his innate nature, something of his relationship to the earth and the sky and all that is in between." She has tried to do the same thing in "The Horse-catcher" and has succeeded again, this time writing only of the Indian. The white man and the tragedy he brought are remote and unconsidered.

This is a slender but beautiful little book, and it should remind its readers once more, if they are affected by beauty and by understanding of universal human nature, that Mari Sandoz is not just a writer of books about the Indians and the West, but a creative artist of the first rank, one who knows people, and, like the poets, knows how to put the very best words in the best possible order.

University of Wyoming RICHARD MAHAN

Contributors

DR. AKE HULTKRANTZ, assistant professor at the University of Stockholm, Sweden, received his Ph.D. from that institution in 1953. In 1948 and 1955 Dr. Hultkrantz visited Wyoming for anthropological and historical research, investigating the Arapaho and Shoshoni Indians, their culture and their history. He is currently preparing a book on the Mountain Shoshoni or Sheepeater Indians of Wyoming. In August 1957 he again visited the Wind River Reservation in Wyoming to continue his research. Dr. Hultkrantz is a member of a number of societies in Sweden, and in the United States is a Foreign Fellow of the American Anthropological Association and a Councilor of the American Folklore Society.

NORMAN D. KING, Colonel in the U. S. Army, was an examiner in the railway mail service, stationed at Cheyenne, Wyoming, from 1926 to 1940, at which time he entered the Army as a Captain. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, where he attended the public schools and Western Reserve University. He was graduated from

the Command and General Staff College in 1943. During his service he has spent four years in the Okinawa Ryukyu Islands, and twelve years in Washington, D. C. He is the author of two booklets written for the Federal Government, "How to Recognize a German Soldier in Six Easy Lessons" (1944), and "Ryukyu Islands", now in the third edition. His present address is Arlington, Virginia.

MRS. MARION MYERS PASCHAL was born in Evanston, Wyoming, and received her education in the schools of Evanston and at the University of Wyoming. Following her marriage in 1929 to James L. Paschal, she has lived in Ithaca, N. Y., where Dr. Paschal obtained his Ph.D. degree from Cornell University, in Las Cruces, New Mexico, Denver, Colorado, and from 1944-57 in Fort Collins, Colorado, where Dr. Paschal was on the faculty of the Colorado State College A. & M. Dr. and Mrs. Paschal are currently living in LaPaz, Bolivia, where he is Chief Economic Advisor to the Bolivian Department of Agriculture. They are the parents of three children.

CHARLES A. MYERS was born on his father's ranch in Uinta County, Wyoming, on November 23, 1871, and his early life was spent in the now disappeared town of Hilliard, Wyoming, where he attended school. His formal education ended when he was about twelve years old, but his mother assisted in his continued study for a number of years following that. Mr. Myers was an active member of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, serving on the executive committee for many years and as President from 1940-42. He was a member of the American National Cattlemen's Association for more than fifty years. He was a Senator in the State Legislature of Wyoming for twelve years, a member of the Wyoming Live Stock and Sanitary Board, and President of the Stock Growers National Bank of Evanston. In 1948 the University of Wyoming bestowed upon him an honorary degree in recognition of his outstanding service to the State. Mr. Myers passed away at the home of his daughter in California on May 11, 1952. He is survived by a son, J. W. Myers of Evanston who is also a Wyoming State Senator, and two daughters, Mrs. Paschal and Mrs. Edna Duncan of Elverta, California.

MRS. THELMA CONDIT. *See Annals of Wyoming,* Vol. 29, No. 1, April 1957, page 120.

LOUIS C. STEEGE. *See Annals of Wyoming,* Vol. 29, No. 1, April 1957, page 121.

DALE L. MORGAN. *See Annals of Wyoming,* Vol. 29, No. 1, April 1957, pages 120-121.

General Index

VOLUME 29

WYOMING STATE ARCHIVES AND HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

The Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department has as its function the collection and preservation of the record of the people of Wyoming. it maintains a historical library, a museum and the state archives.

The aid of the citizens of Wyoming is solicited in the carrying out of its function. The Department is anxious to secure and preserve records and materials now in private hands where they cannot be long preserved. Such records and materials include:

Biographical materials of pioneers: diaries, letters, account books, autobiographical accounts.

Business records of industries of the State: livestock, mining, agriculture, railroads, manufacturers, merchants, small business establishments, and of professional men as bankers, lawyers, physicians, dentists, ministers, and educators.

Private records of individual citizens, such as correspondence, manuscript materials and scrapbooks.

Records of organizations active in the religious, educational, social, economic and politcial life of the State, including their publications such as yearbooks and reports.

Manuscript and printed articles on towns, counties, and any significant topic dealing with the history of the State.

Early newspapers, maps, pictures, pamphlets, and books on western subjects.

Current publications by individuals or organizations throughout the State.

Museum materials with historical significance: early equipment, Indian artifacts, relics dealing with the activities of persons in Wyoming and with special events in the State's history.