Annals of Wyoming

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LOLA M. HOMSHER
Editor

RETA W. RIDINGS
Co-Editor

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Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

Ferrying Wagons at Platte — Mormon Ferry. (See page 31 of text for information about the artist.)

The Ferries of the Forty-Niners

By

DALE L. MORGAN

Among the experiences chronicled during the first year of the California Gold Rush, few come more graphically out of the diaries and letters of the Forty-niners than those contingent upon the crossing of the Wyoming rivers. These rivers, primarily the North Platte and the Green, had always been a disagreeable obstacle for overland travelers, but prior to 1849, men who took the Western trails were a self-sufficient lot, more than equal to getting packs or wagons across deep and rapid streams. The Gold Rush swept along in its headlong course any number of men of less practical background, not always well-equipped to deal with the problems presented by a transcontinental journey, and we should have anticipated new and interesting scenes on the banks of the larger rivers even had the emigration not been of such stupendous proportions. The pressures engendered by upwards of 30,000 men arriving at river crossings, clamorous to cross or be crossed, gave a further striking character to this phase of the Gold Rush and of Wyoming local history. In another century, we can scarcely recreate the scene, but in recent years letters and diaries of Forty-niners have come forth in such numbers as to make possible reasonably comprehensive studies of the ferries they used, as of so many other phases of their life on the trail and in the diggings.

The purpose of this article, a supplementary contribution to a study of the overland migration to California in 1849 lately published by the writer,[1] is to quote as fully from the contemporary record as circumstances will permit, to show what the problems were at the various river crossings, how these problems altered from day to day, and how the Forty-niners behaved. There is a limitation to the background that can be developed in even so relatively exhaustive a study, and imagination must supply some of those details—the cold nights, the blistering days, the constant wind, dust flung up continually and on all sides from wagons and animals in motion, the lowing of cattle and the braying of mules, laughter, profanity, and complaint, woodsmoke and the smell of

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1. *The Overland Diary of James A. Pritchard from Kentucky to California in 1849* (Denver, The Old West Publishing Company, 1959). This work is accompanied by a chart of travel by all known diarists west across South Pass in 1849, together with a bibliography which describes and locates the 134 charted diaries. For fuller information on the various diaries and most letters quoted in the present study, see this chart and bibliography.

frying bacon, sudden whorls of excitement when buffalo unexpectedly charged through encampments, or when someone was injured or killed. The whole panorama of human experience on the Western trails emerges in fragments from the diaries of the Forty-niners as they crossed or camped upon the banks of the Wyoming rivers.

The present study is strictly limited to the year 1849. Comparative studies for other years should, and doubtless will, be made, but each year has its own distinctive character in the West, and our object is to gain an understanding of what happened in 1849.

Wyoming is a mountain-desert State, and at first glance it is surprising that within its present borders run nearly all the rivers that Forty-niners had to ferry, once they had launched out from the west bank of the Missouri. True, those who started from the vicinity of Independence had to ferry the Kansas River at some point; and those who traveled by way of Great Salt Lake City sometimes had to ferry the Bear River. But nowhere else, not even at the South Fork of the Platte in present Nebraska, were Forty-niners brought to a dead halt by the need for boats.

In the vicinity of Fort Laramie, the Laramie River occasionally —if only infrequently—had to be crossed by ferry, and during the height of the emigrating season, the North Platte 2 miles away consistently had to be ferried. Because of different periods of high water, and to the extent that these river crossings were served by commercial ferries, it appears that in 1849, at least, both the Laramie and the North Platte could be crossed by a single ferry facility.

The second major ferry was situated at what was loosely called the "upper crossing" of the North Platte, covering about a 30-mile stretch of that river—from below present Glenrock to above present Casper. Farther west, the overland trail having forked just beyond South Pass, there were two crossings of Green River, one on the Salt Lake Road, slightly above the mouth of the Big Sandy, the other on the Sublette Cutoff 30 miles farther north (about 5 miles south of present La Barge). A very few Forty-niners had trouble getting across Smiths Fork of Bear River, near present Cokeville, and in later years emigrants on the Salt Lake Road sometimes had to ferry Hams Fork when pushing on to Fort Bridger from the Green. But in 1849, once emigrants got across the Green, they had done with ferries in what is now Wyoming.

THE FERRIES AT FORT LARAMIE

It will be recalled that Fort Laramie, originally named Fort William, was founded by William L. Sublette in 1834, subsequently passed into other hands and became known as Fort John, and was

rebuilt of adobe in 1841. The rebuilt post was situated on rising ground on the left bank of the Laramie, about 2 miles above the confluence of that river with the North Platte. About 1840-1841 a rival trading establishment, christened Fort Platte, was erected on the same side of the Laramie, about a mile and a half below; it was just above this site that the swift Laramie was usually forded. Fort Platte, however, was abandoned in the summer of 1845 and in ruins by 1849. Because Fort John, properly so-called, but by everyone save its owners called Fort Laramie, in seasons of high water could be isolated from much of its hinterland by the two nearby rivers, from an early date a flat boat was kept at hand. This boat performed the first commercial ferry operations in Wyoming, though in a strictly incidental fashion.

The Mormon Pioneers in 1847 elected to come west by a trail from Council Bluffs which kept to the north bank of the Platte all the way to Fort Laramie. They were not the first emigrants to use this route; the Thorpe company en route to Oregon in 1844 had preceded them, following in a track beaten out by fur traders and Oregon-bound missionaries in the 1830's, but the Mormon record of the crossing of the North Platte at Fort Laramie gives us our first clear view of a ferry operation in present Wyoming. The various Mormon journals of 1847 relate how the Saints reached a point opposite the mouth of the Laramie on June 1, how next day their leaders crossed the North Platte in their leather boat, the *Revenue Cutter,* and how the factor at the fort, James Bordeau, after saying they could not go another four miles up the north side before coming to bluffs that would force them to cross the North Platte, offered the use of "a flat boat which will carry two wagons easily which we can have for fifteen dollars or he will ferry us over for $18.00 or 25¢ a wagon." This quotation is from William Clayton, who neglects to mention that the Mormons elected to do their own ferrying, but does say that they floated in the boat down to the mouth of the Laramie, whence "the brethren mostly got on shore and towed the boat [a half-mile] up to camp." The Saints began ferrying early on the morning of June 3, 1847, and finished next day. The boat was then returned to the fort.[2]

Presumably it was this same flat-boat that was pressed into use when the first Forty-niners made their appearance opposite Fort Laramie on May 22, 1849. The front-running company was that of Captain G. W. Paul. No diary or letter written by a member of his company has yet come to light, but fortunately we are granted a viewpoint by Bruce Husband, then in charge of the fort.

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2. See *William Clayton's Journal* (Salt Lake City, 1921), pp. 208-213; and for additional details *The Record of Norton Jacob,* edited by C. Edward Jacob and Ruth S. Jacob (Salt Lake City, 1949), pp. 55-56.

Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

Fording Laramie Creek

In a letter he wrote Andrew Drips on May 24, Husband said in part: "We had just got through . . . [whitewashing the rooms, repairing chimneys, etc.] when the first emigration parties arrived, keeping Burke and in fact all of us employed crossing their wagons, etc. etc. . . . It is a great pity you left no robes here as I could sell inferior robes very freely to emigrants at 3 and 4 dollars each; as it is, no robes, no blacksmith to work, and no oxen or horses (all of which would be more than ordinarily profitable) to make anything out of the emigration excepting ferryage, which last will cease when Laramie falls. . . ."[3]

The first diarist to come along by the usual trail up the south bank of the Platte is Joshua D. Breyfogle, who writes on May 27, 1849: ". . . continued on to Laramie Fork opposite Fort Laramie, where we are encamped as the river is too high to cross." His party lay opposite the fort next day, lightening their loads, but on May 29 Breyfogle wrote merely, ". . . crossed Laramie Fork to the Fort. . . ."[4]

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3. Quoted in LeRoy R. Hafen and Francis Marion Young, *Fort Laramie and the Pageant of the West, 1834-1890* (Glendale, 1938), pp. 132-133.

4. MS. diary in Baker Library, Dartmouth College; microfilm in Bancroft Library. A mimeographed edition was published in Denver in 1958.

Others who crossed on May 28, like William Kelly[5] and Delos R. Ashley,[6] mention no particular difficulties; and William G. Johnston, who came up on May 29 with the fear that the Laramie might be too deep to ford, found that "fortunately [it] was low enough to ford, being scarcely three feet in depth. Its width was about forty or fifty yards; its current strong."[7] During the next two weeks, only Charles Elisha Boyle and Peter Decker, traveling in a Columbus, Ohio, company, amplify the ferry record. Boyle wrote in his diary on June 2, "At noon we encamped on the bank of the Laramie a 100 yards or so from the mouth by which it discharges its waters into the N. Platte. . . . After we had rested and grazed our teams at noon some of the teams were ferried over at a dollar per wagon. The rest of us elevated the provisions, sacks, and baggage [i.e., raised the wagon beds] and forded the stream as we did the Platte (South). The river is about 100 yards wide and about three feet deep and is very swift. Everything was taken over in safety."[8] Decker wrote more briefly, "Some Wagons passed Laramie River close by Fort on Ferry, We crossed a mile below at Ford by raising boxes on Wagon. River 200 yds wide pretty deep & current very rapid Water clear. . . ."[9]

During the rest of June, 1849, the Laramie was always deep and rapid enough to give pause to emigrants arriving on its banks, but only temporary high stages, resulting either from rapid run-off or from rains at its sources made it necessary to call into requisition the fur company's flat-boat. On June 11 Joseph C. Buffum observed, "The creek being high we crossed by ferry $1.00 per waggon,"[10] and three days later William Chamberlain recorded, "toward evg came to the ford of Larimes Fork of the Platte near the fort—too deep for fording went up to the ferry opposite the fort — got baggage taken over & swam the mules. . . ."[11]

These accounts of the crossing of the Laramie are explicit enough to locate quite closely both the fording place and the ferry site in 1849. Only one traveler, however, seems to have noted at all closely the place where the North Platte was ferried. It was most likely at or a little below where the Mormons had crossed

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5. William Kelly, *An Excursion to California* . . . (London, 1951, 2 vols.), vol. 1, p. 154.
6. Transcript of MS. diary in Bancroft Library.
7. William G. Johnston, *Experiences of a Forty-niner* (Pittsburgh, 1892), pp. 120-121.
8. Diary, April 2-August 26, 1849, serialized at considerable length in *Columbus Dispatch,* Columbus, Ohio, October 2-November 11, 1949. The quotation is from the issue of October 24, 1949.
9. MS. diary in library of Society of California Pioneers; microfilm in Bancroft Library.
10. MS. diary in California State Library.
11. *Ibid.*

two years before, for John H. Benson on June 17 remarked after crossing the Laramie, "Here we can see the flag of Fort Laramie and can see the trains from the north side of the Platte ferrying over at about the mouth of Laramie Fork."[12]

Probably the same flat-boat used to cross the Laramie was employed subsequently for ferry operations on the North Platte, though there is a small conflict in dates. Chamberlain indicates that the boat was still in use on the Laramie as late as June 14, though the record would go to show that the first-comers on the trail direct from Council Bluffs reached the North Platte opposite Fort Laramie on June 12. Isaac Foster, coming along by that route on June 15, wrote in his diary: "Arrived at the river near fort Laramie, and found the train before us had passed on the 12th; also the U. S. mail [carried by Almon W. Babbitt in a light wagon]; one man was drowned, they advised us not to attempt to swim the river, which is 200 yards in width." On June 16 Foster added, "Crossed the Platte over to Fort Laramie; which is situated in the forks on the south or Laramie fork about 1½ miles from the junction. . . . there seems to be about 50 persons residing here, and seem to be doing a good business. . . . we paid $1.00 per wagon for the use of the boat to ferry us over."[13]

A similar record is that of George E. Jewett, who wrote on June 16: ". . . encamped 3 [miles] from Fort Larimie. Captain went to see about crossing found river too deep to ford and ferry crowded. Prospect of waiting till Monday." But on the 17th: "Drove up to the ferry in the afternoon. Boat poor. Had to do our own ferrying and pay $1.50 per wagon and swim cattle. Commenced crossing 1/2 past ten P. M., and got all over safe before sunrise. The Platte at this place is about 115 yards wide and a very swift current with hard gravel botton."[14]

The next diarist to come along north of the Platte was Lyman Mitchell, who on June 21 camped "at the ferry at [or] near the fort." On the 22nd he wrote, "we worked all night last night trying to get our wageons a Cros the river here we found the last Company a head of us had just Crosed the river we borowed their roups [ropes] which was a grate acomadation to us as we had none—that would reach across the river & was obliged to work all night we did not get across but 5 wageons in the night our roaps broke three times & the Curent being so swift

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12. Transcript of MS. diary in library of Nebraska State Historical Society; microfilm in Bancroft Library. Oddly, what had by then become the "U. S. Ferry," operated for U. S. Army officers, in 1850 is declared to have been located "a short distance below the mouth of Laramie river."

13. Hosea B. Horn's *Overland Guide* (New York, 1852), p. 16. Diary printed in *The Foster Family, California Pioneers* [Santa Barbara, 1925], p. 31.

14. Microfilm of MS. diary in Bancroft Library.

that it was almost imposible for us to cross with it the river here is 350 feete wide about noon we broak our boat which detained us about 3 ours we guerate [got] ouers wageons all over at 3 O Clock."[15]

Mitchell's diary entry suggests that the facilities afforded by the fur company had become incapable of coping with the volume of traffic, and that emigrants were having to devise their own expedients for getting across the North Platte. However, on June 24 John Kip began a serial account of a ferry crossing, apparently involving the original boat. On the 24th: "Tomorrow morning we intend crossing the Platte; it will take us but a few hours, the river is less than 150 yards wide and usually at this time it is fordable; it is high now, but falling. We pay $1 50 per wagon for ferriage, in a week from this time it can be forded with ease. . . ." In a postscript next day, headed "South Side of the Platte," Kip added: "Last evening I was interrupted in writing; I have a few minutes leisure now, while the ferry-boat is re-crossing; our wagon came across a few minutes since; the whole train will be over in two or three hours. . . . I have just been assisting in landing one of the wagons, the boat is returning, and I have a few leisure moments again. . . . The last wagon of the train will be over in a few minutes, then I shall be busy during the rest of the day."[16]

Isaac P. Lord, coming up the south bank on June 26, (a day otherwise significant in history because during the course of it Lieutenant Daniel P. Woodbury in behalf of the U. S. government purchased Fort Laramie from the fur company, Pierre Chouteau Jr. & Company), commented, "On the north side is a large fine bottom land on which a number of wagons are waiting to be ferried over. They came from Council Bluff on the north side and have come to the end of the road."[17] Charles B. Darwin, following in the track of Lord, observed on the 28th, "some difficulty seems to be experienced in crossing platte & 1 50 is the ferriage for wagons."[18] Cephas Arms, in a company from Knoxville, Illinois, was one who crossed that day; he says: "at the river, instead of a good ford as we expected, [we] find that we have to ferry in a small flat-boat that will take only a part of a wagon over at a time, at $1.50 per wagon. It belongs to the Fur Company. . . ."[19]

Despite the optimism of John Kip, as late as the second week of July,—perhaps because of the almost unprecedented winter snows and spring rains, which lengthened the period of run-off—it was still necessary to ferry the North Platte: we find O. J. Hall saying

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15. *Ibid.*
16. Letter printed in *New-York Daily Tribune,* August 22, 1849.
17. MS. diary in Henry E. Huntington Library.
18. *Ibid.*
19. *Knoxville Journal,* Knoxville, Illinois, October 24, 1849.

on July 11, "rolled up to Fort Laramie and ferried the river. . . ."[20]

Soon after this, the North Platte must have become fordable; also, it may be noted, emigration was dropping off, for few were the Forty-niners who reached the fort after mid-July; the majority had passed by July 1. Perhaps to this late period belongs an episode that has escaped general attention. It has been said that all Forty-niners who reached Fort Laramie by the trail north of the Platte crossed the river here, but Byron McKinstry heard the following year that 84 wagons attempted in 1849 to ascend the north bank through the Black Hills, even if "only 8 ever got through."[21] Such a road was finally worked out in 1850, McKinstry being one who traveled it, and thereafter a crossing of the North Platte at Fort Laramie was at the option of the emigrant.

THE MORMON FERRY AT THE UPPER CROSSING OF THE PLATTE

The major ferry operation of 1849, the one that has left the deepest impression on the diaries of the Forty-niners, was that by which the North Platte was crossed at some point below the Red Buttes, where it ended its long northward course from its sources to turn east and foam down through the Black Hills to the junction with the Laramie. The crossing was plural, as will become evident, but in the beginning the expression referred to the ferry operated by the Mormons east of present Casper.

The inception of that ferry the writer has described in an earlier study.[22] Briefly, in mid-June, 1847, the westbound Mormon Pioneers stumbled upon a profitable business, ferrying Oregon and California emigrants across the North Platte. They built a good ferry-boat, and when on June 18 the Pioneers moved on west, they detached for service at the ferry a company of 9 men under Thomas Grover with instructions to "pass the Emigrants over the river and assist the Saints" (the main body of the emigrating Mormons being expected along in a few weeks). Bargaining between the Saints and the other emigrants had established a general rate for ferriage which was now fixed in the instructions; the fee was to be $3 in cash or $1.50 if payment was made in flour and provisions at States prices.

The original site of this ferry was some 3¾ miles above present Casper, but to the annoyance of the Mormon ferrymen, emigrants bound for Oregon established themselves several miles below and

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20. Transcript of MS. diary in California State Library.
21. Transcript of MS. diary; microfilm in Bancroft Library.
22. Dale L. Morgan, "The Mormon Ferry on the North Platte," *Annals of Wyoming*, vol. 21, July-September, 1949, pp. 111-167. The article incorporates the journal of William A. Empey, one of the ferrymen of 1847, with extracts from that of Appleton M. Harmon.

remained on at the river for some time, operating a rival ferry. Appleton M. Harmon, one of the Mormons, amusingly says in his diary that on the night of June 20, 1847, several of his companions went down the river "to rekanorter the ferry below & see if it could be chartered for laramie post [*i.e.*, cut adrift] . . . but returned about day light having found it well guarded & a faith ful watch dog." The result was that the Mormon ferrymen loaded all their traps aboard their boat "in quest of a ferrying ground below those a bove mentioned." They stopped a short time at the rival ferry while Grover asked "if they ware willing for us to fery at the Same place with them, and working in concert with them but they seemed to choose to run the risk a lone of gitting what they could So we moved on down the river a bout 2 *ms* & landed on the South Side of the river in a grove of Scatering cotton woods close by the road whare the feed is good & a good Cite for a ferry after a few moments consultation we unamously agreed that this should be the Spot."

That the Mormon Ferry was thus changed in location has never been fully comprehended; it has been supposed that it continued where William Clayton's *Latter-day Saints' Emigrants' Guide* of 1848 placed it, 28 miles west of Deer Creek.[23] But the odometer record made for the U. S. Army in 1849 by Dr. Israel Moses shows that the Ferry was 21¾ miles above Deer Creek[24]—in fact, where it had been relocated as described by Harmon; the site was at a bend in the North Platte just east of the present Casper Central Airport, some 3½ miles east of Casper.[25] Here, rather than at the abundantly monumented site of the later Platte Bridge west of Casper, crossed those who used the Mormon Ferry in 1849.

In 1848 a small company came out from the infant Great Salt Lake City to operate the ferry again; little is known of the ferry operations this year, except that Edmund Ellsworth (who had been one of the original ferrymen, and who was again to work at the ferry in 1849), was one of the crew.[26] The first year's experience had shown what the pattern would be; the Mormon emigrating companies would leave the frontier late enough to have no need of ferry facilities by the time they reached the mountains, but Oregon and California emigrants, having farther to go, had to get off earlier, and would pay to be set across the North Platte

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23. Clayton's data from the westbound journey of the Mormon Pioneers in 1847. The North Platte had become fordable, and the ferrymen were no longer there when he came east again in September, and evidently no one thought to mention to him the relocation of the ferry prior to the appearance of his *Guide* in St. Louis, early in 1848.

24. The Moses log is printed in Raymond W. Settle, ed., *The March of the Mounted Riflemen* (Glendale, 1940), pp. 345-350.

25. Compare the U. S. Geological Survey's *Casper* quadrangle.

26. See again the article cited in Note 22, which briefly discusses the history of the Morman Ferry from 1847 to 1852.

by experienced ferrymen. As yet there were few ways the Mormons could make their new home in the mountains produce an annual cash crop, so the North Platte ferry was an attractive commercial proposition as long as it was not picked off by Crows, Sioux, or Cheyennes.

A North Platte ferry was also, therefore, something the Church authorities in Great Salt Lake City kept under observation. In a council meeting presided over by Brigham Young early in March, 1849, it was "Voted that bodies of men be sent to the Upper Ferry of the North Fork of the Platte and the Ferry on Green river, and that President Brigham Young appoint the men and have the ferries under his entire control." Thereupon Young "appointed Parley P. Pratt to take charge of the company to go to Green river ferry and Orrin P. Rockwell, Charles Shumway and Edmund Ellsworth to go to the Upper Ferry on the north fork of the Platte."[27]

The Green River ferry will receive attention later. The nomination of Rockwell for duty at the North Platte did not stick (he was detailed to go to California with Amasa Lyman), but Shumway and Ellsworth duly set out from the Mormon city on May 3. Others of the ferrymen were Appleton M. Harmon, James Allred, John Greene, M. D. Hambleton, Andrew Lytle, a Brother Potter, and two not yet identified. With them went Dr. John M. Bernhisel, dispatched to Washington to seek a Territorial government for the Mormons, and a few others, including Brigham Young's brother, Lorenzo, who was going to the States on business.

Lorenzo D. Young's diary describes the journey of the company, which was generally uneventful until May 24, when Devils Gate was reached. Next day Young writes: "This morning stopped and bated at Independence Rock. The boys looked for a cashe at the Gate. Could not find it. I did not know until we had started. I told them I thought I knew where it was, consequently Bro. Lytle and myself started back. Got in sight of the spot when I discovered an Indian. He was soon out of sight, but shortly returned with five others in full chase after us. We put our horses under full speed and escaped them and got to our waggons. They came up and camped with us that night, seemed to be very friendly, but I for one had no confidence in them. The Brethren traded with them and started off. Bro. Hamilton [Hambleton] went back a few rods to trade for another skin. As soon as we were out of sight they pulled him off his horse, searched him and took his

27. Latter-day Saints Journal History, MS. compilation in Historian's Office, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City. The quotations are under date of March 3, but the diary of John D. Lee gives the date as March 4, 1849. See Robert G. Cleland and Juanita Brooks, eds., *A Mormon Chronicle; the Diaries of John D. Lee* (San Marino, 1955, 2 vols.), vol. I, p. 99.

horse saddle and bridle laraett. We then came on to the mineral spring and camped for the night."

This incident is soon reflected in the diaries of the Forty-niners, which gives us some insight into the ferrymen's state of mind. Indeed, next day, May 27, Young writes, "traveled on to the Platt River, but are in constant fear of the Indians." Then on May 28, leaving the ferrymen, he "Crossed the River and [with Bernhisel] came on to Deer Creek and camped for the night. This day commenced meeting emigrants for the mines."[28]

Appleton Harmon, after giving a brief account of the eastward journey "in company with nine others to keep a ferry at the upper crossing of the Platte River 380 miles east of Salt Lake Valley," with some mention of the robbery of Hambleton by Crows, says simply, "We arrived at the ferry the twenty-seventh of May and commenced ferrying the twenty-eighth,"[29] though it is evident that only their fellow Saints were set across the river on the 28th. A letter from Charles Shumway written subsequently relates that his company "arrived [at the Upper Platte Ferry] on the 27th, raised their boats [thereby showing that this had been the ferry site in 1848], and found them in good order. . . . On the 29th the first company of emigrants for the California gold mines reached the ferry, who stated that the road thence to the Missouri river was lined with emigrant wagons for the same destination."[30]

The Mormons had beaten their customers to the ferry by the margin of a single day. Next year the ferrymen, this time captained by Andrew Lytle, took the precaution of setting out from Great Salt Lake City two weeks earlier, and even that did not suffice, for they met the oncoming emigration so early as May 15, and so far along as the Dry Sandy, west of South Pass.[31]

It seems clear that the first company to reach the Mormon Ferry was that which had led the way to Fort Laramie, captained by G. W. Paul.[32] But again we have no record until Joshua Breyfogle comes along. five days later. On June 3, about 10 A. M., Brey-

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28. Lorenzo Dow Young, "Diary," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, vol. 14, p. 169.

29. Maybelle Harmon Anderson, ed., *Appleton Milo Harmon Goes West* (Berkeley, 1946), pp. 53-54. This work corrects Harmon's spelling and omits some passages of the original journals.

30. The date of this letter is not stated; it appears in L. D. S. Journal History under date of May 27, 1849, quoted from the MS. Documentary History of the Church, 1849, p. 85.

31. See the journals of Appleton M. Harmon, Jesse W. Crosby, and Isaac C. Haight, all of whom traveled with the Mormon ferry party to the North Platte as members of a missionary company bound for England. Crosby's journal is printed in *Annals of Wyoming*, vol. 11, July, 1939, pp. 184-191, while a transcript of Haight's MS. journal is in the library of the Utah State Historical Society, with a microfilm in Bancroft Library.

32. See my introduction to the Pritchard diary as cited in Note 1.

fogle "came to the ferry kept by a Mormon, he has a black smith shop here for the accomodation of Emigrants he charged two Dollars a[piece] for each waggon and we have to swim our horses over we wanted to layby today but there is so many trains close behind us that we dare not do it we crossed the river and travelled up the right bank about seven miles where we are for the night. . . ."[33] This camping place was about where the original Mormon ferry had been, and where most emigrants left the North Platte to strike over to the Sweetwater.

William G. Johnston reached the ferry on June 3 some hours after Breyfogle, finding those in charge "men of respectable appearance, well informed, polite, and in every way agreeable. They showed us specimens of California gold, the first we had seen. . . . We sold them a quantity of shawls, beads, trinkets, powder and lead, with which they will purchase buffalo and deer meat from the Indians." On June 4 Johnston said further: "The operation of crossing the Platte began at half after four o'clock. The ferry-boat, constructed of logs covered with slabs of wood, was propelled with long poles. It was only of sufficient size to accommodate one wagon at a time, with as many men as it was thought safe to carry in addition. The mules and horses swam across.

"The stream was possibly two hundred feet in width, and had a rapid current. In places it was ten feet in depth, as shown by the propelling poles. The wagons were lowered to the rafts by man power, and by means of ropes drawn up the banks of the opposite side. Nearly four hours were consumed in the ferriage. We paid three dollars per wagon for the service, which was conducted without accident."[34]

William Kelly came along this same day, June 4. In his narrative he says: ". . . to our great relief and joy, we found at the crossing a body of Mormons, strongly intrenched in a heavy timber palisading [doubtless the blacksmith shop], for their own protection and the security of their animals, as they informed us they had been attacked by the Crows *en route;* and as they beat them off, their numbers being then small, they apprehended an attack from a larger body. . . . [These Mormons] travelled all the way from Salt Lake, over four hundred miles, to establish a ferry, anticipating a large overland emigration, and knowing there was no other point of passing, they had finished two dug-out canoes since they came, on which they constructed a large platform, capable of carrying a loaded waggon in safety. This structure they worked with three large oars, one at each side, and one as a rudder, getting over smoothly enough, but at a terrible slant, which gave them hard labour in again working up against the

33. Breyfogle, *op. cit.*
34. Johnston, *op. cit.*, pp. 134-136.

stream, even with the assistance of two yoke of oxen pulling on the bank as on a canal. . . . They requested payment of the ferryage in coffee and flour, allowing us a price that left a profit of two hundred per cent. and gave us a fresh way-bill [of the route]. . . ."[35]

No less interesting is David Cosad's diary for June 5: "Feried the north fork of the Platt fair $3.00 the Mormons dug out five canoes an put timbers acrost them and run wagons on them & feried them a crost those Mormons had come from Salt lake for that purpose & they had Erected a black Smith shop to shoe the animals and set tire on the wagons for allmost all the Wagon tire was loose, The animals had to be swam a crost this swift stream three hundred yards wide, the [method] used for swimming, them was for one man to ride a horse & go a head of about 20 animals turn inn loose & all swim a cros the river. . . . here we saw the first california gold In quite cours peices they said if a man was Industrious & prudent he Soon get a pile of it, they wanted to buy coffee tea sugar & clothes of all kinds and pay the gold to take them to Salt Lake, they said the Indians had stole their horses & advised us to keep a Strick gard to them, travled 16 miles good camp, here we saw about 30 ox teames that woul not pay $3.00 & went a three miles to Freemans old forden place but the river was too high and they obleege to return to the ferry."[36]

By June 6 the Forty-niners were reaching the ferry in such numbers as to overwhelm the limited facilities. Delos R. Ashley, one of a small company from Michigan then traveling as part of a larger company led by the celebrated William H. Russell, tells of reaching the ferry that day and of having to wait till the 7th. "After 5 wagons crossed our team commenced passing. Were over at 12 M. Terrific storm."[37] One of Ashley's fellow diarists from Monroe, Michigan, who tells of traveling 7 miles on June 6 to reach the ferry, adds: "owing to the number of waggons ahead of us we were detained that day before we commenced crossing," but on the 7th they got their wagons over and swam their ponies.[38] Fuller accounts are those of Joseph Waring Berrien and Daniel W. Gelwicks, traveling with Vital Jarrott's company from St. Clair County, Illinois. Berrien tells of arriving at 3 P. M. on June 6 at "the Upper Platte ferry kept by some 'Mormons' who this year will make a little fortune should the river keep high. Here we found some 60 waggons waiting their turn to cross and as there was no possible chance to ford the river we were obliged to camp and wait for our turn also. The ferry Boat is 3 canoes secured

35. Kelly, *op. cit.*, pp. 174-176.
36. MS. diary in library of California Historical Society.
37. Ashley, *op. cit.*
38. A transcript of this not fully identified diary is found with the transcript of Ashley's in the Bancroft Library, C-B 101.

together, the stream is very rapid and 100 yards wide and at this time is rising rapidly. The Mormons besides their Ferry have a Blacksmith shop here and are well patronised this season at high rates—ferriage for a waggon $3.00 The mules have to swim. . . ." On the 8th Berrien remarks further: "We got the remainder of our waggons over at 8 this morning and driving up our mules we left the ferry with some 60 dollars less in our pockets than when we arrived Six miles above the Ferry is the place where the river is generally forded when the water is low. . . ."[39] Gelwicks' comment on the 7th is: "We lay all day at the Ferry. A large number of emigrants had reached the Ferry, which is kept by 10 Mormons, before our company, and had engaged the ferry, consequently we were detained a day and a half."[40] Selwicks agrees with Berrien that they were across the river by 8 A. M. of June 8.

The composite diary for the Mormon Ferry comprised in the several diaries of the arriving Forty-niners is carried on by Peter Decker and Dr. Charles E. Boyle. On June 8 Decker writes: "Came to the Ferry of N. F. of Platte kept by a mormon charges 3^{00} pr Wagon, several trails [*i.e.,* companies?] here to cross. Also a B. Smith shop here. . . . Stream high, 10 ft deep 250 yds wide & rapid current. . . . Had snow here on the 30th of May. . . . 260 wagons ahead of us Ferried over 40 Wagons to-day & will probably 50 tomorrow."[41] This same day Dr. Boyle says, "The boat is made of two canoes fastened together about six feet apart by means of planks so that a wagon can stand upon them. The mules were forced to swim the river, which is 150 or 200 yards in width. As there were several teams in advance of us we had to wait our turn. And we will not get across tonight." He remarked that snow was in sight on the mountains, and that 10 days before, as the Mormons said, it had fallen "in the bottom where we are now encamped."[42]

On the 9th Decker writes: "At day break aroused Swam mules & horses & Ferried Wagons over River by 7½ O'clock. The 'latter day Saints' did swear at the Ferry although clever fellows One exhibited California gold & says it is there plentifully. . . . Large trains coming up & crossing the river about 100 Wagons ready to cross. . . ." Dr. Boyle says: "This morning very early the word was given to prepare for crossing the river. Breakfast was not quite ready, but as only a small part of each mess was required to be on duty to assist, the remainder ate when

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39. MS. diary being edited for publication by T. C. and Caryl Hinckley, Bloomington, Indiana.
40. Transcript of MS. diary in Illinois State Historical Library.
41. Decker, *op. cit.*
42. Boyle, *op. cit.,* this entry appearing in the *Columbus Dispatch* of October 26, 1949.

breakfast was ready, and then relieved the others who ferried the first wagons across which happened to be those of our mess No. 2. . . . We had some considerable difficulty in forcing our mules to swim the stream, and more to catch them on the north bank."

This day, June 9, John Boggs and Jasper M. Hixson reached the ferry in separate companies. Boggs says: "found 55 wagons before us to cross," and on the 10th "with a great deal of difficulty crossed our cattle and horses and wagons by 2 o'clock."[43] Hixson found 100 wagons ahead when he too arrived at the ferry on June 9. The charge, he noted, was $3.00 per wagon and fifty cents each for men. On June 10 and 11 his company lay in camp, waiting for their turn to cross, and finally were ferried over at 10 A. M. on June 12. Hixson says: "It was very tedious crossing with the large ox teams. There was a young man by the name of James Brown, from Howard county, Missouri, drowned in crossing."[44] Apparently this was the first drowning in the vicinity of the Mormon Ferry in 1849; relatively few occurred here as compared with crossings lower down, where emigrants were soon undertaking to get over the river any which way.

Several other diarists record the drowning of the young man from Missouri. One was James A. Pritchard who reached the ferry at 9 A. M. on June 10. "We found about 175 wagon ahead of us & we had to tak our turn. We however joined another company or 2 & constructed a raft to cross our wagone on. After several efforts we succeeded in crossing 2 wagons, but we found the current so strong and the Raft so heavy and unwiealdy that we abandoned the project and awaited our turn which came in on Wednesday morning. . . . Tuesday 11 & 12 were sepent [*sic*] in washing our cloths shoeing mules fixing wagons Etc. Etc. . . . A young man by the name of Brown from Howard county Mo. was drown[ed] in attempting to swim his stock across the river." On the 13th Pritchard writes: "We commenced crossing our wagons this morning at the dawn of day, and by 8½ A. M. [M. M.] Basye's and my train were both over. We joined to assist each other in crossing. Our mules were brought in the morning by daylight from where we had been grazeing them some 6 or 8 ms out towards the bluff [Casper Mountain]. We put them all togeather, and swam them over the river before the sun rose, it being the best time to swim animals at this point. We crossed all safe."[45]

A member of Basye's train, identified as a Dr. T. (perhaps William L. Thomas, but possibly named Taylor), wrote in much

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43. Photocopy of MS. diary in Bancroft Library.
44. Transcripts of diary in library of California Historical Society and Bancroft Library.
45. Pritchard, *op. cit.*, pp. 88-89.

fuller detail, saying that they arrived at the ferry at 6:15 A. M. on June 10. "This ferry is owned by a company of 11 Mormons. Here there is a blacksmith shop—We found 150 wagons in ahead of us. about 50 can be crossed in a day—Just before we arrived a young man by the name of Brown from Missouri was drowned in attempting to swim his cattle across—This accident appeared not in the least to produce more excitement than if he had been a dog although he was represented to be a young man of fine abilities, and esteemed by all who knew him—We found for our mules good grass, about 3 miles from camp to which we drove them. . . .

"Tuesday 12th Nothing of importance occurred to day every Person attending to his own affairs Business here is quite brisk, wagons unloading, repairing, getting mules and oxen shod, &c. A general renovating takes place here, washing up [word illegible] For shoing a horse $3.00 an ox $6.00. Our riding horse wanting shoes, and as I had seen a great many shoes nailed on, concluded I could do it as well if not so neat as any person thereby save a dollar. An important item, as we are getting tolerably scarce of the needful. . . .

"Wednesday 13 Crossed the river this morning and was ready to start at 8 oclock. We had no difficulty in swimming our mules and crossing our wagons—The boat is made by framing cross pieces across 3 canoes—over which sufficient width of plank is pinned down for the wagons to stand on. forming a very simple and safe boat—We paid for crossing $3.00. They cross on an average 60 wagons daily for which they get $180.00 This I think is better than gold digging."[46]

Another emigrant at the Mormon Ferry during this time was David Pease, bound for Oregon rather than for California. On June 10 he wrote in his diary: "8 miles from our camp this morning we came to the crossing plase of the platt and found that it was so high that it could not bee forded and the Mormens had a flatt boat built on three canoes on which they were crossing waggons at the rate of from 50 to 75 waggons per day for which they charged 3 dollars a piece and the emegrants had to swim there cattle a cross the river which is about 200 yds wide and verey swift which makes it verey difficult to get cattle a crost there was 1 man drowned this morning in crossing cattle by his mule throwing [him] in the watter as he was heavy cloathed and the current swift he was carried down stream as there was near 200 waggons to take there turns on the boat a head of us we registered our names so as to have our turnes as they came then we all went to work to help 2 other companies build a raft with the calculation

46. Transcript of MS. diary in Bancroft Library among George Johnson Papers, C-B 383.

that we could get over sooner by so doing and after consulting with all hands it was concluded that we could not get over for a day or two so we sent our cattle out to a deep hollow in the mountains [Casper Mountain] 4 miles under a guard of ten men as there was no grass near by. we soon got our raft done and got one waggon on it and tried to poll it a crost but the current was so swift that it took them down stream in spite of all that they could do and after going down stream 1 mile or more they landed on the same side that they started when they hitched a rope to the raft and towed it up a gain when the[y] tried till night to get a rope made fast from it to both shores

"June 11 this morning we got the ferrey boat to take one end of a rope over the river for us by which meanes we got a rope from the raft to each bank when we thought that we could soon get over but we soon found that the current was so swift and the rope baged so much in the watter that it was a difficult job to do aneything and after crossing 2 waggons on it we gave it up as a bad job and concluded to wait patiently till our turn came on the boat. [This sounds very much like another version of the struggle Pritchard recounted.] all those that had aney repairs to do went to work some cut of there waggonbeds and coupled up there waggons shorter and one that said his load did not exceed 18 hundred weighed it and found that it weighed 23 hundred in vereous ways we passed away the day in carrying out provisions to the guard and so forth

"June 12 we spent in watching our cattle and looking about us to see what was going on

"June 13 this morning we drove in our cattle and swam them acrost the river. . . . after some difficulty we got our cattle and waggons all over and hitched up and drove 8 miles. . . ."[47]

By this time the jam at the Mormon Ferry had become such that the emigration was backing up all the way to Deer Creek, and under the pressure of stark necessity, the Forty-niners were finding means to get across the river on their own. The first company on record to achieve an independent crossing managed the feat June 11, 4 miles below the Mormon Ferry, and within the next few days the emigration was spilling across the North Platte along most of its length for 20 miles or so below that point. We shall examine these interesting developments in detail hereafter, but we shall first describe the situation at the Mormon Ferry down to the end of the emigrating season.

The diaries of the Forty-niners have given us a continuous 11-day record of the Mormon Ferry from June 3-13, but now there are occasional gaps in the daily record.

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47. Transcript of MS. diary in library of the Nebraska State Historical Society; microfilm in Bancroft Library.

Joseph C. Buffum reached the Mormon Ferry—also often referred to by the emigrants as the Upper Ferry—on June 16 and "found 300 waiting here. Some were crossing on rafts. As we could not cross under a day or two we drove a mile and a half south and camped on good grass by a little creek. . . ." Until the 19th he waited his turn, then crossed at noon with the remark, "$4 dollars per waggon toll price; swim the stock. The river here has a rapid current, and the boat is constructed of 3 canoes fastened together with planks making a passage somewhat unsafe. Several persons have been drowned at the ferries below."[48]

While Buffum was waiting to cross, an interesting observer came along, B. R. Biddle, one of a company from Springfield, Illinois. He passed the new ferry at Deer Creek on June 16 without commenting upon it, camping that night and over Sunday, the 17th, at a point 5 miles farther west. On the 18th he went on some 16 miles to encamp near the Mormon Ferry at 5 P. M., meanwhile observing: "the road is crowded with teams, all anxious to make the ferry so as to have their turn; but the ferry not being able to accommodate them in time, they have had recourse to rafting. We spent the noon near the lower ferry [*i.e.,* a middle ferry at Muddy Creek, 11¾ miles below the Mormon Ferry]. The number of those waiting to cross is increasing very fast.—We found over a hundred teams before us. The ferry-boat consists of two [*sic*] rough canoes, lashed together, and a few rough pieces of timber laid across them for the wagons to run on. They take but one wagon at a time. They swim all the horses and cattle. Several men and horses were drowned in attempting to swim over, as the current is very swift. They are able to take over from fifty to sixty wagons per day, at the charge of $3 per wagon. Six hands have charge of the ferry.—They have also a temporary blacksmith shop, and charge $4 for shoeing a horse, $8 for an ox, and other work in that proportion. They have ferried over, in the three weeks preceding our arrival, seven hundred wagons; and it is supposed, as many have crossed at other points—making the number, in advance some fourteen or fifteen hundred wagons; and, we suppose, we are in the first third of the emigration. Any one has the right to keep a ferry, or raft, and charge what he pleases."

Biddle's company waited over the 19th, when Buffum's turn came, then on June 20: "Our wagons were moved up to the ferry, this morning, and our mules taken out to graze; we remained with them until 1 p.m., and then brought them in and swam them over without any accident. Our wagons were all got over safe, by 3 p.m.; when the government troops came up and took possession of the ferry, cutting off two wagons that had been in our company from St. Jo. This act, on the part of the commanding

48. Buffum, *op. cit.*

officer,[49] was looked upon with indignation, and would have given rise to a conflict if our better judgment had not prevailed. Dividing a company by an officer of the government sent out to protect the emigrants, is an act too mean and contemptible for the meanest ox-driver on the plains to be guilty of. The Mormons, knowing how we had been treated by this government dignitary, determined to bring the two wagons over after night, and did so. By their kindness, we were reunited, about 10 o'clock at night. Preferring not to be in the neighborhood of the officers whose duty it was to protect us, we encamped, at 6 p.m. 3 miles from the ferry."[50]

John A. Markle, who crossed the river lower down on June 20, next day passed Mormon Ferry and provides a useful observation, noting that it was situated "at the lower end of an Island . . . [called] heart Island."[51] Vincent E. Geiger, another who had crossed below, on June 22 similarly remarked Heart Island, "so called from its striking resemblance to a heart," and on passing what he termed "the lower Mormon Ferry," commented that it had crossed over 900 wagons at $3 each, which would indicate that some 50 wagons a day had been ferried in the four days since Biddle's accounting. Geiger noted a rumor that a woman and seven children had that day been drowned by the sinking of a boat.[52]

While Geiger was passing up the other side of the river, John Prichet was arriving at the Mormon Ferry: "We shall have to wait until tomorrow in the afternoon before we can cross. . . . The Mormons have established a blacksmith shop here also at which they are making lots of money. So that with the ferry and shop they have as good a gold mine as any in California." On June 23

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49. This was Major John S. Simonson, sent on ahead of the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen to Fort Hall. He had two companies of the Riflemen with him, as noted by Settle, *op. cit.*, p. 166n. By the time the rest of the regiment had reached the upper Platte ferry, he was in Green River. Wakeman Bryarly, whose diary is printed by Potter as cited in Note 52, says (p. 118) that there were 50 wagons in Simonson's train.

50. *Illinois Journal*, Springfield, Illinois, December 11, 1849. Traveling with Biddle's company at this time was Alexander Ramsay, whose diary has a briefer account: "*June 18th* Started early & at fifteen miles distance arrived at the crossing of the Platte here we had to wait untill Wednesday evening before we could get over the crossing was done by means of a ferry boat made by lashing three canoes together & as the trains crossed by turn as they came up& a great many being before us we did not get over till the above named time. . . ." See his diary as edited by Merrill J. Mattes in *Pacific Historical Review*, vol. 18, November, 1949, p. 449.

51. Photocopy of MS. diary in Bancroft Library. Mr. L. C. Bishop of Cheyenne states that there is an island in this location which, although it no longer heart-shaped, is probably the island referred to here.

52. David M. Potter, ed., *Trail to California* (New Haven, 1945), pp. 112-113.

he added, "Afternoon drove our stock into the river and swam them across and then ferried our wagons over. Got all over about dark and encamped on the bank of the river. Paid $3.00 for each wagon."[53]

E. A. Spooner, another who arrived on the 22nd and crossed on the 23rd, says, "The float is composed of two old boats or skiffs lashed together, and some old slabs thrown on them. The charge is three dollars for Wagon, and they will cross over about 50 in a day, requiring on their part the labor of about three men The cattle are swum over They also have a blacksmith shop here which is crowded with work ox shoeing ten dollars pr yoke & other things in proportion So that on the whole they drive quite a stiff business."[54]

Henry Mann came along on June 24 to write in his diary: ". . . we started this morig at Six after passing a no. of ferries, we came to the crossi[n]g of Fremont—only about 80 waggons were here. the ferries of the Emigrants have taken away their business at least 3/4. There are 10 Mormons here acting as ferry men & Black Smiths, and their rec'ts have averaged $200 per day, $20 per man They charged $12 per yoke for Shoeing Cattle, and get all they can do. . . ."[55] Across the river, Israel Hale this day wrote: ". . . passed the upper ferry, called the Mormon Ferry, about ten o'clock and made our noon about two miles above . . . In the afternoon we drove but a short distance when the road ran over the hill. It was a long one, tolerable steep and very sandy and may be set down as the hardest hill to pull up between this place and St. Jo. We soon returned to the river and came to the old ferry. It appears that the Mormons have removed the ferry a few miles lower down that the emigrants may cross and leave the grass unmolested for their Mormon friends."[56]

This remark of Hale's, like Geiger's allusion to the "lower Mormon Ferry," doubtless reflects the expectation of some Forty-niners that they would find the ferry where Clayton's *Guide* led them to expect it; as we have seen, it had been in its present location since June 21, 1847.

John H. Benson, who like some of these other diarists will be quoted hereafter on the ferry operations going on below, reached the Mormon Ferry with his company at 10 A. M. on June 26, "and went into camp for our turn. . . . The ferry boat consist of three canoes fastened together, with two planks on each side running lengthwise for the wheels to run on. This will carry over

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53. MS. diary in Indiana State Library.
54. MS. diary in collection of Fred A. Rosenstock, Denver, Colorado.
55. Photocopy of MS. diary in Bancroft Library.
56. Israel F. Hale, "Diary of Trip to California in 1849," Society of California Pioneers *Quarterly,* vol. 2, June, 1925, pp. 84-85.

one loaded wagon. The cattle swim. They charge $3.00 a wagon. They can take in $100.00 a day for each ferry. There are ten of them. They can buy all kinds of goods and tools for a song. They will leave for Salt Lake as soon as the river gets fordable, which they think will be in about three weeks. . . . The river bank has the appearance of a town with the encampments." On the 27th, he says "we started ferrying over the river. All got over safely and camped on the west bank of the river."[57]

D. Jagger was another who rejected the lures of the lower ferries. On arriving at the Mormon Ferry on June 28, he "found a number of blacksmiths at work & a very good ferry manned by several enterprising & obliging young men from Salt Lake 10 of which left that place for this purpose on the first [3rd] of May last. There were about 60 Waggons waiting to cross, but by good management & luck we got ours over & swam the mules, at evening (price $3 per wagon) part of our company remained on each side of the river. . . ."[58]

It will be seen that apart from some griping over the ferry rate and the price of blacksmithing services, the Mormons manning the Upper Platte Ferry got universally good notices from the Forty-niners; and it may be remarked that notwithstanding the extraordinary proportions of the emigration and the consequent pressure upon their ferry, the Mormons did not scale their prices upward. Some wagons, possibly by reason of their size or heavy loads, were crossed at a $4 rate, but all season long, the $3 rate otherwise was adhered to. A reason may have been that although the Mormon ferrymen were not answerable to any civil government, they were answerable to the Church authorities back in Great Salt Lake City: they were adhering to a scale of prices fixed by Brigham Young before they left home, the standard scale since 1847.

Dr. (T. G.?) Caldwell is another who provides a testimonial to these hard-working ferrymen. On reaching the ferry June 27 about 2 P. M., the day before Jagger got there, he says his company "Entered our names to cross, when our turn comes. This is 5 miles below the old crossing, of Fremont & others. They have but one boat here, which is a good one, & very careful hands. The Mormons appear honest so far as dealing with them They conduct matters very well here, & have a smithery with 2 forges, but charge high. They are numerous at this place. Swim the cattle, & charge $3.00 per wagon for ferrying." On the 28th he wrote further: "Mormon Ferry all day. About 60 wagons are cross'd per day.—This is better than going to the *'Gold Diggings'*—The Mormons also trade for lame cattle." And on the 29th: "Cross'd the Platte at Merd[n] Travelled 6 ms. up river & camp'd. Roads

57. Benson, *op. cit.*
58. MS. diary in library of California Historical Society.

heavy. From what I could learn, this is much the best crossing place."[59]

Right behind Caldwell was Elijah P. Howell, who on June 30 "reached the Mormon Ferry and crossed the North Fork of Platte River. . . . We ferried our wagons, but drove our stock into the river and made them swim it."[60]

We have seen that during the fourth week of June, the Forty-niners showed an increased consciousness of crossing places above the Mormon Ferry. Now comes Lyman Mitchell, who writes on June 29: "we continued up the river until noon & then we came to the last ferry on the Platt we have passed six diferent Places where Emegrants were Crossing the river some had Canoose & some rafts one Company from Missourie lost two wagons by trying to cross on rafts. . . .

"[June] 30 this morning we hitch up our team before brecfast 6 miles to the old Morman ford up the Platt here we bot 3 Canoes we then went up the river 3 miles to whar their was some [s]Catering Cotonwoods & dug out another to attach to the other 3 in order to make it safe for our wageons we guarte [got] back to our Camp at 4 O'Clock. . . .

"July 1 This morning, we guarte up & comenst smothing of our Canoo we finished it & fastened it to the other [July] 2 this morning we guarte up & . . . laid around the camp till 1/2 past 3 O'clock this after noon & then & their our train come up but the wind blew so hearde tha we Could not Cros over any of our wagons untle Sundown we worke all night at crosing [July] 3 we finished crossing our wageons about noon & put things in order for to start the nexte morning [July] 4 this morning we did not starte as soon as we wished on the acount of the U S Troops we sold our boat to them & they agreed to cross us any time when we wished we left our cattle on the other side to feade we guarrte of [got off] at Eleven. . . ."[61]

Thus Mitchell brings into this chronicle the main force of the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen, marching west to garrison Oregon and establish a new post near Fort Hall. Major Osborne Cross, of the Quartermaster Department, who was detailed to command the Regiment's supply train, is also the principal diarist of its march, and consistently a source of useful information.

Cross tells us that on reaching Horseshoe Creek in the Black Hills on June 26, he received orders from the commanding officer

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59. Diary printed in Georgia Willis Read and Ruth Gaines, eds., *Gold Rush* (New York, 1944, 2 vols.), vol. 2, p. 1255.

60. MS. diary in library of State Historical Society of Missouri; transcripts in California State Library and Bancroft Library.

61. Mitchell, *op. cit.*

"to fit out Colonel [Andrew] Porter with material to prepare a raft at the Mormon ferry on the North Platte, now eighty-seven miles from us. Although late at night it was complied with, and he left the next morning early for that place." On June 29 Cross himself reached Deer Creek, and next day moved 10 miles up the North Platte to Muddy Creek, remaining over July 1. Cross's observations in respect of the lower ferries will be quoted later; but he decided that the third division of the Regiment should cross here, at what was called the "middle ferry," while the first and second divisions "should move up the river [11 miles] to the Mormon ferry, where we might attempt to cross on rafts, or use the ferry." On the evening of July 1 he and the colonel commanding, W. W. Loring, set out for Porter's encampment, and about midnight reached the Mormon Ferry, where they learned "that the party we were in search of was up the river about four miles." Continuing on, Cross and Loring reached Porter's camp about 1:30 A. M. on July 2. When daylight came, he says: "The raft was hastily put together, and every preparation made for crossing the river. It was soon found, however, that the length of time and the injury which the property would sustain by exposure would not justify it, when the Mormon ferry could be hired for four dollars per wagon and the same guaranteed to be delivered with its load on the other side of the river in safety. The raft was therefore abandoned and the ferry hired."

On the evening of July 3, "several wagons of the first division were crossed, and instructions given by me to have the mules of the first division swim across early in the morning, which was accordingly done." On the 4th the first division succeeded in crossing, and the second division moved down to the ferry late in the afternoon to begin crossing. "This was the manner," Cross comments, "in which the Fourth of July was spent by the command, while throughout the country, in every city and hamlet, it was kept as a day of rejoicing." The Regiment was far from having occasion to rejoice, for Cross says they were "so unfortunate as to have two men drowned. One of [them], wishing to get something from the opposite side, rode his horse into the river, and being fully equipped for the march, no sooner reached deep water than both man and horse went down. In the other case, one of the rafts was loaded with saddles and men. Upon reaching the middle of the stream an accident occurred by the breaking of an oar. Being carried down by the current, a panic [arose] among those on board. [They] rush[ed] to one side [and] careened it so as to induce them to think it was sinking. Losing presence of mind, the men jumped overboard and made for the opposite side. [They]all reached [shore] in safety but one. It was astonishing what little forethought and presence of mind the men evinced in many instances on the march. They remind me more of children than persons arrived at the age of maturity."

Five wagons of the second division were got across on the evening of July 4, and as Cross says, "This morning [July 5], at a quarter after four o'clock, we commenced to ferry the remainder. We finished at two o'clock. . . ." He was disposed to recommend the general vicinity of the upper crossing of the North Platte as a site for a military post in the event Fort Laramie was found unsuitable—and indeed Fort Caspar was founded here in 1865. "By establishing a good ferry here," Cross observed, "the troops could pay for the erection of a post, if the emigration should continue for a few years longer as large as it was this year. The price of crossing the Mormon ferry varies from three to four dollars a wagon."

Lest he be criticized for the expedient he had adopted, Cross added: "The river is not over four hundred yards wide at this point and has a very rapid current. To have attempted to cross the whole command on rafts would have caused much delay, as well as the loss of property and lives. No emigrants crossed without losing a portion of their stores and wagons, while others lost their lives. Besides, the state of the country which we were to pass over rendered it necessary to lose no time in getting ahead of the great mass of emigrants, who were making every effort to push forward to get better grazing. . . ."[62]

Charles B. Darwin arrived at the Mormon Ferry immediately after the troops finished crossing. He notes in his diary on July 5: ". . . in 20 miles we made the Morman crossing of platte here are three canoes tied together & planks enough for wheels & on it they ferried over at *four* dollars per wagon all who came in the order of their coming. . . . as our load was insignificant after waiting two hours we had our packs & saddles carried over & after much work we swam over our ponnies. . . ."[63]

Isaac S. P. Lord, coming up the north bank after a lower crossing, on July 7 recorded that 1500 teams had crossed by the Mormon Ferry to that time,[64] which would go to show that only some 600 wagons had been ferried here since Geiger passed on June 22, an average of 40 a day. Either Lord's figure was incorrect, or the volume of traffic had begun to drop off sharply. The latter explanation may well be correct, for we have record of only two diarists who crossed by the Mormon Ferry afterward.

The first of these was Samuel F. McCoy, on July 12: "we reached the Mormon Ferry and, after some delay in arranging our effects, we were ferried over. The Mormons in charge were accomodating and willing to favor us in all ways, contrary to the

62. Settle, *op. cit.*, pp. 105-117.
63. Darwin, *op. cit.*
64. Lord, *op. cit.*

reports we had heard concerning their suspicious and churlish character."[65]

The last was E. Douglas Perkins, who had reached the Deer Creek area July 8, only to halt several days to "graze up" the cattle of his train. After an abortive effort to cross lower down, he and his companions went on to the Mormon ferry July 15. "Arrived at 1/2 past one—& were compelled to wait the ferryman's pleasure till 5. Meantime I had one of my mules shod at the Mormon blacksmiths shop for which I paid *only* 1.00 per shoe! Some 30 or 40 Mormons were camped here having come from the Salt Lake one month since to make money by blacksmithing, ferrying, & selling various articles and well had their time been put in. They had realized so their captain told me over 3,500 from the ferry—1500 from the shop & I dont know how much from the sale of sundries but judging by the price of whiskey, sugar &c. it must have been profitable The former article was 50 cents per pint & a great demand for it at that. the latter 50 cents pr lb. Were ferried over at about 6 . . . in very neat & expeditious manner, paying for wagons 2.50 each, Cross['s] cart 2.00 and my packs 1.00. Mules all swimming a short distance above. These ferry boats are all constructed of trees cut some 12 or 15 feet sharpened at each end & dug out canoe fashion and 5 of them lashed & bound together with poles & pins & they answer a very good purpose. . . ."[66]

This same day, July 15, and again the next, as we shall see later, there are references by David J. Staples and J. Goldsborough Bruff to Mormons having to do with ferries at or below Deer Creek. If both were not mistaken, the Mormons in question were independent operators, having nothing to do with the Mormon Ferry near the site of Casper. This is clear not only from Perkins' diary entry, showing the Mormon Ferry in full operation at its proper site, as late as the evening of July 15, but also from what now appears about the abandonment of the ferry and the ferrymen's state of mind.

Appleton M. Harmon says, concerning the closing down of operations, "About the last of July and after the river became fordable, we had earned and divided $646.50 to each of us. We each bought a wagon and oxen to draw it and started to the Valley. . . . I had bought for myself eight head of oxen and four cows. We arrived in the Valley the fifteenth of August and found all well. . . ."[67]

A much more remarkable insight into these events is given us by

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65. Diary printed in *Pioneering on the Plains* (Kakauna, Wisconsin, 1927), unpaged.
66. MS. diary in Henry E. Huntington Library.
67. Anderson, *op. cit.*, p. 54.

John D. Lee, who left Great Salt Lake City July 13 on a "picking up" expedition. At the fourth crossing of the Sweetwater, Lee says, he "met Capt. Chas. Shumway & company consisting of about 50 waggons retur[ning] from Platt River Ferry. They had some apprehensions of being attacked by a Band of Robbers that were secreted in the Wind [River] chain [of] Mountains, who were wa[i]ting for the Emigration to pass. Being aprised of their intentions, left the Ferry some 10 days Sooner. The company met with Good Success, having made about $10,000."[68]

Lee dates this encounter about August 5, but he wrote his narrative after returning to Salt Lake, and it is evident he met the ferrymen about July 28 or 29, for a Mormon named Robert L. Campbell encountered Shumway's party on August 3, apparently about half way between Green River and Pacific Springs.[69] If Lee's statement is otherwise correct, the ferrymen might have left the North Platte about July 18. The few known diarists who came up the Platte after July 15 crossed near Deer Creek, and make no mention of a ferry still in operation at the Mormon crossing.

More than ordinary interest attaches to the Mormon Ferry in 1849 because it was the only ferry on the upper North Platte operated throughout the season, and also the only one on which we have any amount of information on volume of traffic and financial return.

Perhaps the most reliable statement on the earnings of the ferry is that by Appleton M. Harmon. Assuming that his share was one-tenth of the total returns, and that the tithing deduction came after the division he mentions, the total revenue from the seven-week ferry operation was $6,465. This is a good deal less than John D. Lee would lead us to think, but accords well with E. Douglas Perkins' note on July 15, that the Mormons had realized over $3,500 from the ferry, $1,500 from the blacksmith shop, and an unstated sum from the sale of sundries. The returns from the ferry are less than we should have expected, for if Isaac Lord was properly informed on July 7 that "1500 teams" (a phrase that usually meant wagons) had crossed by the Mormon Ferry, and if the average rate was $3, a total return of $4,500 from the ferry is indicated, quite apart from the smaller sums that would have accrued from carts, packs, and persons. It has been estimated that some 7,000 wagons reached Fort Laramie during the course of 1849 (although many were sold, destroyed, or aban-

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68. Cleland and Brooks, *op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 112.

69. For Campbell's account, see L. D. S. Journal History under date of September 19, 1849. That Lee's dates as given in his journal are awry is shown by the fact that several Forty-niners encountered him after he left Salt Lake, especially members of the Knoxville Company who met him at Pacific Springs on the evening of July 24; it is Cephas Arms who dates his departure from Salt Lake as July 13.

doned at that point or farther along the trail); and it may be that as many as 6,000 wagons were subsequently taken across the upper North Platte by one means or another. If, despite the discrepancy we have remarked, Lord's figure of 1,500 can be taken as a general approximation for the Mormon Ferry, it might be judged that a fourth of the whole emigration crossed the upper North Platte there. However, a vitiating factor is that the military trains included some 300 to 400 wagons not usually incorporated into the totals for the year's overland emigration to California and Oregon.

The observation that 10 Mormons manned the ferry is consistent enough to establish the fact. Perkins' remark on July 15 that 30 to 40 Mormons were on hand may indicate merely that the ferrymen were preparing to abandon the ferry, and had persuaded an emigrant company to stay on until they were ready to leave. Otherwise John D. Lee's observation on meeting the returning ferrymen is incomprehensible; obviously, 10 men would not have sufficed to take 50 wagons on to Great Salt Lake City.

Only one artist is known to have depicted the Mormon ferry in 1849. His drawing is an interesting one, though at insufficiently close range to display details of construction and operation. This artist, who traveled with the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen, was once conjecturally identified as Lieutenant Andrew Jackson Lindsay, but is now believed to have been William Henry Tappan, who in 1849 was a youth of 18.[70]

70. The drawing was first reproduced to ilustrate *California Letters of Lucius Fairchild,* edited by Joseph Schafer as the State Historical Society of Wisconsin's *Collections,* vol. XXXI, 1931, opposite p. 104. In the same work, opposite p. 80, is Tappan's drawing, "Fording Laramie Creek."

Courtesy W. F. Bragg, Sr.

1. Fred Bragg Home on Noble and Bragg Ranch, Nowood, 1909.
2. Old Noble and Bragg General Store at Nowood in 1909.
3. Band of Noble and Bragg Sheep in Camp on Winter Range near Nowood, about 1908.

Photos by R. H. Stine.

Laura Inghram Bragg

Territorial Pioneer

By

W. F. Bragg Sr.

[FOREWORD. Miss Lola Homsher, Editor, asked my help in revising an interview with my mother which she had given more than twenty years before. Since my revision of the article was written, my mother has passed over the Great Divide as of March 30, 1957, in Worland, Wyoming. She leaves as survivors one son (myself) a daughter, Mrs. Donald J. Harkins, and a brother, Harry D. Inghram, all of Worland, one grandson, three granddaughters, seven great grandsons and three great granddaughters. One son, Robert, died in Lander in 1953 and another, Fred, in Denver, Colo. in 1954.]

Coming to Lander, Wyoming in 1889 as a sixteen year old girl in search of health, Laura Inghram Bragg saw Wyoming pass through all phases from cow and sheep country to the electronic present. She staged it from Rawlins to Lander, taking two days for the trip. Now airplanes carry passengers over that route in a couple of hours. So much for speed and progress.

Her husband was the late Fred Bragg, a pioneer stockman who died in Denver, Colorado, in 1917. For many years he managed the sheep and cattle firm of Noble & Bragg with the Circle Dot home ranch located at Nowood on the upper Nowood river in the southern end of Washakie County.

Fred Bragg also came to the territory in his youthful days about 1871. He was born in London, England, but being left an orphan at an early age was brought first to Bangor, Maine, by his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bragg. Later they came to Wyoming where the uncle was a masonry contractor on the erection of the famous old military post of Fort Washakie. When the Braggs first moved in to the Little Popo Agie Valley, Lander was called Camp Brown. The elder Braggs passed on many years ago and rest in the Lander cemetery.

In his youthful days Fred Bragg clerked for the Indian trader J. K. Moore at Fort Washakie and became a friend of the old Shoshone chief, Washakie. Years later, as chairman of the organizing board of county commissioners for Washakie County he bestowed the chief's name on the county where his ranch was located. His partner for many years was the late W. P. Noble, another territorial pioneer, who was the first man young Bragg met when he stepped off a transcontinental train at Green River.


Laura Inghram Bragg (1900) and Fred Bragg (1906)

Mrs. Bragg's parents were Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Inghram of Burlington, Iowa, both school teachers. Her maternal uncle was William Coalter, another pioneer who arrived in Lander in 1885 and built the first opera house in the town. Coalter brought in his theatrical troupes by stagecoach. Coalter's Hall, where all the cowboy dances were held and the girls showed the smoothness of their waltzing by dancing around the hall with china plates balanced on their heads, burned down in 1907. The Coalters are now deceased and buried in Lander.

Upon arriving in Rawlins at that bygone time, Mrs. Bragg was met by her aunt Mrs. William Coalter and daughter, Camille, the late Mrs. Hector Mackenzie, and made her first jumpoff into the seas of sand and sage.

"Lander was certainly a wild and woolly place," Mrs. Bragg said after reading over the interview of almost a quarter century before. "But I grew accustomed to it and liked it so well that I would not return home, much to my parents' disgust. My father had taught school for thirty-seven years. My mother had taught for ten, and they expected me to return and take up teaching.

"As a green eastern girl, my initiation into the ways of the Wild West came when I left the train at Rawlins and saw the stage which was to transport me to Lander, about one hundred and thirty-five miles away. The stagecoach, one of these high old Concord affairs drawn by two teams of wild-eyed lunging broncs that reared up on their hind legs at the slightest provocation, waited for us. It was piled high with baggage and looked as if the strong Wyoming wind might blow it over. The horses promised speed, if not safety, on our two day trip, part of it to be made by night driving.

"We got into the coach with the other passengers. The two seats faced each other and were built to accomodate four with

comfort but evidently they had to serve all persons who had bought transportation. There were five or six of us inside and two rode outside on the driver's seat. The driver was a famous driver known as "Peg" who had lost one of his feet in a terrible Red Desert blizzard some years before.

"I had never seen a cowboy nor an Indian, and was frightened out of my wits at the idea of meeting one of these wild creatures. When the other passengers learned this, they enlivened the trip by telling me tall stories of cowboys, stagecoach holdups and scalping Indians. Everytime I dozed, somebody would yell "Yippee" and I'd wake up with a start, badly frightened, thinking perhaps we were surrounded by hostile Indians.

"However the greatest adventure was going down Beaver Hill. It was two or three miles to the foot. We all got out and walked while the coach went ahead, wheels rough-locked for the steep grade.

"Somewhere around the foot of this dangerous hill was a stage station where we spent the last night before driving into Lander. It consisted of a long log cabin, as I recall it, divided into two rooms. There was a long table with benches in the kitchen where we ate our meals. In the other room were double-decked bunks. My aunt and myself spent our night in these bunks. We also had with us her daughter Camille who, years later, became the wife of Mr. Hector Mackenzie, a stockman of Lander. Mrs. Mackenzie died a few years ago and is buried in Lander.

"The few buildings in Lander were then mostly of adobe brick but there were a few frame buildings. Among my girlhood friends were Mary and Em Dickenson, who later became Mrs. Missou Hines and Mrs. Wm. Johnson. Another was "Mag" Burnett, mother of former Governor Milward Simpson of Wyoming, who was the daughter of Finn Burnett. Lander was then the cowboy capital of central Wyoming. The big range outfits laid off hands when winter came on and the boys lived in Lander until "Green grass time" in the spring when the roundups again went to work. Dancing was one of the most popular amusements during the winter season. The waltz was very popular and I recall that contests were held. Girls wore their hair high up then and china plates were placed on their heads. Smooth dancers were supposed to circle the hall until the music ended without the plates sliding off their curls and bangs.

"Among others I danced with was the famed outlaw known as Butch Cassidy. At that time Butch was just one of the pleasant gallant cowboys wintering in the Lander country. It was perhaps a rough and ready frontier period but it was then the boast of Wyoming Territory that a lady could go wherever she desired in the region without the least fear of molestation. Wyoming men were then—and so far as I can see now—very gallant.

"I first met my husband at a Christmas dance and about eight-

een months later, August 1, 1891, we were married. Our first home was a five-roomed frame house where we lived for twelve years. Our two older boys were born there. The original location was in the southern part of Lander. Later this house was bought and moved to the north part but I believe it is still used as a residence.

"My oldest son, W. F. Bragg was born there July 16, 1892 and my second boy, Robert, in the same room Dec 9, 1895. The little house sat in a part of a half block of land through which ran a clear little mountain stream. Here Mr. Bragg pastured his horses for in those days everybody had horses. We also once owned a milk cow. All the Indians were friendly with him and it was a common experience for me as a bride to go into the kitchen and find a half dozen or more Indians standing around my cook stove waiting for me to feed them. We always did.

"My husband then was active in the sheep business summering in the Wind River range around South Pass and Atlantic City and wintering on the Red Desert. But in the early nineties, believing the grass was getting short due to many new settlers arriving, he went north to the Big Horn Mountains seeking new grazing lands. He had wrangled horses in the Basin as a boy for the Two Bar outfit headquartering on what is now called the old Flagstaff ranch in the Canyon and Otter Creek country. Mr. Noble—who had held early day freighting contracts with the U.S. government—had also been in the Basin in early days. Noble, too, had operated one of the first cattle outfits at the present town of Tensleep under the "Running WP" brand. He sold out to the eastern combine known as the Bay State Cattle Company. So both the partners knew the Big Horns well as a stock-raising area.

"The country was then so wild and primitive and trails so few that a half-breed Indian first showed my husband a safe road for sheep and wagons into the southern end of the Big Horns. Some of the operations, then, were around the town of Lost Cabin just then being developed by the late J. B. Okie.

"Speaking of Indians, I believe it was about 1895 that I was returning from camp to Lander with my husband. We travelled in a buckboard and I had with me my oldest son. It was about a three day drive from our camp to Lander. Part of the trip lay across the Wind River Indian reservation and we made a night camp on the river not far from the mission and about twenty-five miles from Lander.

"I recall that we thought it strange during the day that we had not met up with a single Indian. My husband knew and was friendly with most Arapahoe and Shoshone people and would generally stop the team and talk with them. But this day we didn't meet a single Indian. After we had gone into camp and darkness had fallen, I noticed little flickering lights on the ridges all around us. I thought they were strange and also very beautiful and inter-

esting. I asked my husband just what they might be. But he wouldn't tell me. Perhaps he feared he'd frighten me. We drove into Lander the next day. Our friends were horrified to learn that we had driven across the reservation. They told us that trouble had broken out with the Indians, that some were on the warpath, and that not a white person had gone from Lander across Indian territory during the past week. They had organized a home guard in Lander and the troops were out from Fort Washakie. This was my first and last real "Injun scare," and as I recall it, nothing much happened. But my husband had known well enough that night on the river that the lights I saw were those of Indian signal fires.

"Folks talk now of wild and woolly days but we seemed to take such things as a matter of course. I recall that I was once wheeling a baby carriage down Lander's main street with one of my older boys in it—I forget which, just now. I had just passed the hotel then run by "Cap" Nickerson and was nearing the old St. John Saloon when a man came running out. He galloped across the wide street and ducked behind the Chinese laundry which sat right across the street from St. Johns. Then another man came running to the saloon doorway with a six-shooter in his hand. He started shooting at the man who was heading for the laundry. He missed him. But just as soon as the other man got behind the laundry, he drew a pistol and began shooting back across the street. I was not far from the line of bullets. I just stood there with my baby carriage listening to the gunfire. One man would shoot first from the saloon then dodge. The man behind the laundry would poke his head and gun out and return the fire. They went on that way for what seemed hours until their guns had run dry. So far as I remember they didn't hurt each other. I suppost I should have screamed and tried to run. But I didn't. I really don't know why.

"Early in the nineties, my husband established our home ranch on Nowood Creek in the southern end of the Big Horn Basin. The counties had not been divided then as now and I believe our location was in Big Horn County. Part of our range lay also in Fremont and Natrona counties. Years later my husband helped to establish Washakie County and was chairman of the first board of county commissioners, first receiving office by appointment of the governor then being elected for a second term.

"Homesteads were being taken up and men kept up fast teams for races to the land office at Buffalo to file on particular pieces of range. My husband kept such a team always ready, grain-fed, for the run. When he came to such dangerous hills as Crazy Woman Hill he would chop down a small pine tree and hook it to the back of the buckboard to drag and serve as a brake.

"Our first ranch was purchased from Jack Meade, an old timer, who dwelt there in a dugout which later served as our potato

cellar. When I was driven to the place by Mr. Pogue of Lander with my two boys, our cookshack was a two room log cabin with a dirt roof and a hole in it. For several years this was the main residence at Nowood. We lived in a tent since the cook lived in the extra room. Later my husband built a two story home there known as the "Big Tepee" which still stands and is in use. A pioneer carpenter named Dug Hendrickson built this house which was covered with galvanized iron painted to resemble bricks. A shearing pen and a general store were also built which for years served most of the sheep outfits summering in the big Horns. There were years when more than 100,000 head of sheep were sheared at Nowood. The bags of wool were then hauled by jerkline freight outfits to the nearest railroad point at Casper. Later, when the Northwestern built to Lander, Moneta was our freight point, and then with the arrival of the Burlington, Lysite.

"Mr. Bragg also built a schoolhouse at Nowood and turned it over to the county. We wished to have it serve also as a place for dances but this idea didn't seem to fit in with the school laws then. Until a few years ago, this old schoolhouse still stood at Nowood and my second boy attended school there.

"These rangeland dances were interesting and we often held them at Nowood, particularly around Christmas time. Folks would drive in from miles around. I remember one big dance after we built our home. We danced in the parlor and the dining room after we had entertained more than a hundred people at supper serving such items as roast turkey. Then at midnight we had a second snack, probably a side of beef, and then we danced until day came, and along with it, breakfast. We danced to the tune of frontier fiddles and guitars. A famous old fiddler was Johnny Settles who played a violin which he called "Old Sister.

"Then we had sadness, too. A nice old lady, mother of a nearby rancher, died at her log cabin home. Mr. Truesdell who ran the store and was a very good carpenter made the casket for the old lady and I trimmed it inside with some of the lace from my wedding dress. This old lady's lonely grave is somewhere above the Nowood not far north of our ranch.

"In the early days at the ranch we had many "tough" characters happen by who might, without too much reason, try to shoot up the place. Two masked outlaws rode in one night from the badlands during the shearing season and held up the store with guns. It was just getting dark and Mr. Truesdell, the clerk, had stepped behind the counter to check the cash register for the day's trade. We used big oil lamps then suspended on chains. The lamp had been pulled down by Truesdell. One of these outlaws came in the front door while the other went to the rear. They wore scarfs over their faces as though to keep out dust. The inside man called the few loungers in the store over to the cigar case to treat them to smokes. Truesdell stood just behind this case working over the register.

"The outlaw threw down with a gun on Truesdell and said 'Throw Up Your Hands.' Then he added. 'Step out from behind the counter.'

"Truesdell had not been west too long and he had been "joshed" by the men.

"Truesdell thought the gunman was trying to "josh" him. He was behind anyway with his work. So without turning his head, he said bruskly. 'Quit your fooling. Can't you see I'm busy.'

"This must have angered the outlaw for he shouted, 'I mean business!' He fired his gun at Truesdell. His aim was off. The bullet whipped past the oil lamp and put it out. The bullet then tore through a can of peaches on the store shelf and out through the store wall. If you ever go to Nowood, the old store building is there and one should be able to find that bullet hole.

"The moment the boys down in the bunkhouse heard the shot, they grabbed guns and started for the store. The man on guard at the rear door heard them coming. He called an alarm. His gunman pal turned and ran from the store. They got on their ponies, tied until then at the hitchrack, and escaped into the badlands. Later two suspects were arrested over on Poison Creek near where Moneta now stands. One was a character then known as "Stuttering Dick." I forget just what happened then but I believe they escaped again.

"I remember that I was down in the cook shack with my little boy, Bobby. We were just through with supper and he was going to bed. I had a diamond ring and some other jewelry. Those were the days when the Hole-In-The-Wall gang was riding high and handsome. They never bothered us but everybody knew about them. I remember that our cook—I think his name was Billy Mitchell—took my jewelry and bundled it all up and threw it into his woodbox to save it if the gang raided the place.

"Those were the days, too, of trouble over grazing between sheep and cattle outfits. Mr. Bragg ran both sheep and cattle and always tried to respect the rights of other stockmen. There was a deadline not far from our place on Nowater where one of our friends, Ben Minick, was shot to death in his sheep wagon and his sheep were dynamited because he had gone over the line. Our range foreman, Charley Berger, was with Ben when he died and brought the body into Nowood. Truesdell made a casket and the body was kept in our warehouse until it could be sent east.

"My husband's attitude was that no herd of sheep was worth a man's life. His men were always under orders not to show resistance if they ran into overpowering force. In the years that followed our first arrival at Nowood we built up large herds of good Hereford cattle at both Nowood under the Circle Dot brand and on Deep Creek where my husband had his own ranch in partnership with the late William Driscoll. This was known as the Hereford Cattle Co. and branded the Script A bar. It was a source of

pride to me that after the end of World War I, my son, Bob, was wagon boss of the last roundup wagon to operate around Nowood. This was about 1920.

"We were also there when the terrible Spring Creek raid took place in which some sheepmen were killed. We knew many of those involved on both sides. It was a tragic affair, and, so far as I know, the last bitter fight between the cattle and sheep interests in the war for open range. This was about forty miles north of Nowood.

"But though we remember now the thrilling stories of early days, at the time all this happened we seemed to be a happy hard-working set of people. Folks of Wyoming were universally hospitable. When we moved into our home on the ranch, we did not lock the front door. We lost the key and so far as I know that house was never locked up in all the years we lived at Nowood. If you went visiting, folks were insulted if you didn't stay for at least one meal and generally they tried hard to get you to spend the night. Our pioneer doctors were Walker at Hyattville and Carter at Basin. It was on a call once when my son, Bob, was thrown off a horse and we thought his neck was broken that Doc Walker came by relay team all the way from Hyattville to Red Bank, a distance of around eighty miles or so in rapid fire order. He'd drive into a ranch, receive a fresh team, turn his tired horses into the barn, then gallop over the next lap. On the return, he'd leave the teams where they belonged. Nobody who owned a horse expected pay for such service."

Walker once operated on a fat man for appendicitis at the Helms ranch near Red Bank, with the patient laid out on the kitchen table, work carried on by light of a kerosene lamp and the anaesthetic administered by a ranch woman. He then went on toward Lost Cabin. On his return, he found the patient rapidly recovering.

An event that makes the pioneer chuckle was her first experience with the "horseless carriage" at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. A party of Wyomingites, visiting the fair, took a ride on the ancestor of the present auto. They noted that, as they rode along, everybody waved to them so they genially waved back. It was not until sometime later that they discovered the coat tails of one of the men had caught fire. People were waving to warn them rather than to be jolly.

Jehovah Jireh

*(The Lord Will Provide)**

By

FAMA HESS STODDARD

My first remembrance of Jireh is somewhat hazy—due to my youth and the fact that I lived in Michigan before coming to Jireh. However, when my Uncle, Jasper Hess of Dayton, Ohio, a sponsor of Jireh, came to see us about joining the colony and coming to Wyoming, I felt little interest. First, Wyoming was too far away, secondly—my sole interest was keeping my record of the fastest runner, the highest tree climber, and turning the most somersaults of anyone in our neighborhood.

Imagine my surprise and terror then, when rushing home from school, happier than happy—I burst into our living room and there sat my Uncle Jasper again, saying, "How glad I am, Henry (my father) that you have decided to join the (Jireh) Colony!"

I remember saying they wouldn't get me away out there—away from all my school mates. And this persistence lasted until I reached Chicago. I had packed every possession separately, hoping my mother would consent to letting me stay and live with an aunt in Dayton.

My father (without the family) had started with the colony, in the Spring of 1908. They arrived in Manville, as Jireh was then just a huge "no man's land" of prairie. He was in the group to choose the townsite, and name the place. The government had opened up all the prairie land from Manville to Lost Springs for homesteaders. Thus the beautiful idea had been conceived to use this wonderfully cheap land for homes, and to start a college. This vision was conceived by the good people of the Christian Church (now Congregational) and the different heads of the Eastern colleges. Merriam, Defiance and Palmer permitted their splendid teachers a sort of "leave of absence" to become leaders and trainers in this movement.

As best as I can remember, these professors, ministers and highly cultured people were the bulk of the Colony. Our family didn't come to Wyoming until the winter (almost Christmas time) of 1909, as my father had to have some sort of a place for us to live in.

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* This article was written by Mrs. Stoddard in 1936.

Courtesy Fama Hess Stoddard
Jireh College, 1910

Thus the colony was started. A meeting of the sponsors of this movement was held, and officers chosen. This group decided to locate the new town between Manville and Keeline, then the new families could locate their homesteads around this town, and the professors could teach while proving up on their government claims.

These courageous people—men at first—came to Manville, and were taken out by locators to file on government homesteads. They made quick work of building homes—many shacks covered with tar paper—and then sent for the family. The family would charter an emigrant car to bring their worldly goods, and one member of the family came along with the car (if the husband hadn't returned for the family) so he could use that pass.

I remember my father writing to my mother of the decision, and that he bitterly opposed starting a new town. His idea was to start the College in some town already established in order to have the help and assistance of those already living there. He felt the raw newness of the country and its vastness; so he fought to the last for starting the New College Colony in either Keeline or Manville. He immediately lost prestige, since the land surrounding these towns was taken—which made it too far for the professors to drive or ride horseback to the prospective college, and the college *must* be the center of the colony life. Since the large prairie flat was unoccupied two and one-half miles east of Keeline, that became the colony's objective, and this was the New Town. A grant of money was given for the College, and the purchase of the townsite. This three hundred and twenty acres was bought from "Uncle" Billy Sherman in the spring of 1908, and, being surrounded almost entirely by government land, was ideal for the purpose intended.

Tent houses sprang up: a store, a small building for school. Church services were held immediately. The first service was held

at the Harry Hass homestead which joined the townsite. This tar papered "shack" was not completed, so an old canvas was thrown over the rafters for shade, and the religious life of Jireh began. This was the most outstanding characteristic of the colony and it continued all through its existence. Then the name of Jireh was chosen because of its biblical significance, meaning—*The Lord will provide.* Many jibes were cast at the Jirehites because of their religious tendencies, which were not understood by some of the natives and cowboys.

As soon as the country schoolhouse was completed it was used for church. Many, many good and eloquent services were conducted by the numerous Doctors of Divinity in Jireh. Rev. Coffin, D. D.—Flommer, D.D.—Atkinson, D.D. were important to the church; but especially as the founders of Jireh College.

In October, 1909, Rep. Mondell laid the cornerstone of the Jireh College. A most wonderful ceremony crowned this important event, and Jireh became of interest to the State. In the archives placed in the cornerstone were the rules and regulations of Jireh. No intoxicating liquors, smoking, cards or dancing were permitted. Jireh was to be a clean wholesome place where one could rear their offspring. Imagine the reception of such ideals in a country where all such things abounded and were expected of Western people. No wonder Jireh was frowned upon!

Why we had come from the East to teach these Westerners how to live! Hadn't they been doing fairly well the past fifty years? At least we had a place to come to, but such ideals were senseless, unlivable and unearthly. We were interlopers of goodly godliness, and instead of receiving the Western warm hand clasp, we were stared and gibbered at. The wealth of culture and learning brought by the Christian Denomination was never given a true outlet. The founders had come to the West with some visions of the highest ideals ever conceived by man. To bring the beauty of life, to educate and teach young people how to make the most of themselves, to be good citizens; but with all these good intentions they lacked the vital factor of adjustment to such an environment as existed.

However, new teachers, new ministers would come to Jireh, ever bringing encouragement that the Eastern endowments were pouring forth. These Eastern Colonists needed work and liked the wholesome Westerners, so finally by intermingling and working out among the ranchers a better understanding became apparent.

So in June, 1910, Jireh had become a good size town, even though a boxcar still served as depot. According to records, that month shows two hundred persons were getting mail at the Jireh post office. The College was nearing completion and the first session was soon to open, a Summer Normal Course. The summer of 1910 was a most, the most, successful session Jireh ever held. Many teachers from all over the state came for their summer

school work. I was thrilled beyond description at seeing so many strangers in Jireh, especially college boys and girls. My sister, Lu Emily, went to this first Normal Session, and my other sister, May, and I enrolled in the department of music and art, as we were just starting High School work.

Mrs. Dalzell was our instructor. She was a graduate from the Conservatory of Music in Boston. Her husband was a minister; he held a pastorate at Lusk. Rev. Enders, D. D. was the first President of Jireh College and conducted the Summer Normal. He is at this time [1936] still at Definace, Professor of Theology (he was my inspiration through High School).

The first session of the Jireh College of Liberal Arts opened on October 4, 1910, with four pupils enrolled in the academic department. Professor Enders commuted from his homestead and returned to Defiance in September, so Reverend Wm. Flammer became the second President.

The Department of Music and Art had six enrollments, with my sister May and me being two of them. Each of us had two years' work under Mrs. D. B. Atkinson. She was one of the most outstanding women and instructors I have ever known. Her work began with Jireh's College opening, and she was still there with her good husband, Dr. D. B. Atkinson, at its close in 1920.

The four academic students were: Lyle Powell, Junior; Vera Cook, Sophomore Leslie Cox, and myself, Fama Hess, Freshmen and Sophomores. We called ourselves the "Big Four" and Jireh became aware of us in many ways. Then followed one of the most delightfully instructive years of my life.

That same fall, the public school (a new two room building, since Jireh was growing so fast) had a splendid group of youngsters. These were mostly children of the Colonists. Mr. C. W. Pfeifer taught the grammar grades, and Miss Lu Emily Hess the primary department. The school was very flourishing as a public school.

The social life of the community began in earnest in the fall of 1910. Prior to this time the parties and dinners had been held in the schoolhouse and people's homes. The first Thanksgiving dinner had been held in 1909 in the little schoolhouse. Now that the College was completed it was the center of everything. Never will I forget those huge friendly gatherings—basket dinners and especially the church services. Every Thanksgiving we had most impressive services followed by a basket dinner (these continued all during the life of the College). Such functions became widely known and aroused keen interest. People from neighboring towns became interested, and especially do I remember such citizens as Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Spaugh, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Willson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sherman, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sherman coming to our social affairs and church services. Charles Sherman donated his wonderful collection of Western relics and fine books to the

College for he was a graduate of Amherst, and his heart went out to these pioneers. Later I married his nephew, Lee C. Stoddard, and the Shermans were among my dearest friends, as well as the other families mentioned above.

In 1911 the State of Wyoming began to contribute to Jireh. An Experimental Farm was granted and this was located about a quarter of a mile south of Jireh. Our contact with the splendid men from the University of Wyoming was of the utmost importance. They taught us many valuable lessons—how to conserve moisture, and though this virgin land was full of humus, it must be plowed deeply and cultivated often to hold every drop of moisture. Wyoming was not like our home states of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and so forth where an abundance of rain fell. Coming from Michigan as I had, the state of trees and water, to an arid land where one had to drill two hundred and ninety feet to get a well, and the highest plant a sage brush, well, it seemed so bleak and barren. Yet Wyoming has given practically every newcomer a keen desire to stay. You can bring an Easterner West, but how hard to take a Westerner East!

For several years our Experimental Farm and College flourished. Children from nearby towns enrolled in the College, and dormitories were built. To become educated was the watch word. Athletics came to the foreground and thus we contacted outside schools. This encouraged parents to support Jireh College, and our enrollment reached the high point of sixty-five during Jireh's most successful period. The enrollment fee and living expenses were most reasonable—too much so.

The main source of the College income was from endowments. Our field workers would travel in the East explaining the cause of the College, and thereby getting donations of money or land. In the meantime, some of the colleges would send their teachers out to us in order to give us the best of instruction, and in turn receive a first hand understanding of this movement. Of the wonderful staff which developed in Jireh College, Dr. and Mrs. D. B. Atkinson were foremost. He was a field worker, President and instructor. She stayed always in the College as an instructor and the wonderful cantatas Mrs. Atkinson sponsored for the public should be a memorial of her musical career. These two people stayed with the College from the beginning to the end. When Jireh closed, they returned East to the Mother College.

It seems to me that Jireh reached its high point from the years of 1913 to 1918. The town now had a newspaper, lumber yard, hardware store, garage, bank, hotels, a post office, stores, telephone and express offices, and a new depot! We were a busy community. The people were dry farming and learning to become ranchers on a small scale. A feeling of prosperity and kindliness was apparent. Even Nature was kind to us, giving us more moisture than ordinarily and no pests. People began to prosper

and farm more and more. Our State Experimental farm was a most encouraging factor to us.

In 1913 Jireh had its first academic graduation. A whole week was devoted to this Commencement, and it was as full of activities as any Eastern College: Class Day, Class Plays, College Day, and such festivities. College Day we exhibited our art specimens and the work of the year.

People came from miles around on horseback, on lumber wagons, and in buggies, to be present at this occasion. (It was this way, too, that we attended church twice each Sunday.) Notables from over the state were present, and I remember that Senator Kendrick and other outstanding people gave talks and graduation addresses.

Two of the first pupils to enroll in Jireh College were to be the first graduates—Leslie Cox and myself (Fama Hess Stoddard). Mrs. Atkinson presided over a most sumptuous dinner for the graduates, classes, faculty and speakers. This College Week was to become a custom thereafter for all graduating classes; however, those following were not quite so elaborate as the first. Thus the colony lived for several years.

Then came the war. Many of our students left. However, conditions were still conducive to dry farming and prices were high. All during the war, crops were good. Suddenly nature seemed to be less kind—droughts appeared and general economic conditions were awful. In 1920 the College ceased to exist, the College building was torn down and shipped to Laramie, the parsonage and dormitories were wrecked and sold or moved away.

Of course many other factors contributed to the close of Jireh College, including the lack of social activities and so little money to use for anything except education. The main attractions offered to students (outside the school life) were parties (no dancing), roller skating and athletics. These did not prove sufficient to use up the energy of many of the youngsters. Usually after completing the Academic Course or High School, as we consider it now, only a few enrolled for College. One or two years of College would suffice for those who did enroll, since our College did not offer much beyond High School.

It is most apparent, however, that practically every Jireh College pupil made something of himself or finished his course elsewhere. My brother, W. L. Hess, finished at Laramie and taught Agriculture, due to the interest aroused by the State Experimental Farm. My other brother finished at Boulder and my sister at Berkeley. This was true of so many of the students—the little seed of learning planted in Jireh College germinated into College Professors, Doctors, Law Students, Ministers, and every profession. Thus Jireh *does* live on!

Literally, Jireh is a ghost town. Nothing remains now in the fields where it once stood. The vicissitudes of life are incompar-

able, yet, one must always have his dreams. People come and go, still the constant thing in us all is—Hope. This was Jireh. Valiantly we tried to bring the theoretical into the practical. We met the problems of homesteading, resurveys, county divisions, prohibition, marriages, deaths, the great war, all just as ordinary people. We loved, lived and died. The cemetery of Jireh is today a living memorial to the town of Jireh. We still meet there in the solemn ties of death to bury our dead. Many of us are bound to Jireh by the dear ones buried there, yet, though the living are scattered the world over, there is the Jireh spirit that will always live—service to mankind!

Life and Early History of John "Posey" Ryan *

(Interesting Bits of History in the Career of Old Western Character)

By

T. James Gatchell

The death of John Ryan, which occurred at Buffalo, Wyoming, March 2, 1929, marks the passing of the last resident of this state who was with the famous Carrington Expedition in 1866, and once again has "taps" been sounded over the grave of a comrade of the nearly depleted ranks of that once great army which served their country with such loyal devotion during the dark and trying days of the Civil War.

Mr. Ryan had been a resident of Wyoming for nearly sixty-three years, and was an outstanding figure in our state's history.

John, or as he was better known, "Posey" Ryan was born in Ireland, February 25, 1848, but when yet a small boy came with his people to America, the family settling in Missouri. On March 1, 1865, when but seventeen years of age, he demonstrated his patriotism and love for his adopted country, by enlisting in Company A, Fifty-first Missouri Volunteer Infantry, and served with the organization until it was mustered out of the service August 31, of that year.

Being still imbued with the spirit of adventure, after leaving the army young Ryan drifted west to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry was outfitting for service in the Indian country, and hired out as a teamster in the quartermaster department of that regiment. Captain Frederick R. Brown, one of those who fell in the Fetterman disaster, was quartermaster, and Mr. Ryan was always warm in his praises of the Captain both as a soldier and a man, and much deplored his untimely death.

From Fort Leavenworth the command marched to Fort Kearney, Nebraska Territory, arriving there on Christmas day, 1865, and in May, 1866, started upon the long weary march into the Powder River county where they were to establish a chain of forts along the Bozeman trail, in then Dakota Territory, for the protection of travelers, and to reclaim this vast territory for settlement.

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* This article was written by Mr. Gatchell March 21, 1929.

It was a difficult and hazardous undertaking, and the many obstacles encountered and the suffering and hardships endured by that little army is hard to realize in this age of rapid transportation and efficient equipment. The expedition arrived at historic Fort Laramie in the early part of June, where some days were comsumed in making repairs to transportation and procuring supplies for the forts to be established, and the command then marched to Fort Connor on Powder River, a cantonment established in 1865 by General Connor, arriving there on the 28th of June.

According to Mr. Ryan, Fort Connor resembled anything but a military stronghold, being rudely constructed of cottonwood-logs, dirt roofs, and only the supply buildings being stockaded. It was garrisoned by Companies C and D of the Fifth U. S. Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Captain George W. Williford. These troops had been there since August, 1865, and were certainly glad to be relieved. They had had no trouble with the Indians, but had found the place far from being desirable as a permanent place of residence.

The expedition went on north and on July 15, 1866, Fort Phil Kearny was established. Later troops were sent still farther north and Fort C. F. Smith on the Big Horn River in Montana was constructed.

Trouble with the Indians began almost as soon as work was started on building the fort, as on July 17 the stock belonging to Major Haymond's battalion was stampeded by the hostiles, and though troops were hurriedly sent in pursuit, the horses were not recovered, while the pursuing party suffered the loss of two men killed and three wounded. Ryan was with this contingent, and had his first experience in Indian warfare. While returning from this pursuit they found that the trading post of Louis Gazzous had been destroyed and Gazzous and the five men in his employ had been killed by the hostiles. Gazzous, a squaw man, known as "French Pete," had established his trading post on Peno (Prairie Dog) creek, a little above where the Bozeman trail crossed the stream, on land that is now part of what is known as the Jim Kirkpatrick ranch in Sheridan county. Gazzous had been advised of the danger of locating in this isolated place, but having every confidence that his Sioux wife would be his surety against molestation by the Indians had not heeded the warning. Two of Gazzous men had been with the Carrington Expedition from the time it left Fort Leavenworth until their arrival at the forks of the two Piney Creeks, and had left the employ of the Government but a few days before. "It was a terrible sight," said Mr. Ryan, "the poor victims had been mutilated in the most horrible manner, and it gave us all a most convincing lesson on what our fate would be should we fall into the hands of the Indians." The soldiers found the wife and two daughters of Gazzous, who had been able to escape the massacre by hiding in the brush along the creek, and they, as well

as what merchandise had been left by the raiders, were taken back to the fort.

Ryan was also with the detail which found the scalped and mutilated body of Grover, the artist correspondent of Frank Leslie's Magazine, who had been killed by the Indians on the ridge about a mile west of the fort. Ryan knew Grover well and always referred to him as the "long haired artist." But a few days previous Ryan had told him that the Indians would get him if he did not quit running around the country alone, but he had taken the warning lightly, and as a consequence lost his life. In telling of this incident Mr. Ryan gave vent to the dry humor which was a strong characteristic with him, and which was generally directed against himself. He was driving the ambulance and the officer in charge of the detail ordered him to take the body back to the fort. Mr. Ryan said, "We were something over a mile from the fort, and I could look across the Big Piney to the north, and the Little Piney on the south and see Indians who were watching our every movement, and I did not relish the idea of going back unsupported by the soldiers, and I asked the officer if he did not think the body would be all right where it was for awhile, and we could get it on our return. He was obdurate, however, and said, 'Young man, if you don't obey my orders it will go hard with you.' I told him that it would go hard with me also if the Indians caught me, but I had to go back just the same."

On the 10th of September Mr. Ryan had another experience which illustrates the desperate situation of the garrison at Fort Phil Kearny. He was with a detail hauling hay to the post from the flat north of Lake DeSmet. There were about twelve teams in the detail and each team had a soldier as a guard, and about six more mounted guards accompanied the outfit. For some unknown reason Private Peter Johnson, one of the mounted guards, got quite a distance ahead of them and an Indian attempted to cut him off. He would have been all right had he returned to the hay detail, but must have become confused, as he started toward the fort with the evident intention of trying to out-ride the Indian. The savage, however, mounted on a fast pony, rapidly gained on him, when Johnson apparently lost his head completely, jumped off his horse, threw his gun away, and made for a washout east of the road. Being still armed with a six-shooter, he could have defended himself, but he did not and the Indian had no trouble capturing him.

They could do nothing to help him. The guards had but three rounds of ammunition to the man, and the teamsters were practically unarmed. The hills surrounding them were alive with Indians and any attempt to leave the protection of the shelter of the wagons afforded them would have resulted in the sacrifice of the entire detail.

Such was the condition of affairs at Fort Phil Kearny in 1866. Over seventy civilians could not be armed. Requisitions were

entirely ignored by those higher up. Reinforcement for the meager garrison was denied, and yet General Carrington has been bitterly criticised because of such occurences which could have been easily avoided had sufficient men and adequate equipment been furnished.

As it was, however, it took a Fetterman Massacre to awaken the War Department to the fact that there were plenty of hostile Indians in Absaraka.

Ryan had many exciting experiences while at Fort Phil Kearny. He knew personally nearly all the prominent characters of those frontier times. He was a warm friend of the noted Jim Bridger, and much resented the moving picture of a few years ago where Bridger was represented as a drunken "squaw man." "Bridger was a real man," Mr. Ryan said, "and the pioneers of the west owed him an everlasting debt of gratitude."

It was Jim Bridger who gave Mr. Ryan the nickname "Posey". A number of scouts and teamsters were sitting around the stove in the sutler's store at Fort Phil Kearny one evening, when the jolly French scout, Antoine Ladeau, asked Ryan where he came from, and promptly received the answer—from Posey county, Ireland. Jim Bridger in his quiet, easy-going manner said, "Well, I guess we'll have to call you Posey from now on." And Posey it was, and so remained for nearly sixty-two years.

Several articles written since Mr. Ryan's death make the statement that he was at Fort Phil Kearny at the time of the Fetterman Massacre. This is not true. He quit the service of the Government on the 21st of November, just a month before that disaster. He left at that time with the freight outfit of Hugh Kuykendall, and worked for him for several months after they arrived at Fort Laramie. He freighted to Fort Casper, Fort Bridger, and other points for several months, the next year, 1867, freighted along the Bozeman trail, going north as far as Fort C. F. Smith on several occasions.

He was at Fort Phil Kearny at the time of its abandonment in 1868, and helped freight the supplies from there to Forts Casper and Fetterman.

Mr. Ryan worked around Fort Laramie for a number of years and later took up a ranch on the Laramie river, not far above the fort and for nearly forty years engaged in the ranching and live stock business at that location.

Mr. Ryan came to the Soldiers' Home at Buffalo, Wyoming, in 1919, and during the ten years he has resided among us he has enshrined himself in the hearts of our people. He had been blessed with good health, and up to the very minute of his death had been active in both mind and body.

"Posey" Ryan was a man with a personality; he was a good soldier, an upright citizen, and an unswerving friend. He had

been softened in the hard school of experience, and in his intercourse with his fellow man was a true Christian.

The citizens of Buffalo will long remember the kindly old gentleman who met all with a kindly smile and a pleasant word of greeting.

The Hole-in-the-Wall

By

THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT

PART V - SECTION 4: OUTLAWS AND RUSTLERS

Bill Speck

There were many men connected with the Hole-in-the-Wall gang who played minor roles in this rough, wild lawlessness, but they were none the less colorful because of that and should by no means be overlooked. The fact that they remained more or less inconspicuous and safely uninvolved did not necessarily mean that they were less brave or daring (perhaps just less ambitious and less restless than the others). It did not mean that their part was unimportant, for the work they did laid the strong foundation for this outlaw chain, consisting of maintenance and supplies without which Cassidy could not have operated so successfully.

Of these lesser characters Bill Speck was undoubtedly one of the most interesting. For looks he was a natural. If a panoramic view of all western men of that period could be shown, Bill would immediately be picked as the most villainous of the lot. Everyone would agree that here was the real outlaw type, a genuine "Alkali Ike"[1]. Bill cashed in on his looks many a time hiring out to "put the fear of the Lord" into certain people, sometimes in dead earnest and sometmies just in fun.

Bill was a rather tall, homely, ungainly fellow. He carried his shoulders and upper arms stiffly, so that his forearms seemed somewhat loose and limp, as did also his hips and lower legs. His movements were slow and deliberate and he gave the crazy impression that he could crouch and spring on a minute's notice. His eyes were mere wrinkled-in-slits under long, bushy, straight brows, sort of squinted-up eyes, like those of many outdoor men used to looking upon sun-glary objects in the big, open spaces. Because of this he seemed to wear a perpetual scowl. The part of the eyes coming out of the glower were sharp, black and unfriendly. His nose was a work of art, as noses go, being very narrow at the bridge and flaring out decidedly at the lower end. The nostrils were huge. From the front it looked as if someone

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1. There were 2 comic magazines published in the late '90's, "Buck" and "Life". "Buck" ran a western serial with a villain named "Alkali Ike", who supposedly was the true version of a western bad man.

Courtesy Thelma G. Condit

Early day Kaycee about 1900, looking north.

Courtesy Thelma G. Condit

Bill Speck and Hugh Riley, early 1900's. Taken on south side of Middle Fork of Powder River just above present bridge at Kaycee.

had taken a thumb and gently pressed a straight line from bridge to tip, going a little too far down and leaving the end longer than it should rightfully have been. The nostril flesh on each side was very pronounced, receding just enough to leave the end of the nose all alone. The slanting lines from nostril to upper jaw were deeply marked, thus accentuating the bold, square jaw line. His black handlebar moustache hid most of his large mouth. However, it in no way made indefinite the lower part of his face as moustaches did to so many men. Rather it seemed to have been pasted on as an afterthought to enhance the bad man effect. His hands were big and long fingered, dangling from shirt sleeves too short for his arms.

One time when Tom Horn was up in the Hole-in-the-Wall looking for likely rustlers to kill, he met Bill up on Murphy Creek and told him "That there was considerable suspicion in that neck of the woods about a homely, ungainly, lantern-jawed, long-nosed cuss named Bill Speck, who was always hanging around the outlaws and knew more'n he wanted to tell, and that he ought to take him in to Cheyenne and make him do some talkin'." Completely undaunted Bill replied, "Well, I never heard before that a feller could be hung on his looks, but if that's the law, I guess I'll get the limit, cause I can't transmogrify my looks".[2]

Bill wasn't a fancy dresser. He wore the plainest of clothes; the same held true in regard to horse-gear and guns. His six-shooter had a black handle with a silver eagle decoration on it. Mostly he didn't even wear a holster, just stuck his gun in the front of his pants, which he held up with a rawhide strap with a hole in one end. He'd wind what was left at the end around the other strap, or stick it down in his pants.

But Bill never was casual about the care of his gun. He'd go over it carefully each night, oiling and cleaning it, and inspecting each cartridge separately to detect possible flaws. He always put his six-shooter down in bed by his right side at night. This was habitual and was as routine as sleeping and eating.

Even though Bill was associated with the Hole-in-the-Wall gang and looked like a true desperado, he, in reality, was a most kind hearted fellow, a "soft touch for the ladies on the row" and fair game for every swindler who came his way. Also he was downright lazy, if the truth were known. He had none of that gnawing energy and nervous restlessness requiring an action outlet (like Cassidy and the others had). His very lack of it made sheriffs and law enforcers hesitate about connecting him with the Wild Bunch. Also he stayed in one place too long and never seemed to be doing anything of a suspicious nature, never seemed

2. From *Midwest Review,* June, 1925.

to be going anyplace in particular. Besides, he looked so doggone ornery strangers just let him along.

An old-timer who knew Bill thus described him, "Old Bill Speck was nothin' but a parasite livin' off the country and everybody he found willin'. Just a perfect "Alkali Ike", just a 'good-for-nothin'. Only one good thing about Bill. He was the best sourdough biscuit maker on Powder River. Made 'em in a dutch oven and you didn't need butter or sweetenin' on 'em either, they were that tasty."

According to the *Midwest Review* of September, 1925, in an article entitled "Recollections of a Pioneer" we learn that Bill's family came to Kansas in 1855 (from Texas) and took up pre-emption rights on a piece of land 20 miles from Fort Leavenworth. The elder Speck being an abolitionist immediately found himself in hot water trying to neighbor with proslavers who were migrating in hordes from Missouri. "Whatever nerve young Bill may have he inherits from his mother, one of those self-reliant women who composed the very best of our western pioneers, and he can distinctly remember several times when she held the border ruffians at bay."

One incident recounted tells of whiskey fortified proslavers trying to run the Speck family off their land. They arrived at a time when Bill and his mother were home alone. She refused them admittance to the house, standing them off with an axe.

Another time a stranger with evil intent rode up while Bill and his mother were in the garden. While he was dismounting, Mrs. Speck ran into the cabin and, arming herself with an old Yager rifle, drove the marauder away. (Young Bill meanwhile had hidden himself under the bed).

Bill's father was acquainted with and had many business dealings with the father of Buffalo Bill Cody, who ran a road-ranch five miles from Leavenworth in what was called Salt Creek Valley. In those days (1857 and '58) buffalo was plentiful and the ranchers organized many a hunt to obtain their winter's meat. Bill recalls his father cutting the bottomland sloughgrass for hay and hauling it to Fort Leavenworth where he received $20 in gold per ton for it.

Another interesting fact was that Red Angus, Sheriff of Johnson County during the Invasion, was in Bill's father's regiment during the Civil War (as nearly as I can ascertain Mr. Speck was a Captain in the Union Army operations in the western border states of Missouri, Arkansas and Kansas). Red served as drummer boy, his mother having taken him down to enlist, lying about his age since he was so determined to serve in the Union cause. So Bill found mutual connections when he came to live in Johnson County, and it is quite evident that the doings of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang seemed plenty tame in comparison with the stirring, violent scenes Bill had witnessed firsthand as a child in Kansas

in those years preceding the Civil War. It's no wonder he took the outlaw life as a matter of fact and didn't get very excited about it.

The next we hear of Bill after the Kansas days he had a small place on Brush Creek, 20 miles east of Vernal, Utah, and 75 miles south of Brown's Hole, (which was close to the border line between Utah, Colorado and Wyoming.) Brown's Hole was some 100 miles south of old South Pass City and was named for an old trapper who lived there one winter. At an early date there had been an Indian Trading Post in the Hole and many trappers wintered there when beaver was plentiful. It was another Hole-in-the-Wall and used much by Cassidy and his bunch in the late '80's. Like the Wyoming red wall country it was surrounded by little valleys and safe hiding places.

About 15 miles from Bill Speck's place was a little ranch on the Green River called Island Park. It was situated in a big cove, or mountain surrounded valley, hence the name. This place was leased by J. L. Wight's father[3] in the late '80's. He ran a little bunch of cattle there. Both this place and Bill's were much isolated with not even a semblance of a road going in or out. The outlaws coming down out of the mountains often stayed two or three days resting up at the Wight's, and then they'd go on to Speck's place.

Out in the yard was a monstrous cottonwood tree, at least 12 feet in circumference. The lower limbs had been removed and heavy iron spikes driven into its sides in a staggered arrangement on which the outlaws hung their saddles and other horse gear. Bill never did have a barn there. It was indeed quite a sight seeing the elegant, silver-studded saddles hanging on the spike-pegs. (It was called the Outlaw Tree). The heavy thick branches above supplied ample shelter in case of a rain or storm.

Bill ran a few head of cattle and kept quite a sizeable string of saddle horses. Not given much to conversation, he visited little with his few neighbors or with strangers. All he said about the outlaws hanging out there was, "By God, I trade horses with 'em all the time."

"Kinky" Wight remembers very distinctly some of the Wild Bunch who hung around Bill's. For the most part they were a likeable, friendly sort (all except Isom Dart, the negro) and pleasing and exciting to be around, especially Elza Lay, also known as Bill McGinnis. Elza was a tall, slim, and decidedly handsome Texan with light brown hair and big, very round hazel eyes. In a way he was the "glassy-eyed" type—shifty-eyed, too, for he never cared to look you straight in the eye. However, this last characteristic gave the impression of shyness rather than dis-

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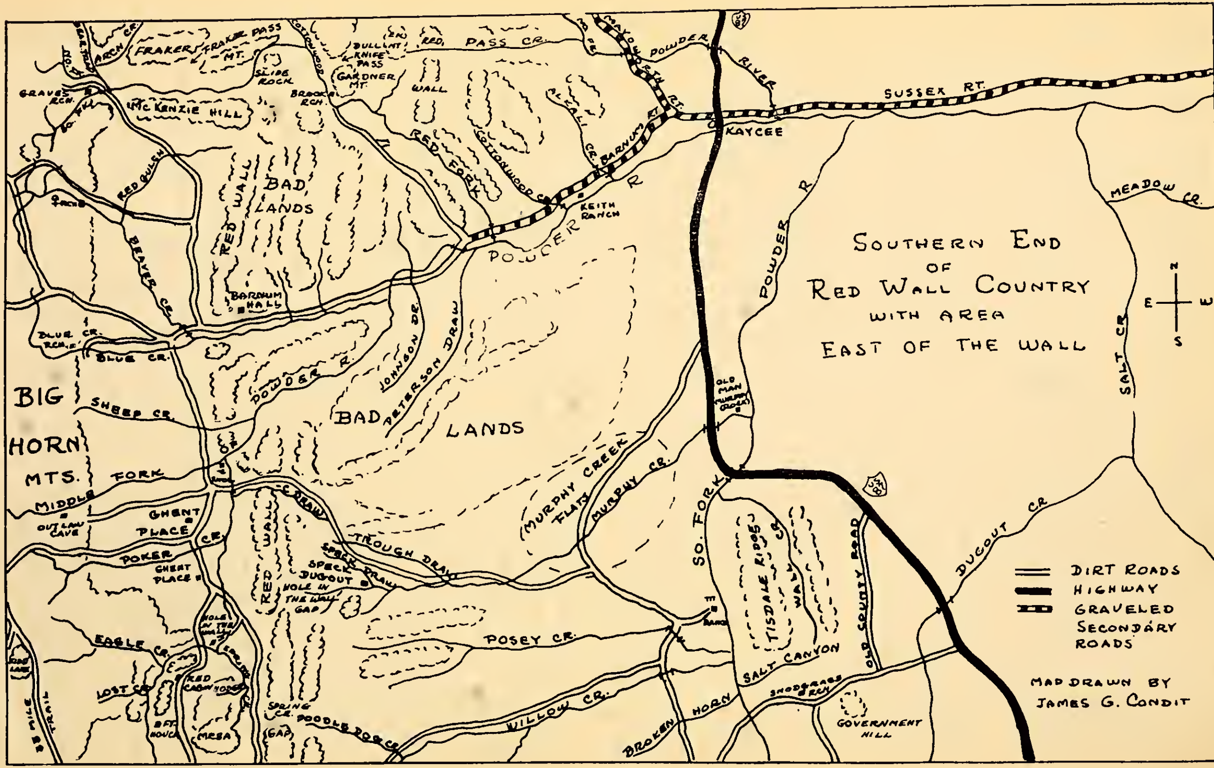
3. J. L. ("Kinky") Wight, an old man now living in Buffalo.


SOUTHERN END
OF
RED WALL COUNTRY
WITH AREA
EAST OF THE WALL
DIRT ROADS
HIGHWAY
GRAVELED
SECONDARY
ROADS
MAP DRAWN BY
JAMES G. CONDIT
N
E
W
S
SUSSEX RT.
KAYCEE
POWDER RIVER
MEADOW CR.
SALT CR.
POWDER R.
DUGOUT CR.
OLD COUNTY ROAD
GOVERNMENT HILL
SALT CANYON
TISDALE RIDGE
WALL CR.
SO. FORK
MURPHY CR.
MURPHY CREEK FLATS
POSEY CR.
WILLOW CR.
BROKEN HORN
BAD LANDS
PETERSON DRAW
JOHNSON DR.
TROUGH DRAW
SPECK DRAW
DUGOUT
HOLE IN THE WALL GAP
RED WALL
KEITH RANCH
COTTONWOOD CR.
RED FORK
ALKALI CR.
BARNUM RT.
NORTH RT.
WALL
RED PASS CR.
BULLCNT KNIFE PASS
GARDNER MT.
BROOKS RCH.
SLIDE ROCK
FRAKER
FRAKER PASS
MT.
MC KENZIE HILL
GRAVES RCH.
RED GULCH
BEAVER CR.
BAD LANDS
RED WALL
BARNUM HALL
BLUE CR.
BLUE CR. RCH.
POWDER R.
BIG
HORN
MTS.
SHEEP CR.
MIDDLE FORK
OUTLAW CAVE
GHENT PLACE
POKER CR.
GHENT PLACE
EAGLE CR.
LOST CR.
RED CANYON
MESA
SPRING CR.
POODLE DOG CR.
GAP
TRAIL
OLD MAN MURPHY (ROCK)
SPEAR CR.

honesty. Cassidy often remarked that Elza was the only educated member of the Bunch. The ticklish train and bank holdups where final success hung by a thread were planned by Elza. He indeed had a sharp, pinpoint mind which was sadly wasted on such an utterly useless career. Besides this, he was unusually good-natured and had charming, half-bashful manners, and, like Cassidy, was a master in the handling of horses. He did a lot of the breaking and training of the outlaw hot-bloods.

Elza unquestionably was a favorite with the girls, for shy, mannerly men always seem to possess a fatal attraction for women the world over. When 24 years of age Elza fell in love with and secretly married a certain gay, blue eyed, brown haired Maude Davis. She was a sweet girl, very slender, very pretty and very good. She loved to dance and so did he, and it was only natural that they fell recklessly in love. It was after marrying Maude that Elza holed-up more at Bill Speck's for he wanted to be near Vernal where she was; and this thing was not good for either of them.

The law cornered Elza and Butch one night in a saloon in Vernal, or figured they had. The outlaws uncannily escaped as was their custom and took off afoot to the hills. Later that night Maude took their horses seven miles out of town and hid them in some shrub cedars and walked back into town in order to escape detection. That night the posse spotted two men asleep in a bedroll several miles out and slipped up and shot them both outright, thinking sure it was Elza and Cassidy. Maude was called upon to identify the bodies, but remaining staunchly loyal said she didn't know whether it was them or not. Later it was discovered that the victims were prospectors with no tie whatever with the Bunch. The sheriff, if he'd been on the ball at all, would have known that outlaws on the run never sleep two in a bed or even unroll their tarps close together. Such was not their customary way of sleeping. It was too dangerous—senselessly dangerous, to be exact.

After several years of "close-shaves" Elza decided to give Maude up. He told her he was ruining her life, which he was (and small consolation for a broken heart that was), making her wait around for him, meeting him secretly, and for long spells not knowing where he was or what he was doing. He asked her to get the divorce, for he said, "It would be a little unhandy for me to get it." It is doubtful if it ever occurred to him to give up outlawing and settle down and make her a self-respecting husband. He had plenty of ability and could have fitted in most anyplace. But the wild life held a deadly fascination apparently, and the man just couldn't permit himself to feel tied and directly responsible for long.

Bub Meeks, a 20 year old cowboy drifted into Vernal about this time and began going to Bill Specks. He was a dark com-

plexioned, well-built, smooth-faced, good-looking young fellow, who after due consideration decided he'd like to join the Wild Bunch. Butch said if he could hold up the bank, single-handed, at Montpelier, Idaho, and make a clean getaway he would be accepted as one of them. Bub was really a good boy, not the least bit evil at heart, just crazy about excitement, and this proposition sounded quite thrilling to say the least.

Bub had a fine looking white and sorrel pinto horse weighing around 900 pounds, which he thought a lot of. He was a smart animal, too, despite the prevalent belief among Western cowboys that any kind of a pinto horse never amounted to much. Bub spent many patient hours training the pinto for the bank robbery job. He was a top cowhand and loved working with horses. He taught this mount to lie down in a gully or depression, flat on his side and stay there until he whistled, which was the signal to get up and come to him on the run. When everything seemed right with the horse, Bub rode into Montpelier and in due time laid his other plans. The night of the holdup Cassidy and Lay waited several miles out to take the loot. In a little gully back of town Bub left the pinto flat on his side, and afoot and alone he entered the bank and made away with $30,000; on schedule all right, but as he mounted on the run and galloped out of town someone saw him and pursuit ensued. Upon reaching the outlaws, Bub, as promised, handed over the money and each man took off swiftly in different directions. Pursuit was hottest for Bub, probably because he was the newest and greenest. In attempting to outrun a train through a tunnel he was recognized by a section hand, for everyone knew that pinto horse. So, soon Bub was caught and subsequently given a stretch in the pen, even though none of the money was found in his possession. This one wild escapade was the beginning as well as the end of his association with Cassidy's Bunch. What dearly bought glory for one ill-fated night of excitement!

Cassidy and Lay were also trailed. When about 20 miles southeast of Montpelier, Cassidy decided to get rid of 500 silver dollars he was carrying in a sack. Just then they topped a rise and spied an old man lumbering along in an ancient wagon behind a pokey old team. Cassidy asked the whiskered gentleman if he wanted some money as he tossed the bagful of silver dollars in at the old man's feet. He didn't stop long enough to find out whether the old fellow wanted the money or not, for it really didn't matter in the least and had been a very silly question in the first place.

They continued as swiftly as possible toward the east side of the Teton Mountains. Finally, after many hard-going miles when they seemed to be losing ground due to the deep snow and steepness of the climb and the exhausted condition of their horses, Cassidy decided they'd have to dispose of the rest of the money, since it was getting too risky to take a further chance of being

caught red-handed. On a little strip of benchland on the side of the mountain was a big old pitch stump whose top had long since been struck by lightning and rotted off. It stood as high as a man's head and surely should be enough of a landmark for future reference. Dismounting, Butch stepped off 100 yards to the east of the stump and, using the butt of his revolver, quickly made a deep hollow place in the sand below the overhanging cliff and buried the money in the hole. He then smoothed it over with the dugout sand and covering the place with hastily gathered loose rocks. In the meantime Elza had stood guard on foot at the top of the rise to give his poor jaded horse a bit of rest. The money had been buried none too soon, either, for the law was close upon them. Turning abruptly back to the West, the outlaws took off down a steep canyon, zigzagging sideways, trying to avoid the deepest snow banks and find the least easily seen route. And once again Cassidy escaped—the deep snow and rugged terrain all at once making pursuit seem not only impossible but fruitless as well.

Many times in the next four years, whenever an opportunity presented itself, Butch and Lay, together and separately, returned for the money, but try as they might neither of them could ever again locate that pitch "landmark" stump. Whether a forest fire had destroyed the stump or someone had pulled it down for wood will never be known, nor will anyone know what became of the $30,000 in greenbacks. So it would seem the whole escapade benefited no one—no one at all unless it was the old man in the rickety wagon (and very likely the things he wanted money couldn't buy).

Isom Dart, the hot-headed Negro member of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang also was seen often at Bill Speck's. He was born a slave down in the Ozark Mountains and when a young fellow ran away and joined the Confederate Army in the West. Not caring for army life he deserted and went down Mexico way where he got mixed up with some tough horse thieves. Later he joined Black Jack Ketchum's gang and so on to the Hole-in-the-Wall Bunch. He was a huge, husky, curley-headed six-footer. He could ride "anything with four feet," and was an excellent cowboy and stock hand which seems odd for a Negro. At first this ability was an asset in the rustling and horse stealing game, as Isom had an uncanny, easy way of handling animals. He'd played a pretty rough game down south and now he felt was getting to be a "big potato" in the outlaw business. In fact, he got to thinking he was mighty clever and started pulling off little deals on his own, often involving the Wild Bunch without authority to do so. This egotism along with his physical hugeness and brazen unscrupulousness made him a dangerous man. Besides, he was disgustingly overbearing and thickheaded about most things. Seemingly he feared neither God nor man, a genuine renegade at heart. He'd

act on the impulse of the moment as the notion hit him and got to killing unnecessarily and cruelly. So Cassidy finally decided to get rid of him. His crazy hotheadedness was becoming a threat to them all. As Elza Lay said, "We just *had* to dry-gulch him because he was causing us too much trouble, *stupid* trouble." It is believed that Harve Logan did the shooting of Isom for Cassidy. Dart's fierceness and wantom killing just for its own sake was not in Butch's book of rules.

Old Jesse Ewing often showed up at Bill's with a pack string and stayed awhile. While he actually, as far as is known, had no part whatever in the Bunch's operations, he is worthy of a few words in his own right, being undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary characters to ever go in and out of Brown's Hole. He was thought to be the first mountainman to prospect in the Wasatch Mountains between Wyoming and Utah. (He used to be around Green River a lot in the 1870's). At any rate he was an old renegade outlaw trapper who'd had a most exciting life. Would that all of it were known! The natural ugliness of his face was accentuated by deep bear claw marks, whose healing had left a terrific disfigurement. His whole appearance was fearful, more like beast than man. His only weapon was a big knife, and he was wildly expert in the use of it. It was far more deadly than any gun. When around the Wild Bunch, Jesse maintained a completely detached demeanor, although it was plainly obvious that outlaw conversation interested him mightily. Very rarely, and then only when made loquacious by the contents of his jug, did he converse at all. His crude manner of speaking plus his unbelievable ugliness made the stories of his past experiences in the earlier days seem doubly gruesome and horrible.

When things began to get too hot in Brown's Hole and the law got to coming in too often, the Bunch started using the Hole-in-the-Wall more often. This was along about the time when surveys were being made to establish state lines between Utah, Idaho and Wyoming (preparatory to Wyoming's becoming a state). One day an old "grubline" rider stopped in at Bill's and said, "Well, 'pears like this here country's getting too all-fired civilized fer a selfrespectin' horse thief. Take fer instance, that there Russell up the line—a plum good example 'o what civilizin' 'a doin'. Tain't none 'o us common fellers can be so danged high-flyin' as him and his'n. Them blamed survey lines got his shack so divided his family does their sleepin' in Wyoming, their cookin' in Idaho and their eatin' in Utah. Now if that there don't beat the Dutch, I'll eat my hat. He'll drive hisself loco tryin' to figure out where he oughter pay his taxes."

Bill Speck was prepared to move on. He'd kept on hand a special horse, old "Sop and Taters," to get him safely out of the country when the need arose. Bill never let anyone ride this horse. It was his own private property, a fine big 1400 pound bay

with a white stripe on his forehead and white hind feet. Old "Sop and Taters" was a "fast-mover," a cross between a pacer and a single-footer, the type that could "go slow fast"; in other words, hit a steady gait and keep it up day after day, mile after mile, uphill and down hill. He was also a good "all around" cowhorse —he'd stand wherever Bill left him as long as he was saddled.

As a spare he had a big buckskin. When Bill first got him a fellow once asked, "Why don'cha make a buckin' horse outta that buckskin, Bill?", for when you sparked him he'd really fire. "Can't do it, man, can't do it, 'cause that critter's got too much horse sense and too much cow sense," Bill replied.

For a pack animal, Bill had a white mule which carried his worldly possessions, consisting of a bedroll, a few clothes and cooking utensils and a skimpy grubstake.

Upon arriving in Johnson County Bill made his headquarters in a dugout on the head of Murphy Creek (see map) a short distance below the spot where the Hole-in-the-Wall trail came out over the red wall. It was the usual type of living quarters much used at the time by bachelors too indolent to haul posts for a cabin (or perhaps they felt no need for anything better). It extended into the bank and was rocked up in front, having a door of sorts covering the entryway. In addition to a fireplace (which Bill seldom used) it had a small cookstove, a crude table and boxes for sitting purposes and a slightly elevated bunk for a bedroll.

Nearby was a sizeable spring of clear cold water, which was a godsend to tired horses and men coming and going over the trail. Then, too, there was a horse shed close to the dugout, roofed over with willow limbs and dirt. Close by was a substantial corral, big enough for working livestock. Upon the top of the wall on the small bench where the trail came over was a natural horse pasture which was much used by the outlaws. Here, too, was another dugout in which four horses could be hidden if necessary, or put in out of a storm perhaps; or maybe food cached to be kept dry.

For many years Bill kept an ample supply of food staples, as well as quite a string of saddle horses around, which he apparently did not own. He had again taken up quarters located conveniently to assist the Wild Bunch with the three things they most needed: food, mounts and a hide-out. Often he would be seen moseying along with his old mule loaded down and several saddle horses roped alongside, seemingly going no place in particular. When he returned, the mule was unloaded and the horses gone. If encountered by the same party each time Bill would casually remark, "Danged if them outlaws didn't hold me up agin and plum clean me out. Sure been outta luck if they'd taken my mule. Guess I'm lucky at that," and he'd ride off.

One time years later two of Lou Webb's cowpunchers, Horace Snider and Harry Bretz, were riding the range south of the Middle Fork of Powder River checking on the cattle. They'd made quite

a big circle and, coming back across the Murphy Creek flats, saw some critters in the distance. They were too far away to be distinguishable as to cows or horses, so the cowboys thought they'd better ride over and check. As they finally approached the bunch, they spooked and took off at a high gallop. As they disappeared over the hill the fellows spied something white trailing along behind. Shielding his eyes with his hand in order to see more clearly, Horace said "Looks like the Spectacle horse bunch, but I'll bet you a case of beer that that white thing ain't either a horse or a cow".[4] Spurring their horses, they began gaining on the bunch. Soon Harry said, "Well, I see that white critter don't travel like no cow, so by God, it's gotta be a horse. I'll just call your bet." The horses were wild and hard to get close to but the cowboys, at last heading into a draw, saw an old white mule (Bill Speck's) belly-hung on the steep rim of the opposite bank, front knees buckled under as he repeatedly sought solid footing in the crumbling, sliding lower ledge. After much lurching and pushing of hind feet he found firmer footing and with a mighty forward lunge landed safely on top, where, after thoroughly shaking himself and blowing loudly through his nose, he began leisurely to crop the sparse grass, apparently having come to the conclusion that it was a little ridiculous, at the moment at any rate, to try to keep up with a bunch of rollicky horses. So Horace got his beer. Often in years to come he'd say, "Harry, do you remember that old mule of Bill Speck's?" a remark always good for many a reminiscent laugh.

The old mule was quite a character. Bill said he could always tell when it was going to storm for "when the old fellow'd carry a stick or twig around in his mouth it was a sure sign the weather was changin' ".[5]

Bill spent considerable time in Kaycee, which was then little more than a stopping place in the road. He hung out a lot at the Dixon's, who ran one of the first hotels and eating houses there. (Their place was just south of the old stone garage which is now torn down or about due west of present-day Red Horse Station). Joe Dixon also owned a big corral and shed of sorts across the road to the west for the accommodation of his guests' horses. Hay and grain could be purchased and the animals fed over there.

Aunt Mary Dixon was of Hungarian birth, big, rawboned, and rather uncouth, mannish and rough-spoken. If good-looking once (which was doubtful) she was surely weatherbeaten when living in Kaycee (see picture). She was an enthusiastic fisherman. She

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4. Cowboy fashion, creating their own fun and having a good time out of nothing.

5. Horses and pigs have been known to do this, too. Carrying a stick in their mouth was an old Western weather forecasing sign.

loved nothing more than going someplace to catch the big ones. An old-timer said, "It's too bad you can't see Sister Dixon's eyes and hear her voice when you look at her picture." She had a harsh, loud, resonant voice. She'd yell at Joe to get him up in the morning to build the fires. "Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe," louder and louder and then begin to bang on the pans in the kitchen. Mr. Dixon, who was a smallish, apathetic sort of fellow, putting it mildly, occupied a decidedly subordinate position in the household and went around with his tail between his legs, so to speak

Courtesy Cecil Taylor
Aunt Mary Dixon

Aunt Mary hired a young girl, a certain Cecil Ritter, to work for her.[6] Cecil came from up Mayoworth way. As she said, "I'd quarreled with Mama. I had two horses of my own in the corral so, putting my clothes in a flour sack, I saddled up one of my horses and went to Kaycee and got a job with Mrs. Dixon. She was awful good to me. Mama was awful hateful and slapped me so I didn't want to stay home any more. Mrs. Dixon let me make pies and light bread and cook (and make beds and wash dishes and wait table). I did everything I wanted to. Mama'd never trust us girls with stuff like that, afraid we'd waste somethin' ". Cecil later was married to a handsome N H cowboy in the Dixon dining room.

One time a promising young lawyer from Buffalo drove into Kaycee quite late one evening and put up at the Dixon Hotel. It was 40° below zero that night, so cold the frost had never gone off the horse's hair all day. After a pickup supper in the kitchen, Joe told the young man to take the first room to the right at the head of the stairs. He did, but upon striking a match to light the lamp saw a man already asleep in the bed. Thinking he had misinformed Joe he went back down stairs and told him that the room was occupied. Joe very disgustedly replied, "Well, he ain't takin' up the whole bed, is he?" Whereupon the lawyer again

6. Mrs. Cecil Taylor, now an old woman living in Kaycee, Wyoming.

ascended the cold stairway and lit the lamp in the room assigned to him. In the flickering light he now saw a big gun belt with six-shooters in it hanging from a nail on the wall close to the head of the bed. His bed partner remained invisible, head and all, just a big, curled up lump under the scanty bed covers. Pulling off his boots he crawled into bed, clothes and all, regardless of consequences, shiveringly grateful that the ice-cold bed had been somewhat warmed by he knew not whom. When he awoke next morning his sleeping companion was gone and he never did find out with whom he'd spent the night.

Another time a green Easterner came in on the stage and put up at Dixon's. He was so overwhelmingly enthused with the big open spaces, etc., that he arrived a little late for the evening meal. Seating himself somewhat self-consciously among the eaters who were impolitely and noisely cramming food into their mouths, he picked up the bowl of white, thickish stuff by his place and, grabbing a handful of crackers, crumbled them into the bowl and began eating as fast as he could in order to get some of the other food which was disappearing into mouths at an astonishing rate of speed. Just then old Jack Toddy, the bartender seated down the table a ways, yelled, "Joe, pass the gravy." Joe, in an aggrieved sort of tone replied, "Can't, Jack, that there dude's done et it up."

Still feeling slightly embarrassed and not a little confused, the dude, hoping to avoid further breaches of etiquette, after the meal was finished asked if it were permissible to have an "after dinner cigar." Joe, in answer, just opened the kitchen door and there sat Ma Dixon with her chair tilted way back and her feet propped on the rail of the cookstove, puffing contentedly on a big pipe.[7] The dude, still trying to be one of them, said, "Thank you, sir, and now I think I'll light up, too."

Seeing the beautiful sunrise the next morning, the young fellow from the east regained his former joy at the sights to be seen on Powder River and took a walk before breakfast. Returning he walked past the saloon and there in the doorway stood a man the likes of whom he never even imagined he would be so fortunate as to see in person, the real "Alkali Ike" and no doubt about it. Hoping to appear entirely at ease in this deeply thrilling western atmosphere, he spoke to the man, who was none other than Bill Speck, in a friendly manner, saying that he thought Mrs. Dixon could not possibly provide sufficient breakfast to satisfy his suddenly enormous appetite. Bill didn't say a word, not one word, just smoothed down his mustache with a thumb and stood there

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7. Most pipe smokers then used Mail Pouch tobacco, which was clippings from the ends of cigars. It smelled like sheep-dip, or maybe the old, much used pipes did. However, the effect was the same.

lazily and limply, looking up and down the road as if expecting to see someone ride up. Then slowly, very slowly indeed, he carelessly placed his hand on his gun handle.

The Easterner, suddenly fearful, made a hasty retreat to Ma Dixon's. He had barely dowsed his face and hands in cold water at the chipped wash basin in the corner and seated himself at the table when the door opened and in walked this Bill Speck. Very deliberately he chose a chair facing the young dude, and pulling out his six-shooter pounded the butt of it on the table and hollered out for his breakfast to be served, all the while glowering darkly at the stranger. The waitress said, "Want cream and sugar in your coffee this mornin', Bill?" "No, lady, I don't want no sugar or no cream and damn little water in it." At that moment two other rough-looking men came in and began washing up, and it suddenly occurred to the dude that he was entirely unable to cope with the situation after all, and, breakfastless, he beat a hasty retreat upstairs to his room where he remained until stage time with a chair propped under the doorknob for safety's sake. Nor could he exactly understand the "whyfor" of the loud laughter emanating from the room below as he hastily climbed the stairs. His youthful egotism plus his undisguised fear "clogged his wheels" to such an extent that it never occurred to him that he was taking the brunt of a cowboy joke.

It was a funny thing about Bill, too. A person couldn't really tell whether he was in fun and "grandstanding", or whether he meant to be tough. He was fundamentally a shy sort of person, not at all talkative, and as a general rule quick to take offense. So when in the least doubt, a fellow just didn't "press the point" with Bill. Like one time in a saloon, two rowdy drunken "passers-by" asked him to take a drink with them. Bill wasn't much of a drinking man, (not for sociabilities' sake any way) and refused the offer. One stranger pulled out his gun and stuck it in Bill's ribs saying, "I said have a drink." Bill turned around and started for the door where he encountered the fellow's companion, gun in hand. Bill didn't even draw his gun, just placed his hand lightly on the butt and staring fiercely said, "I said I wasn't drinkin' " and walked on out the door.

After the Johnson County Invasion, when the outlaw and rustling game no longer seemed exactly a healthy occupation, some of the Hole-in-the-Wall operators sold out and left the country. It was then that Speck bought Hi Bennett's cattle, and set himself up in the cow business, without owning an acre of land, too, by the way. When the free range deal tightened up, he'd lease a portion of land and buy hay to feed his cows, but this only when he had to.

Bill had two brands, the Horse-Shoe Bar on the left hip and Box Dot on the left ribs. He always kept the two brands separate. Some one once asked, "Why do you run two brands, Bill?" He

replied, "Because one is mortgaged deepern' hell, and the other'n a darned sight deeper."

While he was known to be a good roper and cowhand and had a bunch of Horseshoe Bar mares that were the best of horses, he seldom showed any inclination to participate in "cowboying" after he came to Johnson County. Whether he wished purposely to give the "no-savvy" appearance or whether he was just too cussed lazy to make a hand nobody knew, or cared, for that matter. Some considered his attitude just a pose to cast aside any suspicion that he might be hooked up with outlaws and rustlers. At any rate when on round ups he made a bum hand, rode circle with slow horses and didn't ever want to do any of the hard work.

On one particular occasion a young fellow visiting the Tisdale Brothers at TTT decided to ride circle on the round up just for the adventure involved and, after looking the hands over, picked old Bill as his riding companion, probably because his pace was more suited to a green rider's capabilities. Or maybe he was intrigued with the surly, hard looks of the man. Guess he thought he might see "some shootin' and killin' " if he stayed with Bill; at the very least, it ought to prove exciting and western. If he expected conversation, he was disappointed, for they rode mile after mile with no words spoken. As time passed the morning grew hot and sultry. The boy began to want a drink of water more than he'd ever wanted anything in his life. He finally broke the silence by asking, "Aren't there any streams in this country where one can get a drink of water?"

"None worth mentionin'," Bill replied. But soon they came to a small, cow-dirtied pool of stagnant water which was fed very sparingly from a little spring upon the hill. Bill got off, removed his hat and wiped the sweat from his forehead. Then sitting down on his heels, brushed aside the cow manure with his hat brim and, stretching out full length on the ground, belly-down and bracing himself with widespread hands, proceeded to noisily gulp the putrid stuff. Then sitting back on his heels and wiping the drips from his chin with the back of his hand said, "There's plenty left for you, son." But the young man hastily and firmly declined. "Thought you was wantin' water."

"Not that kind of water, sir."

"Then, boy, you ain't thirsty. You just ain't thirsty. Maybe we shoulda' brought a nice cup along, huh?" The boy, not missing the sarcastic tone and feeling decidedly squeamish inside, said in a conciliatory tone, "Guess I didn't want water as badly as I thought; but, sir, one thing I'm very glad to find out, is why you cowboys wear those big, broad-brimmed hats. Now I know."

They continued riding along. Seeing some cattle in a little park near the top of the Wall, Bill headed up that way and all of a sudden, out of the continued silence, he let out a scream like a

buzzard. The kid's horse grunted like he'd been stabbed and took off for parts unknown. And that was the last Bill saw of the boy.

Another time Bill was rounding up some cattle with one of the Hard Winter Davis children. As they stopped to open a gate they saw a huge rattlesnake in the path and many little rattlesnakes wriggling around her. Sensing the intrusion, the big snake opened her mouth wide and all the babies immediately crawled into it and disappeared. The child, completely amazed, said, "Bill, I never saw snakes do that. What made them do that?" Bill very nonchalantly replied, "You tell me, son. I can't think like a snake."

Later, Dolly Davis was riding with Bill and her horse shied suddenly, hearing the unmistakable buzz of a rattler. She called Bill back to kill the snake which was a huge old thing. Bill pulled out his six-shooter to blow its head off and then changed his mind and put the gun back in the holster, remarking as he rode off, "I ain't goin' to shoot that old feller. If I leave it go it might some day bite a sheep-herder. I sure ain't aimin' to be accused of aidin' them no count land-grubbers."

As time went on, the round up boss informed Bill that if he expected to have his cattle included he'd have to put on a hand; for, as he said, "Bill, you're too darned old to rustle calves, you make your circles too short and you're always avoidin' work; so, by God, you got to put on a man and a string of good horses for a change if you're plannin' on participatin' in This-here trip. That was when Bill hired Hugh Riley (see picture) as his "rep".

Courtesy Thelma G. Condit

High Riley taken in front of his shack in Kaycee, 1956.

Hugh, while never considered and never pretending to be a "high-flyin', rough-ridin' " cowboy, still made a good hand. He was a conscientious worker and always was able to keep mounted on good horses. Also he could handle pretty waspy ones, even though he never owned a new saddle in his life; for as he said, "You just saddle 'em and ride 'em, or you don't ride 'em. That's all there is to it. Don't matter what kinda 'gears' on 'em."

Hugh was a little fellow physically, rather on the Shortie Wheelwright type, only less huskily built, and like Shortie was inclined to be sarcastic and tough (a characteristic perhaps of all small men. Just their way of assuming importance; what they lacked in stature they tried to make up in gruffness.)

He called everybody "Billy" and didn't hesitate to "tell-off"

anyone who annoyed him, like he told Johnny Tisdale once, "Billy, whenever you set your hind end on a good horse he don't stay fresh very long. I thought if they gave you plenty of time you might get to be a stock hand, but it's lookin' might doubtful." He'd cock his head on one side and smile "kinda cute" when he said these things and no one ever got very mad at him for he seemed much too insignificant to bother with.

Hugh had a straight-line mouth with wrinkled half-circles at each side. His little slit-eyes were pale blue and expressionless. His nose had a little round button-end. All in all his face resembled nothing more than some oblong snowman face made by a small child. Hugh was inclined to be bald-headed which may or may not have accounted for the fact that he was seldom seen without a hat or Scotch cap, so his forehead was always very white compared to his ruddy face. He wore a red scarf or bandana handkerchief knotted around his neck as habitually as he did his hat. He was a neat, clean little fellow, clean-shaven and soap-shiny and had that freshly scrubbed look. Even if faded and ragged, his overalls, too, were clean and scrubbed-looking like his face.

Hugh was born in Illinois, going to northwest Iowa when eight years old. He said, "I've herded cattle ever since I was big enough to ride a horse. I always tried to be as easy with 'em as I could and make a good hand at whatever I did. My Dad taught me that." When first coming to Wyoming he worked for the Jim Shaw outfit in the Orin Junction country. Then he came farther north and started working for Ed Houke at the Buffalo Creek Ranch (see map.) He trailed the first Houke cattle in from the Muddy Ranch on the edge of the Red Desert, 400 of them. His work mostly, however, was hauling supplies from Casper with 6-horse teams and hauling lumber and posts off the mountains. (He was one of the two teamsters at the ranch.)

Later he worked for Bob Tisdale at the TTT and for Hibbard, and May and Babson Brothers (successive owners) for close to forty years in all, off and one. In fact, he worked all through the Hole-in-the-Wall country, at the Bar-C and Willow Creek Ranch, etc.

Around 1917 he took up a half-section homestead on Tisdale mountain by a big water-well, which he later sold to the TTT when he retired to live in Kaycee. His little cabin was always spic and span. His clean, spare clothing, neatly rolled, was placed in flour sacks suspended from nails on the rafter logs to keep them away from the ever-pesty mice and pack rats. The place was full of artifacts, stone hammers, Indian beads, etc., found and gathered up through the years of riding the range.

Just before Hugh started working for Bill Speck he'd bought a bunch of good saddle mares, branded J Bar G on the left shoulder, from old Andy Thomas who lived up on Tisdale Moun-

tain someplace and cut posts for his scanty living. Old Andy was a big, tall Arkansas-type looking man who didn't mind telling any kind of a lie (like old Wild-Cat Sam). He had a special horse called Injun. He thought a lot of him and never tired of telling this yarn to prove the value of the horse. "I had my rope down to loop that steer, when old Injun picked up a gopher hole and fell. He spilled me in nothin' flat, all tangled up in my blamed rope. When Injun got himself up he took off like a bat outta hell adraggin' me behind. Seeing as how I was in a bad perdicament I fumbled around and got my pocket knife out, thinkin' to cut myself loose. But, by that time, we'd hit mighty rough country and working a quick turn blamed if I didn't dump that knife, it got knocked plum outta my hand. But Injun, smart old Injun, turned right around and took me back to where I'd let go the knife and I reached down fast-like and grabbed it and cut myself loose. Don't know's anybody else's got a horse that head-smart. Old Injun can think faster'n most men and that's a fact."

Bill Speck had no place to put up a hand, no house or anything, so he paid Hughes keep in Kaycee while he was working for him. While Bill wasn't much of a drinking man, Hugh was. He got to be quite a favorite around the saloons, for he fiddled and jigged and sang pretty well, and yelled. When he got really drunk how he could yell! He'd tilt his hat far back on his head, so far in fact that no one understood how it stayed on, as he fiddled and jigged. All at once he'd poise his fiddle bow in the air and let out a yell the like of which hasn't been heard before or since, his red face and white bald pate giving him a ruly ludicrous appearance. The fun-loving, simple-entertained cowboys slapping money on the bar for another round of whiskey would say, "Come on, Hugh, let's have another yell, another drink and another yell, damn you, Hugh. Yell! Yell!" And Hugh'd yell and fiddle and sing the old songs and everybody would have a wonderful time. It took very little to amuse people in those days.

When Hugh was in town drinking he rode a big white horse. He never got too drunk to ride but often had a bad time getting on; but the old horse was very understanding and they always got home unharmed. Drinking never made Hugh surly or foul-mouthed, he was ever a gentleman and thoroughly happy when drinking.

One time he drove a four-horse team into town and pulled up in front of the saloon. As they came to a stop he let out one of his wild yells which so startled the horses that they took off on a high lope and ran away all over the flats east of town. Hugh got out his whip and "let 'em have it" and in due time got everything under control and again pulled to a stop in front of the saloon. Hugh then let out another yell and away they went again, the procedure being repeated until finally the horses, winded, gave up and stood still with the reins wrapped around the wagon wheel.

In cold weather Hugh wore several layers of clothing—several shirts and several pairs of overalls. He carried his purse in the left-hand back pocket of the second layer. Sometimes he got a little cute about paying for a drink, stalling around waiting for someone else to pay for it. One time when this happened the saloonkeeper became a wee bit impatient and remarked, "Hugh, I think you've got a two-dollar bill in that second layer left hind pocket. What do you say to puttin' it down right here, man," as he slapped his fingers on the bar. So Hugh groped around in his pockets and finally came up with the two-dollar bill.

On another occasion when Hugh was working up in the Hole-in-the-Wall he and an old trapper got on a big drunk. Going to the bunkhouse they had to cross Powder River on a narrow plank which served as a footbridge. Hugh walked the plank easily; it was truly amazing how "he could handle his liquor." But not so his companion, who, upon coming to the water's edge and not even seeing the footbridge hollered out, "Hugh, I'll be damned if I'm going to walk around this lake." Holding his whiskey jug high in the air he stepped unsteadily into the water which was quite deep, and it got deeper and deeper, but the old fellow went floundering right along expostulating vociferously about coldness and wetness in general. In all likelihood he would have ended in a watery grave had not some of the fellows in the bunkhouse heard him and gone to his assistance, for Hugh had calmly gone on to bed, never bothering to check on the progress of his drinking partner. The fellows took off his wet clothing and rubbed his shivering flesh and brought him back to his senses, whereupon he immediately called for his jug and offered them all a drink, profoundly remarking as he did so, "Boys, I thought as I was crossing that lake what a hell of a life a muskrat must lead." And with that he began snoring soundly, entirely unmindful of the narrow escape he'd just had.

Whenever Hugh did get too inebriated to walk or ride a horse, he'd wisely stop wherever he was and sleep it off. In the early days it was not at all unusual to come upon a man stretched out face down on the ground, maybe with a horse standing nearby, reins hanging, waiting for his master to "come around." If the person riding up on such a sight were a woman, she'd immediately become alarmed and just know she'd found a dead man who'd been cruelly murdered. Like once when Hugh was discovered lying in the dry irrigation ditch on the flat east of Kaycee. Seeing the sprawled, limp figure the woman hurried into town and spread the news "that a dead man was out there and it was horrible—no doubt at all but that he'd been shot and left there by some cowardly villain." Whereupon the sheriff and curious loungers about town hastened to the spot. Yes, it was a dead man all right and old Hugh Riley, too. Some fellow offered his horse to use to get the body back to town. As the sheriff leaned down to pick

him up, Hugh suddenly gave a vicious lunge with a leg and kicked the sheriff in the chest, mumbling, "Can't you let a feller be? Can't even sleep off a drunk in peace around here any more 'thout somebody pesterin' around."

You just never could tell about old Hugh; even when he started dying this winter in Rest Haven Nursing home in Buffalo. Sick as he was and dying of cancer, he'd still insist upon sitting in a chair, fully clothed with his denim jacket and hat on and the red kerchief knotted around his neck, still very reserved and gentlemanly around the nurses, still tough and independent, hating to be beholden to any of them, even for the bare essentials. Finally, toward the end, he suffered a severe cerebral hemorrhage and lay as dead. The nurse in attendance could find no pulse, so called the doctor and said, "Old Hugh is dead, please hurry." But as she turned from the phone she heard gurgling noises in Hugh's room and hurried in to find him not dead after all. He miraculously rallied and ate a good breakfast next morning and lived a week before another seizure shook him. Three more times he was as one dead—the ambulance was even on its way once to take him to the mortuary, but each time he revived. You never could tell about Hugh. He was tough all right, but it was pathetic to see him die so gallantly alone, no family and no friends, with the only thing of value among his possessions being a watch which they buried with him. The west had many of these little men—harmless, insignificant, colorless and unattached, who asked no favors of the Lord and always maintained a fierce independence, never becoming a burden to anyone, even at the very last.

All these years Bill made frequent trips to Buffalo to call upon a certain girl ("in the row") named Jean, a pretty dark-haired wench who systematically and cheerfully took every dollar she could from him. He was most generous. He would ride into town, put his horse in the Potts Livery Stable (which was where the present-day Suzanne Shop is) and go across the street to the saloon where he'd buy a quart of whiskey. Returning to the barn he'd take a few drinks, and again corking the bottle, hide it under his saddle blanket and head for Jean's. As soon as he was out of sight one of the Potts boys would pour the whiskey on the ground and turn the bottle in at the saloon for a dime. In relating the incident years later the young man said "Poor old Bill, the ladies got his money and I got his whiskey."

Along in the early 1900's Buffalo was called the "sucker town of the West." The cattlemen were all making pretty good money and the popular thing at the moment was to invest in something really spectacular and thus develop the West. Handsome, friendly swindlers came along, with that seemingly straight-from-the-shoulder talk that could float any blue-sky proposition, like movie outfits which never produced a picture, dude ranches that never were built, mining stock that didn't exist, and automobile supply

companies which were phonies. As one old fellow said, "Those promoters were the kind who could tickle 'em under the chin and sell 'em anything."

One of them organized the National Order of Cowboy Rangers (just before World War I) which primarily was of a social nature and supposedly quite exclusive, but also had certain benefits attached like death insurance, etc., a selling point appealing to those not too socially minded. Bill Speck became a member, for he said "he would like to get his lady friend into society." But the thing didn't last long, only "two or three deaths."

About this time Bill's eyesight began to fail and he decided it would be the opportune time to sell out and invest his money and live off the income it earned. Mr. Zindel bought his cattle. While riding to gather his livestock a fellow encountered Bill out in the hills wearing dark heavy glasses and asked in the course of conversation, "What ya' goin' to do with all your money, Bill?"

"I'm goin' to invest it in one of these here modern things like the movin' picture or automobile business or somethin'."

And he did—the whole $65,000, which was "a hell of a stake in those days," and went broke, dead broke.

So Bill then went down to the Salt Creek oil fields and hired out to guard leases. The place was really booming and full of all sorts of shady, dishonest characters. Individuals or oil companies would lease 160 acres, build a shack or pitch a tent on it and hire a man to stay there and see that no one jumped the claim.

One time the Midwest Oil Company hired Bill to guard a section on top of a hill and ordered him to keep all trucks and vehicles (except their Company ones) off the land, day and night. They also said not to do any shooting. Bill, very indignant, said, "Now just how yah goin' to stop a truck without a gun?"

The town of Lavoy was "rip-roarin' wild" at that time. A Mr. Ward started up a makeshift theater (silent pictures) and had his two daughters taking tickets and ushering. He hired old Bill to just stand around by the ticket window to "scare-off" any obstreperous persons who might get out of line around his daughters. After a time Bill got to thinking his pay, $1.50 per night, didn't amount to much and decided to hit Mr. Ward for a raise. The next evening an acquaintance to whom he'd been complaining came in. "Well, Bill, did you get your raise?" Bill pulled out his stinky old pipe and very deliberately tamped it full of tobacco, struck a match on the backside of his overalls and eventually replied, "Yep, finally got my raise, all right, Tom. Sure glad, too, 'cause I'd surely hate to have to shoot a man for a dollar and a half."

Once when a couple of young hoodlums got rough in the lobby Bill walked up to them and said, "You, there. If you don't want your immortal souls to go to hell, and your carcasses to go head first out that door you better behave yourselves."

When Bill lost his stake, Jean, now unable to wheedle money out of Bill and getting too old to be much in demand in her former profession, decided she'd better marry Bill. "Bill, we ought to get married," she said; so after he got a steady job in the field he sent for her and called up the preacher and said, "Sir, will you come down to marry a gentleman and a lady?" He did and they were joined in holy (legal anyway) matrimony, and Jean made him a good wife.

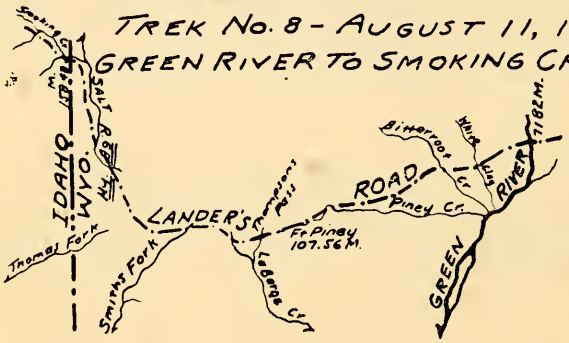
As Bill got older and blinder he ended up as night watchman in a big machine shop at Midwest. He became quite a favorite with the oil field employees, too, as time went on, but as he so aptly said, "It ain't so bad bein' old, it ain't like you think. It just takes a lot of gettin' used to, that's all—it takes a lot of gettin' used to, to see a good shootin' man reduced to shootin' nothin' but bedbugs."

Bill Speck brings to mind a quotation once heard "What a pitiful machine man is, after all, not one bodily wrapping like another, not one soul that does not differ from all the rest." For surely there never will be another person like Bill whose philosophy of life was summed up in this remark of his, "If you're crooked and lucky you're O.K.—there's no use of bein' honest and bull-headed."

Author's note—J. Tom Wall of Buffalo, Wyoming, is now writing a book dealing with the history of the Midwest Oil Field and early round up days. I am indebted to him for some of the stories used in this article.

TREK No. 8 - AUGUST 10, 1957
GILBERTS TRADING POST TO GREEN RIVER

TREK No. 8 - AUGUST 11, 1957
GREEN RIVER TO SMOKING CREEK



The above sketches were copied from Preliminary Map of the Central Division - Ft Kearny - South Pass and Honey Lake Wagon Road - F.W. Lander, Supt. - W.H. Wagner, Engr. 1857-58, - Later known as the Lander Cut Off.

Scale 1" = 12.1 Miles

L.C.B.

Oregon Trail Trek No. Eight

LANDER ROAD

Eighth Trek across Wyoming Directed by

L. C. BISHOP and ALBERT SIMS

Compiled by

MRS. A. R. BOYACK, *Trek Historian*

August 10-11, 1957

Caravan: 59 participants - - - - - - - - 12 to 21 cars
(Not all participants and cars remained on the entire two-day trek.)

OFFICERS

Captain	L. C. Bishop of Cheyenne
Guide	Joe Bagley of Lander
Assistant Guide	Jules Farlow of Lander
Wagon Boss	Francis Tanner of Big Piney
Assistant Wagon Boss	Lyle Hildebrand of Douglas
Historian	Mrs. A. R. Boyack of Cheyenne
Topographer	John B. Franks of U.S. Geological Survey Denver
Photographer	George Christopulos of Cheyenne
Chaplain	Col. A. R. Boyack of Cheyenne
Cooks	Helen Tanner of Big Piney Elizabeth Hildebrand of Douglas

NOTE: *Numbers preceding "M" indicate miles west from Burnt Ranch taken from Lander's Report.*

Friday—August 9, 1957

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Marsolf and granddaughter, and Mr. C. L. Bishop and grandson camped out Friday night at the Burnt Ranch.

Saturday—August 10, 1957

Joe Bagley - Guide

8:30 A.M. Cars gathered at Burnt Ranch which was also known as Gilbert's Trading Post.

9:00 A.M. Prayer by the Chaplain.

Courtesy George Christopulos

At Burnt Ranch, Start of Trek No. 8

Burnt Ranch by Hazel N. Boyack

In this vast wilderness arena that was once the early West, there was no more important and historic section than famed South Pass, the early portal through which so many western-bound emigrants made their way, from the period of the trappers and mountain men to the advent of the railroad, in 1869.

This high country, which was the wide and convenient pathway across the Continental Divide, had many delightful camping spots along its route. Grassy meadow lands, interlaced by the beautiful Sweetwater River, made for the ideal as far as camp sites for weary emigrant trains were concerned.

This morning, August 10th, 1957, we stand on one of those historic sites, "Old Burnt Ranch." Historians point out the fact that the buildings here were burned twice by Indians, hence I venture the guess that is how it received its name, "Burnt Ranch." We owe a debt of gratitude to Captain Nickerson for chiseling with care the name of this place on the stone that stands nearby. The name will live on!

Here in the summer of 1856 was erected Mormon Mail Station. The events which led up to this enterprising movement were these: The citizens of Utah Territory had become dissatisfied with the type of mail service that had been given to the people of the Territory. It was slow, irregular, and inefficient. Like all these western areas experiencing rapid growth, they were eager for better and faster methods of getting the mail from the Missouri River to the Salt Lake Valley.

On the 26th of January, 1856, a mass meeting was held in Salt Lake City at which time officers were chosen for this new enterprise. It was to bear the name of the Y. X. Company, with Governor Brigham Young as president. Both Mormon and non-Mormon men enlisted their services to help man the new organization. Hopes ran high for a most successful venture in the field of transportation.

Bids were opened for a contract to carry the mail from Independence to Salt Lake City. Hiram Kimball, being the lowest bidder, was awarded the contract for the sum of $23,600. The former mail contractor, a Mr. W. F. Magraw, had submitted his bid for the sum of $50,000. The reason for the low bid of Mr. Kimball was that his contract would operate in conjunction with that of the Y. X. Company, thus making it possible to operate the two successfully at low cost.

Plans went rapidly ahead to erect suitable mail stations along the route. One of the chief ones, called Mormon Mail Station, was located here at the site of Burnt Ranch; another at Deer Creek, near the present location of Glenrock, Wyoming. Still another was established at Old Fort Bridger. The station located here at Burnt Ranch was also designated as Gilbert's Station, no doubt taking its name from one of the men who operated it.

In the meantime enemies had been sowing tares in this fair field of enterprise. Misunderstandings, due to untruthful reports circulated by former Federal Judge W. W. Drummond, and the former mail contractor, W. F. Magraw, caused the Government to cancel the mail contract. The Y. X. Company that had such a promising and auspicious beginning was forced to suspend its activities.

The great field of overland transportation to the West, however, was rapidly developing. Burnt Ranch was, at an earlier time, called South Pass Stage Station. Here the famous rocking Concord Coaches, carrying their heavy load of passengers, arrived and departed. The long freighting trains of Russell, Majors and Waddell, used the facilities of this historic site during those lush days for freighting sixteen million pounds of goods to Camp Floyd in Utah Territory.

Here on this site was heard the rapid staccato of hoof beats as the Pony Express rider and horse arrived and disappeared like a phantom beyond the western horizon. Here also was one of the telegraph stations established by Edward Creighton, in 1861.

From 1862 to 1868 was a period of active military operations in Wyoming due to numerous Indian uprisings. A garrison of soldiers under the command of Colonel W. O. Collins of the 11th Ohio Volunteers was stationed here. The troops were scattered in small detachments as far as Pacific Springs in order to do escort duty and accompany the Overland Stage and the emigrant trains. The Indians in this area at that time were in a very belligerent mood.

One of the most important things for which Burnt Ranch is to be remembered is because it was one of the three places of departure on the Lander Cut-Off Road, or Lander Trail. Construction of this road was authorized by Congress in 1856. This new route was to serve two main purposes: first, it would by-pass the Utah and the Mormon communities; second, it would shorten the period of travel by seven days and avoid the Green River desert area as one leaves South Pass. Mr. W. F. Magraw was chosen as Superintendent of the project, and F. W. Lander, Chief Engineer. Because of gross mismanagement during the winter of 1857-1858, Mr. Magraw was relieved of his Superintendency and Colonel Lander took his place. The Colonel, with a group of men, had wintered in the beautiful Wind River Valley near the present site of Lander, Wyoming. (That little city was later named for him.)

In the spring, work was actively begun on surveying an entirely new route from Gilbert's Station to Fort Hall. Mostly Mormon men from various communities in Utah were selected for the construction job because they gave such good service. A large portion of Oregon-bound emigrants used the Lander Cut-Off until the completion of the rails to the West in 1869.

9:15 A.M. Arrived opposite an old trading post called Aspen Hut.

Helen Henderson gave the history of Aspen Hut

Aspen Hut, from all indications, was probably the first supply depot and headquarters for a construction outfit that was to engage in major road construction within the present boundaries of Wyoming.

At this forgotten spot, most all the initial surveys were commenced on what became known as the Lander Trail, a part of a road building project officially designated as the Central Division of the Fort Kearney (in Nebraska), South Pass (Wyoming), and Honey Lake Wagon Road (California), a post and military road authorized by Congress in 1856.

Immediately upon the authorization of the road building and improvement program, which was allotted to the Topographical Engineers working under the Department of Interior, the Secretary of Interior chose one Wm. F. Magraw as Supt. of the expedition and F. W. Lander as the Chief Engineer, with instructions to assemble an outfit at Independence, Missouri.

From there the expedition was to proceed to Ft. Kearney on the Oregon Trail and from that point improve the road, especially at Ash Hollow and Scotts Bluff. From South Pass they were to construct a wagon road to Fort Hall that would be more practicable for covered wagon emigrants than the existing roads between South Pass and Bear River. From Fort Hall it was expected to again fall into the old Oregon-California trail and improve it to

where the California emigration turned off at the mouth of Raft River in Idaho.

The Californians were demanding a road into their state by more or less taking advantage of the political conditions existing between the anti and pro-slavery states but they were not sure or united in opinion as to where they wanted it to enter their state and of its final destination. So as a compromise the Department of Interior promised a road to the Honey Lake in eastern California, from where the California people could lay out and build their state roads as they saw fit.

Magraw lost a great deal of time in getting organized and away from Independence. His rate of travel was pitifully slow. He did nothing in the way of road improvement except a few hours work at Ash Hollow, nothing at Scotts Bluff, and finally arrived out on the Sweetwater River late in the fall, from where he sent the bulk of his outfit over to the Popo Agie River, near where Lander City now stands, to erect some log buildings and go into winter quarters.

His mismanagement was so outstanding that during the winter of 1857-1858 he was relieved from his command and Colonel F. W. Lander was placed in charge.

In the meantime, however, Lander had taken the Engineers of the outfit and had gone directly to the South Pass from where he thoroughly explored the possibility of improving the old Oregon Trail, both via Fort Bridger and the Sublette Road between there and the Bear River. Not deeming either of these routes feasible, he set to work surveying an entirely new route from the vicinity of Gilbert's Station, now known as Burnt Ranch, to Fort Hall and by the time Magraw had arrived at Fort Laramie, he had his new route staked out and was waiting to commence work on it.

Lander, seeing that the season was too far advanced to accomplish anything, cooperated with Magraw in the idea of wintering the expedition in the mountains and from there make an early start the following spring.

Early in the spring of 1858 after Lander had assumed command, he went into the Mormon settlements and hired additional men, gathered those that had wintered at Magraw's Fort Thompson on the Popo Agie, and centered his forces at Aspen Hut, where he constructed a few log buildings to serve as a temporary headquarters, and from where a zero stone was set up as a base of all his surveys.

Lander chose three points from where his new road would leave the old Oregon Trail in this vicinity. The first was at the bend of Strawberry Creek. This route crossed Rock Creek about a mile above the place where the old Oregon Trail crossed and struck almost directly west to make its final crossing of the Sweetwater River just above the mouth of present day Lander Creek.

A second departure from the Oregon Trail was immediately

after its Willow Creek Crossing, where his new road took a westerly course and joined the first a little northwest of Aspen Hut.

The third and final route took off at Gilbert's Station in a northwesterly direction following along the south side of present Slaughter House Gulch to Aspen Hut and from there on out to join the other two combined routes at the crossing of Pine Creek, where all three were one and the same to the Sweetwater crossing.

The zero stone set up at Aspen Hut was inscribed with the latitude and longitude of its location, also the compass variation, and from Lander's reports at the close of the season it is indicated that he cached a quantity of tools, wagons, and other supplies at Aspen Hut. A careful search of the records does not reveal that these caches were ever lifted.

During the winter of 1858, Lander prepared an itinerary of his route from Gilbert's Station to City Rocks in Idaho and caused it to be published as an emigrant guide book.

His new route, however, did not go over too well. While it offered better watering places and pasturing grounds at shorter intervals than the older routes, it passed through a terrain that presented more difficult hills and ridges to ascend and descend. As a winter road for mail and stage lines, it was just too far north, passing through a country where snows come early and remained late.

The route was laid out during the times of the so called "Mormon Rebellion", somewhat with a thought in mind to by-pass the Salt Lake Valley settlements and the ferries across the Green River that were owned and manned by these people.

As soon as the Mormon trouble was settled the Mormons began to use their influence in bringing the California travel their way by stressing the value of Hasting's old cutoff. Too, the Civil War was drawing near. The North wanted a central route to California. In this they really needed the help of the Mormon people which eventually proved so valuable during the Stage, Pony Express, and First Transcontinental Telegraph period.

A large portion of the Oregon emigrants used the Lander Trail until the completion of the First Transcontinental Railroad, but the bulk of the travel was to California; consequently, Aspen Hut and other once busy sites along the Lander Trail were soon forgotten. Today one finds the evidences of Aspen Hut on the east bank of Slaughter House Gulch in the form of several low mounds, ancient stumps of trees, and scattered stones from the fallen fireplaces.

(All data from the Fort Kearney-South Pass and Honey Lake Wagon Road papers from the National Archives, copies of which are in the Henderson collections.)

10:10 A.M. Left Lander road and drove south on highway 28 four miles then northwest on a country road about six miles to reenter the Lander road at the Lander Creek Crossing 17.61 M.

Mr. Joseph Bagley gave a synopsis of the Lander Road

The road which we are traveling over today and tomorrow was known as the Fort Kearney-South Pass-Honey Lake Wagon Road. This road was laid out and constructed by Colonel F. W. Lander in the years 1857, 1858 and 1859.

The following information is taken from the Senate Executive Document of the Second Session, 35th Congress in 1858-59. We are indebted to Mr. Paul Henderson of Bridgeport, Nebraska, for furnishing this information, which he copied from the original report.

The eastern section which Colonel Lander constructed, was the second portion of the road from Independence Rock to the City of Rocks in southern Idaho. There was very little construction made by Colonel Lander on the road from Independence Rock to Gilbert's Trading Station at South Pass. The portion we are interested in today is from the Gilbert's Trading Post, or now known as Burnt Ranch, west across the Sweetwater, the Little and Big Sandy Creeks, across the New Fork, the Green River, the Alkali and up the valley of Piney Creeks, through South Piney Basin, over Thompson's Pass, up LaBarge Creek and across Commissary Ridge, across Smith's Fork into Star Valley, down the Salt River and up Stump Creek to the Idaho State Line. The total distance of the Ft. Kearney-South Pass-Honey Lake Road is 1,387 miles, but the portion we are covering to-day and to-morrow is only 163.48 miles, according to Colonel Lander's survey.

We have spent many days in tracing out this old trail, using all the available information such as the original report of Colonel Lander and the original General Land Office Survey plats which were made in 1883 and 1893 and also information furnished by several early day residents who were familiar with the actual location of the trail in certain places.

The object of this trek is to familiarize people with the location of the actual trail and the history. We can at this time travel only portions of the trail as some parts are obliterated, and other parts too rough to travel over with automobiles.

(Quote from Colonel Lander's original report)

"By the Law of Congress and the instruction of the War Department, a new road was to be built rather than improve on the old one. A route has therefore been sought over the more difficult portions of the Division.

1st Avoid alkaline plains of the desert west of Big Sandy.
2nd Pass across Green River at a point above the depth of water requiring the use of ferrys.
3rd To find better grass for livestock.

For these purposes, the whole country between South Pass and the

Courtesy George Christopulos

At graves of Wm. Dunham and I. M. Mead, Near Old Piney Fort, Shirley Basin.

City of Rocks was explored, surveyed and mapped and the result is that the route of emigration may be shortened 7 days travel in the distance of 500 miles."

The amount appropriated for this construction was $40,000 and, as far as records show, is the only part of the Emigrant Trails through this part of Wyoming ever subsidized by the Government.

Actual construction was started on this road in 1857 by an advance party east of this point, and they wintered on the Little Popo Agie at Fort Thompson. Colonel Lander arrived at South Pass on June 14, 1858, and started construction from South Pass through Smith's Fork. The expedition returned to the States in the fall of 1858 and the balance of the road was surveyed and completed to the third section of the Honey Lake Road in 1859.

In as far as the records are available, the Lander Cut-Off was used by the emigrants from 1858 to 1868. The crossing of the Salt River Range, or Commissary Ridge as it is now known, could only be accomplished in the months of July and August because of the high depth of snow. The road was used by a large number of trail herds from the Oregon Territory to Nebraska during the 1870's, '80's and '90's. A more detailed report of this will be given later.

The method that Colonel Lander used to survey was by latitude and longitude, and the location each day was determined by a solar transit. The actual distance was measured by Surveyor's chain and a map was prepared. The equipment used included ox-teams, mule-teams, plows and picks and shovels. All materials

and supplies for this expedition were hauled from St. Louis and Ft. Laramie by ox-team. The man-power used was civilian, recruited from St. Louis and also Mormons from the Territory of Utah.

Col. Lander's report states:

"Between South Pass and Fort Hall;
62,310 cubic yards of rock excavated
23 miles of heavy pine timber cleared
11 miles of willow cleared."

This route did accomplish the purpose the Government instructed Colonel Lander to do. It was a shorter and more direct route; also the water holes and grass were more evenly spaced. If it were not for the short time it could be used in the summer months, it would have been used by more emigrants. Then, too, due to the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad in 1868, the Lander Road was used by only a small proportion of the total number of emigrants.

Tom Sun of Sweetwater trailed 3,000 cattle over the Lander Road in 1882 from the Oregon Territory to his ranch near Devil's Gate on Sweetwater.

In *Wyoming Cattle Trails* John K. Rollinson writes, "In this splendid country we met plenty of local cattlemen who had ranches in the surrounding country, and we were able to get fresh meat, and as the weather was moderately cool we could keep meat two or three days. We crossed the Green River about five miles north of its junction with New River, and after leaving New River we trailed due east on Alkali Creek to the south fork of the Muddy; then southeast to the head of Sandy Creek. That was the poorest of all the country we traveled in Wyoming. The feed was none too good, and the water poor, as many streams were low, it being a dry year. (1883)

"After trailing along Big Squaw Creek we went southeast for about six miles over bad country, and came onto the Little Sandy. Here the trail climbs over the continental divide at an altitude of about 7,500 feet. There were no heavy grades, just a gradual rise, and as soon as we reached the east slope of the pass we were at the head of Lander Creek, down which we traveled to the upper west fork of the Sweetwater River. Here the South Pass country along the Oregon Trail began to look familiar. We were now on the main-traveled thoroughfare again, and it seemed good to be able to point out familiar landmarks, and to meet an occasional acquaintance. Most trail herds followed the Oregon Trail. We were one of the few that used this cut-off".

From the *History of Wyoming* by C. G. Coutant:

Lander Road ----"substantially a government road from Missouri through to California. The object was to open a highway

which would permit emigrants to reach the Pacific coast without passing thru Salt Lake or the territory occupied by the Mormons. . . . William M. McGraw secured the contract, with the understanding that the road builders should be accompanied by a sufficiently large military escort to give protection while the work was going on. . . . The expedition left Ft. Leavenworth in the spring of 1857 and at once started for Ft. Kearney, . . . and late in the fall reached Rocky Ridge near South Pass. . . . the soldiers and artisans remained until the spring opened, when Colonel F. W. Lander arrived and took command of the expedition. It was the first visit of Col. Lander to this beautiful valley and it is said he was much pleased with it. Hon. B. F. Lowe became acquainted with the colonel a year later. Lander liking the location of the valley, and Lowe being favorably impressed with the many good qualities of the colonel, nothing was more natural than that he should name the town, which he was afterwards to locate, in honor of Colonel Lander. On the 1st of June, 1858, the command moved south to Rocky Ridge and took up the work of building the road on across Wyoming. Before leaving, Colonel Lander negotiated a treaty with the Shoshone tribe for a right of way through the country claimed by them, extending westward from the Sweetwater to Ft. Hall. The Indians were paid on the spot in horses, firearms, ammunition, blankets and many other articles of value, highly prized by Washakie and the chief men of the nation. The Shoshones remembered Colonel Lander kindly ever after and they mourned his death when they heard of it. He made several railroad surveys in the Rocky Mountains and in one of these he was the sole survivor. In 1861 he entered the war for the preservation of the Union and in May of that year was appointed a brigadier general, and distinguished himself in several campaigns in Virginia. He died in 1862. His wife was an actress of note, Jean Margaret Davenport."

From the *Dictionary of American Biography*

Frederick West Lander, Dec. 17, 1821-Mar. 2, 1862

Born at Salem, Mass., son of Edward Lander and Eliza West Lander. Young Lander received his early education at Franklin and Dummer Academies and was noted for physical strength and love of sports. Later he studied engineering at South Andover and at Norwich, Vt, then practiced his profession for a time in survey work on several eastern railroads, in which he established a reputation for ability and thoroughness.

In 1853 he served as a civil engineer during the survey of the Northern Pacific Railroad route. In the spring of 1854 he headed a party of exploration to report on the feasibility of a projected "Railroad from Puget Sound to Mississippi River via South Pass". In 1858, Lander's party of 70 men were attacked by Piute Indians

in a spirited engagement. The Indians were repulsed. Altogether, he led or participated in five transcontinental surveys and for his accomplishments received high praise from the Secretary of Interior.

Besides being a successful and intrepid explorer as well as a soldier of ability, Lander was a vigorous and forceful writer and was the author of many patriotic poems of the war period.

10:40 A.M. Proceeded on the Lander road for 12.5 miles.

11:30 A.M. Arrived at Little Sandy Crossing (old ford just above present bridge.)

Jules Farlow, Sr., told about his Grandfather, Mr. Jules Lamoreaux

First we will give you a short history of the Lamoreaux family Jules Lamoreaux was born October 28, 1836 at Saint Hyacinth, Canada, near Montreal. At age twelve he ran away from home and worked as a cabin boy on Mississippi River boats. Evidently he and his brother Clement Lamoreaux landed among the Sioux Indians in the Dakotas. Each married Sioux Indian girls.

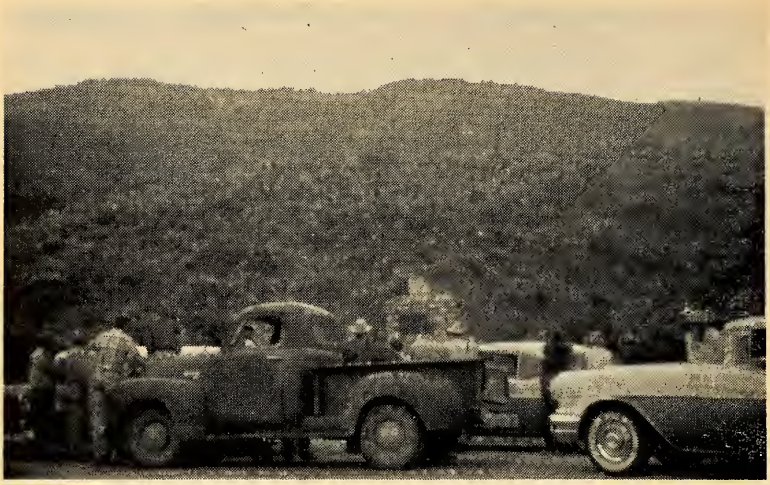
On April 5, 1868, in company with Jules E. Coffee, Ward Noble, H. B. McCumber, Jules Lamoreaux and about twenty-six others started with ox teams and wagons loaded with whiskey, beer, general merchandise and machinery for brewery, as Mr. McCumber was to embark in the brewery business when at their destination, South Pass, Wyoming. Jules Lamoreaux's wife and two children were in the party. She drove a team of Indian ponies.

The wagon train arrived at South Pass May 2nd, 1868. Willow Lamoreaux was born that night. According to history, for the next six years, Lamoreaux hauled freight from Bryan on the U.P. Railroad to the mines, killed some wild game for the miners, and hauled hay from what is now named Lamoreaux Meadows on Big Sandy River at what is now called Big Sandy Opening, about 30 miles southwest of South Pass.

Lamoreaux Meadows is a large area about two miles long and covered with natural mountain meadow grass. Mr. Lamoreaux operated a store at Atlantic City. While at this place a brother, Oliver Lamoreaux, was killed by Indians and buried near Atlantic City. Oliver and John Pelon were hunting horses when ambushed by Indians near Burnt Ranch on Sweetwater. Pelon fought his way back to Atlantic City.

A few of the men at the mines and Ft. Stambaugh at that time were: E. F. Cheney, Major Noyes Baldwin, R. H. Hall Capt. H. G. Nickerson, John Pelon, James Irwin, F. G. Burnett, William McCabe, Joe Farris, Richard Sherlock, Boss Tweet, John and Abe Fosher, Earnest and Mart Hornecker, Frank Lowe, J. K. Moore and others too numerous to mention.

Jules Lamoreaux moved to Lander Valley in the spring of 1874,



Courtesy George Christopulos

At Marker on Lander Trail near Smoot.

homesteaded land on the hill east adjoining Lander and built up a herd of about 6,000 cattle. He also had quite a herd of horses. Hard winters of 1886-1887 killed most of the cattle. He became Mayor of Lander. He died in Lander December 27, 1914.

12:15 P.M. After lunch the party traveled on and off the old road until they reached a spot designated by Lander as the Big Hole of Big Sandy.

2:00 P.M. Arrived at the Big Sandy crossing of the present road. The old Lander road crossed just above the county bridge 39.6 M.

2:30 P.M. Traveled mostly on a country road for eleven miles to Grass Spring. 47.75 M. Two miles after leaving Grass Spring we entered the old road and traveled it the next twenty-three miles to the Crossing of the Highway 187, where there is an historical marker in commemoration of the Lander road.

3:45 P.M. Continued sixteen more miles on the old road to the crossing of New Fork River. One of the old crossings of Lander is about a mile above the highway bridge. 66.31 M. as shown by Lander.

4.30 P.M. Left this road intersection, returned to the oiled road and drove near Green River where we took a dirt road up the Green to a crossing. 71.82 M. Here the party camped for the night on Phil Marincic's Ranch near the Green River. Twenty-five people enjoyed the picnic supper and fireside.

Sunday—August 11, 1957

6:00 A.M. Everyone responded to the breakfast call from Mr. C. W. Robertson of Columbia Geneva Steel Corporation. He generously furnished pancakes for everyone.

7:30 A.M. Departed after leaving the camp in tiptop shape.

8:15 A.M. Arrived at the Lander Trail Marker on highway 189 four miles northeast of Big Piney. Francis Tanner explained that it would be impossible to follow the old road because of irrigation ditches and ranches.

From Big Piney we went west on a county road to Piney Fort and Snyder Basin. Old Piney Fort is approximately twenty-five miles from Big Piney on the highway and 107.56 M. on the Lander road.

9:20 A.M. Paused at the grave of Wm. Durham (died 7-18-1859) and I. M. Mead (died 7-1-1864.)

10:10 A.M. Paused at the grave of Elizabeth Paul Short prayers were given by the Chaplain at the graves.

11:00 A.M. Arrived at the La Barge Ranger Station.

11:20 A.M. Arrived at the top of Commissary Ridge.

Joe Bagley briefed the party on Commissary Ridge.

We are now at the top of Commissary Ridge on the Lander Road. The mountains surrounding us are referred to in Colonel Lander's report as the Wasatch, but are now called the Salt River Range. Also the canyon to the west is known as Hobble Creek and is a fork of the Smith's Fork, referred to by Colonel Lander as First Branch of Smith's Fork.

The old trail crossed through the hollow to the west of us and went down Hobble Creek for 1 and 3/4 miles. It then turned north around Buckskin Mt. and down a small creek into the main fork of Smith's Fork. The distance as quoted in Colonel Lander's report from LaBarge Creek to the main crossing on Smith's Fork was 10 miles. We are unable at this time to travel this old trail, but we will use the Forest Service Road and we can show you the old crossing on the main fork of Smith's Fork, and that is where we will have lunch.

Through the courtesy of Mr. George Hankin of Kemmerer, Wyo., we have located a grave on the north bank of Hobble Creek where the trail leaves the river bottom. This grave is plainly marked with a stone inscribed as follows- "Estella Brown, laid to rest July 29, 1891". The Forest Service at one time fenced this grave, but at the present time it is gone. We will have a photograph of this grave made to be placed with this report.

The name Commissary Ridge was given to this divide in the early days when it was used as a sheep trail and outfits would supply their herds with provisions and salt cached along the top

of this divide. It is still used to some extent for this purpose today. It is the watershed between the Green River drainage and Bear River drainage and extends for some 60 miles in a north and south direction.

I would also like to call to your attention the initials and dates as inscribed on the trees directly south of this point, and where the road leaves the LaBarge Ranger Station fence, there are additional names and dates carved on the trees.

As referred to earlier in our talks, the Lander Road was used extensively as a stock trail for large herds of cattle, sheep and horses, trailing from Oregon Territory to Nebraska in the 1880's and '90's.

I would like to quote again from *Wyoming Cattle Trails* by John K. Rollinson;

"In 1883 - Trailing cattle from Oregon to Nebraska. Followed trail to Fort Hall and almost entirely the so-called Lander's Cut-Off or Lander Road, which was laid out and constructed by Colonel Lander between 1857 and 1859 for the Government, and was first known as the Fort Kearney, South Pass and Honey Lake Wagon Road . . .

"We came into Wyoming at the upper end of Star Valley, near the present site of Auburn, then trailed south about four miles west of the site of the present town of Afton, Wyoming, and along Salt River to the crossing of Smiths Fork. We had good camps almost every night, and our cattle and horses were showing great improvement. We then were on a winding trail leading through broken country to LaBarge Meadows; then our trail went east, past the present town of LaBarge, on a tributary of Green River. This is the most southerly point of this trail from Fort Hall. We then drove east and slightly north along tributaries of South Piney Creek to the middle fork of Piney Creek, passing the site of the present town of Big Piney about five miles north."

1:40 P.M. Arrived at highway 89 at a point where the Lander Road enters and crosses it.

Lester Bagley described the country from Smith's Fork to the Salt River.

After crossing the Divide between Smith's Fork and the Salt River we have followed in the general direction of the Old Lander Trail. We crossed it twice and joined it the third time on the last bench before turning west to Fish Creek, at which point we joined U. S. Highway 89. We then followed it to this point a distance just short of one mile. The stream we crossed after 100 yards to the west was the Salt River. At the time we turned west to meet Highway 89, the Old Trail continued on in the northerly direction for a short distance and then turned east and

down a steep descent to Salt River. The Trail forded the river at this point and the distance between the Monument and the ford, about 3/4 of a mile, was a very much used camp ground for the early emigrants along the Trail.

We are now in the south end of the Upper Star Valley and the Trail continues on in a northerly direction, crosses the Salt River near the present town of Smoot and then continues on the westerly side of the Salt River, crosses Crow Creek a short distance south of the present east-west road from Afton through Neal String and then veers slightly to the west and ascends Stump Creek crossing the State Line into Idaho a short distance up Stump Creek.

2:00 P.M. Left on highway 89 to Afton and from there west on a county road to the Salt Mines on Stump Creek then over the line into Idaho.

Farewell talk at the state line by Lester Bagley

We are now at a point where the Old Lander Trail crossed into Idaho. The Trail at this point was just across the creek. The Trail at this point continues on in a westerly direction for about a mile and a half, then turns north, continuing up Stump Creek and over the Divide on to Lanes Creek and then continues on to Fort Hall, Idaho.

Stump Creek was named after one of the partners who operated the famous Stump and White Salt Works about 2 or 2½ miles on up Stump Creek from this point. The salt was secured by dipping the salt water from the salt spring into the vats and the water was boiled off by a wood fire placed underneath.

I have been told that they came in over this Trail very early in the spring, sometimes with many yokes of cattle, and stayed long enough to boil out the desired load. Most of this salt was hauled to Butte, Montana, where it was used in the refining process of recovering the silver which was quite extensive at Butte at that time.

The salt springs on Stump Creek and those on Crow Creek gave way to the name of Salt River, inasmuch as there was a considerable amount of salt water which drained into the Salt River. These springs pass over rather deep leachs of solid rock salt that have been found in this area.

After the pioneers first settled in the Star Valley, considerable quantities of this salt was boiled and the proceeds from the sale of the same helped to augment their meager income.

L. C. Bishop announced plans for 1958 Trek.

Before the group disbanded, Mr. Bishop thanked the people for their fine spirit of cooperation and announced one last Trek to be held during the summer of 1958.

REGISTER FOR TREK NO 8

August 10 and 11, 1957

Cheyenne:
Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bishop
Patricia Elmer
George L. Christopulos
Elaine Christopulos
Louis Christopulos
Colonel and Mrs. A. R. Boyack

Casper:
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Marsolf

Lander:
David Bishop
Jay Bishop
Jack and Jane Booth
W. L. Marion
Jules Farlow
Ivan J. Liechty

Atlantic City, Wyo.
James H. Carpenter

Moran
Mr. and Mrs. Dan Linderman

Courtesy George Christopulos

At Grave of Elizabeth Paul.

Labarge
Carol Linderman
Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Linderman

Julius Luoma
O. W. Linderman

Afton
Mr. and Mrs. Lester Bagley
Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Call
Joe Linford
Delos Anderson

Douglas
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph May
Albert Sims
Lyle Hildebrand
Elizabeth Hildebrand
Jeneva Hildebrand
Ann Hildebrand
Fred Hildebrand

Big Piney
Helen Tanner
John Tanner
Dick Tanner
Francis W. Tanner
Mr. and Mrs. John C. Budd
Mr. and Mrs. Joe L. Budd
Nancy Budd
Mary K. Budd
Paul N. Scherbel

Green River:
Mr. and Mrs. George T. Reynolds
Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Evers

Bridgeport, Nebraska
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Henderson

Chadron, Nebraska
Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Miller

San Mateo, California
Carl W. Robertson

Wyoming Archaeological Notes

A REPORT ON THE MEDICINE WHEEL INVESTIGATION

By The Wyoming Archaeological Society*

INTRODUCTION

The archaeological investigation of the famed Medicine Wheel was undertaken with some trepidation because of two conditions imposed upon the operation.

First, the excavation permit from the Forest Service contained the express restriction that no stones of the structure were to be disturbed.

Second, the site had been badly disturbed by souvenir hunters since its discovery in the late 1880's. The extent of this disturbance was crucial in interpreting the results of the investigation, and a complete historical search had to be undertaken.

Briefly, the history of the Wheel is this: It was discovered in the 1880's, was visited periodically by hunters, prospectors, stockmen, and parties of dudes for many years. In 1902 the site was visited by S. C. Simms of the Field Museum, who published a short article in the American Anthropologist (1). The visit was rather hurried, and the article was, as a result, inaccurate. In 1917, the Forest Service made a map of the structure, which is referred to as the Stockwell map. In 1922, Dr. George Bird Grinnell visited the site and made a rather detailed report of its general appearance in the American Anthropologist. No excavating was done. When a road was built into the region in 1935, the Forest Service built a fence to protect the site. The road was extended to the actual site during August of 1958 while the investigation was under way.

It should be mentioned that the Medicine Wheel is not a wheel, and its relation to "medicine" ceremonies is not known, but the name is well established historically, and will be used here.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SITE

Location: The Medicine Wheel is located in the northwest portion of the Big Horn Mountains in north central Wyoming at 45°49′ north latitude and 107°54′ west longitude. It lies on the western shoulder of Medicine Mountain overlooking the Big Horn Basin.

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* Paper given at Lincoln, Nebraska, November, 1958, at the 16th Annual Plains Conference for Archaeology.

The elevation is about 9642 feet. The site is reached by a well-marked road from Wyoming Highway 14.

Geology: The ridge on which the structure lies is composed of highly fossiliferous Ordovician limestone. The stone is irregularly laminar, and contains large numbers of chert nodules of blocky fracture. The limestone is soft, and one of the distinctive features of the formation is the large fissures that occur in the area. These fissures are often from two to four feet wide and up to a hundred feet or more deep. It is possible that these features may have contributed to location of ceremonial activities in this particular area through some supernatural association.

The thin layer of soil on the ridge is in a delicate equilibrium between erosional and formative processes. A topsoil layer of about six inches thickness clings in all but a few places. The subsoil is a limey material, fine near the top, and pebbly near the bottom, derived directly from the bedrock.

No stone suitable for artifacts occurs in the immediate area.

Ecology: At the present time, the area abounds in large and small game animals, game birds, fish, and several types of edible plants including berries, edible roots and fungi. Springs and creeks nearby furnish good water.

The Medicine Wheel: The Wheel lies on ground that slopes gently away from the precipitous edge of the ridge on which it lies. The Wheel (Fig. 1) is a nearly circular pattern of rock on the surface of the ground, and is about 75 feet in diameter. At the center of the circle is a stone-walled cairn about twelve feet in outside diameter and seven feet inside diameter. This cairn has an opening in the north side, and is built to about two feet in height. Its original height was probably not much greater. From this central cairn 28 radial lines go to the peripheral circle. Around the periphery are located six other cairns. These are of about the same height as the central cairn, but vary somewhat in size. All

Courtesy Wyoming Archaeological Society

Figure 1. The Medicine Wheel as it appears today.

probably had an opening when first built. Five of these cairns touch the peripheral circle, but one lies about ten feet outside the circle on an extension of one the radial lines. The openings of four of the cairns face the center of the circle, while one opens away from the center toward the east, and one opens tangentially to the circle toward the north. The peripheral cairns are of approximately the size to hold a sitting person.

Other Structures: Early reports (1) (2) mention several structures in the immediate vicinity of the Wheel, but the Society was unable to definitely locate any of these. Several rings occur on the ridge, and several other structures were found, but their ages are questionable. Some of them obviously date from the tourist period. All structures were mapped, but no determination of origin could be made in most cases.

PROCEDURE OF WORK

A map of the general area was first made to help organize subsequent work. A detailed topographic map of the Wheel area was then made.

Many artifacts have been found on the surface of the ridge, and it was decided that two exploratory trenches would be dug apart from the Wheel in order to determine a "normal background" of artifact types and frequencies. Two trenches, each 100 feet long, were dug northwest of the Wheel. Two trenches revealed that only the topmost layer of dirt yielded artifacts, and that no stratigraphy was likely to be found. The thin topsoil layer had no doubt been eroded and replaced many times, and all the artifacts that it contained were completely mixed. In two places, the topsoil appeared to deepen, and three five-foot squares were dug to determine if any stratigraphy could be found, but none was.

While the last two of the squares were being dug, a detailed map of the Medicine Wheel structure was started. When part of the mapping was complete, the digging crews moved into the mapped areas and began the excavation of the soil between the radial lines of stone and in the interior of the cairns.

Some dendrochronologically datable wood was found during the excavation, so the last phase of the work consisted in collecting living and standing dead wood specimens from which a master chart could be made.

THE EXPLORATORY TRENCHES

Development of the two exploratory trenches northwest of the Wheel included removal and screening of the top layer. It was originally intended to remove a second layer, composed of subsoil, to bedrock in each trench, but sporadic testing showed that deeper material was completely sterile. Since the topsoil was disturbed by erosional and organic forces, no stratigraphic separation could be made in the area which produced the artifacts. The range of

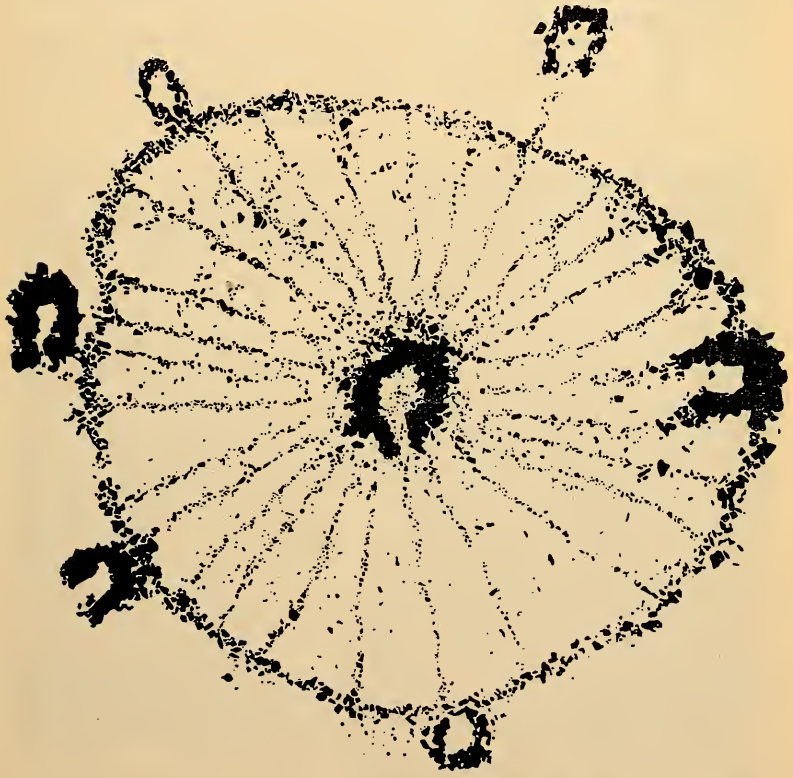
types found seems to indicate a rather long period of intermittent occupation, however.

Two fire pits were found in the trenches. Neither yielded artifacts and only one yielded datable carbon. The date would be of little value however, since the relative age of the firepit is unknown.

Near the end of the trench system, on the west, was a group of stones weathered deeply into the soil. Whether these were the rmnants of an early structure could not be determined, but the area was excavated. No difference in frequency or types of artifacts was discovered upon comparison with the yield from the trenches.

DETAIL MAP OF THE WHEEL

As the final exploratory work was being done, the mapping of the Wheel was started, using a portable grid system. (Fig. 2) The grid consisted of a sixteen foot square steel framework with lines stretched across at it two foot intervals in both directions.



Courtesy Wyoming Archaeological Society

Figure 2. Detailed map of the structure of the Wheel.

Sixteen foot squares were surveyed over the Wheel, the grid layed on each square in turn, and the outlines of the stones carefully drawn on coordinate paper in positions corresponding to the grid positions.

The spaces between the radial lines were called segments, and were numbered from 1 to 28 from north, as were the radial lines themselves. The cairns were numbered from 1 to 6 from north in the same clockwise direction.

Cross sections of the Wheel and each of the cairns were drawn also.

The detailed mapping revealed several interesting things about the structure. The structure is not circular, but rather irregular. The radial lines were not straight nor were they evenly spaced. The cairns were irregular in shape and spacing as well. The often expressed hypothesis that the radial lines were aligned with topographic or astronomical features is made less tenable by their crookedness. It would seem that lines formed by sighting at an object would be much straighter.

During the mapping, several surface finds were made, including several colored bone objects of unknown use, two potsherds, and some stone artifacts. The bone objects appeared to be made of the long bones of some animal of about the size of deer. The bones were very smooth on the convex surfaces, and bore red, green, pink and blue-green stains. Aside from the stains, the fragments were a uniform chalky white. None of the fragments was as large as an inch in greatest dimension, and no original form or function could be deduced.

EXCAVATION OF THE WHEEL

Segment Number One was excavated first. The digging proceeded from the periphery toward the center. Several square feet in the outer end were dug well into the subsoil until it became clear that the same pattern of sterility in the lower layer obtained in the Wheel as in the exploratory areas. Subsequently only the top layer was removed. Stone artifacts found in the interior of the Wheel demonstrated no differences from those found in the exterior exploratory work, either as to type or frequency.

The interior of the central cairn was excavated next. Three distinct layers appeared in the soil here. The usual topsoil layer was about six inches thick. Beneath this was a lighter colored layer about eight inches thick, distinguished from the subsoil by a lighter color, and the presence of some organice materials. The subsoil layer below this had the usual light color, but was finer grained than the corresponding layer elsewhere.

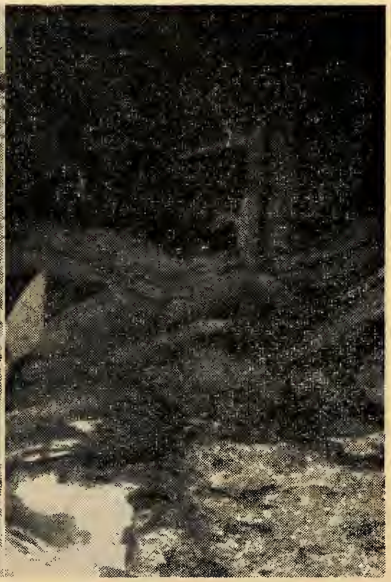
The top layer in the central cairn showed signs of limited digging, but this did not appear to have penetrated the second layer. The second layer yielded some ceramic trade beads, a perforated shell bead, and a potsherd. The lower layer yielded some rotted

wood fragments, and the distal end of a tibiotarsal from either an elk or a bison.

The soil depth here was about 25 inches, and penetrated into a depression in the bedrock. The depression appeared to have been formed by the removal of fragments of the slabby bedrock to make a roughly conical pit. The evidence indicated that this must have been done at about the time of construction of the central cairn.

Excavation of the other cairns yielded little except in the cases of Cairns Two and Six. Number Two yielded three artifacts. Number Six yielded datable wood.

Cairn Six was filled with a wild currant bush before excavation. When the bush was removed, a layer of about seven inches of leafy material was met. Upon removal of this material, a piece of wood (Fig. 3) about three inches in diameter was exposed. The wood appeared to be part of a curved limb or small trunk. Both ends extended into the soil. Excavation proceeded very carefully, and it was soon revealed that both ends of the wood were firmly embedded in the rock structure of the cairn. One end was embedded in the soil beneath the lowest course of stone, and extended a distance of about fourteen inches into the region under the wall. It was solidly held in place by the weight of the stone above it. (Fig. 4) The other end was held between the lowest course and



Courtesy Wyoming Archaeological Society

Figure 3. Wood specimen in Cairn 6 from which tree ring dating was made.

Figure 4. Close-up view of Figure 3.

the second course of stone. It extended into the wall a distance for perhaps twelve inches. The manner of engagement showed conclusively that the wood had been incorporated in the cairn at the time of its construction.

Further excavation revealed two more pieces of wood in place in Number Six cairn. Samples were collected from all these, and also from the many other pieces of wood lying on and among the rocks of the Medicine Wheel.

DENDROCHRONOLOGY

Wood samples were collected from fourteen trees living near the Medicine Wheel, and from several dead trees as well. A master chart was constructed from these samples, and the charts of the samples from Cairn Six were compared. The samples correlated clearly, and the date of death of the most recent piece proved to be 1760. The others were within 20 years of this date. Since the wood was probably picked up as deadfall, the Wheel was probably built several years after this date.

SUMMARY

The dendrochronology showed the wood in Cairn Six was of comparatively recent origin. It seems probable that the Wheel was recent in origin as well. Trade beads found in the central cairn tend to bear this out, but are in themselves inconclusive, of course. Stone artifacts typical of the Early Middle period were found in and near the Wheel area, indicating that many early people had been in the region before the Wheel was constructed.

The date produced for the Wheel makes it almost historical, and it seems that there should be legends among the Indians of the area which might relate to it. There are indeed (2), but they differ widely. There are similar structures in the area, and perhaps further investigation will develop further information. A very similar structure lies at the mouth of the Big Horn Canyon near old Fort C. F. Smith, and there are others in Montana and Canada, (3), (4), (5), (6). Dating results seem to agree with those found by the Glenbow Foundation (private communication from Richard G. Forbis) for Canadian monuments. The term monument is suggested by the findings of Kehoe (4), (5) and (6), and Dempsey (3), who have found some of these structures to be monuments to famous chiefs.

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THE SEQUENCE IN NORTHERN PLAINS PREHISTORY

By L. C. Steege

Have you ever dreamed of the past and wondered about the ancient inhabitants of our country? Who were these people? How did they live? Where did they come from and where did they go?

The State of Wyoming is located in a region known to archaeologists as the northern Plains. Through the medium of archaeology much information has been gathered and compiled which has given us a rather complex picture of the area's first inhabitants. Although much of the evidence has come from outside our borders, many of the characteristic artifacts are displayed from surface collections which proves the existence of these people in Wyoming also.

The exact date of man's entry into the New World is not known. Evidence suggests that he may have been here for 20,000 years. No evidence of any great antiquity has been found in Wyoming which tells us that man has been in this region for more than 10,000 years. Anthropologists will agree that man's origin undoubtedly is in the Old World where he has existed for thousands of years. No skeletal remains have ever been found in the New World which suggests anything but "homo sapiens" or modern man. The Bering Straits appear to be the only logical route by which man made his entry into the New World from the Old.

A framework in which archaeological evidence from the northern Plains is classified has been tentatively divided into four major time periods. These are the "Early Prehistoric Period, Middle Prehistoric Period, Late Prehistoric Period and the Historic Period".

The Early Prehistoric Period
(Pre-4000 B.C.)

After the ice sheets from the last Glacial Stage had receded northward, nomadic groups of hunters appeared on the northern Plains. Pleistocene mammals such as the mammoth, bison and camels formed a major portion of the diets of these people. It is quite possible that these people may have been a contributing factor towards causing the extinction of these animals.

These hunters made extensive use of the atlatl or spear thrower. They fashioned highly stylized projectile points of stone to tip their darts and spears. Many of these points have been found with the skeletal remains of the now extinct animals which these people hunted and killed.

To the south in New Mexico, stylized stone projectile points were found associated with prehistoric animal remains in a cave. Nineteen examples of these distinctive projectile points were found.

These points are characterized by an inset on one edge only which forms a single shoulder. These have been given the name, "Sandia Points". Sandia points have turned up in other sites in New Mexico. Some have been found as far north as Alberta and Saskatchewan. They are rarely found in Wyoming. Sandia points have an antiquity of 15,000 to 20,000 years and are presently considered to be the oldest known points in North America.

Another stylized projectile point is named "Clovis Fluted" from having been first discovered near Clovis, New Mexico. Clovis points have been found associated with mammoth remains in many different areas through the Plains. These are lanceolate type points which are quite heavy and characterized by channels or flutes produced by the removal of a series of longitudinal flakes from each face. These points have an antiquity of 10,000 to 15,000 years. Although not too common, these points have been found in Wyoming.

A fluted point which has been found throughout Wyoming is known as the "Folsom" point. This point appears to have a wide range of distribution throughout the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. Folsom points are radically different from most types found in North America. They have no close similarities to any points found in the Old World. Folsom points are smaller than Clovis points and have two ear-like projections extending from the base. The flute or groove is a result of the removal of one longitudinal flake from each face. In cross section this gives the Folsom point a hollow ground appearance. An ancient campsite located on the Colorado-Wyoming border just north of Fort Collins revealed many tools and implements as well as these fluted points which makes up the Folsom complex. Associated with these tools and points were the skeletal remains of prehistoric bison and camels. Folsom points have an antiquity of 9,000 to 11,000 years.

A point which is similar to the Folsom but is thin and not fluted is known as a "Midland" point. These also have ear-like projections extending from a concave base. These unfluted points have been found in the same site as the Folsom. Midland points have approximately the same antiquity as the Folsom points.

"Plainview" points resemble the Clovis types but are not fluted. These points are commonly called "Yuma", a term that is being abandoned by most authorities since it is too broad a category for any particular classification. In the Plainview site, the remains of nearly one hundred extinct bison were found. In this same deposit the stylized Plainview points were also found. A carbon 14 sample produced an approximate date of 9,000. Plainview points are widely distributed throughout the Plains from Mexico to Alaska.

The "Cody Complex" artifacts which derive their name from the "Horner" site located near Cody, Wyoming, deal with three

different stylized types. The first is known as the "Scottsbluff" type which is a shouldered projectile point with a broad stem. The edges are essentially parallel and the faces bear horizontal flake scars. "Eden" types resemble the Scottsbluff points but are considerably narrower in relation to their length. Eden points are shouldered also but invariably the shouldering is a direct result of basal edge grinding.

There are two variants of Eden points which are identified by the flaking technique. They are either collaterally or transversely flaked.

The third artifact belonging to the Cody Complex is the "Cody Knife". This is a transverse blade, shouldered on one side, usually having a parallel sided base. Carbon 14 obtained from charcoal in the Horner site revealed a date of nearly 7,000 years.

Although the same people used both the Scottsbluff and the Eden types of points, occasionally there appears to have been some groups who used only the Scottsbluff types. This type is more widely distributed and is found in many parts of North America. The Eden types have been limited primarily to the northern and central Plains.

Widely distributed throughout the Plains is a long, narrow and thin lanceolate point with a narrow concave base which has been named "Angostura". The flaking is fine and the parallel flake scars are usually directed obliquely across the face of the blade. Basal thinning and grinding may be present. A charcoal sample taken from a zone in which Angostura points were found in situ gave an approximate date of 9,000.

Points with forms similar to Angostura are named "Agate Basin". This type of projectile point was first found in east-central Wyoming. The points are long and slender. The bases are straight or convex. The flaking is always of the horizontal type with a fine marginal retouch. Basal thinning is usually absent. Some points are double pointed and resemble a laurel leaf. No date is available for this type at present.

A site near Laramie, Wyoming in which a distinct type of projectile point was found associated with bones of an extinct bison, "bison occidentalis", has been named the "Jimmie Allen Site", in honor of the man who discovered it. Allen points are unnotched lanceolate forms with deeply concave bases and well rounded corners. Bases and basal edges are ground which causes a slight constriction of the lower third of the point. Fine oblique flake scars are parallel across the face of the blade. The Allen site produced a carbon 14 date in the vicinity of 7,900.

During the period of time from approximately 4,000 B.C. to 2,000 B.C., nothing is known of any cultural development in the area. We do know that there was an Altithermal Period during this time in which there was a definite increase in aridity as well as warmth. It is quite possible that this climatic condition ren-

dered this portion of the Plains unsuitable for habitation by both man and the big game animals which formed his main diet. Another theory suggests the possibility that cultural remains of this period have not been discovered to date.

The Middle Prehistoric Period
(2,000 B.C. to 500 A.D.)

About 2,000 B.C. a few small scattered groups of people began drifting back into the Plains. At this time we have an entirely new and different type of inhabitants. The bison hunting nomads have disappeared and the area is now occupied by groups of peoples who are strongly oriented in their economy towards plant gathering and small animal hunting with little or no emphasis on big game hunting until later in the period. Through investigations of numerous stratigraphically superimposed levels in Wyoming and adjacent areas, we have been able to piece together considerable evidence concerning the lives of these gatherers. Some of the more notable investigations were made at Signal Butte, near Scottsbluff, Nebraska; Pictograph Cave, near Billings, Montana; the McKean Site in Crook County, Wyoming; the Shoshone Basin in central Wyoming, and recent research in the Glendo Reservoir area. In many levels, the most notable similarities are seen in the projectile point types. No pottery has ever been found in any of the Middle Period levels. The Early Prehistoric Period was also pre-ceramic.

As far as it is known, these early Middle Prehistoric people were not agriculturists. They did subsist on many different types of plants, roots and bulbs. Small rodents, frogs, grasshoppers and birds were other items of their diet. The presence of grinding tools, the mano and metate, suggests that plants were a major part of their diets. Shelters consisted chiefly of wickiup types of structures. Some caves were utilized if they could be found in ideal locations near streams.

As these peoples progressed through the centuries, they developed more of a trend towards big game animal hunting. Bison bones are present in the upper levels of stratified campsites. Projectile points show finer workmanship. Bison traps have definitely been associated with this horizon. The present existing type of bison, "bison bison", has taken the place of the now extinct forms of the previous Early Prehistoric Period.

The bison trapping technique consisted of stampeding large herds of bison over a cliff which would either kill them or injure them to such an extent that they could easily be taken. The presence of many articulated skeletons in these traps suggests that more animals were killed than were utilized. This type of hunting was also practiced during the Late Prehistoric Period.

The presence of large quantities of Unio shells in the sites along

some of the larger streams proves that shellfish also furnished a portion of food for the Middle Prehistoric Period people.

One of the earliest horizons of the Middle Prehistoric Period is present at Signal Butte I and the lower level at the McKean Site. These levels have an antiquity of around 3,500 years. The stylized artifacts are the projectile points. These vary around a single norm. The simplest form is a lanceolate shaped blade with a deep concave base and parallel basal edges. Another type is slightly shouldered which forms a scarcely perceptible stem. The bases of these types are still sharply concave and the basal edges are parallel. The third variant is a specimen with a pronounced shouldering caused by a slight lateral notch. Here again the base is deeply concave and the proximal edges are nearly parallel. The base and basal edges are sharp and show no attempt at grinding.

The later Middle Prehistoric Period points deviate somewhat from the earlier points. The style of this horizon centers around a corner notched variety. These vary from a large shallow corner notch which forms a slightly expanded base which may be either concave, convex or straight, to a deep narrow corner notch which forms a pronounced barb and an expanding base.

These types were in use until the bow was invented sometime about 500 A.D and the start of the Late Prehistoric Period.

The Late Prehistoric Period
(500 A.D. to 1800 A.D.)

The invention of the bow brought about many changes in the mode of living for the Late Prehistoric Period inhabitants. More emphasis was now placed on big game animal hunting. Agriculture was lacking, but a goodly amount of plants, roots and bulbs were still playing an important part in the diets of these people. Skin tipis were gradually coming into use. These were transported by dog travois which in the later years was replaced by the horse travois. Ceramic industries were started sometime before horses made their appearance. Pottery making was not too extensive in the northern Plains. Very few archaeological sites in Wyoming produce any potsherds.

With the introduction of the horse, bison hunting became much easier. A vast food supply was readily available for anyone wishing to tap the supply.

In the Late Prehistoric Period, the stylization of the projectile point has again changed as it did during the previous two prehistoric periods. Since arrows were now projected by bows in lieu of the atlatl, a lighter tip or point was now a necessity. A small delicate projectile point with side or lateral notches took the place of the larger corner notched varieties. Some variants include a small corner notched point with a slightly convex base and a small notchless type which is triangular in shape.

The Historic Period
(Post 1800 A.D.)

This period is almost self explanatory. A general influx of peoples from surrounding areas began gathering into Wyoming and the northern Plains when the horse-bison economy began to make available a vast, easily obtainable food supply. The westward movements of the white settlers also displaced some of the tribes from their earlier habitats.

The stone projectile point gave way to the steel arrowhead. The steel arrowhead finally gave way to the gun.

Tipi Rings

Tipi rings or stone circles are prevalent throughout the northern Plains. The explanation, as repeatedly given by misinformed persons, refers to the stones as being placed around the base of a tipi to hold down the skin covering. When the tipi was pulled down, the stones were left in their natural circular design. Unfortunately this simple explanation cannot be accepted in most instances.

Countless numbers of stone circles have been investigated in Montana and Alberta as well as in Wyoming. It is fairly conclusive that the greatest majority of these rings were never occupied. They are inconsistent in size as well as shape. In most cases they are found in the worst possible location for a campsite, on windswept, rocky hills away from water and fuel. Evidence of fires are nearly always lacking as well as packed floors within the circles. Artifacts are seldom found in a stone ring site.

About 500 stone rings were included in the Glendo reservoir investigations. Evidence suggests Middle Prehistoric Period construction and a problematical use.

End Scrapers

One interesting type of stylized stone artifact known as a "plano-convex snub-nosed end scraper" appears in all horizons from the Early Prehistoric Period through the Historic Period in an unchanged form. These implements were used by the thousands and have been found in all archaeological sites in all levels throughout Wyoming.

Summary

The picture of the earliest inhabitants of the northern Plains is one of small groups of nomads who hunted and killed a prehistoric bison for their main source of food supply. The excellence of the style and flaking of their projectile points reveals the highest peak of flint workmanship in North America—truly an artist in stone flaking. The mystery of the disappearance of these people has never been solved.

The early Middle Period suggests famine -hunger -starvation. Small groups of families are constantly foraging and subsisting on anything that might be edible. The occurrence of the mano and metate indicates a vegetarian type of diet. A degeneration in flint workmanship is visible since the role of hunting is in the minority.

The association of bison bones and bison traps in later horizons reveals an upward trend in a big game hunting economy coupled with the original vegetarian type of diet. Hunting pressure has produced finer flint workmanship. The predominate projectile point type is the corner notched variety.

The Late Period produced some radical changes in the living habits of the people. The bow was invented. Ceramic industries were started. Skin covered tipis were in use for shelters. The projectile point has changed to a delicate, finely chipped point with lateral notches. While there is no evidence available of a transitional period or overlap between the Early and Middle Prehistoric Periods, there is a definite overlap between the Middle and the Late Prehistoric Periods.

The picture of the final Historic Period is one of well mounted and mobile units. These people did excellent skin tanning and little or no work in stone. A strong war complex is present. ffl

Perhaps the stone age peoples of North America can also be summed up in words by Lucretius in his poem, "De Rerum Natura". Lucretius was born in 95 B.C. This poem was completed about 53 B.C.

De Rerum Natura

Things throughout proceed
In firm, undevious order, and maintain,
To nature true, their fixt generic stamp.

Yet man's first sons, as o'er the fields they trod,
Reared from the hardy earth, were hardier far;
Strong built with ampler bones, with muscles nerved
Broad and substantial; to the power of heat,
Of cold, of varying viands, and disease,
Each hour superior; the wild lives of beasts
Leading, while many a luster o'er them rolled.
Nor crooked plow-shares knew they, nor to drive,
Deep through the soil, the rich returning spade;
Nor how the tender seedling to replant,
Nor from the fruit tree prune the withered branch.

Nor knew they yet the crackling blaze t'excite,
Or clothe their limbs with furs, or savage hides.
But groves concealed them, woods, and hollow hills;
And, when rude rains, or bitter blasts o'erpowered,
Low bushy shrubs their squalid members wrapped.

And in their keen rapidity of hand
And foot confiding, oft the savage train
With missile stones they hunted, or the force
Of clubs enormous; many a tribe they felled,
Yet some in caves shunned, cautious; where at night,
Thronged they, like bristly swine; their naked limbs
With herbs and leaves entwining. Nought of fear
urged them to quit the darkness, and recall,
With clamorous cries, the sunshine and the day:
But sound they sunk in deep, oblivious sleep,
Till o'er the mountains blushed the roseate dawn.

This ne'er distressed them, but the fear alone
Some ruthless monster might their dreams molest,
The foamy boar, or lion, from their caves
Drive them agast beneath the midnight shade,
And seize their leaf-wrought couches for themselves.

Yet then scarce more of mortal race than now
Left the sweet lustre of the liquid day.
Some doubtless, oft the prowling monsters gaunt
Grasped in their jaws, abrupt; whence, through the groves,
The woods, the mountains, they vociferous groaned,
Destined thus living to a living tomb.

Yet when, at length, rude huts they first devised,
and fires, and garments; and, in union sweet,
Man wedded woman, the pure joys indulged
Of chaste connubial love, and children rose,
The rough barbarians softened. The warm hearth
Their frames so melted they no more could bear,
As erst, th' uncovered skies; the nuptial bed
Broke their wild vigor, and the fond caress
Of prattling children from the bosom chased
Their stern ferocious manners.

Wyoming State Historical Society

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

3105 Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif.
March 3rd, 1959

To the Officers and Members
Wyoming State Historical Society
Lola M. Homsher, Executive Secretary
Cheyenne, Wyoming

Greetings, -

As many of you know, my health has been not too good since early last November and am writing this from the above address, the office of my son to assure you all that I am thinking of many of you and plan to be back in Wyoming around May 1st and on the job.

Inasmuch as weather and travel generally would reduce activities anyway, I plan to spend the balance of the winter out here in this easy climate. Too, I am with members of my family out here, therefore, not so lonesome.

When I get back home in Rawlins I hope to be able to dig into plans and activities of our Wyoming Historical Society. I have in mind several areas where opportunities for preservation of Historical Sites and other important facts relating to the more distant past in Wyoming as the most important.

I was sorry to be so indisposed that I could not be present at the meeting of the Executive Committee in January, but I am sure that everyone understands the circumstances. I am very appreciative of the splendid manner in which everyone has cooperated.

Hope to see many of you around May 1st and thereafter.

Very sincerely yours,

A. H. MacDougall - President

Book Reviews

The Cowboy at Work. By Fay E. Ward. (N. Y.: Hastings House Publ., Inc., 1958. Illus. index. 289 pp. $8.50.)

Fay E. Ward has given us a book which has long been needed. In it he treats on all subjects relating to the life and work of a cowboy, a subject of which many people are completely ignorant. The cowboy was a major factor in the settlement of the West where he helped to stock the range with cattle as well as assist in preserving peace.

This book is an authoritative reference work for all interested in the work of a cowhand, and it has a dual purpose. First, it describes a cowboy's work. Second, it is full of information and help for a young man who might wish to prepare himself for the occupation of a cowboy. It contains a fine description of a cowboy's work, at the ranch and on the range, in all its many details and phases, with no omissions. People in all walks of life will enjoy reading the book to gain a better understanding of how things are done on a ranch. For a boy who might be interested in becoming a cowboy, it will help him to know what equipment to buy and to learn how to make much of the equipment which he will use in his everyday life.

Ward has an exact way of presenting a picture of the cowboy's work without a fault. He is a cowboy of the old school who has the "know how" and experience to go into detail on every subject relating to the cowboy. This reviewer, being an old cowboy himself, may have had a few different ways of doing things from Ward's methods, but no one could go far wrong by following the methods he describes here.

Fay E. Ward furnishes a clear picture of the range from his personal view, and his material has not been kicked around in publication to cheapen it. The illustrations, drawn by the author, are profuse and explicit, and he knows animals and how to draw them in a flattering manner.

The Cowboy at Work covers all phases of ranch life and work on the range: types of animals, ranch and roundup work and personnel, branding, roping, working wild stock, kinds of equipment and their uses including bridles, bits, saddles, tapaderos, chaparreras, spurs, boots, hats, cowboy garb and jewelry, working rawhide and leather, rope knots, and guns and equipment.

This book is one which no one could have written without having had the actual experience and without having performed the duties of a cowboy. Fay Ward is not only an interesting writer but a top hand at any job the boss assigned to him.

Laramie, Wyoming A. S. Gillespie

The Humour of the American Cowboy. By Stan Hoig. (Caldwell, Idaho, The Caxton Printers, Ltd. 1958. Illus. 193 pp. $5.00)

This volume is a collection of tall tales, anecdotes, yarns, jokes, etc., pertaining to the American cowboy and his humour, which is a direct reflection of the manners and mores of the country within which he abounded. The author, who was born and raised in the Oklahoma area through which the Chisholm Trail passed and lived a great number of his years among the cowboys concerning whom he writes, has made a complete study of the American cowboy and the environment which made him what he was.

The American cowboy was a product of his times, old fashioned in some of his ideals, but a thorough going American with a distinct brand of humour, appreciation for living, dedication for the type of living which he enjoyed thoroughly and with a distinct sense of well being in the freedom which was his. His ability to laugh the hardest when the going was tough, made him face dangers which the average individual would have shirked without risk to his own conscience.

Because of the type of existence which he enjoyed thoroughly, the American cowboy and his associates were thrown on their own resources to find the type of entertainment suitable for their age and surroundings during the periods of relaxation, which were seldom and only during the cold winter months or in the long evenings before the campfires. To the cowboy, humour was a real and living thing. It expressed his ideas, thoughts and fondness for the West, to make everyone from tenderfoot to old timer fit into his mold and scheme of living.

Hoig's volume tends to portray all facets of the American cowboy humour, from fact to fiction and the half gray, half black versions of fact and fancy. Each of the ten chapters is broken down to relate certain phases of the cowboy's humour and the numerous ways in which they occurred. Many of the yarns are the end product of the cowboy's work on the range, in camp or on the ranch. They were the things he knew best and could manufacture the best "windies" out of an every day occurrence so as make fiction seem like fact and sometimes even made fact appear to be fiction.

The cowboy appeared to be at his best when he was on his best behavior and attempting to impress his boss, his best girl or a total stranger. Many of the anecdotes are based upon fact with just a slight twist which leaves the listener in a believing state of mind, which is just the state that the cowboy desired. The cowboy was a natural storyteller. His vocabulary was of the range, consequently his best medium for self expression. The themes for his countless tales were based upon the facts of his everyday type of

living, his generosity to friends, his sense of justice and his adventurous spirit.

Many of the tales related in this volume have been culled from outstanding Western books and the illustrations are by Nicholas Eggenhofer, one of America's foremost Western painters This volume should be considered for the library of all who are interested and dedicated to the American cowboy.

Cheyenne, Wyoming LEO I. HERMAN

John Hunton's Diary, Volumes 1 and 2, with introductory paragraphs and comments by L. G. (Pat) Flannery. (Published by the *Guide-Review,* Lingle, Wyoming. Vol. 1, 1873-75, $3.00. Vol. 2, 1876-77, $5.00.)

L. G. (Pat) Flannery came to Wyoming in 1920. His first home here was what is known as the "John Hunton House" on the Fort Laramie National Monument. Here he was privileged to become well acquainted with his neighbor, John Hunton, author of the diaries he is now editing, and he developed a strong affection and regard for Hunton and his wife Blanche.

It was Hunton who first aroused Flannery's interest in Wyoming's fascinating history, and after Hunton had lost his eyesight, he aided him in the writing of some of his memoirs which were published in Flannery's own *Goshen News* and in other Wyoming newspapers, including John Charles Thompson's column in the Cheyenne *Tribune,* "In Old Wyoming."

Upon Mr. Hunton's death, he learned that he had inherited his diaries, more than 50 volumes, covering a period from 1873 to the late 1920's. The diaries have been appearing in serial form in the Lingle *Guide-Review.* Fortunately, Mr. Flannery has now issued these, as far as he has been able to make them ready, in these two volumes.

Pat writes well and by his introductory remarks and comments has added materially to the preservation of many incidents of historical significance to the old West and especially to the State of Wyoming.

John Hunton was born at Madison Court House, Virginia, January 18, 1839. He served in the Confederate Army during the Civil War. In the spring of 1867 he started west via St. Louis and Glassgow to Nebraska City. From there he whacked bulls to Ft. Laramie where he worked in the Sutlers Store for some time. The winter of 1867-68 he shared a room with Jim Bridger the famous mountain man, trapper, scout and guide.

From 1870 until 1873 when the first diary was kept Mr. Hunton was engaged in the freighting business and supplied hay, beef, charcoal, lime and other commodities to Ft. Fetterman, Ft. Lara-

mie, Ft. Phil Kearny, Ft. Reno, Ft. Steele, Ft. Smith and other military installations, freighting from Camp Carlin, Rock Creek and Medicine Bow on the Union Pacific R.R.

The story of the life of John Hunton, as revealed by his diary from 1873 to and including 1875 in Volume 1 and 1876 to and including 1877 in Volume 2 with fascinating introductory paragraphs and comments by Pat Flannery, constitute a contribution to the history of that period that makes excellent reading for all those interested in Western Americana.

These volumes are well documented and each contains a chronological index of all names mentioned in them. A few of the more prominent people mentioned are: James Bridger, James Bordeaux, General Crook, J. M. Carey, Charley Clay, William Cody, Caspar Collins, Crazy Horse George, Baptise Garnier (Little Bat), Frank Gruard, J. B. (Wild Bill) Hickok, Hiram B. Kelly, J. B. Kendrick, George Lathrop, Frank North, John Owens, Persimmon Bill, John (Portugee) Phillips, Baptise Pourier (Big Bat), Chief Red Cloud, Chief Sitting Bull, Major Thornburg, Russell Thorp, Sr., George Throstle, Luke Vorhees, R. S. Van Tassell, Chief Washakie and Brigham Young.

In conclusion I will add that these volumes are worth many times their cost and should be on the bookshelves of every lover of western lore.

Cheyenne, Wyoming L. C. BISHOP

Who Rush to Glory. By Clifford P. Westermeier. (Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton, 1958. Illus. 272 pp. $6.00).
Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders of the Spanish-American War

are familiar to virtually everyone who has read any American History. They constituted the First United States Volunteer Cavalry Regiment. Comparatively unknown are the Second and Third United States Volunteer Cavalry Regiments.

Professor Westermeier tells with a good deal of verve the history of these three "cowboy" regiments, the one so famous, the other two so obscure. The three outfits were properly called "cowboy" because they included more cowboys than anything else but they did include men from many other occupations.

Roosevelt's Regiment was recruited in New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma, with 15 students from Yale and Harvard and a sprinkling of other easterners thrown in. They trained briefly in San Antonio, Texas, before moving on to Tampa and Cuba. Their subsequent fame can be attributed to the remarkable qualities of their leader and to the fact that they actually got into combat and made a contribution to victory.

Col. Jay L. Torrey of Wyoming's Big Horn Basin commanded the Second Regiment which was recruited mainly in Wyoming, with some help from Colorado, Idaho, Nevada, and Utah. Col. Melvin Grigsby of South Dakota commanded the Third Regiment, and obtained his recruits from South Dakota, Montana, North Dakota, and Nebraska in that order.

Torrey and Grigsby and their men never reached Cuba, never took part in combat. They suffered the same frustrations as did millions of American service men in World War I and World War II who were doomed to languish in training camps far from the fighting fronts. The Rough Riders had one advantage—the Spanish-American War lasted only 115 days.

Torrey's Regiment was organized at Cheyenne and then spent several months at Jacksonville, Florida before dispersal. Grigsby's Regiment was mustered in at Sioux Falls before being sent to Chicamauga Park, Georgia where they remained until after the end of the war.

Torrey's Regiment had bad luck from the outset. Torrey spent entirely too much time searching Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado for suitable horses. As it turned out, Roosevelt left his horses at Tampa, and Torrey would probably have had to part with his horses, too, had he been sent to Cuba. En route to Jacksonville Torrey's Regiment suffered a tragic accident to Tupelo, Mississippi. The second section of the train plowed into the first section, killing five troopers and seriously injuring fifteen others. Torrey himself was laid up for weeks with badly bruised feet.

Life in Florida and Georgia was tedious for the Torrey and Grigsby men. Rain, heat and insects caused much suffering. Disease took many lives. The once-high morale evaporated. It's not surprising that most of the men wanted to get home as quickly as possible after peace was declared.

The author draws heavily upon newspapers for his source materials. He also used several book-length accounts of Roosevelt's Rough Riders and one book-length study of Grigsby's Regiment. The book is well-documented and well written.

University of Wyoming T. A. LARSON

The Great West, Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Charles Neider. (New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1958. 457 pp. Illus. $11.50.)

Charles Neider has compiled in *The Great West* one of the best anthologies of literature about the West which has appeared to date.

Neider, an Easterner, acquired his concept of the West by hearsay and reading. His real introduction to the West occurred in 1952 when he drove across the United States to the West Coast. The impact of this great geographical region—from the Mississippi River to California—brought to him the realization that he must completely revise his opinions about the West. He found that one must experience the impact of the great open spaces of the West before one could know and understand this vast section of our country and the people in it.

He began poking into the resources of Western libraries and found that they contain a gold mine for scholars and writers. He discovered that while the Western frontier may have closed physically that its forces are still in operation, that Westerners have a sharper sense of democracy than have those in the older East, that in the West there is a looking forward to tomorrow, that there is greater freedom of living and greater fluidity in human relations.

Western literature, he found, is a strange mixture of fact and legend which in some instances have so merged that they cannot be separated. This active process of myth-making was particularly active in the early days of its history, based largely upon the impact of great space and natural forces with which man had to contend.

The selections which Editor Neider has included in this volume are designed help his readers gain an understanding and an appreciation of this great West. He does not claim that the volume is either comprehensive or definitive. While he has tried to emphasize excellence of literary style, he has subordinated style when documentary value was of first consideration. Westerners, as well as those unacquainted with the area, can gain much from a perusal of these pages, for Westerners are too familiar with and too close to the scene to be able to view the West with a detached view.

The book is divided into three sections: I. Pathfinders, which includes excerpts of writings by explorers from Coronado to John Charles Fremont; II. Heroes and Villains, the stories of such personalities as Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, General Custer, Buffalo Bill, Jesse James, Calamity Jane and Billy the Kid; III. Observers, in which are related the experiences and impressions of such Western travelers as Washington Irving, General Fremont, Francis Parkman, Mark Twain, Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling and Emerson Hough.

The Great West is attractively illustrated with sketches from contemporary accounts and reproductions of paintings by such fine artists as Alfred Jacob Miller, Frederick Remington, George Catlin and Albert Bierstadt.

Cheyenne, Wyoming LOLA M. HOMSHER

Clarence King, a biography by Thurman Wilkins. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1958. 441 pp. bibl., index, illus. $7.50.)

As a little girl, I read to tatters a dull-looking book called *Hoofs and Claws.* My favorite in the collection was a wonderful horse story, Kaweah's Run. Some twenty years later I happened on to Clarence King's *Mountaineering in the Sierras,* and to my delight, imbedded in its fascinating pages, I found again the story of Kameah's Run. Another twenty years passed and I spent the summer in the Yosemite Park Library where King's work in that region was constantly referred to. Later, in my own County Library, I discovered the seven great volumes of the King Survey. But these monuments to his scientific knowledge and industry still left the man, Clarence King, a mere name.

Now, fifty seven years after King's death, Thurman Wilkins has published the first full-length biography. Also stemming from delighted reading of *Mountaineering in the Sierras,* Wilkins pursued his interest thru the years, gleaning information from hundreds of sources. The result is a fascinating study of a man who's early classical schooling soon gave way to interest in the newly established Scientific School at Yale. Calling him "Sheffield's greatest graduate", it was Prof. James Dana who urged him to join Josiah Whitney's California Survey.

So King first saw Wyoming in 1863 when he joined a wagon train following the Overland Trail. A few years later he laid before Stanton, still Secretary of War, the value of a survey of the western regions, where fabulous mining resources were waiting development and where John Wesley Powell was already stressing the need for vast irrigation projects. King's political acumen (he had had the foresight to name a peak in California for a California senator) and the backing of such friends as John Hay and Henry Adams won Congressional approval and in 1867 he was designated Geologist in charge of the survey of an area stretching from California to the Laramie Plains.

Particularly interesting to residents of this state are the chapters detailing his connection with the cattle industry, and his establishment of N. R. Davis, a former member of his survey party, on a ranch (Stonehenge) near Cheyenne. Later he sent Edgar Beecher (kinsman of Henry Ward Beecher) to learn the trade and establish further holdings in the general area. Bronson, who had been King's secretary during his arduous labors over Systematic Geology, the volume summarizing the work of his assistants and stating his conclusions and theoretical deductions, later eulogized his friend King in his book *Reminiscences of a Ranchman.*

So Mr. Wilkins has portrayed a man whose promise as a writer was never fulfilled, whose great mining and cattle enterprises came to naught, but whose scientific accomplishments and capacity for

great friendships raised him well above the ordinary. He has written of King's strange personal life with understanding and restraint. One of the most interesting biographies of the year, it is also important reading as a picture of a phase in the development of the West and another glimpse into early Wyoming history.

Laramie, Wyoming MRS. NEVA MILLER

Great Basin Kingdom, An Economic History of the Latter-Day Saints, 1830-1900. By Leonard J. Arrington. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1958. Illus. 534 pp. $9.00).

In this handsome volume, Dr. Arrington, who is a professor of economics at Utah State University, has turned out a masterpiece. Surely there is no comparable economic study of any part of the Rocky Mountain region.

The work is thorough, exploiting a tremendous bulk of primary sources in historical collections from coast to coast—at several places in Utah, and also at the Bancroft Library, the Huntington Library, the Library of Congress, the National Archives, the New York Public Library, Yale University, and Harvard University. For 400 pages of text there are 100 pages of fine-print notes, references, and bibliographical comments. The author is not stretching it when he writes that many years of research have gone into the book.

Dr. Arrington explains in the preface that the work is not an economic history of Utah but of the Latter-Day Saints: "The book is largely a study of Mormon concepts, and of the efforts of church leadership to develop an economy in harmony with those concepts." Non-Mormon activities are treated only incidentally; for example, there is only brief mention of what happened to Gentiles when Mormons boycotted them.

The work is objective, analyzing church successes and failures with admirable impartiality. Usually enough data are assembled to make conclusions convincing. The wealth of dollars-and-cents details confirms what is pretty well known—the Mormons have always been great at preserving historical records.

Among the topics which are given full and often fascinating treatment are the inter-play of Mormon and non-Mormon forces at the time of the California gold rush, the inter-action of the same forces when the transcontinental railway arrived, the handling of immigration, the great cooperative movement, the United Order of Enoch, and the Raid, or federal government action against the Mormons in the 1880's.

The economic ideals of the Great Basin Kingdom are attributed to Puritan democratic theory and to ideas that were "in the air" in Pennsylvania and New York in the 1820's. Experiences of the Mormons in Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois shaped the application

of these ideals. Central planning and collective labor ideas turned out to be most appropriate for the Great Basin environment. Arrington argues effectively that Mormon institutions were "more typically early American" than were the individualistic institutions of other Western frontiers. He sees 20th century national policy for the West coming around to Mormon principles of long-range planning, cooperation, and central direction. And even abroad, "The design of the Kingdom, once despised as backward, is now part of the heritage which Americans are passing on to governments and peoples in many parts of the world."

While the focus throughout is on economic history, much light falls on other aspects of Mormon history. And the narrative is so interesting that a non-Mormon limited to one volume on the history of the Mormons would be smart to make this his volume. Rarely does a book-buyer have a chance to get so much for his money.

University of Wyoming T. A. Larson

Black Robe Peacemaker Pierre De Smet by J. G. E. Hopkins. (P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. 1958. Index. 158 pp. $2.50.)

Author Hopkins establishes reader-identity early in his book by introducing his young reading audience to the boy, Pierre Jean de Smet. An easy-to-love boy he is, too—heedless, daring, strong, fun-loving and unafraid. At the age of eleven Pierre Jean is a believable character, endearing, yet having his share of human frailties. When later in the book Pierre Jean becomes a Jesuit Father, the reader is eager to accompany him to the New World to carry his message of the white man's God to the American Indian.

Black Robe Peacemaker is much more than a religious message. It is a fast-paced, adventure-packed tale of Father de Smet's efforts to teach the Indians to save their economic structure from the white man, not through warfare, but by learning the white man's skills, by preparing to be citizens in the new states soon to replace the wild range. Father de Smet is able to get through to the wrathful Indians even while the great Indian wars are raging. This he accomplishes, not through piety, but because he possesses that characteristic which the Indian prizes above all others—courage. To the Indians, Father de Smet is known as "the white man whose tongue does not lie," even at a time when white men are continually breaking promises to the Indians. Through illness and hardship Father de Smet retains his sense of fun. In a letter home to his family in Belgium shortly after his journey to this country, Father de Smet writes: "Back home I often had to be

bled, which required a doctor. Here it's done free—by gnats, fleas, ticks, flies and mosquitoes."

The dialogue in Mr. Hokins's book is natural and convincing. The atmosphere is good, with many details which add to the story's authenticity.

Perhaps author Hopkins takes a biased viewpoint at times, but throughout, the story has a ring of truth. The book's chief frailty may be the author's tendency to rely too heavily on narration instead of telling his story through action and dialogue. This weakness is perhaps unavoidable, however, in a book which encompasses more than half a century in only 182 pages. *Black Robe Peacemaker* is well-written in simple direct language. The hero remains always a warm and human character, yet virile and unafraid and always ready for adventure. The reader has no difficulty understanding de Smet's appeal for both Indian and white man. The story closes with Father de Smet's death in 1873. The Indians' feeling about the loss of their friend is expressed simply in the author's closing words: "The Indians at the landings, hearing of the Black Robe's death, wailed and covered their heads with dust."

Laramie, Wyoming MRS. MARGARET HILL

Mr. Hunt and the Fabulous Plan. By Cecil Pearl Dryden, illustrated by Beatrice Flora Driessen. (Caldwell, Idaho, The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1958. 341 pp. $5.00)

Wilson Price Hunt, John Day, John Clarke, Ramsey Crooks, Alexander Baranov, Pierre Dorion and his stoic Indian wife Marie—Fort Astoria, Fort Spokane, Henry's Post on the Snake, The Forks of the Columbia river—all names to conjure up visions of the Great North West—its Indians—its furs and trading—its early history.

Miss Dryden creates vital, living, breathing characters out of these famous names—she creates sharp images out of these historic places. We live with them, suffer their hardships, the danger of their exploits. We see Fort Astoria built at the mouth of the Columbia river in order to control it—a part of John Jacob Astor's "fabulous" plan to send one expedition overland and another by sea to establish a fort on the river.

The first section of the book tells of the overland trek from St. Louis to Fort Astoria, with Wilson Price Hunt first in command.

The second section might have been a different story but for the War of 1812. The Canadians and the Americans both sought to control the fur trade in the area—and the war caused additional woes to the brave and hardy men at this remote outpost.

At the time when decisive leadership was needed, that leadership

was lacking, and the "fabulous" plan—to barter with the Indians and to trade with Russian America and China collapsed.

One of the clerks of the company summed it up thus: "A magnificent dream has faded out. A million dollars have been sunk in the enterprise, two or more ships lost, and sixty-one lives sacrificed."

The illustrations by Beatrice Flora Driessen add much to the enjoyment of the book.

Although beamed primarily to the teen-age set, this fascinating true adventure can hold the interest of adults also—especially those interested in Western Americana.

Cheyenne, Wyoming MARY READ ROGERS

Smith and Wesson Revolvers, The Pioneer Single Action Models. By John E. Parsons. (New York: Wm. Morrow & Co. 1957. 242 pp. Bibl. illus. index. $6.00.)

While this fine history is written primarily for the advanced collector of handguns, it will prove rewarding for any student of Western History.

Many of the earliest types of firearms were built on the breechloading principal. Apparently improvements in the manufacture of powder and the difficulties encountered in the manufacture of safe and solid breechloading systems resulted in the virtual abandonment of this type of firearm until the breechloading system was revived by the development of manufacturing techniques and the improvement in the cartridge system in the middle part of the 19th century.

Sam Colt's revolver proved to be a revolution in the use of handguns. However, Colt's revolver had one serious defect: the cylinders had to be charged with powder and a ball or bullet from the front and then each nipple had to be capped. Reloading was a slow and laborious process. Colt attempted to solve this problem in many ways including the use of additional cylinders, factory made cartridges, capping tools, etc.

In April 1855, Rollin White obtained a patent for a revolver cylinder with the chamber bored all the way through from front to back. White later sold the manufacturing rights on his cylinder to Smith & Wesson and this invention, combined with Wesson's experimental cartridges, created another revolution for handguns. The first model Smith & Wesson revolver was a success almost immediately. The ease with which the Smith & Wesson could be reloaded had tremendous appeal.

The Civil War, the development of the West and the reconstruction period created an enormous demand for handguns for protection, military and law enforcement purposes. Sales and

demand for the new revolvers were so large that the company did not require any advertising in order to sell their revolvers for some years.

Smith & Wesson surmounted difficulties in manufacturing for both their pistols and ammunition. Some difficulty was experienced in regard to interchangeable ammunition for other arms. "E. F. Cheney ordering six No. 3's from South Pass City, Wyoming Territory, specified: "Do *not* want the 'Russian Modle' . . . [it] is a trifle larger caliber, and any cartridge I ever saw for the pistols would often fall back under the ejector—which is a serious fault in an Indian country like this.' "

Smith & Wesson is still one of the leading makers of handguns. Their arms have been used throughout the world. Several years back a Russian team used Smith & Wesson target revolvers in defeating a U. S. revolver team at the South American matches.

Cheyenne, Wyoming FRANK G. CLARK, JR.

Contributors

FAMA HESS STODDARD, now of Manville, Wyoming, was born in Bremen, Indiana, and moved to Wyoming with her family in 1909, coming to Jireh as a child. Mrs. Stoddard attended both Jireh College and the University of Wyoming. She is married to Lee C. Stoddard and they have two children, Miriam Lucille Eby and Ray Ladd Stoddard. She has been active for many years in civic work and has held state offices in a number of organizations including D.A.R., Colonial Dames XVII Century, Eastern Star and Extension Club. Her hobbies are genealogy, gardening, homemaking and needlework.

MRS. THELMA CONDIT. *See Annals of Wyoming,* Vol. 29, No. 1, April 1957, p. 120.

LOUIS C. STEEGE. *See Annals of Wyoming,* Vol. 29, No. 1, April 1957, p. 121.

DALE L. MORGAN. *See Annals of Wyoming,* Vol. 29, No. 1, April 1957, pp. 120-121.

L. C. BISHOP. *See Annals of Wyoming,* Vol. 30, No. 2, October 1958, p. 239.

T. J. GATCHELL. *See Annals of Wyoming,* Vol. 27, No. 2, October 1955, p. 250.

Annals of Wyoming

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION OUTFIT NEAR LOOKOUT, WYOMING, 1868

Stimson Photo
Wyoming State Archives & Historical Department

October 1959

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Pioneer Track Layers

The Iron Horse coming into Wyoming from the extreme southwest corner of South Dakota in the fall of 1889. Dick Nelson, then 14 years old, watched them. During the next fifty years Nelson would learn every detail of the work these men were doing. He says, "See that fellow up in the 'Crow's Nest'? When the foreman on the ground was ready to move, up went his thumb and the trainman on the seat signalled the engineer to move ahead one 28 foot rail-length. Brother, you'd better stop with wheels about six inches from the end of rail!" It required delicacy of movement. Otherwise ther'd be a spill.

Supplies Heading For The Pumpkin Buttes Country Along The Powder

After the railroad reached Newcastle in the fall of 1889, supplies that came by rail from the east still had to be hauled by mule teams and ox teams on to points of consumption. Dick Nelson says, "Many outfits like this, and bull-teams too, pulled out of Newcastle for Sundance, Sheridan, Buffalo, over the Big Horns and down Rome Hill to Basin City and the few stores in the Big Horn Basin."

Iron Horse Wrangler

By

ERNEST M. RICHARDSON

Down San Diego way and among the Rotary Clubs throughout Southern California, from the Tehachapi Mountains on the north to the Mexican border on the south, they call him *"Old Wyoming"*. He's been there in Southern California since 1939 carrying on for two decades as Wyoming's unofficial Ambassador of Goodwill; always ready, willing, and anxious to get on his feet and tell about the wonders of *Wonderful Wyoming,* its people, its charms, its history. No living man knows more about Wyoming and its people, or loves them more, than does Dick J. Nelson, the youngest, spriest, most animated octogenarian you'll ever meet up with, anywhere, anytime.

His life and career in Wyoming go back a full two years before the *Territory of Wyoming* became the *State of Wyoming*. His father brought Dick and the rest of the Nelson family by covered wagon from Mitchell County, Kansas, to northeastern Wyoming in the spring of 1888 when Dick was thirteen. He homesteaded on Oil Creek on the Wyoming side of the Black Hills and began the task of grubbing a precarious existence out of a dry, rugged, often unfriendly land.

A hundred miles away, down in the sand-hills of northwestern Nebraska, sweating construction terriers were scooping up the grades and blasting out the cuts and laying down the fifty-six pound steel rails for the westward moving Burlington & Missouri River Railroad—the first railroad to enter the north half of Wyoming; the first, and only, railroad ever to penetrate the Powder River valley in Wyoming.

Seventy-five miles to the west of A. M. Nelson's homestead lay the Pumpkin Buttes, famous landmark along the old Bozeman Trail through the Powder River country. On a clear day, and there are many such days in the high plains country, young Dick could see the famous buttes, see them standing out sharp and clear in the moistureless air. Sometimes, atop his saddlehorse, he could even see the dark mass of the rugged Big Horns half-a-hundred miles on beyond the buttes.

It was a big country, as it lay there spread out between the Black Hills and the Big Horns. Magnificent, awe-inspiring, empty. No highways, no railroads, very few homesteaders—yet. Soon, all three would be coming; but now, in 1888, about the only thing it had was room. Wide-open, unfenced, uninhabited Cow Coun-

Dick Nelson in 1927 at the age of 51. He was then The Burlington Route's Assistant Superintendent with headquarters at Greybull, Wyoming.

Courtesy Dick J. Nelson

try; occupied, managed, governed in a way, by just a few big cow outfits—the tougher ones. Those lacking toughness hadn't survived the killing winter storms of 1886-87.

But the railroad construction crews were coming. And the surveying crews were out in front. They needed supplies and the Nelsons traded with them; traded milk, eggs, poultry, meat, for flour and sugar and coffee and beans. Commerce has its beginnings in this simple way.

Young Dick Nelson, a solemn-faced little thirteen-year-old with a sensitive countenance and a stubborn chin, his vision broadened and imagination stimulated by the very bigness of the land in which he lived, bargained with these people for a job.

Someone—maybe it was Frank Mondell, or Bill Kilpatrick—recognized in the eyes of this lad, or in the cut of his square jaw, something the observer wanted. So, on March 17th, 1889 the name of Dick J. Nelson went on the payroll book of Kilpatrick Brothers & Collins, general construction contractors for the rail-

road. Over two months must pass before the boy would be fourteen years old.

To most people—what few there were in that part of Wyoming—the morning of Wednesday, October 30, 1889, was just like any other October morning in northeastern Wyoming. A bright sun in a cloudless sky, the air with that sharp, bracing, wine-like quality, typical of the high-plains country. Khaki-colored grasses curled between scattered bunches of olive tinted sagebrush and darkly verdant greasewood; and the fall frosts had splashed a coloring of yellow and orange and apricot over the cottonwoods and birches on the slopes of the hills and along the twisting creek beds in the wide valley. A beautiful morning; a good morning to be alive and on the back of a good horse—especially if you were an eager fourteen-year-old who had just ridden some twenty miles that morning to get there in time to see this much talked-about railroad come across the Dakota line.

Engine 191 of the B.&M. work train, shoving its car of steel rails ahead and dragging its flat car loaded with ties, came to a dead stop on signal from the conductor. A brakeman set the hand brakes. Workmen placed ties in position to receive the heavy rails, in pairs, temporarily held to the proper guage by their bridle bars.

The rails were skidded from the open end of the front car and placed in position on the pine ties. A pair of men—one on each side—tapped their spikes in place, then swung their steel-headed spike mauls. The first steel rail ever to be laid in the north half of Wyoming Territory had been set in place.

No ceremonies, no flag waving, no ribbon cutting. Just a few ringing blows of steel on steel, then a toot from the whistle of old Engine 191. That was it.

A startled antelope leaped high and scurried off through the sage brush. A covey of sage hens whirred away; a menacing clatter came from a frightened rattlesnake; a dozen curious prairie dogs dived for safety.

Hunched over in the saddle atop his trembling bay horse, the booted and Stetson-hatted kid was watching every movement, his insides churning with repressed excitement, his eager young mind groping for something it couldn't quite reach, nor even understand. He didn't know it then, but he had just witnessed the end of one era and the beginning of another. The Iron Horse was moving into a new country—the historic Bozeman Trail country and the Powder River country—a vast, thinly populated land, whose meager transport needs had been meagerly served by the creeping, crawling ox-team and mule-team; by the pack-horse and the saddle-horse; by the lurching stage-coach.

Now, with the advent of cheaper, faster, more dependable transportation, more people would be coming into this big country.

The Iron Horse Wranglers would replace the long-haul stagecoach drivers, the mule skinners, the bull whackers.

Soon thousands of carloads of barbed wire would be hauled in from the steel mills in the east. The day of the wide-open unfenced range with its free grass was drawing toward its end.

Fixed points of time, marking the end or the beginning of an era, are not to be recognized by those who live with or through them. Decades later, historians may finger an old calendar and point to a date, marking it as the start or the finish. Others may disagree and point to another date, or another month, or another year. All of them may be correct. Epochs have no starting gates to be opened in a split second at the touch of an electric switch, no electronically controlled cameras to record the exact time and order at the finish line. The beginning line and the finish line of an era may be so blurred and spread out as to make it hard to tell which is which.

It's safe to say that Dick Nelson—fourteen, going on fifteen—wasn't pondering on this philosophical enigma. His mind was too busy with the things going on right there in front of him. Fascinated by what he was witnessing, the blood of a future railroader—a future Iron Horse Wrangler—pounded in his temples. He'd been bitten that morning by the railroad bug. He would never get over it.

He went back to his job at the construction commissary—roustabout, clerk, general handyman—with its long hours and short pay, and stuck with it while the B.&M. tracks were being pushed diagonally across northern Wyoming. Newcastle in November; then Merino (later to be named Upton), and Moorcroft, reaching Gillette in August, 1891.

During this time young Nelson worked with several different commissary crews: on the coal spur running up the canyon from Newcastle to Cambria; on the branch line to the gold mining towns of Custer, Hill City, Deadwood; then back on the main line again in time to see the first train chug slowly into Gillette on August 10th, 1891. Then he was a man of sixteen.

Sprawling, brawling little frontier towns shaped up behind the construction crews. Tents disappeared, replaced by hastily built lumber and tar paper shacks, false fronted stores, saloons, gambling houses; also, of course, those other places of entertainment, now daintily referred to as *"Dance Halls"* by Hollywood's scripters. Dick Nelson and this writer remember them by another, more ribald, designation.

Now in his mid-eighties, Nelson can recall many incidents—some amusing, some sad, some downright tragic—which he witnessed on the drab, dusty streets of those rip-snorting little towns in the early nineties.

Railroaders generally—both builders and operating men—live pretty much in a world apart; a narrow world, but a long one;

bounded on the right and on the left by the right-of-way fence; its length, the mileage between the operating terminals. At any rate, that was the situation during my own railroading days half-a-century ago.

Big things were going on while the B.&M. lines were being pushed toward the valley of the Powder, but it's doubtful if many of the workers were aware of the events. They had a railroad to build.

It's a safe bet that, in the fall of 1889, not a one of the work train crew or the construction terriers and mule skinners pushing the new line across Stockade Beaver toward the mouth of Cambria Canyon, had ever herd of a Nevada Paiute Indian called Wovoka. Yet, even then, rumors about this Indian Messiah who had visions were seeping into the Sioux reservation at Pine Ridge, only sixty miles away from the new railroad line. Within a year Wovoka's religion with its Ghost Dances and its allegedly bulletproof Ghost Shirts, would lead directly to the killing of old Sitting Bull two hundred miles east of the newly surveyed line, and to the Wounded Knee massacre only a short sixty miles from the new B.& M. line into the Black Hills.

In little towns and on lonely ranches and homesteads to the east of the construction camps, frightened whites were hurriedly building stockades and blockhouses for the protection of their families. The mayor of Newcastle was frantically wiring the state capital at Cheyenne for a big supply of guns and ammunition.

But the railroad builders, in their own little strip of isolated world, went right ahead with their work. Mule skinners, yelling at reluctant animals, split the air with picturesque invective and creased thick tough mule hides with the business end of black-snake whips. Sweaty men with bulging biceps lugged heavy wooden ties, laid them on the prepared grade; rails in pairs slid from the car and spikes were driven into the wood with the ringing rhythm of steel against steel. A beautiful symphony, if you were a railroad builder.

And these men *were* railroad builders. They had a job to do. *They were on their way to the Powder!* Yes, and *beyond* the Powder; on their way to more coal; and to a coastal connection in the valley of the Yellowstone, where the B. & M. would tie in with the Northern Pacific at Billings.

And even if these railroad builders had heard anything about Indian troubles at the Standing Rock reservation, and at Pine Ridge, and along Wounded Knee Creek—and they probably didn't until long after everything had quieted down—they still wouldn't have been excited. Indians had never stopped railroad builders when there was a job to be done.

There was family life at the scattered grading camps operated by the subcontractors. One old picture shows six women and eight children lined up for the photographer among the teams and

Pushing The Rails Toward The Powder

A grading camp of the construction contractors, Kilpatrick Brothers & Collins, building the first railroad into the northern half of Wyoming. Then known as the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad it would later become a part of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy mainline, cutting across the Powder River valley and on to Billings, Montana. The photographer must have prepared the families in advance. Note the ladies and children appear to be decked out in their Sunday best. Even some of the men are wearing white shirts. *—Photo taken about 1889, Courtesy of Dick J. Nelson*

scrapers and plows. In the background one can see a covered emigrant wagon which served as a home for one of the families. Other tents and wagons are located out of the range of the camera.

The food, furnished by the K.B.& C. subcontractors, was somewhat better than standard frontier fare. Antelope steaks and roasts broke the monotony of smoked bacon, and on rare occasions fresh beef was available when some enterprising homesteader killed a steer and hauled it in to the commissary.

As the line pushed westward, beef became available more frequently. More people seemed to be learning about the beef-hungry railroad builders, and the demand began to produce its supply. An industry—not altogether new in Cow Country—began to flourish.

In the hidden valleys and box canyons of the Big Horns, cattle were being slaughtered with very little regard for the formalities of legal ownership. Branded hides were ripped off and buried far from the prying eyes of Stock Association detectives, the carcasses cut up and hauled to the construction camps and sold

for cash money to the not too inquisitive commissary buyers. The railroad builders had opened up a market—a very lucrative and tempting market—for the cattle rustlers, big and little. So the industry boomed, and blood pressures around the headquarters of the Wyoming Stockgrowers' Association and the swanky Cheyenne Club began to rise toward the apoplectic point.

It would be oversimplification, if not a downright misstatement, to say that the building of the B.& M. through the Powder River country brought on the notorious Johnson County Cattle War. It may have hastened that fiasco, but it probably would have happened eventually anyhow. But certainly the well known fact that the railroad builders were consuming a lot of rustler-slaughtered beef didn't have exactly a soothing effect on the belligerent cattle barons down at the Cheyenne Club.

Something had to be done, so they proceeded to plan and organize the ill-fated invasion of Johnson County. And about the only good—if it *was* good—to come out of that comic-opera conflict, was that it furnished to yet unborn generations of authors and script writers the source of material and plot germs for thousands of paper-backed Western novels, uncounted movie and television scripts, and gave lucrative employment to whole regiments of Hollywood cowpokes. Some future statistician, with a battery of Univac machines, may be able to compute the carloads of pulp paper consumed and the miles of movie film used up, all directly chargeable to that Johnson County unpleasantness.

Young Dick Nelson, embryo railroad operating man, not yet turned seventeen, was at or around Gillette while the preparations were being made for the Johnson County invasion. He must have heard rumors of the coming troubles, but they probably made little impression on his mind. These things were not connected with railroading, and his attention was focused on railroading.

He saw the rails pushing on westward from Gillette through the rolling hills toward the Powder. He saw the trains coming into Gillette from the east, unloading their passengers and express and mail and heavier freight; saw the long lines of empty stock cars being dragged in from the east and shunted to the mile long sidetrack which served the loading pens; saw the range cattle—thousands of heads of them—prodded into the cars and started off on their last journey toward the packing plants in Chicago. He saw these things. And everything he saw thrilled him.

He also saw bunches of cow hands, fresh in from the Powder and its tributaries; from the Tongue, the Rosebud, the Belle Fourche; sometimes even from the distant Yellowstone, whenever an enterprising B.& M. traffic solicitor could outsmart or outbid his Northern Pacific competitor. He saw these men from the ranges moving around the little town, from barber shop to saloon, to gambling house, to "dance hall"; saw them drink and gamble and dance. Sometimes he saw them die.

The fall months of 1891 were busy ones for the railroaders and for the business men—and women—in and around the new town. They were also busy months for the hard driving construction gangs pushing the steel toward the Big Horns and on toward the eager little village of Sheridan with its three hundred residents and its nearby coal fields.

Down Newcastle way, Dad Nelson was taking an active and ever increasing interest in the affairs of the thriving young town: town and county politics, lodge work, community service work of all kinds. He was also looking hopefully to the time when this growing son of his would give up this silly business of railroading and come back home where he belonged. There was money to be made in ranching; railroading was only a job.

Finally, in May, 1892, when the construction crews were getting into high gear for their big spring push toward the Powder River crossing, Dad Nelson was able to persuade the lad to come back to the ranch on Oil Creek and look after his little, but growing, herd of cattle.

The boy came home; obediently, but by no means happily.

There was ranch work to be done; some, but not nearly enough to hold the interest of a boy who'd been stung by the railroading bug and infected with a virus for which no cure had ever been discovered.

The distant rumble of B.& M. trains; the sound of a far-off locomotive whistle in the night, like the wail of a lonesome coyote; black clouds of coal smoke belching from the stack of a laboring freight engine, then floating lazily out behind a string of cars inching up the long grade from the east. All these things kept calling him, bringing back a thousand memories, a thousand wonderful dreams; a thousand vague hopes, and longings, and ambitions.

He stayed at home for three years, working on the little ranch when there was work to be done, never missing an opportunity to try and convince Dad Nelson that a railroader's life was the life for his son.

During slack periods on the ranch he got various odd jobs working for the merchants in town. He was a good worker, they liked him, and someone could always use him. And he enjoyed working in town because that brought him closer to the railroad, and to railroaders. Many trainmen and enginemen lived in Newcastle. Dick liked being with them and talking to them.

He liked the sounds, the smells, the hustle and bustle and excitement of a railroad town.

For three whole years he worked persistently on every railroad man he could corner, from Ellis R. Maris, the station agent on up, and down, letting them know that he would be ready for a job as brakeman on the B.& M. just as soon as they would take him. In May, 1895, he got his interview with Harry C. Nutt, Jr., the

assistant division superintendent and was told to report at Mr. Nutt's office in Sheridan on June 1st. Dad Nelson sighed and gave up, but still maintained that the boy was making a mistake.

Let Dick tell us in his own words about his interview with Mr. Nutt's clerk in Sheridan:

> "He gave me a book of rules and a timetable. No physical examination. No nothing. All he said was 'Go get a place to room and board. If I'm not here let the dispatcher know where the call boy can find you. You'll probably get out before morning. Get your lantern out of your crew's way car!'. Oh, yes—he gave me a switch key, No.G-520. After 64 years, I still have it."

He was called for his first run, leaving about 2:00 a.m.; an "Extra" freight train going east, with Conductor Jim Considine in charge. He found his way in the dark to his "way-car"—caboose, to most of us—got his lantern and was told to hike over to the roundhouse and get the two engines that would pull the train out of town.

Dick Nelson tells us about that initial assignment as a B.& M. brakeman: "I went to the roundhouse to get the two engines, K-291 and A-23. Had to couple them together with long pilot bar; pin in cathead; link and pin in tank to couple on to train. No one to help or show me how, but I made it—in the dark—with an old smokey coal oil burning lantern."

They pulled out of the Sheridan yards with orders to take the siding at Arno where they would meet a westbound freight train. Arno was the first siding east of Sheridan.

Jim Considine rode the engine. When they stopped at the west switch at Arno, Considine and his engineer saw cars standing on the siding. Considine's train would have to pull on past the siding and back in from the east end. This called for a job of flagging to protect against a head-on collision with the westbound train.

Considine called on his new, green brakeman. "Charley," he said. (Jim Considine always called everyone by that easily remembered name. He was calling this writer by that name a dozen years later.) "Charley, you take these torpedoes, and this red lantern and go out there and flag that train! Stop 'em! Stop 'em—and tell them we're going to pull down past that east switch and back in."

Dick was on his way—on the double.

A hundred yards down the track Jim Considine's bull-like roar stopped the speeding boy.

"CHARLIE ! — Do you understand? — YOU'RE TO FLAG THAT TRAIN — STOP 'EM — TELL 'EM WE'RE PULLING DOWN — AND BACKING IN !"

"Yes, SIR!" Nelson's voice was sharp and clear. He was on his way again.

Twice more, as the boy hurried down the track, Considine's

stentorian voice repeated the instructions. "Charley" kept going, met the opposing train about a mile east of the east switch, flagged them down.

This incident made a lasting impression on the mind of the young brakeman. It's still etched there, sharp and clear after sixty-four years. He would never forget the lesson in safe train operation given to him by Jim Considine that night.

Now, at twenty, Dick Nelson was a railroad trainman—a brakeman—an Iron Horse Wrangler. It was a rugged job in a rugged land; an especially rugged job for a freight brakeman during the winter months. And there are a lot of winter months in that stretch of Powder River country between Sheridan and Gillette.

Again, let's have Dick tell us about a freight brakeman's work in 1895:

"There were only a few air brakes on freight cars; ninety-five per cent were the old link-and-pin couplers, non-air, single connected hand-brakes. We had to ride out on top when the train was moving. Trainmen did the braking—not the engineers. The engineer had nothing to do with it except to apply the straight air brakes direct to the engine drivers, or to reverse the 'Johnson bar'; and he didn't like to do that because it sometimes knocked out the cylinder packing, then he'd have to repack. Now, on some of the television shows I've seen some great acts of balancing and juggling. But they couldn't compare with some of the things I've seen—and done—on top of a string of moving box cars. That took nerve, co-ordination, timing, and a perfect sense of balance, to go over the top of a freight train—winter or summer—hitting curves at 60 miles an hour at times. No extension running boards. Long spaces between the cars because of the 14-inch link and the slack in the non-spring drawbars. Rain, snow, sleet, ice all over the roofs and on brake wheels and handholds. Bundled up to keep from freezing in temperatures sometimes as low as 45 below zero, with winds that'd knock your whiskers off! But we did it—it had to be done. We had to work with what we had available. We knew no other way."

Fiction writers have created that great mythical folk-hero, the hard-riding, straight-shooting, hell-for-leather cowpoke. They've gotten their greatest inspiration from the Powder River country. Owen Wister, with his *The Virginian,* was the first of the scribblers to discover the gold in "them thar hills". Thus the Powder became the Great Mother Lode country for those later writers who carefully followed Wister's trail. Some of them have done right well, too. Others have come in with some rather preposterous portrayals. Many of them couldn't even find the Powder River country on a Rand-McNally map. And all of them seem to have completely missed the potentially dramatic possibilities inherent in early day railroading, a vocation infinitely more hazardous than

bustin' broncs, or branding mavericks over in the Hole-in-the-Wall country.

Let's have Dick Nelson tell us about coupling two freight cars together, one of them in motion; cars equipped with the ancient link-and-pin coupling devices:

"Step over one rail onto the track where there's no ballast between the ties. Maybe a foot of snow, so you can't see what's underneath. Judge the speed of the moving car coming toward you. Lift the link so it will enter the pocket of the draw bar. Get hands and fingers out of the way—you may need 'em again sometime. Damage to the equipment will result if the link goes over, or under, the pocket. Then you'll have to go back to the way-car, loop a bull-chain around your neck, come back, get that cripled car out of the train and onto a side track. Then get ready to catch hell from the boss because you've been so clumsy. If you'd really been clumsy and slipped under the wheels of a moving car, you'd wind up dead, or crippled for life."

There were other things too. Other hazards, unexpected emergencies to cope with. And the railroader of the nineties didn't have our mid-twentieth century tools. He had to do the job with the tools at hand.

There were blizzards and deep cuts choked with snowdrifts sometimes twenty, thirty, forty feet deep. There were floods, washouts, burned bridges, wrecks, derailments. Anything can happen on a railroad, and it often does.

"I've been stuck in so many snowdrifts," Dick Nelson tells us, "that I can't remember the half of them. Once I was on a passenger train that was stuck in the snow for forty hours. In 1923 when I was assistant superintendent on the Casper Division we had a flood break in the Casper-Billings line from the middle of July until after the first of November. That time I didn't get to my home or to my office for nine straight weeks."

Four years after that night when Dick went out on his first run with Jim Considine his name went on the Extra Board as a freight conductor. Eight years later, resplendent in his brand new blue uniform with shiny brass buttons and gold braid, he took out his first run as a Burlington passenger conductor. When Dad Nelson saw his handsome 32-year-old son bedecked as a uniformed passenger train conductor he laid aside his objections to his son's chosen career. Two years later, when the young man became a Burlington official and was given the title of Trainmaster, Dad Nelson really strutted.

"Son," the old gentleman said, "you're doing all right. I'm proud of you!"

It's a right smart piece from the Extra Board as a freight conductor to the important official job of Trainmaster, boss of all the trainmen on the Division, especially when a man makes it in a little over ten years.

During that short ten years there were men in the higher echelon of Burlington officialdom who had eyes on this young fellow. They gave him jobs to do; extra jobs, unusual jobs, clear outside the general run of work usually assigned to freight and passenger conductors. Jobs like running the big Minturn Ballast Pits, or supervising the construction of the new Burlington lines into the Big Horn Basin. For a time he was Joint Agent and General Yardmaster at Sheridan. Then he was placed on a committee to revise the rules of the Operating Department, and was used as a special instructor on rules, safety, and damage. They were educating him and getting him ready for still greater responsibilities.

While still working as a freight brakeman in the summer of 1898 he met a charming young lady, Miss Mae Murrin, whose father had come to the Territory of Wyoming with the troops guarding the construction crews who were building the Union Pacific railroad in 1867. Dick and Mae were married two years later, spent a ten day honeymoon at Sylvan Lake in the Black Hills, then went on to Sheridan and set up housekeeping. Two children, three grandchildren, eight great-grandchildren, came from this happy union.

World War I found the nation in need of skilled railroad operating men. Trainmaster Nelson from the Powder River country volunteered for officer training and was commissioned a First Lieutenant in the 118th Engineers Railroad Regiment. The outfit had its overseas orders when the Armistice ended the conflict, November 11, 1918. Dick now says that the Kaiser heard he was coming and threw in the towel.

Back on the rails again, the Burlington's top brass gave him another promotion, putting him in charge of the Casper Division as Assistant Superintendent.

Fifteen years later, on June 1, 1934, he was made Superintendent of the Sheridan Division. Once more he was back in the Powder River country; back where he'd gone out on his first freight run as a rookie brakeman for old Jim Considine thirty-nine years before.

Now a railroad Division Superintendent is a big man on anybody's railroad. He's a reigning monarch, almost an absolute monarch. Dick Nelson, with nearly forty years of railroad operating experience behind him, ran this kingdom of his as it should have been run.

November 1, 1939, the Burlington retired the old Iron Horse Wrangler. His sixty-fifth birthday—marking the arbitrary retirement age—was coming up; but looking at him today, no one would guess him to be sixty-five, even now.

Dick and Mae moved out to San Diego, bought a little home, and settled back to enjoy a life of ease in the California sunshine.

If he had followed the usual pattern of retirement inactivity

after a lifetime of hard work, his name would now be decorating a marble headstone in some obscure cemetery. But he didn't do that; he kept himself busy—just as busy as when he was the Burlington's Division Superintendent up in the Powder River country a quarter of a century ago.

Two years after his arrival in San Diego, America was drawn into World War II. Dick Nelson, 67 years old, went to work in a war plant and he worked there until the war ended. Then he began assembling material for some historical writing he had long wanted to do.

In 1951 he published his first book—an interesting collection of historical incidents which had taken place in the three northeastern counties of his Wonderful Wyoming—*Only a Cow Country.* And in 1957, when he was eighty-two years young, he published another book, *The Big Horn Basin,* covering the history of that interesting part of Wyoming.

In gathering the material for these two volumes, Nelson had the cooperation of his beloved Burlington Lines, and when the time came for a sales promotion trip, President Harry C. Murphy of the Burlington put a private car at his disposal, completely stocked and with a full private car crew. He picked this car up at Denver and toured the northern Wyoming lines of the Burlington in style, meeting and entertaining his old friends and making new ones in Newcastle, Gillette, Sheridan; journeying once more over the tracks he knew so well, and gathering still more material for future use.

He'll always keep busy, this son of the great American West. He'll always be an Ambassador of Goodwill for all of Wyoming, but especially for the Powder River country where he learned his trade as an *Iron Horse Wrangler.*

To Take a Scalp

By

Everett L. Ellis

It happened many times. Usually against a background of desolation and sage brush an Indian stood over his slain enemy. He grabbed the scalp and with two quick circular thrusts his knife loosened the skin. With his feet against the dead man's shoulder, he pulled until the scalp came loose with a characteristic flop. It was the act of a savage and many of the Indians of North America were guilty of such a universally condemned custom.

Little has really been said and much has been misunderstood about scalping. It is usually the Plains Indians of America that one associates with scalping. However, the custom was not unknown to the Old World where it was practiced by the Scythians. The custom of scalping was originally involved with decapitation or the severing of other parts of the body, the parts being considered as war trophies. The shrinking of heads by the Jivaro Indians of Ecquador was an example of this. The taking of the scalp rather than the head was probably a practical approach to the matter. The scalp was much lighter and easier to decorate. In America the custom was originally confined to a limited area of the eastern United States and the lower St. Lawrence region. It was actually unknown in the Plains area until comparatively recent times. Scalping was rare in Central and South America and was not practiced to any extent in the Canadian Northwest nor along the whole Pacific Coast.

It was the bounty system beginning with our colonial and the more recent governments that actually stimulated the spread of scalping. If you had a good day in 1724 and came staggering home with an Indian scalp, the colony of Massachusetts gave you one hundred pounds of sterling. This was the equivalent of five hundred dollars. In 1755 the same government gave you forty pounds of sterling for a male Indian scalp over twelve years of age and twenty pounds of sterling for a female or child scalp.

The Plains Indian was probably studied or observed first hand to a greater extent than other Indian groups. Those who spent considerable time in the West differed in their opinion as to why the Indian scalped his enemy. Francis Parkman thought it represented a barbarian who had or needed little meaning or reason for his actions. George Catlin, the early painter of the Plains Indian, felt that the Indian had definite reasons which motivated his actions. Catlin said the Indian, like anyone else, had to

establish his position in society and that he used the scalp as one of the records or certificates of achievement. It stood for bravery and its value lay in its ability to impress his fellow warrior. At any rate, scalping was handed down as a regulation or part of the Indian's society which was never questioned.

Some thought that the number of scalps obtained greatly aided the aspiring young warrior to boost his standing in the community. Most everyone agreed it helped, but that there were other "coups" or acts of bravery. Catlin in describing his paintings of scalp poles implied there was a typical "keeping up with the Joneses" approach. It was the chief who put up his scalp pole first and immediately the other warriors were expected to do the same. Everyone looked at the scalp poles and counted the number of scalps his comrades had swinging in the breeze. A quick glance would tell you what your standing in the community was for that week or month. "Family connections" mean't nothing as inheritance was taboo. You got a chieftaincy via your own personal achievements. As a matter of fact, you didn't even inherit the family name. So the scalp, along with a stolen rifle or a stolen horse, were concrete evidence of bravery and superiority over the enemy.

The scalp was removed under various conditions. Some tribes held that the scalp must be from an enemy or it would bring disgrace to the warrior. But, again, there were times when the enemy might include anyone. This was illustrated during the Revolutionary War when the enemy could be either a "red or blue coated" scalp. It depended on whether the source of reimbursement was the United States or Britain. For many tribes scalping was not an act or method of killing. Unknowingly or accidently the Indian might take a scalp from an unconscious victim that had been mistaken for dead. There had been numerous living evidences of such happenings.

It is usually thought that scalping was a monopoly of the Indian, but white men were also guilty. The Mountain men of the 1830's in their lonely, dangerous trek for beaver skins had reverted to savagery and they took their share of scalps.

The method of taking the scalp was swift and bloody. The one-fourth inch thick scalp lies snugly over the bony skull and the only vital structures encountered are the abundant blood vessels in the scalp itself. One could readily bleed to death from such a blood loss, but at the same time a good bit of pressure applied to the area would stop the hemorrhage. There were such cases of survival and the only permanent damage was a cosmetic one. The brain is so well protected by its bony skull enclosure that scalping itself created no damage unless the head was struck by a heavy object to the extent that the skull would be fractured or the victim suffer from concussion.

The amount of scalp removed measured about the size of the

palm of the hand or slightly larger. If the battle had subsided and the warrior had quickly ascertained that his own scalp was not in jeopardy, he would take additional hair. Any extra patches of hair mean't that much more for scalp locks or other decorative purposes. The scalp had to contain the crown to be acceptable. That was the part from which the hair radiates from a central point.

It was of no consolation that the scalping was usually performed by a tool of civilized manufacture. The most widely used weapon was an ordinary cheap butcher knife. If one looked closely at the blade he would often see the initials G R. This stood for George Rex, an old stamp of British authencity, and it was suppose to convince the Indian that he was getting the standard item. (It didn't take the trappers very long to change the meaning of the letters to Green River.) The British knife was single-bladed and heavy and, as such, it was much more used and liked than the lighter, double-bladed American knife. The heavy knife often had a blade whose back side was one-half inch thick. Sitting Bulls' museum piece is an example of this. If the Indian got his knife in 1832 he probably traded his sixty dollar horse to obtain the two dollar item.

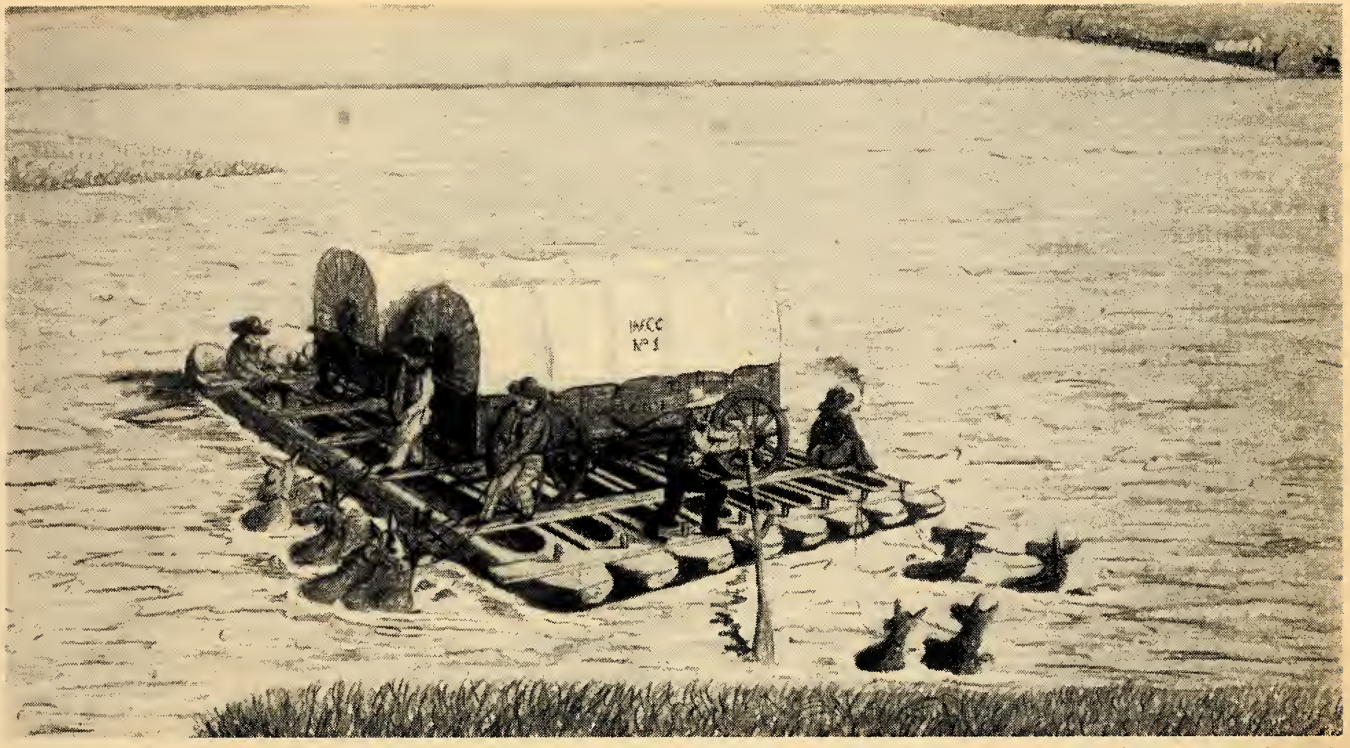
The battle over, the war booty was brought home. The scalp was dried and it was then curiously ornamented and displayed as a trophy in many forms. The most common way of keeping a scalp was to stretch it on a small hoop and attach it to a long stick about two feet long. This was the form generally used in the scalp dance. Other smaller scalps or patches of hair were attached to different parts of clothing as in the form of fringes on the sleeves of garments. Still other trophies were suspended from the bridles of their horse and used in parades. The skin side of the scalp was often painted entirely red or one half red and one half black. The other hairy side was usually braided. Some scalps were suspended from a pole over the wigwam. This was the often-described "scalp-pole". The paintings of George Catlin in the National Museum at Washington, D.C., accurately portray the various scalp preparations.

A war party of great daring would come home bearing fresh scalps. It was a triumphant return which called for a celebration —a scalp dance. Scalps both old and new were used. The women brought forth all the tribe's old scalps. It was in the scalp dance alone that women did lead a tribal ritual or don warrior's apparel. Lewis Garrad in his book "Wah-To-Yah" gives us one of the most authentic versions of the scalp dance. He had been invited by the chiefs of the Cheyenne tribe to join and watch the dance. On this particular occasion the scalps were from the Pawnee. He joined the chiefs as they sat down by a huge pile of fired dry logs. The dance was usually held at night and light was furnished by the large fire. The faces of the girls were either

brilliant with vermillion or dark with a blackening soil mixture. The dress was covered with beads and porcupine quillwork. Their arms and fingers were covered with brass bracelets or rings. Shells of various kinds dangled from their ears. There were approximately two hundred women and two hundred and fifty men who joined together to form a huge circle and then moved around in a shuffling step. Inside this circle, and marching in a contrary direction, were twenty-five drummers and musicians. Surrounding this group were many hundreds of onlookers. There was the thud of the drums and the singing of the dancers. It started slowly, but the pace accelerated as the scalps of the slain were borne aloft. The scalps were shaken wildly for all to see—as battle pennants atop their tall poles. This affair often lasted for two or more days.

Having served their ceremonial purpose, the scalps were disposed of in different ways. In most cases, the scalp was treated with great respect while in use. Some tribes regarded the scalps with fear and had to purify them and pray over them to keep them harmless. Such was the case of the Papagos and Pina Indians of Arizona. It was this tribe which permitted only designated priest-like men to take the scalps. Often times the scalps were buried after a series of public exhibitions. The burial was accompanied by the mournful songs which were howled or sung for the benefit of the victims. Some tribes placed the scalps on buffalo chips and left them on the battleground as a sacrifice to the sun god. The Dakota tribe destroyed theirs after one year of use in order to release the enemy spirits from their earthly ties. Some scalps continued to adorn the warrior's clothing or his horse. Others were used in sacred medicine bundles.

The Indian and his scalping have long disappeared from the American scene and yet no one really knows just how much conscience these warriors actually harbored. This so-called stoic Indian certainly had a superstitious dread of the spirits of his slain enemies. Many have remarked about the noble eyes of the Indian which belied his savagery.



Courtesy The Huntington Library, San Marino, California HM 8044 (50)

Bruff Drawing: Ferriage of the Platte above the mouth of Deer Creek, July 20, 1849

The Ferries of the Forty-Niners

By

DALE L. MORGAN

PART II.

In Part I of this account of travelers by the South Pass route who in 1849 were faced with the problem of getting themselves, their animals, their wagons, and their belongings across the deep and rapid mountain rivers, attention was directed to the ferries across the Laramie River and the North Fork of the Platte in the vicinity of Fort Laramie, and to the Mormon Ferry at the so-called upper crossing of the North Platte east of present Casper. We shall now take up the experiences of those who crossed the North Platte at various places along the 25-mile stretch of river below the Mormon Ferry. First, however, let us amplify the ferry record with quotations from diaries that have fortunately become available for this study since Part I went to press.

Until now the record had indicated that the first-comers along the trail north of the Platte from Council Bluffs arrived opposite Fort Laramie on June 12, 1849. This date is evidently about a week too late, for P. C. Tiffany, who encamped on Horse Creek June 4, "saw to day for the first time a train of about 16 waggons on the other side of the river from Council Bluffs." Two days later, after Tiffany crossed the Laramie, he noted in his diary: "Just as we arrived here three of the men belonging to the train on the other side of the river attempted to swim the platte for the purpose of geting a boat to ferry their teams across Two of them only reached this side of the river, the other drowned the current was to strong for them to stand, they were carried a long way down the stream and the two that succeeded in reaching the shore was nearly exausted when they reached it."[1] This drowning may be the one referred to on June 15 by Isaac Foster, who said that the train ahead had crossed on the 12th. It is possible that Foster was mistaken in the date, or that his train of the 12th was not identical with Tiffany's of the 6th, or that the train mentioned by Tiffany had an extraordinarily hard time crossing the North Platte at Fort Laramie, requiring the better part of a week for the feat. We shall have to wait upon some further enlargement of the record.

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1. MS. diary in Yale University Library.

It is also to be added, concerning this ferry at Fort Laramie, that the diary of Philip Badman supplements the letter of John Kip previously quoted. Badman wrote on June 25: "we . . . crost over the Ferry by paying 1 1/2 Dollars & doing it ourselves this is the way to do business. . . . we all got over Safe."[2]

The expanded record for the Mormon Ferry on the upper North Platte, which we noted to have been located at a point 3 1/2 miles east of modern Casper, adds welcome details. G. S. Isham, on reaching "the Ferry of the North Platt River" on June 9, 12 days after the first Forty-niners arrived at that point, termed the stream "a deep rapid river, difficult to make your cattle swim it—wagons taken over on boats or floats built on three small canoes." His party remained until June 11, finally crossing at 6 P. M. that day.[3] Thus Isham was at the Mormon Ferry during the same time as Decker, Boyle, Boggs, Hixson, Pritchard, Pease, and others whose experiences have been chronicled.

Another who came along at this time was Tiffany, whose record gratifyingly extends over June 14-15, days for which no diaries were previously available. On arriving at the ferry at 10 A. M. on June 12, Tiffany "found about 120 teams on the ground before us waiting their turn to go on." Next day he recorded, "The wind has been unfavorable to day and only about 40 waggons have crossed." On June 14: "The teams come in faster than they get over—The ferry is kept by some Mormans who came here from the Salt Lake this spring. The head man is Charles Shumway. They keep a Blacksmith shop for the purpose of repairing waggons &c & shoeing oxen Horses & mules in connection with the Ferry—

"They are trading for & have got collected quantities of provisions, cattle, waggons, Horses mules cows guns &c in fine they buy any thing that they can trade to advantage They charge 3 00 for crossing every waggon for shoing an ox $4 00

"E. Briant [Edwin Bryant] Esq. with a train of a 150 packed mules arived here to day. There is a temporary Ferry below this 4 miles, which we learn is crossing teams quite fast We learn that their boat capsised to day & drowned three young men from Brown Co. Missouri there was also one drowned at the ferry on Sunday last [June 10] from the state [James Brown, of Howard County, Missouri]. . . . Our cattle were brought in and swum across the river some of our men went over and herded them."

On June 15 Tiffany wrote briefly, "There being but six waggons to cross before us, by the time our breakfast was out of the way,

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2. *Ibid.*

3. *G. S. Isham's Guide to California and the Mines and Return by the Isthmus with a General Description of the Country* (New York, 1850), pp. 11-12.

our turn came and in three hours time our whole train was on the north shore of platt—"[4]

A parallel record is that of Charles L'Hommedieu Long, who about 11 A. M. on June 13 "reached the Upper Ferry, or Crossing of the Platte, and found that that [sic.] there were about 250 wagons encamped near here waiting their turn to be ferried over. The Ferry boat consist of a couple of dug-outs, fastened together, and puncheons laid across, just large enough to hold one wagon, and they are able to Ferry about 75 wagons a day if the wind is favorable, if it is not they can not ferry more than 40 or 50. We found that we would have to lay here a couple of days, so we seized upon the opportunity to wash, and cook."

Next day he wrote, "We lay at the Ferry, making repair to our wagons, having our horses shod &c. &c. Nothing of importance happened except that there were 4 men drowned while attempting to swim their stock. Bryants Packs came in to-day." And on June 15, "We packed up and rolled our wagons up to the Ferry, ready to take our turn, which came about noon, by 4 o'clock our wagons were all across, and our stock swam over. . . ."[5]

By this time ferries established below the Mormon Ferry were in full operation, but the original facility was still attracting all the business it could handle. An example was Edward J. Willis, whose company came down out of the Black Hills to the valley of the North Platte about 2 P. M. on June 21: "Passed several crossings—reached the Deer Creek about 4 o'clock—many crossing here. 6 men drowned yesterday. Came 5 miles from Deer Creek. . . ." On June 22 Willis "nooned where Hedgepeth [B. M. Hudspeth] was Crossing. Came on to Mormon Crossing. 20 miles from Camp [of previous day]. . . . Made arrangement to cross tomorrow. Blacksmith shop at this place No grass within two miles. Mules herded out among hills. Dry weather for a week or ten days.

"Saturday June 23d . . . Remained in Camp until 12 o clock waiting to be ferried across the river. Waggons rolled to wharf—Mules driven across—I went over on guard and assisted in Cairy [herding] Mules one & half miles out to grass—Waggons all over by dark."[6]

Joseph Hamelin, who came along 10 days later, was at the Mormon Ferry during the same time as Lyman Mitchell, Major Osborne Cross, and the main force of the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen, bound for Fort Hall and Oregon. On July 3 he noted in his diary, "Left camp early and made Mormon ferry on N. fork of Platte. Here will probably remain several days as the large

4. MS. diary in Yale University Library.
5. *Ibid.*
6. *Ibid.*

train of Government are engaged in crossing. . . ." It was not until July 6 that he could write: "Commenced crossing the river at sunrise & about 5 P. M. had everything over. The ferry here is conducted by a body of Mormons, who, by means of a plat form placed upon canoes are making more gold in a day than they could do [in the mines?] in a week. Their charge to us was 4$ per wagon. They can still remain here 6 weeks & have ample time to reach their destination, city of the Salt Lake."[7]

The Mormon ferrymen found it circumspect to man their ferry only 10 days or so after Hamelin passed by, and latecomers crossed at Deer Creek, present Glenrock, Wyoming.

THE LOWER FERRIES OF THE UPPER NORTH PLATTE

We now turn back to the situation that arose when, in the second week of June, 1849, the overland emigration began to pile up behind the bottleneck of the Mormon Ferry. The record opens with a resoundingly controversial episode which we approach through a letter written by John B. Haslip from Great Salt Lake City on July 8:

"A company built a boat on the platte, and about the time they crossed, Mr. Armstrong, of Monroe, and another company, offered Capt. Finley, the owner of the boat, $250 [i.e., $50?] for the boat. Capt. Finley told them that himself and company had crossed, and all others might go to hell, and then cut the boat in pieces before their eyes. This Captain Finley is from Illinois, and the wretch should be published in every newspaper in the U. States. A company from Pennsylvania, the Monroe company, and our company, built a boat and after our companies crossed we handed it over to the next train that arrived. This Capt. Finley is well known on the road from the Platte to California, and will be pointed out to every company and hissed at."[8]

The hero, if not the villain, of this episode was William Findley, who had journeyed overland to Oregon in 1845 and returned two years later;[9] he headed a company made up chiefly of men from Henderson and Mercer counties, Illinois. His defense appears in a letter of August 16, 1849, written after reaching California:

"On our arrival at the north fork of the Platt I found it necessary to ferry the stream; and as the Ferry established at that point was

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7. *Ibid.*

8. Palmyra, *Missouri Whig*, October 4, 1849, reprinted in Dale L. Morgan, "Letters by Forty-niners written from Great Salt Lake City in 1849," *Western Humanities Review*, vol. 3, April, 1849, p. 101.

9. Findley's MS. diary of his journey to Oregon, in the Yale University Library, includes a record of his return journey in 1847 as far as the Bear River Valley. He was afterwards encountered by the westbound Mormon Pioneers at Fort Bridger.

already thronged with teams, many of which had been in waiting several days to cross, we proceeded at once to build boats, as being the most expeditious mode of placing ourselves on the opposite shore. So well did we succeed in this movement, that we effected the whole project in about one day's time. Here an incident occurred which I ought not to pass over without noting. In swimming our cattle across the stream, two of my men, Milton Ritchey and James Westerfield came near being drowned. They were engaged on horseback in urging the cattle across the stream, but the current was so rapid and powerful, that the horses were unable to swim with the riders on them; and being swept down and plunged beneath it several times, they left their horses and attempted to make the shore by swimming, but they were still less able to effect the landing than before. Being chilled and exhausted by incessant struggling one of them had lost all consciousness as well as action, when Capt. Haines, who commanded a company from Ohio, at the peril of his life, plunged into the stream and succeeded in rescuing him. Such a noble act should be recorded in a more durable form than it can be upon this sheet. The other of which was carried by the current upon a bar in the stream and was saved.

"After our crossing was effected, seeing that there were several hundred wagons in the vicinity, the teams of which, or the most of them, having been recruiting for several days, and knowing that the owners were ready to seize the opportunity to cross with our boats, should we leave them behind, and by that means get in advance of us with their fresh teams, and thus consume the grass from our already exhausted cattle, which I knew to be very scarce in places. I ordered the boats to be destroyed; which was accordingly done. I felt myself dictated to this course by a proper regard for self-protection. I have thus mentioned this incident as I understand some have denounced and condemned that act. . . ."[10]

The ethics of Findley's act may be debated now as then. A minister, H. J. Brace, who traveled in Findley's company, wrote to Findley's father on September 23:

"We traveled very pleasantly, 21 wagons in company, until we reached the North Platt river, which had to be ferried. Three men were sent a day in advance of the train to the ferry, kept by the Mormons, to ascertain when we could cross. Daniel Blackburn met us within 4 miles of the ferry, and said we could not cross under three days. We made no delay, but followed our Captain to the river bank, commenced making a boat, and by the next night we had nearly every thing over. The boats, after those that assist ed us were over, were destroyed. This circumstance, has been the cause of a good deal of bitter feeling, and much malicious threaten-

10. *Oquawka,* Illinois, *Spectator,* October 31, 1849.

ing by the emigrants in the rear. Reports have been freely circulated, that Col. Findley had not only cut up his boats, but poisoned the grass—burnt up the grass along the road, etc., etc. Some have threatened to have his acts published in the States, and one or two as they came up have undertaken to abuse him. All this, however, I know is without a shadow of a foundation, except the cutting of the boats. I thought then that though there was no injustice in the act, there was another principle on which I should have acted, and left the boats for those behind. But I soon saw the necessity of doing as we did. I could not see things as the Col. saw them. I knew not the danger we were in at that point, but he knew all about it; he felt his responsibility as a man of honor should do. Near 60 men had entrusted their lives and property, as it were, in his hands; he knew the perils of the journey from such a vast emigration. The only chance for success was to use all means possible without infringing upon others' rights to push ahead. By building the boats, we gave them our place at the ferry, which would have taken one whole day to have crossed the same waggons. There was a regular ferry kept, and there was plenty of timber for more boats, and no injustice was done to any man, and I am free to say, to day, that were I in the same position, knowing what I now know I should do the same.

"By making the boats, we got ahead of some 200 teams, and this raised a spirit of envy and strife which has been very unpleasant and mortifying to the Colonel and to myself. . . ."[11]

This remarkable episode 4 miles below the Mormon Ferry is reflected, with additional interesting particulars, in the diary of Charles Tinker, a member of the company from Ashtabula, Ohio, to which Findley alluded. In an otherwise rather laconic record, Tinker wrote on June 11:

"we arrived at the crossing of Platt river the Oquawka company 22 wagons Capt Findley & Capt McCullouch of the Missourie train of 17 wagons were a crossing. they had made some boats of their own and were crossing about 4 miles below the mormon crossing we tried to get the use of their boats to cross in. they said they made them for their own use and calculated to distroy them as soon as they got over so as to prevent others from crowding them so hard from behind they said they made theirs and if we wanted to get over we might do the same. we offered them fifty Dollars for the use of it. but to no use so we turned out our teams & commenced making one of our own. we had but just got to work when we heard the cry of a man a drownding. they had

11. *Ibid.*, January 9, 1850. Brace, who wrote this letter as one entirely unacquainted with Findley's father, went on to discuss the quite different actions of Findley at Green River; this part of his letter will be quoted in Part III.

attempted to cross the river on horse back to drive over some cattle when their horses got stalled & throwed them off & the river ran so swift & water so cold that they could not swim ashore but floted down and logded on a bar in water up to their waists and would have drownded in a few minutes if we had not saved their lives James Haynes & Charles Davis swam into one of them with a rope and tied it arround his body and we hauled them ashore. by this time we got cut loose and two men rowed it down and saved the life of the remaining one. we took them up to our camp & nursed them up and keep them till morning when they were able to go to their own camp Capt Findley & McCullouch, felt so greatfull to us for our kindness and assistance that it seamed that they could not do to much for us. They offered us the use of their boats & men to help us over. we accepted their offer and by 12 O.C. P. M. Tuesday [June 12] we were on the other side of the river they said any assistance that they could render us on the road would be given freely. their whole company appeared to be men of honor. Newton Wood of Oquawka was one of their members. by getting acrosst as soon as we did put us ahead of about two hundred wagons & give us about three days the satrt [start] of those that crossed at the regular ferry they made us pledge ourselves to distroy the boats as they intended to do. just as we were about acrosst their was a train of wagons under Capt. Gallaway of Mercer Co Pa because we would not give the boats up to them they thretened to take them away from us by force. Some of Findleys men heard the threat and scent word to their train which had got about three [miles] from the ferry. they ammediately stoped their train & armed seventy men to the teeth and marched them to the ferry to protect us and see that the boats were distroyed and that we were safe over their was no disturbance made the boats were distroyed and we traveled 13 m on our way to california"[12]

A member of the Gallaway company mentioned by Tinker was Alexander Love, though he does not dwell particularly upon the drama just related. Having passed Deer Creek on June 11, next day Love "Drove 5 miles and it raind a little during the day Stopd at a ferry Made 3 Canoes got them in the river and Capt. Findliy would non [not] let us have his to cross on But Cut them in too and Sentt them afloat." On June 13 "Got our ferry in order at 10 ock and them [then] went to Crossing got all over Safe at 4 ock Drove 5 m. and Campd on the North Side of the platt 2 ms. above the Mormon ferry."[13]

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12. Eugene H. Roseboom, ed., "Charles Tinker's Journal, A Trip to California in 1849," *Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Quarterly,* January, 1952, pp. 76-78.

13. MS. diary in Yale University Library.

The situation on the upper North Platte was now beginning to regularize itself. Those who had crossed at this site 4 miles below the Mormon Ferry began selling their rafts or crude ferry boats to emigrants who came along behind; and these in turn sold the craft at about the same price to later comers when they themselves were across the river. In some instances emigrants stayed on at the North Platte for a greater or lesser time to turn an honest dollar crossing others, but here the psychology of the Gold Rush began to work: the nagging sense of being left behind sooner or later operated compulsively to launch the "temporary" ferrymen on the trail again.

Also, the main force of the emigration reached the upper North Platte in the third week of June, wagons arriving by the hundred and the thousand. No imaginable commercial ferry facility could have handled the load, and as the emigrants began to appreciate the situation, they stopped wherever they could subsist their animals after coming down out of the Laramie Mountains or Black Hills as then termed and began extemporizing their own ferries. By June 20 the Forty-niners were crossing the river at every convenient site as far down as Deer Creek.

Two diarists writing on June 16, Bennett C. Clark and Joseph C. Buffum, mention two ferries below the Mormon Ferry, one of which was evidently at the Findley site, the other not identifiable, but clearly not at Deer Creek. Buffum, who reached Deer Creek June 15 and next day moved on up to the Mormon Ferry (where, as we have seen, he crossed the river on June 19), noted in his diary on the 16th, "The 2 lower ferries being crowded with 200 waggons we drove to the upper one" (where 300 wagons were waiting to be crossed.[14] Clark wrote on the 16th: "Reached the lower platte Ferry about 10 oclk A. M. where we found some 2 or 300 wagons awaiting their turns to ferry. We understood that as many were assembled at the upper ferry. We were lucky enough to cross at a new ferry the next day in advance of many that had reached the old ferry much sooner than we did."[15]

One of the best pictures of the situation along the North Platte during the next few days is that of Alonzo Delano.[16] He came down to the Platte on June 17, and evidently camped about 5 miles beyond Deer Creek. During the day, he says, they "learned that there was a ferry across the Platte about twelve miles above our place of encampment, which we had to cross, and that there were hundreds of teams waiting their turns, and that several days must

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14. MS. diary in California State Library.

15. Ralph P. Bieber, ed., "Diary of a Journey from Missouri to California in 1849," *Missouri Historical Review,* vol. 22, October, 1928, pp. 21-22. Clark's MS. diary is in the Yale University Library.

16. Alonzo Delano, *Life on the Plains and Among the Diggings* (Auburn and Buffalo, 1854), pp. 85-91.

elapse before ours would come. In addition to this agreeable news, we were told that the grass in that vicinity was exhausted, and that many cattle were dying for want of food." He added, under date of June 18: "crossing was effected by means of ferries of a somewhat primitive character, and it was desirable to ascertain something relative to the means and chances for getting to the opposite bank. It was decided, by a consultation the previous evening, that Mr. [J. H.] Fredenburg and myself should ride on this morning and find out how the transit was to be made."

Accordingly, about sunrise of the 18th, Delano set off. "Within about three miles of the ferry, we observed a company of men building a raft on the river bank, half a mile from the road; and, riding down, we ascertained that we could have the use of it after they had ferried their own train, with two or three others. This might detain us a day, and it was judged expedient for me to ride on to the ferry, to see what chance there was there of gaining time;" and I therefore rode forward, while Mr. Fredenburg remained, to stop our train when it should come, until I reported. On arriving at the ferry I found about two hundred and fifty wagons, among which were Captain [C. M.] Tutt's and the Dowdle family, from South Bend, waiting their turn to cross, while the number was augmenting by constant arrivals every moment. About four miles still farther up was another ferry, established by the Mormons. I learned that there was quite as many, perhaps more emigrants, to cross at that point than here, so that our turn would not come for several days; and I judged that our quickest way would be to try the raft below. I found that at least forty head of cattle were lying dead near the ferry, from the effects of drinking alkaline water and want of food. . . .

"The mode of ferrying was by lashing three small canoes together, which were sufficiently buoyant to sustain the weight of an empty wagon. A rope long enough to reach across the river was fastened to each end, and a number of men on each side pulled it back and forth, the strong current making it slow and laborious work. Each company furnished its own ropes, and performed all the labor, and for the use of the canoes paid five dollars each wagon. The proprietor of the ferry was from New Orleans, and a melancholy incident will appear in its proper place with regard to him, which occurred soon after we crossed the river. When he reached this point, thinking it a speculation, he resolved to stop and establish a ferry for a time—sending his family on, with the intention of overtaking them. He was coining money in the operation.[17] While I was there, a man was drowned by falling

17. In his book Delano wrote, pp. 274-275: ". . . I have spoken of a Mr. Henderson, who was emigrating with his family to California, and who, after establishing a ferry on the North Fork of the Platte, sent his

out of the canoe, being swept down by the swift current. The cattle, horses, and mules, were swum over to the opposite bank, and very few accidents occurred to them, though occasionally one was drowned by being carried to where the bank was too steep to get out.

"I rode back to the raft, and found our train just arrived, and all hands making preparations for crossing. A rope was attached to each end of the raft, in the same manner as to the canoes, and it was found capable of sustaining the weight of a loaded wagon, while thirty or forty men on each side pulled it back and forth quite expeditiously, and with perfect safety. The work went briskly on for awhile. By some mismanagement, however, one of the ropes was broken before our turn came, after crossing thirteen wagons; and all attempts to get the line across again that night, proved abortive. Our train was thus compelled to remain on the south bank till morning."

On June 19, as Delano continues his story: "There were many trains congregated here, and the number increased hourly—it having been understood that means of crossing existed, poor as it was. As there was but one raft, and the line was not yet replaced, considerable delay was occasioned. Many men showed much hardihood in swimming the strong current, in their endeavors to carry the line across; and it appeared that the success of the previous day was more the effect of good luck in this respect than a want of energy. All trials this morning were abortive, when Brown, of our mess, mounted a strong horse, and at length succeeded by great effort in carrying the rope to the opposite shore, and by noon it was again ready. It was stretched to an island, from which to the main shore was a ford that could be passed without much

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family on, intending to overtake them in a few days. I found his wife a resident of Dawlytown [California]. . . . From her own lips I received the following sad tale.

"The time set for the appearance of her husband had already passed, when one day the two men who were engaged with him at the ferry rode up to the train, and without going to see Mrs. Henderson, informed some of the company that he was detained behind in settling some matters, and would overtake them the next day, and hastily rode on. But the next day passed, and the next—still he did not come. Her anxiety and alarm began to increase, and as time winged its flight day after day, and still her husband did not appear, the uncertainty of his fate, and the helplessness of her condition, produced a state of feeling and wretchedness bordering on frenzy. By degrees the opinion was formed that he was murdered, and she left among strangers, upon a barren wilderness, with her two helpless children. . . . She reached the settlements in safety, and with acquaintances went to Dawlytown, where, opening a little hotel, she not only supported herself, but made considerable money. She afterwards went to Stringtown, and subsequently was housekeeper for Doctor Willoughby, near Yateston, on Feather River, where she died, leaving her children to Doctor W.'s care."

difficulty. The crossing proceeded well; but a little after noon the wind blew a gale, and the wagon covers acted as sails. The raft being confined by the rope, frequently dipped so much that the wagons were in danger of sliding off into the stream. Seeing this, I removed the cover from my wagon, as did many others, and they were ferried over in perfect safety. One man, from New Jersey, neglected this, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, and when in the middle of the river, the wind against his wagon cover acted like a lever, raising one side of the raft till the wagon slid off into the water. It floated down about half a mile, when a sharp turn in the river brought it to the bank. Two wheels were secured, out of which he rigged a cart, and saved a portion of his provisions—though in a damaged state, not utterly ruined. He had to deplore his carelessness, without much sympathy from those around.

"The supreme selfishness of men was exhibited in a palpable manner here. Our men worked very hard yesterday, in helping two mule trains across the river, on their assurance that they would reciprocate this morning, by assisting us. No sooner were they across, than like the lying fox in the fable—who, at the bottom of the well, persuaded the foolish goat to come down, that he might climb out on his horns—they hitched up their teams and drove off, leaving us chagrinned at their faithlessness, and vexed at our credulity. Instead of following their example, our men toiled on to aid those who assisted us, and it was not till night-fall that we all met on the main shore, where our tents were pitched. Our cattle swam across safely to the island, and on the main shore we found a plat of grass—better than we had seen for many days. . . ."

Delano had not mentioned Deer Creek, but many were encamped there when he passed by on the 17th, and as the grass was exhausted, newcomers had to go ever farther up the creek to find feed for their animals. As early as June 16, when George P. Burrall reached Deer Creek, he found so many encamped that he had to travel 3 miles up the creek to find good feed. First resting a day, during which time Delano went on past, he struck westwardly across the bluffs to the Platte, and after traveling 15 miles "halted at 10 o'clock, where a raft was just finished by some Illinoians with whom we joined in and rafted our wagons across. The rope broke about 5 o'clock, and after several ineffectual attempts to get it across again, we made one desperate effort and got it across, but broke it again, as there was not men enough to keep up the slack, current of the river being very swift here. We had some men show out human nature. . . ." On the 19th "At an early hour we succeeded in getting our rope across and got our wagons over in safety by 9-30."[18] It is probable Burrall's party crossed in association with Delano's, the site and circumstances sounding much the same, and the latter one of a company from Ottawa, Illinois.

A briefer record is that of Tipton Lindsey, who on June 17 traveled to a point somewhere above Deer Creek, and on the 18th went on another 12 miles to "the Ferry on North Platt. . . . The Boat consisted of three logs Dug out & pined together we had to wait our turn Commenced Ferrying at 7 in the evening & continued till midnight." It was 2 A. M. on June 19 before Lindsey's party finished the crossing.[19]

Robert Bond, whose fate, it is said was to die on reaching Great Salt Lake City, kept so laconic a diary that it cannot be determined from it where he crossed the river, but after saying on June 18 that his party "came to the crossing swam the cattle with difficulty," he adds on the 19th, "Crossed on a raft lost a waggon." Bond traveled in the same company with Charles Gray, who writes much more feelingly of the loss of the wagon mentioned by Delano and Bond. Like Burrall, Gray had reached Deer Creek June 16, gone up it several miles to find grass, lay by a day, and on the 18th: "After a travel of 13 miles . . . encamped on the *banks of the Platte,* opposite to a large island & from information received heard there were 2 or 300 wagons ahead of us at the ferry 14 miles distant waiting to cross, and as they cross[d] at the rate of about 40 or 50 pr day, we saw it would take a long time before we should be able to get over. So we determined to seek a ford, as we met teams returning from the ferry for that purpose. The river where we stop[d] formed a bend, the current being Swift and the water deep. We found a train who had nearly all cross[d] to the island, so we made an arrangement to help them & their friends who were to come up on the next day & then they were to help us, quite a saving to us besides as they charged $5 pr wagon at the ferry. We had arrived early in the afternoon, and till dark wagons were constantly passing us, proceeding to the ferry. . . .

"19 . . . The train who were ahead of us were passing over till 1 Oclock—all safely—at length came our 'debut' & 4 wagons were cross[d] in safety, the wind which all the day had been quiet now arose, such as we only see it on these plains & hills & the 5[th] wagon, one of our train, fill[d] with valuable articles of the mess (& who by the by had neglected to remove the wagon cover) when about 50 yards from us *capsized with everything on board.* Luckily I had a rope in my hand & being on the side where the current drove the wagon, I ran at the top of my speed along the bank of the river Calling out 'who can swim? who can swim?' when one of our party just ahead of me giving me his watch & boots plunged into the water & made the rope fast to the bows & just had time to hand it to the men on the bank. The fore-

18. Transcript of MS. diary in Newberry Library, Chicago, Illinois.
19. MS. diary in Bancroft Library.
20. MS. diary in Yale University Library.

wheels now broke loose & the body drifted on till within 10 feet of the shore when I (the 2d one) plunged in just as the bows came out of the wagon & fortunately Saved a trunk of one of the mess & getting my feet fast in the sand came near being jammed under by the back of the wagon, as it resulted, we got the wagon body, one hind wheel, the flour (all wet) and the guns which were fastened to the bows, & their trunk, all the rest clothing, provisions, tent, blankets, cooking apparatus, &c. were all lost! One other wagon came so near upsetting that we wouldn't have given a pin for it but it luckily reachd the shore in Safety. At length at about 9 O'clock we were all landed on the island & the wet & cold & hungry men were 'legion,' not only in name, but in reality—many camp fires were instantly lighted & we had with our friends, the largest camp we ever had. After a plentiful supply of coffee (which was in great demand,) & meat & bread we all turned in & being *isolated* so completely no guard was kept by any of us. The shore for 20 yards from the 'landing' was coverd with all kinds of baggage & implements & the Scene resembled the confusion incident upon a great fire in a city by the disorder & confusion of everything around. After our hard & exciting day & work we all slept soundly & well. . . .

"20 . . . According to arrangement we were to stay this morning & help our friends over, some had 5 wagons So we went to work & yesterdays & todays work severely blisterd my hands in many places; a great part of the time being engaged pulling on the rope (which was fastend to the raft) & which being covered with sand cut in pretty well when we took hold of it. It was about 10 O'clock when we got done & we left all our ropes to be brought on to us by the wagons behind us, as we had to take the ropes on to the wagons ahead of us. In crossing from the island to the main land we put all the kegs & barrels & boxes in the wagon & put all the provisions & baggage on top of them to guard them from the water, as it was it was not quite deep enough to do us any damage & we all arrived safely on the opposite shore by noon nearly worn out by our 1/2 a days work. . . ."[21]

Another of these rafting operations, but farther down the river, was described by John Markle. Markle reached Deer Creek June 17, lay by to let his team recruit, then on the 19th "traveled about 5 miles across the the [sic] Bluffs to the north fork, and there was three other Pittsburg wagons led by Captain Taylor, who told us that there was 800 wagons up at the ferry and if we

21. MS. diary in Henry E. Huntington Library. That Bond and Gray traveled as far as Salt Lake in the same company I have only determined since the appearance of my *Overland Diary of James A. Pritchard,* and the comprehensive bibliography and chart of the diarists of 1849 published in that work do not so state.

would stop, and help them build a raft that they would help us across we went to work, and by Sunset we had three wagons across, and all our mules Swam over the process was very laborious, as we had to take our wagons, all apart." By noon on the 20th, the rest of the wagons were over and ready to start. According to his subsequent travel, Markle had rafted across the North Platte about 18 miles below the Mormon Ferry, only a few miles above the mouth of Deer Creek.[22]

Evidently a little lower down, 2 miles above Deer Creek, Amos Josselyn's company on June 19 fell to work making "dug-outs to ferry across. We worked all day in company with another company and got three dug-outs into the water by evening." On June 20, Josselyn says, "Got our dug-outs lashed together and found that they were not sufficient to carry our heaviest wagons, and while a part of us were ferrying the light wagons, the balance went to work at another dug-out, and got it into the water by the middle of the afternoon. We then found our boat sufficient to carry any of our wagons. We got but 10 wagons over today." The crossing was completed on the 21st.[23]

Many Forty-niners describe the extraordinary scene developing near the mouth of Deer Creek, and we shall take up their accounts in turn. Gurdon Backus, on June 20, encamped on Deer Creek and called it "a fine Stream of pure water, & where the Bank of the Platte with several waggons were crossing in 'dugouts' or rafts.—Some in their waggon Beds built Boat form . . . we are all about 25 miles from the upper ferry made arrangements to cross here in morning

"Nine oclock Eve determined to cross to night & by hard work in pulling & rowing we got our waggons all safely over before sunrise I worked in watter waist deep nearly all night in fact I was nearly exausted

"Thursday June 21 hot all day. After geting our waggons once more packed & our stock all over the River we left Camp it being about 3 P. M. . . ."[24]

A more enlightening record for these two days is that of William J. Watson, one of the few Oregon-bound emigrants traveling amid the goldseekers. Early on the morning of June 20 he crossed Deer Creek, "which is forty feet wide, and from two to four feet deep: very good water; gravel bottom. Here hundreds of wagons were waiting to cross, and men were employed in making rafts. At this place a man was unfortunately drowned in attempting to swim his mule across. He was from Tennessee; his name I did

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22. Photocopy of MS. diary in Bancroft Library. For Markle see also Part I, p. 23.
23. MS. diary in California State Library.
24. MS. diary in Yale University Library.

not learn." Watson chose not to cross at Deer Creek, but instead went on another 14 miles, "Grass very scarce; water poor," and on the 21st, "going two miles up the river we came to a ferry where we succeeded in crossing five of our wagons before dark; we crossed the remaining two in the morning. Our ropes broke twice in crossing, and the canoes upset once, but fortunately no person was in them. The teams above and below upset very often. They floated by every little while. Several men were drowned, and came floating down; one was taken out and buried; he had about his person sixty-three dollars and a brace of pistols. At this place were three dead oxen, and above us, up the river were sixty head which had died from drinking alkali water, which was in ponds on all the low places, which we had carefully to avoid with our cattle."[25] Watson probably crossed a mile or two below the Findley site.

Four members of a company from Illinois, Joseph Hackney, Charles Alexander Kirkpatrick, Henry Tappan, and Henry Page, combine to give us a graphic picture of the scene at Deer Creek on June 19-20, and they with others describe the drowning of the young man, Drenner or Drennan, variously stated to have come from Tennessee, Virginia, or St. Clairsville, Ohio.

Hackney writes on the 19th: "we came on and crossed deer creek and camped on the bank of the river this is the place wear we are to cross at we are a going to make canoes to take our wagons over with out unloading they are a crossing here now on rafts takeing thiere wagons to peaces and make two trips for one wagon and load we havy plenty of wood but poor grass." On the 20th, "this has been a busy day we went to work in the morning and by three oclock in the afternoon had made three large canoes twenty four feet long and two feet over we put them in the river and floated them down to camp we then lashed them all togeather the two outsied ones just far enough apart to let the wheels in we then took thirty men abourd and took a trip acrost the river she went first rate it was two late to commence crossing to day so we tied up for the night we found good grass three miles from her[e] and drove the cattel to it Thiere was five men drownded here to day four of them were drown by a raft upseting the other one was trying to swim a mule over

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25. William J. Watson, *Journal of an Overland Journey to Oregon, Made in the Year 1849; with a full and accurate account of the route . . .* (Jacksonville, Illinois, 1851), p. 18.

26. As we shall see, several of the diarists refer to the unfortunate emigrant who attempted to swim a mule across the river, but only Willis and John Prichet join Hackney in referring to the larger tragedy. While passing Deer Creek en route to the Mormon Ferry on June 21, he was told that "6 men had been drowned the day before by the upsetting of a raft." See his MS. diary in Indiana State Library.

the river."[26] On June 21: "crossed our wagons all over safe had a hard days work was in the water all day long after we crossed over we sold our boat for twenty dollars. . . . our cattel were drove up and swam over before night had some trouble getting them started over."[27]

Kirkpatrick observes concerning the events of the 20th: "All hands busy today making canoes etc. in order to cross the Platte. Our company determined to cross from the mouth of Deer Creek on account of there being so many teams at the ferry above. A strange sight it is to see hundreds of men far from home and civilization camped on the banks of a river; some with rafts some with canoes lashed together, others with their wagon beds caulked, others, more provident, with sheet iron boats and all going with a perfect rush to see who will get across first and who will reach the land of gold first. Already within our hearing today twelve [!] men have found a watery grave while crossing with their stock and effects; and yet this makes no impression on the survivors."[28]

Tappan's brief account[29] we for bear quoting, but Henry Page's remarks, written to his wife from South Pass on July 2, must be noticed. "We came on from [Fort Laramie] . . . without any trouble & up the Platte to the place of crossing to the North Side without any hinderance—We have great numbers (some hundreds of trains) encamped either waiting their turn at the Mormon Ferry, or putting themselves across in various ways—some on rafts—some in canoes—& some in their wagon beds, made tight by corking—We camped 25 miles east of the Ferry & found out that we could save time & expense & at the same time have good feed for our cattle, by making boats & ferrying ourselves across—Our company numbers 52 men with 15 wagons & by the next night we had made & securly lashed together, rigged with oars, three large canoes—each 25 feet long & made of large trees—In the morning we made an experiment & found out that 30 men would not sink it very deep in the water—We then loaded the boats with all the chains & yokes of the company & made our first trip across this swift & deep river. The next trip we rolled a wagon, all loaded, on board & made a successful trip & in like manner till all were over—We finished about 4 oclock of this same day (the 22") and then swam our cattle & horses over—I was in the water all day, up to my thighs, towing up the boat so that we could make the landing at the right place—On one side

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27. Hackney's diary is printed in its entirety in Elizabeth Page, *Wagons West* (New York, 1930); for the quotations here, see pp. 150-151.

28. MS. transcript of diary in Bancroft Library. Kirkpatrick's record of days in his diary to July 15 got one day off, and is here corrected.

29. See the diary as edited by Everett Walters and George B. Strother in *Annals of Wyoming*, vol. 25, July, 1953, pp. 113-139.

of the river (where I was stationed viz the north side) we towed up, wading on a bar, on the south side they towed up, on the bank —The men were about equally divided on each side of the river, & all hands worked like good fellows—in towing the boat, and rolling on & off the wagons by hand. . . ."[30]

Vincent E. Geiger, traveling as one of a company from western Virginia, arrived at Deer Creek on June 20. Crossing the creek, they "went down to the River, where we found several hundred wagons, which were to be crossed there. Our Captain determined on crossing at this point. We lashed our two sheet iron bodies together, & after unloading our wagons, commenced crossing the river with our luggage &c. It took us until after night, several times our boat washing below the landing. A young man named Drenner, from St. Clairsville, Ohio, in attempting to swim a mule over the river, was thrown off & drowned. Seven men have been drowned in attempting to cross the river in the last week. One wagon went on a raft several miles before it could be stopped. . . . Several hundred wagons here, busy at work crossing day & night."[31]

A parallel record is that of William Chamberlain, who on June 19 found at Deer Creek "a great no of waggons making preparations to cross to the North Side—are informed that several hundred waggons are now waiting at the ferry (10 miles above) made arrangements with a Co. who were preparing a raft of 2 dugouts with a log between lashed to take us over in the morning. . . ." On June 20: "had our baggage taken over the river—I went over with it & carried it over a steep sand hill some 6 or 8 rods to a grass platt a work of about 2 hours having to rest after every load [he had been very sick the previous day]—The Scene today is a very interesting one—hundreds of men at work some preparing rafts—others up to their waists in the water towing them up some taking waggons to pieces, some getting them together & reloading—about 80 waggons are now in the south side waiting to cross—5 rafts are making all haste in ferrying—cattle are swimming about in the river refusing to cross & constantly turning back—train after train going up the road to the ferry—all present an appearance of life & activity seldom exerted in any civilized part of the world. . . . A Mr. Drennan of Ver. [Virginia] was

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30. Elizabeth Page, *op. cit.*, pp. 155-156.

31. David Morris Potter, ed., *Trail to California, The Overland Journal of Vincent Geiger and Wakeman Bryarly* (New Haven, 1945), pp. 111-112. A somewhat similar account is given by Benjamin Hoffman of the same company, whose diary, edited by C. H. Ambler, is printed in *West Virginia History*, vol. 3, October, 1941, pp. 59-75. Another member of this Virginia party, Edward McIlhany, erroneously remembered in his *Recollections of a 49er* (Kansas City, 1908), p. 18, that they were able to ford the river by using ten mules to a wagon.

drowned nearly oposite to where I was sitting in attempting to swim a mule—"[32]

The tale is repetitious, but cumulative in its impact, and we shall go on describing crossings by emigrants who arrived in the Deer Creek area at this time. Prince Allen Athearn, who arrived June 20, commented: "Here emigrants commenced ferrying the North Branch of the Platte. Virginia Company had a man drowned in crossing [another reference to Drennan or Drenner]. Continued up 2 1/2 miles farther and encamped for the purpose of crossing. . . ." On June 21-22 Athearn remained in camp, waiting to cross, and finally succeeded "Friday evening late"—that is, on June 22.[33]

Sheldon Young encamped on Deer Creek June 21, then on June 22 "Went six miles and struck the Platte River," finding "about two hundred teams here waiting to get across." Whether applying to that day or the next is not clear (pages of his diary are lost), but he adds, "This day we moved two miles up the river and waited for a raft. We have gotten our cattle across in safety. Six men have been drowned here this spring. There was a raft capsized here today. Three men came near being drowned that was on the raft. Their rafts were made of three or four canoes fastened together."[34]

Israel Hale was another who reached the Deer Creek area on June 21. "After dinner," he writes, "we heard that a ferry was established near and we went up to see. We learned that eight hundred wagons were in waiting at the upper or Mormon ferry and that the cattle were dying there also. But we could not cross at the new ferry, but concluded to try and ferry it on a raft and with wagon beds. We therefore drove up to the place and commenced preparatory to cross on the morrow. . . . The 22nd. was a busy day. We obtained a raft ready-made and situated two of the best wagon beds and corked them, fitted them out with oars for boating. The raft was composed of four cottonwood logs with four binders strongly pinned to them. Thus equipped we commenced operations about nine o'clock in the morning. The river was three hundred yards wide and the boats and raft could make a trip in forty-five minutes, strong as the current was. The raft was towed up by oxen but the boats by manuel labor for you may well suppose that a craft of that kind could not go straight across.

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32. MS. diary in California State Library.

33. Lovelia Athearn, ed., "The Log Book of P. A. Athearn," *The Pacific Historian*, vol. II, November, 1958, p. 10.

34. Transcript of MS. diary in Henry E. Huntington Library; printed in major part in Margaret Long, *The Shadow of the Arrow* (Caldwell, Idaho, 1941); see p. 246.

"When we commenced crossing with the boats a company of us swum the cattle over except the four yoke we kept for towing purposes. And a little after sunset we landed the last of the goods on the north side of the river. A few men, however, were left that stopped to swim the towing steers. I was among them which made it about dark when we got across. And just as I expected, everything was in confusion.

"My goods were in one place, my wagons in another, tent in another; the cattle were scattered; and the horse to take out some distance and picket out—and it was just about dark when we landed, and we very much fatigued, after such a day's labor. But we succeeded in getting things a little together and about eleven o'clock crept into our wagons and soon fell in a sound sleep. . . ."[35]

Charles Parke, who reached Deer Creek on June 22, says: "On arriving at the Platte we found its bottom Covered with Emigrant Waggons and Cattle Most of them Anxious to cross & many Crossing on a *flat-boat* Made by lashing three Canoes togather and cross tying with logs—the cattle were un-yoked and made to swim across. . . . There are two *Black Smith Shops* her[e]—Mormons I think—Shoeing Horses and Oxen."[36] Parke went on up to the Mormon Ferry, and we do not learn from him whether or not the blacksmith shops below actually were operated by Mormons. The probability is not, certainly not as a detachment from the group operating the Mormon Ferry proper, but we shall observe some further references to Mormons in the Deer Creek area toward the tag-end of the emigrating season. Parke's observation, in any event, is the first record of blacksmiths in business below the Mormon Ferry site.

Turning for the moment to the ferries higher up the river, we find Isaac J. Wistar on June 22 arriving at the Findley site, 4 miles below the Mormon Ferry. Echoing the observation of Willis the same day, he says: "Overtook the Missouri train of 47 wagons and 200 men, guided by [Benoni Morgan] Hudspeth, the famous mountain man, which left Independence several days before us. They are crossing on rafts of cottonwood and a kind of Noah's Ark—half raft, half a scow. We camped nearby . . . [and began] cutting off the end of our heaviest wagon, and shortening the coupling. . . ." On June 23 Wistar "Commenced crossing at noon today, and finished after dark, without serious accident; then kindling a beacon for the mules, and starting them

35. Israel F. Hale, "Diary of Trip to California in 1849," Society of California Pioneers *Quarterly*, vol. 2, June, 1925, pp. 83-84. See also Part I, p. 24.

36. MS. diary in Henry E. Huntington Library.

in a long distance above the coming-out place on the other side, we swam them all without loss. . . ."[37]

Burrelle W. Evans, who reached Deer Creek on the 21st, wrote on the 23rd: "we bought a Boat and crossed the North fork of Platt without much difficulty there are a great number of emegrants here waiting to cross, some making rafts of cotton wood and crossing on them some fixing there waggon beds and crossing in them ther ware several men drowned here there being such a rush to git a head we lay at this place on this night not all getting over and worked till after night." Next morning, June 24, "we finished Crossing the river. . . ."[38]

The recurring tale of drownings, not always definite, is told also in a letter A. J. Huestis wrote his father from the Sweetwater on July 4; he said his company "succeeded in conquering the Black Hills" on June 23, and "On hearing that the upper Platte ferry, kept by some Mormons, and about 30 miles above us, was blocked up with 900 teams, we resolved on an experiment, and crossed the Platte with all our loading, in boats made out of our wagonbeds, and met with no disaster. But at least a dozen persons were drowned near us."[39]

A close brush with disaster was recorded by Elijah Bryan Farnham, who on June 23 "camped 1 1-2 miles above where Fish [Deer] Creek empties into the Platt Our company in conjunction with the Hebron Com bought a ferry boat to ferry our waggons across gave 30 dollars for [it] another co. were to have it for the same money when [we] were through and thus it went from [one] to another There is an Encampment of 5000 on fish creek There to cross Swam our cattle

"24th This morning our com commenced ferrying across and got all of our company waggons across [in] safety Our ferry boat was four dug outs lashed side by side after getting our waggons across started across with a waggon belonging to a Mr. Fall that was accompaning us When in line distance of the opposite shore the man that was to throw the line could not easily get it up on account of articles being laid on it The swift current of the stream still kept taking the boat down it struck on a rock and capsised Throwed out the waggon and other articles There were 6 men in the boat 3 got out immediately onto land and the other 3 on top of the waggon bed that had separated from the running part And J. B. who with speed went down the stream J. B. was rescued When near the shore after having given up all hope and when his

37. *Autobiography of Isaac Jones Wistar, 1827-1905* (Philadelphia, 1914, 2 vols.; republished, two separate editions, Philadelphia and New York, 1937, 1 vol., where this quotation occurs on pp. 88-89).
38. Photocopy of MS. diary in Bancroft Library.
39. *Burlington,* Iowa, *Hawkeye,* October 4, 1849.

physical strength had failed by a man swimming in from the bank and extending a stick for him to take hold of The other two that were on the waggon bed were rescued by a horseman riding in and throwing a lasso to them J. E. one of the men had went down the stream a shouting not for joy but for help and continued so . . . till he got it The canos that had floted 1 1/2 miles down the stream we had to get apart by cutting the lashing drag them out on the ferry Fall lost the running gear to his waggon but got another that was left deserted We lost some of our yokes and log chains we recovered the yokes and found chains that had been thrown away by a Com that had been overstocked [June] 25th Had the boat repaired and underway at 7 O C in the morning About 2 O C in the P M the Hebron Com got across A man belonging to the Ashland Com was drownded to day While swimming a horse across The 3 last days have been verry hot."[40]

Another vivid description of this time and place is given by Joseph Warren Wood. On the 21st his company "took an early start & came on 12 miles to the mouth of Deer creek, where we found teams crossing the Platte, where there were 4 boats made by attaching 2 dug outs together. they charged 3.00 per Wagon. the Oxen were swum. They had been made by emigrants, who crossed & went on, while others would buy their rights & so continue the work. . . . a man was drowned here yesterday & just above (12 miles) 7 men have been drouned in 2 days. While rafting over their wagons. . . . We have driven the Wagons on to the bank of the Stream & the Cattle over the hills to the S. & are waiting four our turns to come in crossing.

"Frid 22nd. We were aroused early, & in good season commenced crossing our Wagons. The Levee for 2 miles along shore presented as busy an aspect as it ordinary does at St. Louis or any other little town in the States. Wagons lay in pieces. Boxes, goods Chattles, Traps & plunder of all kinds lay in piles, & many hands were busy in carrying it aboard of the Boat. Our Ship was called the 2 Pollies & Betsey, there being 2 canoes & a log between. We joined forces with 12 Cincinnatti Mule Trains & the Boat walked of in style, with 30 men to cordelle it against the current

"The men were obliged to work in water on the North side, which rendered it quite unpleasant. By 4 O'clock P. M. we were across & drove our Oxen down to swim

"We worked until dark in the water but with all our efforts we could not get but 3 to cross. We waded & swam in the cold water all the time & at last let them return to the shore. We watched them until morning.

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40. Merrill J. Mattes and Esley J. Kirk, eds., *Indiana Magazine of History,* vol. 46, September, 1950, p. 314.

"The water is remarkably swift deep & cold. the coldness is probably owing to our proximity to the mountain snows. . . .

"Sat. 23rd. again resumed our Labour, by recrossing the River, for the purpose of crossing our Teams, but with no better success than the day before—here we witnessed a Scene, far surpassing any thing the imagination ever conceived fancy for one moment our feelings, on reflecting the vast distance from settlements and seeing the vast amount of Oxen, mules, waggons, and horses, mixed indiscriminately with men, Clothed, half clad and naked rushing in, to the imminent danger of loosing men and Teams, the swift and long to be remembered crossing the Platte no pen can fully Depict or pencil portray the Scene as it really was, suffice it we succeeded in crossing our Teams about 12 Oclock M—without further loss, than the extreme exhaustion of our Men, and Teams. We witnessed Sights laughable & alarming in such close succession & connexion as to keep us continually excited in an unusual manner. In one place were 6 men being towed ashore, all hanging from the tail of one mule & a rider on him at that; while in another they were making extreme efforts to save a man who was drowning. A Boat sank with a wagon containing women & children, but struck a bar & was saved. I was carried by the current outside of the jam of Cattle & saved my self by catching the tail of one as I passed him. & letting him tow me ashore. But the Scenes are over & we shall long remember the crossing of the Upper Platte. . . ."[41]

The tumult and the shouting emerge from other diaries, Isaac Foster's, for one. On June 22 he wrote, "Found a ferry at the mouth of Deer creek and hundreds of teams gathered in around the creek; in the space of a few miles were several ferries; stream rapid and difficult to ferry; several men drowned at one place by the upsetting of raft in the current, and 5 more in attempting to ride and drive over a lot of horses and mules; one accidentally shot; another shot through the heart in a quarrel. . . ." On the 23rd he added: "Made 8 miles and ferried the river; found a Will Co. [Illinois] man by the name of George R. Codding tending ferry at $2.00 per wagon; game is exceedingly plenty; one man said he saw 30 antelopes at a time and a lot of buffalo; found fine particles of gold in the sand of the river (afterwards found to be isinglass)." And on the 24th, "many accidents happened to emigrants crossing the ferries; 24 men drowned and killed; one shot accidentally and two intentionally."[42]

By contrast, James Tate's diary is a chronicle of peace and quiet. On June 21 he reached Deer Creek; next day "Commenced

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41. MS. diary in Henry E. Huntington Library.

42. See his diary printed in *The Foster Family* (Santa Barbara, 1925), pp. 34-35.

preparing for crossing dug three canoes and formed a boat"; on the 23rd "commenced crossing about 2 Oclock. Crossed a Waggon at two Loads taking the wheels off"; and on the 24th "Finished crossing by 3 Oclock all safe ten waggons (crossed our cattle on friday all safe and found very fine grass on the other shore) The stream is very rapid and deep at this time being solen [swollen] considerably and is about 400 yds wide. We sold our boat for 20$ Dollars to another company who over Loaded it and sank it with the Load."[43]

John H. Benson, as we have seen, crossed the North Platte on June 26-27 at the Mormon Ferry, but his experiences and observations before that time contribute much to this panoramic picture of the summer's happenings. On reaching Deer Creek June 23, he "found the emigrants crossing the river in wagon beds, rafts, canoes, etc. It is 25 [sic] miles to the regular ferry. I understand a man and a mule were drowned here today. The country seems to be covered with camps, but little for the cattle to eat. . . . Here we found the Bloomington Iowa company crossing; also the Red Rock company. I think 500 wagons are within five miles of this place. . . ."

June 24 he termed "a busy day, fixing wagons for ferrying, etc. We lay in camp and sacked our clothing, threw away our boxes, lead and some flour; trimmed over our bacon. We left twenty to thirty pounds of it. We had previously left 360 pounds, also 800 pounds of bread stuff. Our average load is now about 2000 pounds. Here were trunks, boxes, lead, bacon, iron, scythes, etc. scattered about." On June 25 he "Started out for the upper ferry, and soon came to another ferry. Some emigrant had dug out canoes and fixed three together to ferry over the wagons. The cattle swim. I saw a number of boats of this kind. After a company has crossed, it sells the boat to another company. These ferry boats sell for thirty to forty dollars each. I was told one man was drowned at the crossing this morning. . . ."[44]

Similar is the record of George Enoch Jewett. On June 23 at noon he "came to the Platte River. . . . The stream is high the grass poor and a great many teams waiting to ferry, so we heard. It is 34 [26] miles to the [Mormon] ferry so we are not certain as to facts. Our Captain has gone to assertain, Drove 4 miles to Deer Creek, a fine little stream for fish. Captain returned. Concluded to cross at this place & use wagon beds for boats. Selected three of the best, calked & pitched them before dark." On the 24th: "Sunday, Swam our cattle over all safe. Then the fun commenced and a fine time we had to ferry 18 wagons & their

43. Transcript of MS. diary in Missouri Historical Society Library, St. Louis, Missouri.

44. Transcript of MS. diary in Nebraska State Historical Society Library.

loading over a stream 200 yards wide & ten feet deep & very swift, in 3 wagon beds. It was very hard work but we got all over safe before sundown." On June 25 Jewett added, "While packing up this morning a man came riding down and said there was a man drowned 1 mile up stream where they were ferrying. . . ."[45]

The drowning referred to by Benson and Jewett occurred in the company of Samuel Rutherford Dundass. Having reached Deer Creek on June 22, Dundass remained over the 23rd, and on the morning of the 24th went up the river 2 miles to make arrangements to cross. "This branch of the Platte," Dundass wrote in his journal, "is narrower and deeper than the South fork. It runs with great rapidity, and is from 4 and 5 to 10 feet in depth. The mormons have established a ferry a few miles above deer creek. But we bought a boat constructed of several canoes, lashed and pinned together. With some plank laid upon them, a wagon with a light load, could be taken over by this boat. It had been built by some of the first emigrants, sold to others and then again sold to others with no diminution of the original price, till it came into our hands. We paid $40 for it, and when done with it, sold it immediately for the same. This was a fine stroke of economy, as the Mormons charged three dollars per wagon for their services. What may ultimately become of that boat, I know not, but whatever may be its future destiny, it has been useful in its day and generation, an affirmation that cannot be made of all the rational beings that passed over this river in this frail canoe vessel.

"We put over a few wagons on the evening of the 24th, and had all taken over and marched a few miles on the 25th. But while our teams were all taken over in safety, we met, nevertheless, with a calamity on the morning of this 25th of June, which cast over us a deep gloom, and touched the most sensitive chord of our nature —Daniel Burgett, one of our company from Stark county Ohio, while attempting to swim his horse across, by some means got disengaged from the animal, and in attempting to swim to shore, was swept down the rapid current and sank to rise no more. He was a young man of superior intelligence and integrity; much esteemed by the company, and deeply regretted by all. During the day, we made diligent search for the body, but in vain.—The current is deep and swift and the bottom a bed of sand. The body was therefore, liable to be carried rapidly down the stream, or soon to be burried in the sand. Informed as we were, that several had been drowned at this very point, and none found after the most long continued search. We abandoned the search reluctantly; a search that would not have been relinquished for days, had there been any reasonable hope of success. We left the place with heavy hearts, our evening meal was taken in silence, and a

45. Photocopy of MS. diary in Bancroft Library.

sadness marked our little circle as we sat around our camp fire, like that of a family which had lost a beloved member."[46]

These were the real tragedies of the crossing of the Platte; but there were tragedies of a comic order, too. Henry R. Mann, who on June 24 crossed at the Mormon Ferry "after passing a no. of ferries," remarks: "one co we passed on an Island. they had been there 2 days, and could not get off. The Island was a long one and they supposed they were on this side of the river, and had let the raft go.—They are in a good fix—"[47]

A. J. McCall crossed Deer Creek about noon on June 23, speaking of it as "a most lovely stream of clear crystal water, bordered by oak and aspen groves. The woods were filled with campers and presented a brisk and lively appearance. An extemporized smith shop was running, shoeing oxen and horses; wagons were being repaired. Some were washing and some mending; in fact almost everything was going on. Not far from here is a temporary ferry across the Platt, and some are preparing for the passage. . . ." After sojourning at this pleasant camp over the 24th, McCall "pushed on twelve miles, and concluded to cross the Platt, at a temporary ferry established by an emigrant. The ferry boat was constructed of three canoes, rudely dug out from cottonwood logs, and fastened side by side by hewed planks, firmly pinned to the top of the bow and stern. The wagon was lifted in, and the wheels rested in the outside canoes. The raft was just wide enough to hold a wagon. This rude craft was drawn back and forth by a rope stretched across the river and secured at the ends to either bank. A yoke of oxen on the opposite shore drew the loaded boat over. When empty it was drawn back by hand. The emigrant who constructed it, when he and his friends were ferried over, sold out to the next comer, who, when his work was done, sold out to the next. We bought the craft for seven dollars, but we were destitute of rope, the one in use belonging to one Capt. Love, of Ohio, who had shortly preceded us, and who was waiting for it, his train having moved on. On applying to him he kindly consented to loan me the ropes, upon my promise to bring them on to his train as soon as possible. The first thing was to swim the cattle over. A yoke of oxen on the opposite side was placed at the landing to attract their attention, and induce them to cross. We drove the cattle in the water, and they started off finely. The two heifers took the lead, but with the freakishness of their sex, when half way over they turned around, and thus threw the herd in confusion. They began to drift down the stream, and some were caught under the ferry rope and came near drowning. They

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46. *Journal of Samuel Rutherford Dundass* (Steubenville, Ohio, 1857), pp. 30-31.

47. Photocopy of MS. diary in Bancroft Library.

finally reached the opposite shore, and some had to be hauled up the steep bank much to their injury. That job finished, we commenced moving over the wagons and plunder, and by three o'clock everything was safely over the raging stream without further accident. At the ferries below us, we learn that a number of persons have been drowned in making the passage. We sold our ferry to the next comer for five dollars, making the cost to us only two dollars. . . ."[48]

Perhaps the most surprising thing about McCall's narrative is the low price stated for the purchase and sale of the ferry boat, though henceforth we observe better bargains in such transactions. Another curious account is that of Julius Martin Nevins, who like so many other quoted diarists reached Deer Creek June 23 and laid by the next day. On the 25th his diary says: "Went 6 miles bought a rope and paid 16 dollars for it ferried over 5 teams for 15 dollars and then sold it for the same we gave." The oddity of all this is that Nevins then writes on June 26, "Went 5 miles we crossed the Platte to-day on a raft 28 miles from the ford," which would indicate that his party did not trust their own property to the contraption by which they crossed others.[49]

The last week of June saw no diminution in the pressure on the ferries. F. D. Everts, an Indianan who had reached Deer Creek June 23 and gone 2 miles up it for grass, wrote on June 26: "Ourselves, but more especially our oxen, felt much better after our two days rest. . . . Platte River was too high to be forded, and there was a ferry at the mouth of Deer creek. The two ferry boats here consisted of 3 or 4 canoes, each fastened together, on which they carried across a wagon and its Load. The boats were not kept by any particular person, but were transferred by sale as companies crossed, to others. Some were ferrying themselves by fastening together two Wagon boxes made water tight. The current was very rapid and several men were already drowned. The boats were already engaged ahead for several days, and we therefore continued our way up the Platte this morning crossing Deer creek 1 1/2 miles above its mouth. Continuing up the River bottom 5 miles we came to a second ferry. We purchased the raft, made by fastning together 10 or 15 logs, for $16 but did not get possession of it untill six ocl P. M. Our cattle were driven across and guarded, on the opposite shore. The river had made a sudden bend to the right, and by Starting the raft above the point in the bend, and plying the oars, the swiftness of the current carried it rapidly to its propper Landing. The raft was then drawn up the opposite bank by 3 yoke of oxen about 45 rods, after which

48. A. J. McCall, *The Great California Trail in 1849* (Bath, N. Y., 1882), pp. 42-44.
49. Transcript of MS. diary in California State Library.

8 or 10 Men drew it about 35 rods up and into the river, by wading out on a sand-bar, and enough men on the raft to work the oars, it was let drop to the Landing point, the men that towed it out wading back to the shore. the ferrying of the first 2 or 3 wagons was mere sport, but wading quite to the waist against the current, on a quick sand bar and pulling the heavy raft, soon became fatigueing, and the first rare sport became rather a dread, but the men worked vigorously and by three ocl the next day our train of Sixteen wagons, without any accident occurring, were safely over on the left bank. The raft was sold for the price given, and by 4 ocl we were under way and folowing up the lef [sic] valley."[50]

Simon Doyle, on June 27, like Jewett on June 23-24, tells of ferry operations below Deer Creek (it may be remembered that the emigrant road itself came down out of the Black Hills to the banks of the North Platte 5 miles below Deer Creek). On the 26th he camped 2 miles below the creek, then on the 27th: "Drove 1 Mile lower Ferry 1 Mile below Mouth of Deer creek Commenced crossing 8 oclock in 3 Canoes lashed together corked 2 waggon Bodies & used during after noon Crosse 12 wagon taking wagon & Load at 3 Boate Loads." He called the river at this point "300 yds wide with current rapid."

Elisha B. Lewis had got as far as Deer Creek on the 26th, and made arrangements to ferry next day "by paying 14/ per waggon" (14 shillings being the equivalent of about $2.80). On the 27th, Lewis relates, "we were up in good season got breakfast and had our teems in readiness at the river for crossing Commence at 8 oclock and at 12 oclock our waggons were all ferried over and cattle swam acrosst the river. . . ."[51] It could be as easy as that.

A. R. Burbank was a neighbor of Lewis during these two days. On the 26th his company encamped somewhat below Deer Creek, "near the bank of the river 1 mile from the last bluff. . . . We had not as yet reached the ferrys. we heared many rumors—2000 wagons & but 2 ferrys. but a number of Emigrants was ferr[y]ing at different points—with canoes—wagon beds &c. the river was too big to ford. . . ." On the 27th, he writes: "I started at sunrise, accompaneyed by Lawyer Taylor, up the river for the Sevral Ferrys to make arrangements to Cross. visited several crossing places before we could make an early engagement, which we finally succeeded in. to cross this afternoon. I saw some Emigrants making Canoes, others had bought canoes—Others corking wagon beds & otheres crossing at the Ferrys. a general crossing was going on with canoes, wagon beds & rafts. for the

50. MS. diary in Yale University Library.
51. Transcript of MS. diary in Wisconsin State Historical Society Library.

distance of 25 miles up the river. as far as the upper Ferry, probably further. our train soon came up- A small Company was crossing which delayed us for several hours. we reached the ferry at 8. A. M. Commensed Crossing at 12 1/2 p. m. We devided our hands & sent 5 wagons to an other crossing close-by, the boats or Canoes, consist of two Canoes with a cottonwood log (dry) fastened between all of abreast. Also some of 3 Canoes lashed together. Some wagons was taken apart & others crossed without. all had to be onladed. A wagon & its contents was generally taken at one Load. 3 men at the oars & one at the helm. Several was engaged on each side to cordelle up the boat along the shore. prepairing the load & on load. A grand aspect or rich seen was presented here to the passer by or looker on. the sketcher daguerreotyper &c. but none here. all too busily engaged to take observation. I occasionally cast a glance over the passing seens— mixed multitude & was always filled with laughter. Wished the Seen could be painted &c. we was all over & tents pitched on this side by sunset. Cattle & horses swam over all safe. We was filled with gratitude. Ferryage $3— pr Wagon the river is high deep & very swift. Water muddy. Stream about one hundred yards wide. Dist. 3 miles."[52]

Amos Steck seems to have crossed at or a little below Deer Creek. On the 27th he wrote, "Laid by all day and made a raft upon which we crossed nearly one-half of our baggage today. Swam the cattle in the afternoon. The Platte here is very rapid. The labor of rafting was very tiresome indeed. We were obliged to pull the raft up on the side upon which we landed to such a point that the force of the current would drive the raft to the proper point on the other side." On the 28th he added, "Continued the rafting and packed up and ready to start tomorrow morning."[53]

D. Jagger came up the river on June 28: "came to a ferry, 4 canoes lashed together price $2.50 per Waggon not liking the place we left for the Mormon Ferry 5 miles farther"—and there, as we have seen, his party crossed the same day, satisfied to pay $3 per wagon.[54] A better picture of the scene along the North Platte this day is provided by Lyman Mitchell, who like Jagger eventually crossed the river higher up: "we l[e]ft Camp This morning at 5 & about noon we come in sight of the Platte [below Deer Creek] here its Banks was crouded with teames some of the men was Diging out Canoons to cross in whiles [others] ware Crosing while we stood on the bank we herd the cry of mans

52. MS. diary in Library of Congress.
53. MS. diary in State Historical Society of Colorado Library.
54. MS. diary in California Historical Society Library; see also Part I, p. 25.

Drownding we looked in the direction of the mois [noise] & saw a man come up on the water fore the last tine he under took to swim across the river but the curent was so strong that it car[ri]ed him down & he was drowned. . . ." On the 29th Mitchell "continued up the river untill noon & then we came to the last [Mormon] ferry on the Platt we have passed six diferent Places where Emegrants were Crossing the river some had Canoose & some raffs one Company from Missourie lost two wagons by trying to cross on rafts. . . ."[55]

As against such an account, we have the diary entry of S. B. F. Clark on June 29, "Came to the ferry of the Platte, crossed and encamped on the north side. Distance 20 miles."[56] Lucius Fairchild is scarcely more explicit, "Crossed the North Fork of the Platte on the 30th and 31st [*i.e.*, June 30 and July 1] in our wagon boxes."[57] But again there comes along a diarist like Major Osborne Cross, traveling with the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen. Cross, having reached Deer Creek on June 29, next day moved along 10 miles to Crooked Muddy Creek (present Muddy Creek), 12 3/4 miles below the Mormon Ferry. "The river," he observed, "presented a very busy scene. Emigrants were crossing in several places, while others engaged in constructing rude rafts of dry logs, which were attached together and pieces pinned across to confine them. By placing at the end two oars, which [were] used as sweeps, they [were] propelled to the opposite side, descending at the same time partly with the current. After reaching the [farther bank] a yoke of oxen [were] attached to it, and it [was] carried up the stream sufficiently far that when let loose it reach[ed] the point from where it originally started by the force and effect of the current and the aid of the oars. The wagons were taken apart, and it generally [took] three trips to carry over one of its load. This, you will perceive, was very slow work, and would be still more with a train as large as the one with us [numbering some 400 wagons]." It was finally decided that the third division of the military column should cross at this middle ferry, "while the first and second should move up the river to the Mormon ferry, where we might attempt to cross on rafts, or use the ferry."[58] The further adventures of the first and second division we have already chronicled, but the experiences of those who crossed at Crooked Muddy Creek remain unreported, save for Castleman's remarks below.

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55. Photocopy of MS. diary in Bancroft Library.

56. Ella Sterling Mighels, ed., *How Many Miles from St. Jo?* (San Francisco, 1929), p. 17.

57. Joseph Schafer, ed., *California Letters of Lucius Fairchild* (Wisconsin State Historical Society *Collections,* vol. 31, Madison, 1931), p. 31.

58. Raymond W. Settle, ed., *The March of the Mounted Riflemen* (Glendale, 1941), pp. 110-111; and see Part 1, pp. 26-28.

One of the most meticulous of the diarists in reporting the overland journey in 1849 is Isaac Lord. Characteristically, he gives us definite information that by July 2 ferries were operating as far down the North Platte at the point where the emigrant road descended out of the Black Hills. As he wrote: ". . . passing up and over a hill, got a fair view of the Platte, and teams almost without number, moving or lying upon the river, waiting to cross. A long, gradual descent through, or rather, between the low hills, brought us to the first ferry on the upper Platte. The emigrants are being ferried across the river for $2 50 per wagon Passed up a very good road five miles, and camped on Deer Creek. Here is a wide bottom, mostly covered with cottonwood, and a fine stream of water. . . . A blacksmith by the name of Ford, just now traveling with the Oskaloosa [Iowa] company, is at work shoeing horses and oxen already. He will be setting tire directly, I presume, as he has promised a number to do so. Bought a boat in company with Cameron's train, to ferry ourselves over, when we get ready. Drove our cattle seven miles up the creek for grass. None near."

Lord describes the Fourth of July celebration on Deer Creek, "now at least two hundred men camped here on one hundred acres of ground"—and this 7 miles back from the North Platte. That evening there were "any quantity of speeches, and sentiments, and firing of guns, (and for that matter you might hear them in all directions, —for miles around) and one man had a thumb shot off." On July 5 he says, "Crossed all our wagons by a little after noon, and the other train before night." By the 7th, then encamped 4 miles below "the upper ford," he could reflect, "This road is a little longer than that on the south side, rather heavier [sandier], and no springs or streams of water, with one exception; but the grass has not been as much fed down, as fifteen hundred teams crossed the upper [Mormon] ferry before we came up, and there are ferries every two or three miles [down] to Deer creek. . . ." Next day Lord's parting comment was: "A great many persons have been drowned in the Platte, at the different ferries and fords this year. The current is so bad, and the water so cold, that he who swims it must be a swimmer indeed. . . ."[59]

Philip Badman, who reached Deer Creek the same day as Lord, noted that his company "engaged a Blk Smith to shew our mules & set our tire," and on the 3rd he added, "this Blk Smith Shop is the largest I Ever See it was the whole compy of Neavens," but whether he and Lord were talking about the same smithy is not certain. Badman wrote on the 4th: "the boys on the other side of the River had quite a Spree & the govmt troops & Pioneer Line was firing Salutes all the while till 12 O clock at night & we got

59. MS. diary in Henry E. Huntington Library.

our wagon & loaded on the Plate at night & the ballance Came over the next morning July 5, 1849 we Comenced ferr[y]ing the balance in the morning & got them all over by 10 O clock. . . ."[60]

On the 3rd Badman mentioned that "the Pioneer line came up this Evening forty wagons," and next day Lord remarked the presence of this company across Deer Creek from his own encampment. The Pioneer Line, so called, was the unlucky commercial undertaking of Turner & Allen to deliver Forty-niners in California as if by stage. The proprietors got off two trains during the season, one setting out May 1, the other a month later. Only a little is known about the second, but the history of the first train is a catalogue of mismanagement and misfortune. One passenger in that first train was Niles Searls, and we may pick up his account on reaching Deer Creek July 3:

"The river at this point is from 10 to 12 feet [deep] & can only be crossed by ferrying. Emigrants are crossing from a short distance below us, to a point 30 miles above at every place practicable. The usual method is to prepare some two or three 'dug outs'—pin them together by means of cross timbers, thus forming a kind of scow capable of carrying a wagon The builders after crossing sellout to some other company who in turn do the same to a succeeding one. Our Company has purchased two of these rude machines. One near us & one two miles below. The Carriages will proceed to the lower ferry in the morning & cross, while the baggage train does the same here—by thus passing over at once we hope to steal a march on a large portion of those waiting on the south bank. the number of which within 30 miles is estimated even as high as 2000 wagons. The Oregon battallion [Regiment of Mounted Riflemen] with a train of 400 wagons is encamped seven miles above us. Their numbers have been much reduced by desertion since leaving Leavenworth." It was 1 P. M. on July 4 before the boat was at liberty, and the animals were not crossed over till late on the 5th, so not much of a march was stolen on other California-bound trains.[61]

John E. Brown's diary says no more than that on July 4 his party "drove to the ferry, where we were kindly accommodated by Mr. Turner of the Pioneer Line."[62] A better informant is Charles B. Darwin, who this day reached Deer Creek and ascended it 3 miles in a vain search for grass. He observed, "many are crossing the platte anxious for a change & thinking feed cannot there be poorer. some have brought out canoos with them &

60. MS. diary in Yale University Library.

61. MS. diary in Bancroft Library; edited by Robert M. Searls as *The Diary of a Pioneer and Other Papers* (San Francisco, 1940).

62. Katie E. Blood, ed., "Memoirs of a Forty-Niner," *Journal of American History,* vol. 2, January-March, 1908, p. 142.

after getting themselves over sell them for 12 or so on to the next comer some have put together logs & charge $2 per wagon & swim over stock & some have a rope streached over all eager after gold & as in home life useing all arts & machinations to obtain it there are several fords or rather ferries as the platte cant here be forded at all narrow rapid & deep & clear nearly. many teams have driven off stock onto the hills for to pick up a little feed indeed grim desolation look up from all the ground & The Desert of Sahara is the association occupying the mind in contemplating our situation. . . ." Darwin on July 5 went on up to the Mormon Ferry and crossed there.[63]

We have reports by several other diarists on July 4, extending over the next several days. Joseph Sedgley wrote on July 5: "After traveling five miles [from La Prele Creek], we came to the lower Platte ferry. We crossed in boats dug out of logs. Wagons are placed on them and carried over, by means of a rope stretched across the river. One wagon, that crossed before us, was upset and went down the river, the men barely escaping to the shore. After this, we concluded to travel three miles to the upper ferry; this keeps us on the road all night. Stopped to rest, and slept most of the time. We were very tired from our extra work. . . . [On the 6th] Swam our mules across the river, [and] made another start. . . . When we were about starting, a wagon, in crossing, was upset, and went to the bottom, with all its contents, except three bags of flour. The river is about three hundred yards wide, current rapid, bottom gravelly, and banks partially timbered with cottonwood."[64]

Cephas Arms, one of a company from Knoxville, Illinois, which had spent July 4 in proximity to Isaac Lord, says that the company occupied themselves on the 5th airing wagons, washing, blacksmithing, etc., and on the 6th "commenced crossing our wagons over the Platte in a boat made of four canoes lashed together, and all got over safe, without adding any more to the large number that have already been swallowed up in its turbid waters, at these ferries amounting to seventeen men. It was very hard work, having to draw our wagons three-fourths of a mile by hand, and then to tow the boat half a mile (in order to get the advantage of the current to set the boat over,) and this against the current and in the water." On the 7th, "It was after noon before we got our teams over and ready to start, and then four oxen and one pony were missing. We camped on the river just at dark, distance eight miles. Feed poor. Mr. [H. J.] Ward came very near being

63. MS. diary in Henry E. Huntington Library.

64. Joseph Sedgley, *Overland to California in 1849* (Oakland, 1877), pp. 34-35.

drowned this afternoon, but finally escaped after having sunk twice. . . ."[65]

Illustrating the havoc wrought by the jam-up at the ferries, when P. F. Castleman reached Deer Creek on July 4, he had to go 8 miles up it to find grass; he remarked next day: "this streame is well supplied with timber and good grasing so it is now occupied with emigrants from its mouth some three miles above us where there is some two hundred head of animals belonging to the government train." On July 6 he went to the river, "wher the train above mentioned wer crossing. . . . I here found a cosen of mine who was employed as quartermaster of this division by the name of George Arehart. He gave me the boat which the train had crossed with it being composed of three canoes lashed together. . . ." On the 7th, Castleman continues, "as soon as breakfast was over all was busily engaged in driving up our stolk an preparing to get off an by 6 o'clock we wer on the road it being about nine miles across the hills to the ferry [at Muddy Creek]. . . . when we arived at the river we found that [I.] Foster and [I.] Clark had feried over some four waggons but could not drive the cattle across so some time in the afternoon we began to ferry our waggons across so we made an attempt to drive the cattle that belonged to these four waggons across but they being hard to drive three of their men swam in after them two swam across and one of them took the cramp and drownded. A. Grayhem & I Tucker wen[t] in to try to rescue him but wer to late the[y] suckseed in getting him to an Iland here John oconnel and James Barry went to there assistance but could not suckseed in restoring him to life the deceased was a native of Ireland late from St Louis his name was James Henley we got four waggons across before sundown so we swam our animals across an then devided our company putting a gard out on both sides of the river Dis 9 miles." Completing his story on July 8, Castleman relates that "about sun rise we began to ferry the ballance of our waggons across which we completed by 8 o'clock when we resumed our march. . . ."[66]

Gordon C. Cone on July 8 was evidently speaking of the Deer Creek site when he remarked, "this is the best place to cross many are crossing at this place, so that we shall not get over until tomorrow—." His party was able to finish crossing sometime

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65. *Knoxville,* Illinois, *Journal,* October 31, 1849. Both John B. Colton and H. B. Frans of the Knoxville Company, in letters respectively written on July 17 and July 24, said that some fifty men had been drowned in the river—"in one week," according to Colton. Frans said, not quite clearly, that after the Company started on, he "bought a ferry boat for $50 and ran it three days, crossing teams at from $2 to $3 apiece, till I made $8 per day for seven days." *Oquawka,* Illinois, *Spectator,* October 3 and 10, 1849.

66. Photocopy of typed transcript in Bancroft Library.

after noon on July 9: "The ferry was made by lashing two wagon boxes together, and with tar and calking made tight, so that they served as boats, or boat—The crossing was very labourious as most of the wagons had to be unloaded, and the wagon and load taken over sepperate—The river is about forty rods wide, with a deep and strong current; we had all the work to do, and pay two dollars and fifty cents pr. wagon for crossing—the cattle we swim over—As we assend the Platt it grows narrow, and deeper—its great width below [Fort Laramie] enables you to ford it in many places as the water is spread over this width, and much of it sinks in the sand in many places, and rises again in others—"

Before taking leave of the Platte, Cone further remarked on July 12; "The ferries on this river are of a novel nature—Being hundreds of miles from any settlement, they are not stationary—

"The first teams that arrived, by means of large troughs dug out of the trunks of the cottonwood trees, or, by lashing wagon boxes together, construct a ferry, cross over *their train,* then some one of the company remains until another train comes up, and either ferries them over for a stipulated fee, or sells out the concern to them, and takes to his horse and overtakes his train—In all cases the succeeding proprietors pursue the same course—it is in most cases a money making business, as they charge such prices as the varying avarice of the individuals demand—"[67]

Stillman Churchill, who reached Deer Creek the same day as Cone, but later in the afternoon, says "the wind [was] blowing hard & it was very blustering we found a ferry boat at the Creek but we thought it best to drive up the creek & let our teams recruit 2 days which we did & found grass sufficient for all the emigration. . . ." On July 11, "Weather fair left camp at 6 A. M. for the ferry drove across the bluffs three miles when we again come to the main road again." Here, as Churchill was evidently making for the ferry at Muddy Creek (but possibly the Mormon Ferry), his journal lapses for a time, and he gives us no record of the actual crossing.[68]

On July 12 William Swain reached Deer Creek. Here his company decided to cross, "on a craft of canoes fastened together by poles & pegs." The animals were taken up Deer Creek to graze, two wagons being meanwhile filled with hay for the barren stretch of trail ahead, and returned to the ferry on the morning of the 14th. "We found our train just crossing the last waggon & we swam the herd across the stream & at 12 oclock we rolled away from the ferry." Swain notes on the 17th, "we arrived at the

67. MS. diary in collection of Fred A. Rosenstock, Denver, Colorado.
68. MS. diary in collection of Fred A. Rosenstock; copies in Minnesota Historical Society Library and Bancroft Library.

upper ferry where the road leaves the river," but omits to say whether or not the Mormon Ferry was still operating at that date, information we should be glad to have.[69]

About the time Swain's party finished crossing, David Dewolf reached Deer Creek. "The ferry boats were made by fastening two wagons boddies together with a space of four feet between them. We had to swim the oxen over, we then commenced ferrying our wagons over one a time we had to pull them over by a rope made fast on each side of the river to trees they also had three dugouts fastened together which they used as liters. We succeeded in getting eight wagons over this evening when we had to stop operations it being quite dark one of our company killed a Buffalo today they are coming quite plenty again. . . ." On the 15th he added, "finished crossing our wagons over & traveled six miles where we encampt. . . . the river where we crossed was three hundred yards wide & very rapid current we had to pay two dollars a wagon for ferrying over the river."[70]

Charles Gould, coming up that same day, July 15, remarked that the ferry was "situated about half a mile from where the regular trail crosses Deer Creek. The river is about 800 feet wide here with a swift current. The boats are constructed of six 'dug outs' fastened together, worked by oars. It took us until 4:00 P. M. to get across—the animals were swam across."[71] In the same party, David Jackson Staples wrote: "Today we have crossed the Platte again being ferryed across by a party from Ill. who on coming up to the ferry found it governed by a *Mormon* who was asking $2.50 for ferrying over a waggon they went to work and made a raft of log's dug out, they ferreyed us over for .50 cts a waggon this had the right effect to make him reduce his fare the same we had to swim our mules over."[72]

This notation by Staples is the first definite association of Mormons with the lower ferry, though we have noted Parke's comment on June 22. The facts as related are interesting otherwise, as indicating the lessening pressure on the ferry facilities, for even a week previous no scale of prices for one ferry could much have affected neighboring operations.

On the 17th we have a wealth of diarists migrating in a single company from Massachusetts and New Hampshire, no less than three tell of conditions near Deer Creek. Amos Batchelder writes: ". . . After two hours travel we reached the lower Platte ferry.

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69. MS. diary in Yale University Library.
70. "Diary of the Overland Trail and Letters of Captain David Dewolf," Illinois State Historical Society, *Transactions,* 1925, p. 198.
71. MS. diary in Minnesota Historical Society Library.
72. MS. diary in Bancroft Library; edited by Harold F. Taggart in *California Historical Society Quarterly,* vol. 22, June, 1943, pp. 119-150.

The boats, or whatever they may be called, are of the rudest construction, and we expected to see them sink under every load. One was made of two wagon bodies lashed together about 4 feet apart, with boards laid across their tops for a floor. The other was made of three logs dug out like a hogs-trough, and lashed together in the same way as the first. They were drawn across by means of a rope extended between the trees. After ferrying over our baggage, we drove the animals through the rapid stream, which is at this point about ten rods wide. One of our mules became entangled by the halter that was left to drag under his feet, and was drowned. A small company with three wagons is stopping here to attend the ferry. The company is made up of men, women, and children. They keep several cows, and make butter, which, with some hot biscuit made by the ladies, was a luxury, as it was the first we had seen since we left Independence. Large cotton wood trees grow along the bank of the river, affording a complete protection from the intensely hot rays of the sun. A blacksmiths anvil, and several other heavy articles were lying along the shore, thrown away in consequence of their weight. . . ."[73]

More briefly, Kimball Webster said of "the lower ferry on the North Platte," that they found "a poor ferry boat in which we carried our packs to the opposite side of the stream, and caused all of our animals to swim over. We lost one mule by being drowned, with which exception we were very fortunate. The stream at this point is very rapid and deep."[74]

Our third diarist, Joseph A. Stuart, dwells particularly on the loss of the mule: "Our mess lost a mule by drowning. Some one left a halter dragging so as to catch him readily on the other side, and many animals were entangled in the 30-feet length of rope. My horse was among those entangled, but extricated himself and returned to the shore. I had stripped to go to his rescue with my bowie between my teeth, but he got himself clear before I reached him and returned with me. I held him by the bight of a rope ready for slipping in case of accident and he followed with his nose resting upon the stern of the ferry boat. This ferry boat was composed of a half-dozen cottonwood log canoes lashed together and planks laid across for the wagon wheels. We ferried our packs and ourselves across. The cattle followed our animals as if it was a matter of course that they go together. They give us little trouble. A part of our mess had a long chase in catching their mules after crossing and were an hour late in reaching camp.

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73. MS. diary in Bancroft Library.

74. Kimball Webster, *The Gold Seekers of '49* (Manchester, N. H., 1917), p. 60.

Remained to help them and we got a good lunch of hot biscuit made by a woman at the ferry and baked in an oven."[75]

Joseph Middleton made no entries in his diary for several weeks before crossing the Platte, which apparently was about July 15 and near Deer Creek. During the course of the 18th he "came opposite the Upper Ferry which is 24, some say, 27 miles above the Lower Ferry at the mouth of Deer Creek," and he was then moved to remark, "At the Lower Ferry I saw 2 wagons loaded with green hay that they said they had mowed about 3 or 4 miles up Deer Creek. It seems to be a coarse kind of rye grass and was very sweet."[76]

Now at length we came to that indefatigable diarist, J. Goldsborough Bruff, who characteristically describes the experiences of his Washington City Company at the Deer Creek ferry. On July 16, en route from La Prele Creek to the bottoms of the North Platte, he wrote: ". . . when near the edge of the Platte, 2 Mormons came up, and desired me to cross there, and informing me what companies they had taken over. But I knew what sort of a ferry they had, and that the country, on the other side was a deep sand-drag, and where the proper ferry and conveyance was: And declined.—Going on, I found the train halted, and on going back to see what was the matter, found that the Mormons had had the impudence to stop them, to persuade the men to cross there; and the teamster of the lead wagon actually said that he thought the *Sense of the company should be taken about it.* I order'd him preremptorily to vacate his seat, or drive on at once, and handling a pistol in my belt, told the Mormons to be off, or I'd blow them to blazes.—So the train promptly moved ahead. This hard tramp for the mules, 27 1/2 miles, brought us to Deer Creek, which we crossed, passing through hundreds of tents, wagons, camp fires, and people of every age & sex, congregated on its banks,[77] and turned down to the right, camped on the banks of the Platte, at the Ferry, 1/3 of a mile above the mouth of the Creek.[78] This drive was without grass. Here was a little grass. The ferry here kept by 3 men. . . ."

On July 17 Bruff continues: . . . Very early this morning I sent the mules 7 miles up Deer Creek, under guard of 20 men—to graze, and a party to cut grass & bring down. Hauled the seine, in Platte, [and] caught a number of fine fish. A Company with

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75. Joseph A. Stuart, *My Roving Life* (Auburn, California, 1896, 2 vols.), vol. I, p. 38. Note that although Stuart's description of the ferry varies from Batchelder's, it agrees with Gould's.

76. MS. diary in Yale University Library.

77. "Thousands of men, women, and children!" Bruff wrote in another version of his diary.

78. Bruff said in another account that they camped "about 2 miles" from the ford where they crossed Deer Creek.

ox-wagons, crossed the ferry this morning. Our wheels much shrunk—repairing & strengthening them.

"The abandonment and destruction of property here—at Deer Creek, is extraordinary: true, a great deal is heavy cumbrous, useless articles: A Diving bell and all the apparatus, heavy anvils, iron and steel, forges, bellows, lead, &c. &c. and provissions; —bacon in great piles, many chords of it—good meat. Bags of beans, salt, &c. &c. Trunks, chests, tools of every description, clothing, tents, tent-poles, harness, &c. &c.

"I took advantage of the piles of bacon here, and had all mine trimmed of fat and the rusty exterior and the requisite amount of pounds replaced by choice cuts from the abandoned piles. Was told of a man here, who a few days ago offered a barrel of sugar for sale, for about threble its cost, price—and unable to obtain that, he poured Spirits of turpentine in it, and burnt it up. The spirit of selfishness has been here beautifully developed—Discarded effects generally rendered useless:—Camp utensils & vessels broken, kegs & buckets stove, trunks chopped with hatchets, & saws & other tools all broken. A considerable accumulation of ox-chains & yokes. . . .

"Trains of ox-wagons hourly coming up, among some of them Mr. [Loring] Pickering & lady. At Deer Creek there is a camp of 3 wagons & several Missourians, who have 2 wagons heavily laden with Alcohol, for California. This they dilute, and with dried apples, peaches, &c. manufacture all kinds of liquors. They sell a dilute whiskey at 50c per pint, and expect that on the route, and in California they will realize a fortune from the proceeds: but I doubt much that they will ever get a gallon of it into California.

"The Ferry-boat here, made and tended by 3 or 4 men, is composed of 8 *dug-outs,* or canoes,—of cotton-wood; and grooved timber pinned over, connecting them, and forming a rail-way to run the wagons on."

Two days later, on July 19, Bruff wrote: "Several trains of ox-wagons crossed the ferry:—the animals are swum over. . . . Crossed the company after dinner, and camped a little above the landing, with springs in a hollow. . . . Paid $1 per wagon for crossing. Left a guard, on S.side,with the mules." Bruff kept on up the north bank of the river, and it is noteworthy that on the 21st he wrote, "Saw where there had been several ferries, and old rafts on the shores & islands."

One of the several accounts Bruff wrote contains the following additional partciulars: "This [Deer Creek] ferry is kept by 3 men from Iowa. They are emigrants, but think this a speculation worth their attention. The *ferry-boat* is formed of 8 cottonwood canoe's, roughly formed, and slightly excavated. They are fastened together, side by side, by a strip of wood at each end, running across the bows, and pinned down to each canoe. Then

across, in a similar manner, are centrally laid 2 grooved rail-way pieces, for the wagon wheels to run in. An inclined plane is cut in the bank on this side, for a landing, and the opposite shore is low. The animals are swum over."[79]

Bruff places us further in his debt by an actual sketch of this ferry in operation. Details are clearly apparent, the eight canoes, four cross-pieces to bear the wagon wheels—and what one would not have known from his written description, the fact that this craft could carry two good-sized wagons across the river at the same time. To judge from the picture, the boat was worked by oars, as Gould had noted on July 15 (though he and Stuart described the ferry boat as constructed of six, rather than eight, canoes).[80] Another interesting detail, mules are seem swimming close to the raft, their heads held up by lines firmly grasped by men aboard the boat.[81]

Henry Austin, one of Bruff's company, who remained to guard the provisions and baggage when, on July 17, the animals were sent out 10 or 12 miles to grass, commented: "We have quite a stirring time at this place owing to its proximity to the ferry over the north fork of the Plate River—A large number of men have collected here waiting their turn to cross—and doing all necessary repairs to wagons etc. etc." On July 19 he wrote, "We expect to start tomorrow morning if all well the mules have not been brought in yet Crossed the river in the evening: all the wagons are over—"[82]

It was July 25 when Captain Howard Stansbury came along, bound for Utah with his topographical party. In his Report he says: "Just above the mouth of [Deer Creek], there was a ferry over the North Fork of the Platte, at which I determined to cross the train. The means employed for this purpose were of the rudest and simplest kind. The ferry-boat was constructed of seven canoes, dug out from cotton-wood logs, fastened side by side with poles, a couple of hewn logs being secured across their tops, upon which the wheels of the wagons rested. This rude raft was drawn back and forth by means of a rope stretched across the river, and secured at the ends to either bank. Frail and insecure as was the appearance of this very primitive ferry-boat, yet all the wagons

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79. Georgia Willis Read and Ruth Gaines, eds., *Gold Rush, The Journals Drawings, and Other Papers of J. Goldsborough Bruff* (New York, 1944, 2 vols.), vol. I, pp. 46-50; and see pp. 121-122, 492, 494.

80. Stansbury, as we see below, says the ferry boat was made of 7 dugouts. Is all this faulty observation, or did the number vary from time to time?

81. This striking sketch by Bruff, not reproduced by the Misses Read and Gaines, is here reproduced through the courtesy of the Henry E. Huntington Library.

82. Photocopy of MS. diary in Bancroft Library.

Crossing of the Platte Mouth of Deer Creek

From Captain Howard Stansbury's Report on the Exploration and Survey of the Valley of Great Salt Lake.

were passed over in the course of two hours, without the slightest incident, although many of them were very heavily laden. The animals were driven into the stream and obliged to ferry themselves over, which they did without loss, although the river was now somewhat swollen by late rains and the current extremely rapid and turbid. The ferrymen informed me that an emigrant had been drowned here the day before, in essaying to swim his horse across, which he persisted in attempting, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties and warnings of his friends. They told us that this man made the twenty-eighth victim drowned in crossing the Platte this year; but I am inclined to believe that this must be an exaggeration. The charge for ferriage was two dollars for each wagon. The price, considering that the ferrymen had been for months [*sic!*] encamped here in a little tent, exposed to the assaults of hordes of wandering savages, for the sole purpose of affording this accommodation to travellers, was by no means extravagant.'[83]

Stansbury reproduces a sketch, "Crossing of the Platte Mouth of Deer Creek," which does not quite conform either to his description or to Bruff's sketch, leaving us to wonder whether the artist fixed up some of the details to suit himself—if indeed they were not manufactured by the lithographer at another place and time; in general, the boat as rendered is much more finished.

The last record we have of the North Platte ferries in 1849 we owe to James M. Hutchings, who reached Deer Creek early on July 31. "Here we found a ferry across the N. Platte and about 10 Ocl'k A. M. we commenced crossing and finished soon after dark, having 29 waggons to cross over. There had liked to have been [a shooting scrape, which he describes]. Mr. [Charles] Dallas [word illegible] bought the Ferry this morning, line, ferry-boat, small boat &c. for an inferior horse—the owners having grown tired of waiting any longer—they had been here three weeks but had now packed up for the 'diggins.' We worked hard all day to get over the teams &c.—We were charged $2. per waggon so that he made $59 out of our train—crossed his own for nothing and sold it for $150 [*sic*]. We swam our animals across above the ferry. . . ."[84]

Apart from its other interest, Hutchings' account of Dallas supplies a date for the well-known reminiscences of William L. Manly, then one of Dallas' teamsters. Manly recalled many years later: "There was a ferry here to cross the river and go up along north side. Mr. Dallas bought the whole outfit for a small sum

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83. Howard Stansbury, *Exploration and Survey of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, including a Reconnaissance of a New Route through the Rocky Mountains* (Philadelphia, 1852), pp. 60-61.

84. MS. diary in Library of Congress.

and when we were safely over he took with him such ropes as he wanted and tied the boat to the bank."[85]

At what date the upper North Platte became fordable in 1849 is not known, but the Mormon trains in September crossed without difficulty. Jesse Morgan, on fording the river with one of the Mormon companies September 6, observed that it was "knee deep."[86] Even before the river became fordable, however, the last of a long succession of ferrymen may have abandoned the Deer Creek ferry; Hutchings seems to establish the precise date.

Let us now recapitulate the ferry record for the North Fork of the Platte in 1849, including the ferry at Fort Laramie and the Mormon Ferry on the upper river.

At Fort Laramie, those who did not cross themselves seem to have been ferried in a flatboat belonging to the fur company. So far as now known, the first emigrant company by the Mormon Trail from Council Bluffs, north of the Platte, arrived opposite the fort on June 6. Various companies are recorded as crossing between June 12 and July 11. Those who used the flatboat paid $1 or $1.50 per wagon for the privilege, while doing the actual ferrying themselves. A single drowning is known on June 6, by one of three men who attempted to swim the river here. If there were other drownings, they have escaped the record.[87]

Above the Black Hills near present Casper, the Mormon Ferry, manned from May 27, 1849, by 10 Mormons captained by Charles Shumway, ferried the first Forty-niners on May 29 and continued operations as late as July 15, probably ceasing shortly thereafter. Although partial crossings on rafts in the vicinity of the Mormon Ferry are recorded before that time, the first serious efforts to cross the river independent of the Mormon Ferry were made beginning June 11, at a point 4 miles below, 7 or 8 miles east of present Casper. References in diaries to a "lower ferry" during the week following probably meant this one. There were not at first actual commercial facilities here or below, companies making their own craft or buying and then selling boats as they arrived at and departed from the ferry site. By June 20 a ferry was operating 10 miles above Deer Creek (that is, at Muddy Creek), another 1 1/2 or 2 miles above Deer Creek; and by June 24 as far as 4 miles below Deer Creek. By that time there was probably

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85. William Lewis Manly, *Death Valley in '49* (San Jose, 1894), p. 69.

86. Martha M. Morgan, *A Trip Across the Plains in the Year 1849, with Notes of a Voyage to California by way of Panama* (San Francisco, 1864), p. 9.

87. The present narrative does not attempt to record drownings by men, usually on horseback, who ventured out into the Platte or North Platte from either bank of the river, below Fort Laramie. Neither does the record extend to men who drowned while fording the Laramie during the course of the season, though at least one such mishap occurred.

no stretch of the river, from above present Casper to below present Glenrock, a distance of some 30 miles, where emigrants were not crossing or being crossed.

Commercial operations evolved when men chose to linger at the river to make money ferrying their fellow emigrants. By June 18, as recorded by Alonzo Delano, a Mr. Henderson from New Orleans was conducting such a ferry at the Findley site 4 miles below the Mormon Ferry. How long he remained is uncertain, and indications are that when he took the trail again, he was murdered and robbed by two men who had been working for him. By June 23 a ferry was reported by Isaac Foster as being conducted by an emigrant named George R. Codding, from Will County, Illinois, apparently at the Muddy Creek site, some 10 miles above Deer Creek and 11 miles or so below the Mormon Ferry. Three or four emigrants from Iowa, whose names do not appear, but who had women and children with them, operated a ferry commercially at Deer Creek from about July 10 (if Hutchings is correct) to July 31, when they sold out and moved on toward California. This latter date, July 31, probably marks the close of commercial ferry operations on the upper North Platte in 1849. With the exception of E. Douglas Perkins, who crossed at the Mormon Ferry July 15, all diarists now known to have reached the North Platte after July 12 crossed at Deer Creek, though J. Goldsborough Bruff on July 16 tells of an effort by rival ferrymen (by him called Mormons) to drum up business for a ferry at some point on the 5-mile stretch of river below the mouth of Deer Creek.

Indications are that about a fourth of the entire emigration crossed at the Mormon Ferry, the remainder lower down. At the Mormon Ferry, throughout the season, the standard price of ferriage appears to have been $3 for wagons, but whether because of size, loads, or some other reason, the price for crossing some wagons during the middle of the season was reported at $4; and at the very close of the season Perkins reports a $2.50 charge. (At the same time Perkins reported a rate of $2 for carts, $1 for packs, and 50 cents for men.)

At the ferries farther down, $3 per wagon seems to have been an average charge, though in the first fine flush of business a fee of $5 is mentioned at the Findley site below the Mormon Ferry. Beginning early in July, the charge seems to have declined to $2.50 per wagon, then to $2 and even less in special circumstances.

It is probable that more than half of the entire emigration ferried itself, using wagon-boxes, or building or acquiring their own craft. The going price for the rude ferryboats probably averaged $25 to $30; some sales up to $40 are recorded, and others down to $16, leaving aside as a special case A. J. McCall's account of buying a boat for $7 and selling it for $5.

Plainly it was safest to cross at the Mormon Ferry under the direction of a knowledgeable crew. Most of the recorded casual-

ties are at sites farther down the river, where carelessness, inexperience, and haste took their toll. However, many of the drownings were associated with the job of swimming animals across the river, and this had to be done no matter where the crossing was made. In respect of total casualties, Isaac Foster on June 24 said that 24 men had been "drowned and killed," while Cephas Arms noted on July 5 that 17 men had been drowned to date; Captain Howard Stansbury on July 28 was informed that 28 men had been drowned up to his time of crossing. Stansbury thought the number exaggerated, but conceivably it was understated.

Insofar as the record can be pieced out, the casualties may be listed as follows:

June 10, Mormon Ferry. James Brown of Howard County, Missouri, drowned attempting to swim a mule across the river.

June 14, Findley site. Three men from Brown County, Missouri, drowned when their boat capsized.

June 18, above Deer Creek. Eyewitness report of drowning by Alonzo Delano. "Several" reported by B. R. Biddle to have drowned, but perhaps referring to some of the above.

June 20, at Deer Creek. Drenner (or Drennan) of St. Clairsville, Ohio (or Tennessee or Virginia) drowned attempting to swim a mule.

June 20, evidently at Deer Creek. Four men drowned by raft upsetting; reported by Joseph Hackney and probably referred to by Isaac Foster.

June 20, 2 miles above Deer Creek. Six men drowned, reported by Willis and Prichet. Probably also the 6 mentioned by Sheldon Young on June 22, and perhaps including the four men mentioned by Hackney above.

June 21, Muddy Creek. Seven men drowned in two days, as reported by Joseph Warren Wood. "Several" men drowned here about this time, reported by William J. Watson on June 22, when he tells of the recovery of one body.

June 22, between Deer Creek and Muddy Creek. Five drowned at some prior date "in attempting to ride and drive over a lot of horses and mules," according to Isaac Foster—these in addition to the "several" drowned at one place by the upsetting of their raft.

June 22. Woman and 7 children rumored to have been drowned through the upsetting of a raft at some unspecified place; reported by Vincent Geiger.

June 24, 1 1/2 miles above Deer Creek. Member of Ashland Company drowned; reported by Elijah B. Farnham.

June 25, 2 miles above Deer Creek. Daniel Burgett, Stark County, Ohio, of S. R. Dundass' party, drowned attempting to swim his horse across.

June 28, below Deer Creek. Drowning witnessed by Lyman Mitchell.

July 4, near Mormon Ferry. Two soldiers of the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen drowned, having panicked while crossing on a raft; described by Osborne Cross.

July 7, at Muddy Creek. James Henley of St. Louis drowned; reported by P. F. Castleman.

July 24, at Deer Creek. Man drowned attempting to swim his horse, reported to Stansbury next day as the 28th drowning of the year.

The above accounting does not include some of the more extravagant reports of the Forty-niners, though these certainly add color to the story—witness Kirkpatrick's saying at Deer Creek on June 20, "Already within our hearing today twelve men have found a watery grave while crossing with their stock and effects," and the comment of John B. Colton and H. B. Frans that some fifty men had been drowned ("in one week," to hear Colton tell it), though Cephas Arms in the same company gave a total of only 17 casualties to that date, July 5.

In parting company with the North Platte ferries in 1849, we may note as an evident mistake Irene D. Paden's observation, "In '49 a few travelers noted a precarious bridge three miles below the site of the later bridge near the ferry. It had been built by a fur company and was apparently of no importance or use to the emigrants."[88] It is apparent that Mrs. Paden confused the record of 1849 with that of 1851, when such a bridge actually was observed to exist.[89]

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88. Irene D. Paden, *The Wake of the Prairie Schooner* (New York, 1943), p. 198.

89. See Dale L. Morgan, "The Mormon Ferry on the North Platte," *Annals of Wyoming*, vol. 21, July-September, 1949, pp. 116-117.

Frewen's ranch house on Powder River, Wyoming, in 1880.
(From the Elmer Brock Collection.)

John M. Young's Kaycee Hotel. (L.R.A. Condit Collection)

Old Grigg Postoffice. (L.R.A. Condit Collection)
Photos by Courtesy Thelma G. Condit

The Hole-in-the-Wall

By

THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT

PART V - SECTION 5 - OUTLAWS AND RUSTLERS

Grigg Post Office

The Grigg post office down the river about ¼ of a mile from the old Joe Webb place was established about the same time as Barnum was (in the middle '90's) and in like manner took its name from the first postmaster, Mr. Alfred Grigg. This place and its surroundings on the middle Fork of the Powder is worthy of special mention in throwing further light on the outlaw and rustling period. Like all other little localities of its time, Grigg came into existence as a result of the big foreign cow outfits. The men connected with them are now out of jobs and seeking some sort of a start of their own, which mostly meant the filing on homestead land and getting a small cattle crop of their own.

Alfred Grigg had come to Wyoming as cook for Frewen Brothers. His oldest child had the distinction of being born at Frewen Castle (see picture) which in itself was no little honor, the Castle being world famous at the time. The small child even had his picture taken on one of the many buffalo robes found all over the place.

One time when his mother was alone at the ranch, an Indian came to the house and admiring the wee child attempted to pick him up, with intent to steal, the frightened mother thought. Mrs. Grigg, a seamstress by trade, had never been out of London in her life, until she married and came to Frewen Castle as a bride. But, nevertheless, she was equal to the occasion and showed great fortitude when she grabbed a heavy iron skillet from the stove and gave the Indian a whack on the head to save her first-born. After the Castle and its gay, laughing society were no more, Mr. Grigg, liking the Powder River Country and its harsh western atmosphere and being financially unable to get his family back across the waters to England, took up a homestead west, and a little south, of present day Kaycee, on the north bank of Middle Fork in 1884 (see map).

Supporting an ever-increasing family on a postmaster's wage was not only difficult but downright impossible, so Mr. Grigg found himself doing many odd and various jobs to earn the needed money. Mostly he cooked for roundups, especially for Tisdale and May whose headquarters were on TTT ranch. (see map)

Alfred Grigg

Ernest Grigg, first child of Alfred & Sarah Grigg, taken at Frewen Castle
Courtesy Thelma G. Condit

They were unusually good, generous neighbors and helped the Grigg family a lot, in many little friendly ways.

Mrs. Grigg, Sarah by name, did washing for the cowboys. She was a pretty woman, with the very "rosy cheecks" of the English. Mr. Grigg himself was quite an imposing figure and really fitted for better occupations than "roundup" cook. He had studied law and was quite well educated, according to the standards of the west, at any rate. Having been connected with the big cowmen since his arrival in Johnson County he naturally tended to defend their viewpoint in regard to cattle rustling, etc.

Like all early day post offices Grigg was a gathering place for men of all kinds. It was rumored that here the "bounty hunters" and Tom Horn came frequently. The place, in fact, became an "information booth" of sorts, where persons of supposed authority were informed of certain activities and plans. The original post office was in a smaller building in the trees to the right of the building shown in the picture. (It had burned to the ground prior to the taking of the present photograph.) In it there had been a big fireplace with the usual sizable stack of fire length wood. One log of fair proportions near one side of the hearth was never burned but reserved as a sitting place, its top side worn smooth by the many and varied rumps it had supported through the years.

It was slightly scarred here and there too, from the spurs of restless riders who had not removed their gear. Whether messages of a private nature were secreted some place in the firewood, or in this sitting log itself cannot now be proved, but it is known that men of every color and description came there and sat on that log, (always that log) and were seen reading messages that did not come by legitimate stage mail. Many a time a man thus occupied was unexpectedly and unpleasantly startled to feel the cold steel of a 45-70 poked in his ribs, as he was unceremoniously ordered outside, often before he could even crumple the paper in his hand or toss it into the burning fireplace coals. But these were usually the ones who got careless and overly confident and failed to close the door behind them and pause to look around the room before going "full blast ahead" to the log. Some of these men were never seen again thereabouts, which *could* mean a lot or nothing at all. What happened? Who knows? Many men permanently disappeared in mysterious ways in the Hole-in-the-Wall, which was only a step away. Whether they met death or escape—who can tell?

Tom Horn was at Grigg a lot. An old-timer who was then just a boy going for the mail said he often heard Mr. Grigg and Tom Horn talking about the "black list" and the men that were up to be "dry gulched" after the Invasion didn't get the job done. Being just another kid playing in the yard he wasn't noticed at his eavesdropping and he was too young to get the real import of the conversation, but said he was vastly thrilled and also greatly afraid because of the things he'd heard spoken. He couldn't figure it out at all then and knew he could find out nothing by asking, for no one at home talked about these goings on and no one anyplace openly took either side, if he could help himself.

About ½ mile up the road was a log school house. It was two roomed, the far one being used as a storeroom. It seems that some of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang had grain and hay in there for their horses. No telling when they'd be needing oats in an emergency. Mr. Grigg being on the school board took it upon himself to keep this room locked. This proved very, very annoying to the outlaws—it was senseless time wasting having to get the key to unlock this place—it could mean getting caught as easily as getting away. Once, upon finding the door locked, an outlaw pale with anger, blurted out, "If you don't leave that door unlocked I'm going to kill you. I mean it. Do you understand? I said I'm going to kill you."

"Oh! fiddle", said Mr. Grigg and that was the end of that, his philosophy of life apparently being "half of stayin' alive is just holdin' in."

Another old-timer, in his youth the tenderfoot type, tells of staying all night with the Grigg family. There being no place else conveniently available, a bed of sorts was spread for him on the

Alfred and Sarah Grigg and Children, February 2, 1900. (Standing, left to right: Grace, Millie and Art. Seated, left to right: Ed, Johnnie, Etta)
Courtesy Thelma G. Condit

front porch. But sleep was not for him that night, it seemed. The Grigg children had some pet Belgium hares which kept smelling his feet whenever they got out from under the covers, which must have been often, for he was long and the quilts were short. He'd no sooner doze off than he'd come to with a start, feeling a coldness twitching over his feet. Stiff with terror lest a snake was sharing his bed, he was decidedly provoked to discover his tormentor was only an inquisitive Belgium hare, whose wiggly nose was quite incapable of doing him bodily harm. Being a kind hearted man not given to physical violence and not wishing to encroach upon the hospitality of his hosts, he with great mental effort refrained from murdering their persistent pets.

The Joe Webb[1] ranch was near the Grigg Post office. (see map) Early Webb tells of a time in 1898 when a couple of outlaws were overtaken by Natrona County law officers while eating supper in Kaycee one evening. Some one had even disposed of their horses; at least they weren't where they'd been left, so the outlaws took off afoot and, arriving at the Webb place, asked for the loan of a couple of horses. (These words were truthfully spoken, for everything an outlaw borrowed was either returned or paid for outright.) It so happened that the only horse close by at the

1. Joe was a brother of Lou Webb and has two children still living, Early Webb, at Linch, and Stella, now Mrs. O. U. Kirtley, of Kaycee.

ranch that night was Early's little Indian pony, which was in a small pasture close to the house. He was a tricky, onery little horse and apparently wasn't in the mood to be ridden over "Outlaw Trail," even a short distance. It was a pitch black night, you couldn't even see a hand in front of your face. The two outlaws chased that horse all over that pasture for hours, it seemed—by turns softly coaxing with oats and swearing aloud in wild profanity. There is nothing on earth as downright maddening as being unable to catch a horse when you need him; and how especially galling it was to these men whose need was so great, who were used to a horse's responding to every word at a moment's notice. Regardless of right or wrong, good or bad, the little horse finally won out and the running and stumbling around in the dark and the pleading and cursing came to an end and everything settled down to its former quietness. All that was heard was an occasional soft snort from the little horse which probably could be taken to mean, "Thank God for the blackness of this night. Otherwise I'd probably be lying dead with a bullet in my ornery head."

An Ira Uruwink, a Dutchman, also had a homestead close to Grigg and later married one of the school teachers. He was "not a very good citizen—was ornery and stingy and tough; always in trouble with the law, but never caught in whatever it was he was suspected of having done." He was like Manuel Arminto, always in a brush with the authorities—but not in the gay, gentlemanly way Manuel was. Everybody liked Manuel and he was a good neighbor.

Manuel was a friend of Tom Barnum; they'd become acquainted in the Union Army, and both had come west to seek their fortunes. Manuel was homesteading up on what is now the Jim Harlan[2] place.

Manuel Arminto, though rather small of stature, was a handsome fellow (about 5′ 5″, weighing around 140 lbs.) He was a Castilean Spaniard by birth, light complexioned, brown haired and blue eyed. He used to ride a pureblooded Arabian horse, a dappled sorrel called "Appie". He was one of the "best cow horses that ever hit the range. Couldn't a horse in the country outrun him."

Manuel was the only man in the Hole-in-the-Wall rustling gang who was a two-gun man, "he was dynamite with both hands". He was dynamite in the cattle business, too; he started by means of a long rope, an iron ring and his good cow horse "Appie". Everybody knew he threw a long rope but no one could ever

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2. John R. Smith later got this plan from Manuel—also Arminto, Wyo., a small railroad station at the end of the red wall in Natrona Co. is named for Manuel's family.

prove it. At least they *didn't* prove it. The first year on his homestead one steer raised him fourteen calves.

Manuel was always being arrested, first in one place and then in another. On one such occasion it seems that he was actually on the verge of being convicted, so he stood up before the judge with his flashing smile and said; "Every other time you've had me in here I've been *very much guilty* and you let me go unharmed. This time, for once only, I'm very, very *much innocent* and you plan to harm me. Now, good sir, does that seem quite right to you—does this seem fair? What kind of a law you got that does these things wrong; backwards?"

So the judge let him go again—seemed as if they could never get anything on him that would hold, for one flimsy excuse or another.

On another occasion Manuel said to the Judge presiding, "Sir, it looks like the Lord oughta step in and straighten these things out, because by now He surely oughta see none of us are smart enough to do it."

Manuel's philosophy of life was wrapt up in the following remark of his—"The way I figure there aint no harm in stealin' from a thief. The big feflows got their start that way—and I might as well get mine the same way. What's good enough for them's good enough for me—who aint so smart." Manuel was like the boy caught stealing his friends' toys. The indignant friend said with tears in his eyes—partly from anger and partly from disappointment at his companion's perfidy—"Jackie, *why* do you always steal my stuff?" and Jackie very nonchalantly replied, "I can't help it, Johnnie, I can't help stealing your stuff. *All* my family steals."

Manuel *was* clever and charming of manner, he was a rustler and a gambler, always in trouble and yet forever light hearted and gay—never harboring a grudge or seeming to care one way or another what came to pass.

The same held true for all the family—they all were gay and irresponsible and friendly.

Mrs. Arminto was taller than her husband and rather on the chunky side. She was a nice looking woman with brown hair and blue eyes. Her greatest attraction was her voice, which was sweet and low toned. The Armintos had three children, two boys, Frank and Mannie, and one girl, Eva.

They were a musical family, Manuel himself being a "fiddler from way back". Mrs. Arminto, Frank and Eva were piano players. All were in demand for schoolhouse dances. Frank often played alone sitting at the piano pounding away lost to the world. Frank didn't care much about rustling cattle; his taste lay along other lines, namely clothing, especially suits of clothes. He seemed unable or unwilling at least, to resist lifting, if possible, any suit that appealed to him. Sometimes he'd be seen wearing

3 suits of clothes, one on top of the other. He lacked his father's ambition and was content with easier to get spoils, but he was a piano player, a good one, you had to hand him that.

In the Johnson County Sheriff's License Record Book it states that on Oct. 1st, 1882, Manuel Arminto was issued a retail liquor license costing $100 at Sheridan (then a part of Johnson County). Apparently one year of such business proved unprofitable or unsatisfactory to parties concerned as there is no record of his being issued another liquor license at any future date. The Arminto family also lived in Buffalo at one time where Eva attended school. She was a very attractive girl as seen by her picture.

Another interesting local color character who homesteaded near Grigg was Jack Totty. (often called Toddy, which is incorrect). Jack was peculiarly slender, of medium build with a thin narrow face and long drooping mustache. He was redfaced and black haired. His eyes were sharp and grey, like steel; he seemingly could look right through a person or could if he hadn't been sort of cross-eyed, this impression being no doubt partly brought about by the fact that Jack had one glass eye (or so it was rumored). Cowboys used to dare the children to ask old Jack to take out his glass eye and if he would they'd give them a dime. But none of them ever quite worked up that much nerve, for Jack's manner did not brook such familiarity.

Jack's glass eye brings to mind another old cowboy and round-up cook by the name of Sam Davis, who the story says had a glass eye that wouldn't shut. Sam was forever snooping around cow camps at nite looking for possible whiskey bottle caches. He got along fine as long as the moon was low, but always got into trouble when the moon was shining for the boys could spot that glass eye of his anywhere on a moonlit night, for it shone out clear and red like skunk eyes do at night.[3]

Totty was an old Texas cowpuncher, no one knew much of his past. He became quite a drinking man as the years rolled past and an acquaintance said of him, "Jack's eye is sort of bleary—not so much a defect in the eye as a defect in the way he's been treatin' himself."

A little below where Red Fork comes into Middle Fork the river runs very close to a high, blue shale hill. Grigg people wishing to cross the river have to go either above or below this shale hill. In high water time they usually went up to the Scherck

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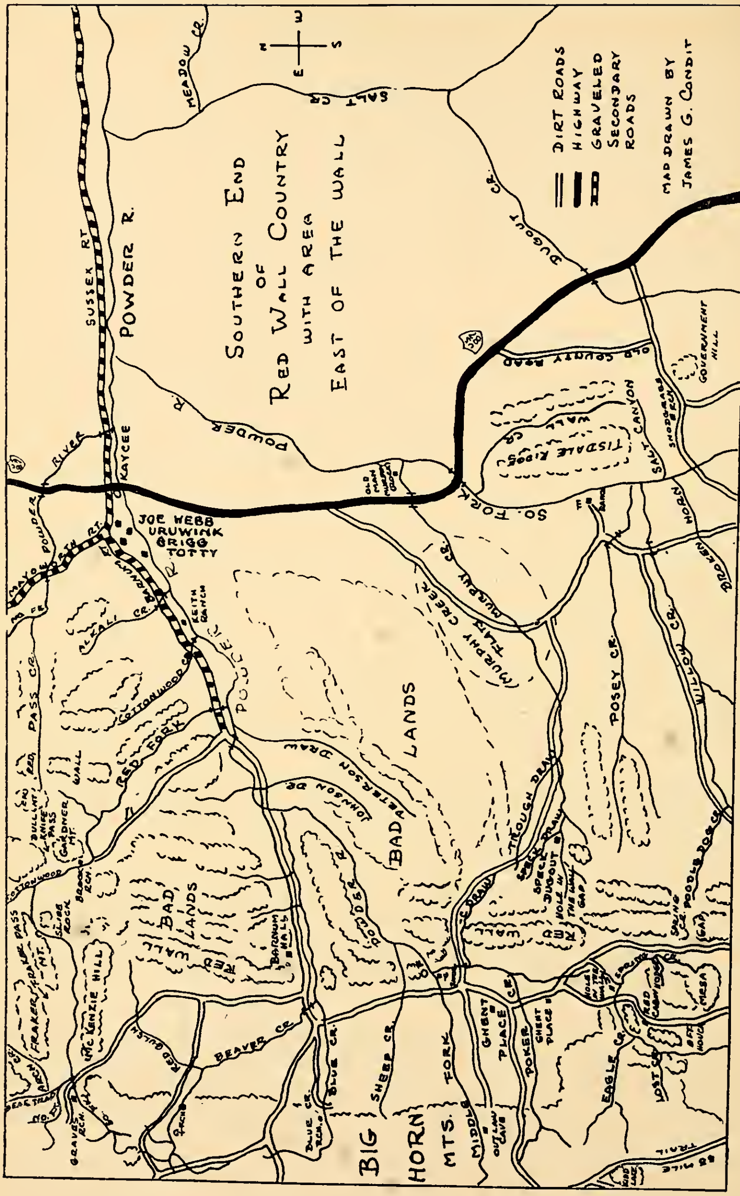
3. An old-timer tells an interesting fact about killing rattlesnakes by moonlight. In the spring when they are coming out of the hills from the dens and cross bare ground (like a road) you can shoot them by the hundreds, for their eyes glitter like diamonds, making excellent targets.


Southern End
of
Red Wall Country
with Area
East of the Wall
Dirt Roads
Highway
Graveled
Secondary
Roads
Map drawn by
James G. Condit
Powder R.
Sussex Rt.
Meadow Cr.
Salt Cr.
Dugout Cr.
Powder River
Kaycee
Joe Webb
Uruwink
Brigg
Totty
So. Fork
Murphy Cr.
Murphy Flat Creek
Bad Lands
Posey Cr.
Willow Cr.
Red Wall
Beaver Cr.
Blue Cr.
Sheep Cr.
Big Horn Mts.
Middle Fork
Poker Cr.
Eagle Cr.
Lost Cr.
Salt Canyon
Government Hill
Old County Road
Red Fork
Cottonwood Cr.
Alkali Cr.
McKenzie Hill
Graves Rch.

bridge on the Barnum road[4] which was the only safe way to cross the river.

One spring the Grigg people built a raft of cottonwood logs in order to save time in doing their ranch work on the south side. Sometimes it was possible to swim a saddle horse across, but they couldn't get a team and wagon over, which was most inconvenient when there was work to be done on the other side. In winter time they sometimes crossed on the ice but this was treacherous and dangerous when the ice was starting to break up, and who could tell for sure when ice was really safe? Like one time Jack crossed the river when it had begun to thaw. His horse, afraid lest he break through was going along with head down, chewing the bit and taking little mincing steps as if trying to keep from putting his full weight on the ice. Just as he was about to reach the opposite bank, pop went the crust and the horse fell in up to his haunches. You could hear old Jack screaming and cussing for miles around as he tried to get the animal out. Seems as if Jack was noisy about whatever he did. He seemed to enjoy attracting attention, was always "cake walking", thumbs hooked in suspenders and singing vulgar songs.

One time Joe Webb and Totty were trailing a shipping bunch to Clearmont. They'd come to the Watt stage stop below Buffalo where they planned to pasture the cattle for the night. Here the trail went between two buildings just before it crossed Clear Creek. The animals, for no accountable reason except that they were tired and confused, refused to go between the buildings and started bawling and milling around looking for a way to get away from it all. Old Jack couldn't stand the delay and whipped out his six-shooter and sent bullets pinging every which way, yelling like a Comanche all the while. Needless to say the critters took off straight ahead, as they should have at first, and no one was hit by a stray slug.

One time Jack went down to the Youngs' Cafe to get himself a cup of black coffee to take back up to the saloon. Being slightly inebriated and unsteady of arm, some of the hot liquid slopped over onto his hand, which so infuriated the man that he drew out his gun and proceeded to shoot the cup until it fell in pieces from his hand onto the ground. Such crazy action seemed to give Jack some sort of stupid satisfaction. It seems that when things didn't go to suit him he invariably took recourse in shooting; and he was either smart or accidentally lucky with his aiming, for he was never known to have seriously harmed anyone or anything. He just had to show off and appear tough. Nobody ever took

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4. Place now owned by Elmer Gosney, easily located because of the sulphur spring bubbling up close along the river bank and sending forth its rotton egg stench for passersby to breathe.

him or his fits very seriously though, as is illustrated by the following incident. One time when Jack was really quite drunk and acting plenty obstreperous, the sheriff arrested him and put him in jail to sober up. However, he did not lock the door, which made it very funny next morning when Totty called loudly for "water" and the sheriff told him to come on out. Jack would even shoot up the back bar in his own saloon if the mood hit him.

In 1898 he and Ben Champion opened up a second saloon in Kaycee, being issued a retail liquor license Dec. 15th for $100. In December of 1899 and of 1900 Jack Totty & Company also obtained a license for $100, but in 1901 the fee was raised to $300., probably signifying that his business had grown or the County Sheriff's office needed more money from liquor establishments.[5] Tottys' saloon building was located where the late Harve Turk's Hardware Store was (or just directly south of it).

It might be interesting to note at this time the cost of the various licenses connected with the early day Johnson County saloons, which took in a lot of territory before the County was divided in 1888. For instance retail liquor licenses cost anywhere from $25 to $175 per year, depending upon the size of the place and extent of business turnover. A billiard table license was from $10 to $20 per year; dealing faro, $50 per year; wholesale liquor, $40 per year; pool table, $5 each per year; Monte game, $150 per year; and Wheel of Fortune game, $150 per year.

Totty's saloon was popular with the Hole-in-the-Wall gang. It was a gathering place for drinkers and gamblers and those desiring nothing more than mere sociability, which took in trappers, freighters, cowboys, and homesteaders. Along about this time "Near Beer" came into existence. A cowboy, a big rawboned drinking man, was heard to disgustedly remark, "Whoever named this here beverage sure was a damned poor judge of distance."

Dusty Jim, a breed Indian and a "poker-playin' fool," was the paid dealer for the establishment. Jim was rather a slight fellow, always very neat with his dark, straight hair invariably smoothed down flatter with grease or hair oil, ever very nifty looking in an unwholesome, pale sort of way. He carried a six-shooter in each boot top for show, and, they said, had a sleeve model for real emergencies. The unforgettable thing about this dealer of cards was his long, slim, dark-skinned fingers—real artistically modeled they were—and graceful. One felt intrigued watching the hands riffle the cards, which experience really left you unprepared for the feeling you got when you looked at his eyes which were shifty and weak, dark with a yellow streak. They were not good eyes, they weren't even bad eyes, like Black Henry Smith's, they were

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5. John Nolan had the first liquor license issued at Kaycee in 1897.

just plain cowardly eyes, neither warm looking nor cold. They made you think "nothing plus nothing equals nothing" and that's what Dusty Jim was, just nothing, a forever lukewarm personality. When disputes arose and trouble began to brew as it was bound to do at times, Jim would shoot out the kerosene lantern hanging from the ceiling and quick as a flash tip over the gambling table, hiding behind it until he could lamely sneak out the back way.

One time two hilarious cowboys rode into town and entered Jack's and proceeded to shoot out the lights. Old Jack yelled out into the dark "Get down and hide you sons-of-bitches, or I'll kill you." A laughing drawl replied, "Jack, old man, how come you all knows our names?" After which the lamps were replaced, friendly hands slapped on backs and drinking resumed as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened, and it hadn't actually.

Old Totty finally ended up herding sheep for Richie Young down below Sussex. One time at the Trabing dipping vats the men were having trouble getting the sheep to go through the big trough full of treated water. Old Jack, ever the grandstand player, jumped into the big vat, clothes and all, and swam the full length of it to show the sheep how it was done. For the first time in his life he'd forgotten to holler and shoot. His friends said "Sheep-herding had sure outdone Old Jack."

Another man who was seen often at Grigg was Adam Keith, commonly called Ad, a cowpuncher of no little reknown. Ad came up from Nebraska with E. U. Murphy in the late '70's.[6]

In 1874 Mr. Murphy came to Wyoming and with Civil War script got himself a piece of land on Murphy Creek near the mouth of Willow Creek, not too far from TTT ranch (Tisdale & May). He'd made up his mind to stop when he came to a good place and he knew this was it. He bought a couple of oxen and broke up the sod and worked around until he got enough money to go back to Nebraska to buy some cattle of his own and get his family.

Charlie Morgareidge, Charlie Barber, Roscoe Thomas, Ad Keith, Marion Fagams, and Ira German came up with him this time and helped trail his Shorthorn cattle. The first five of these men were cowboys. Ira German was a carpenter he'd brought along so there'd be no delay in putting up his ranch buildings. The cowboys scattered, as was their custom, and went their separate ways. Roscoe Thomas eventually went to the pen, for as Waugh said, "His rope got kinda sticky, too many cows got caught in it".

The nearest neighbors the Murphy family had were Hank Devoes over the wall to the west on the Bar C (Peters and Alston outfit). They had to ride horseback through Murphy Creek Gap,

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6. Waugh Murphy, his son, is now living at Kingsburg, California, and to him I'm indebted for this information.

and over the Hole-in-the-Wall Trail to see the Devoes, so didn't get to visit them too often. On one such get-together the Devoes had a new little puppy which the children were playing with in the yard. Waugh's young brother had carefully carried his ragdoll in his arms all the way over, one his mother had made and which he loved very dearly and had named "Jesus". All of a sudden the child rushed into the house, his face all puckered up with crying and, running into his mothers arms, sobbed, "Mama, that puppy's run away with Jesus."

Mr. Murphy soon began working for Frewens. He became their "purchasing agent", deciding which cattle would go as feeders, which as beef, when and where they'd be shipped, etc. Moreton Frewen dubbed him "the wise old cattleman" and he became quite an important man—but this is another story.

Ad Keith stayed in the Powder River country, too, cowboying here and there. He knew all sorts of interesting things, like how the old-time cowboys used to tell time when out on night herd with a big shipping bunch. The greatest danger at such times was a stampede; sometimes a little thing like the striking of a match would spook the bunch. Even the chuck wagon was always from ½ to ¾ of a mile away, so any noise preparing a meal wouldn't alarm the beef herd. Since the boys standing guard didn't dare lgiht a match to tell when the two hour stretch of night guard was up they'd figure out a way to tell time from the sky. They held their hands spread out flat on top of each other, thumb of left hand resting on little finger of right hand, raised just above the head, in a position so that the hands covered the "big dipper", the bottom star of the constellation being directly under the left thumb. Two hours had passed when this star would be above the width of the two hands (which were held in same position above the head each time).

Also the old-time cowboys used to be able to predict the weather, laying out in their bedrolls on the ground, looking up at the sky. If a lot of stars fell in the east (or vice versa) a wind or storm (or maybe both) would come from that direction next day.

Ad also told of the roundup food. Breakfast was bacon, sourdough biscuits and black coffee. Dinner and supper, black coffee (never sugar or cream), beef, either boiled or fried (and as much as you could eat), and sourdough biscuits. He said, "Bacon grease was our only butter. Bacon was pretty cheap food in them days—you could buy 1000 pounds for $90. We always got a six months supply in case the rivers got too high to cross and we'd run out before we could get some place to buy more."

"The only sweets we had was jam, which came in 10 pound to 25 pound wooden pails and was always *red*. Once in awhile we got dried prunes or apples, which were always full of worms.

Cook had to cut 'em out and someitmes he'd be in a hurry or get careless and miss a few."

"Times have sure changed now", he said when an old man, "except worms still come in apples, I guess. Now-a-day folks is always doctorin'. Only fellows who died in the early days were ones bucked off or killed by stampedin' cattle. Men were too tough and the life too rough for sickly people. There just weren't none." He also said, "There's no beef today like the good old 'grass fat' beef—this new manufactured stuff they feed livestock sure ruins the flavor of meat."

One time they had a roundup cook who had a bitch dog he always took with him. He thought a lot of Girl, as he called her. Once while out on a roundup Girl had a litter of pups, six to be exact and the old fellow was as "proud as a peacock" about them pups of hers. Nothing was too fancy for her and her offsprings. One day they'd made a big circle. The cook had Girl and the pups in a box on the floor of the wagon and also had set the sourdough jar on the floor to keep it from being knocked about and spilled enroute. A porcelain plate covered the jar on which was placed a good sized rock for weight to hold it in place. That evening it was later than usual when they made camp and the cook, as was his custom, saw to his dog family the first thing. To his dismay he was one pup short. He literally tore the wagon apart looking for the pup. He raved and ranted and sent cowboys back along the trail to see if the little thing had in some way bounced out of the wagon, although everybody knew this was very unlikely. He was in such a dither he wouldn't even prepare the usual meal—the boys went to bed that night with no hot bread in their bellies and needless to say the whole outfit was in a disgruntled mood and thoroughly provoked having the entire routine upset because of the disappearance of one measly pup. The old fellow spent most of the night going frantically through every box of grub over and over again, he just couldn't rest until he figured out where that pup went. The next morning bright and early he got the sourdough jug out preparatory to mixing up hot cakes, and while stirring around in the jar his spoon hit a lump which, when pulled out, proved to be the missing pup. Running his hand down over the body he squeezed the dough clinging to the pup back into the jar and with tears in his eyes wrapped the drenched little thing in his bandana handkerchief and buried him under a sage brush. (In his tearing around he'd never noticed that the plate and rock had jarred off the sourdough jug while going over the rough road.)

Ad Keith, at a casual glance, gave the impression that he was just like rain on the roof, monotonous and harmless, but he wasn't that way at all. He was an odd looking man with "one shut eye," which made him look downright sinister at times and then again gave him a somewhat ludicrous appearance, which did make him

seem harmless and inane. As a matter-of-fact he was quite a mysterious fellow, like the Hole-in-the-Wall itself—you couldn't quite figure him out. He seemed one way one time and another way the next time you saw him. The law knew he was communicating with the outlaws, probably packing in grub and ammunition and messages, but catching Ad was like putting your hand on the rainbow, he was that elusive. They'd follow him out of Kaycee or Grigg, close enough behind to feel confident of keeping up. Now Ad and horse would be outlined on the crest of the hill ahead and next thing completely gone—disappearing into thin air! He was cagey and cute all right and always sharp and shrewd on a buy or trade, and there wasn't anything going on along the Powder that he didn't know about first hand. He was everywhere and nowhere.

Along in the late '90's Ad decided what he needed now was a home and a bride. The former being easy to accomplish, he took up a homestead on Beaver Creek near the place where it empties into the Middle Fork, up Barnum way. After building his cabin he started looking over the woman situation, which left him plenty discouraged. This was the "Cat in the woodpile" for there was a very definite dirth of marriageable females close at hand. But his big chance came in 1892 when he went to Chicago with a shipment of beef. When a train load of beef went to market enough cowboys went along so that each fellow was responsible for two cars of stock. They had to see that none got down and got trampled on, and had to oversee the feeding and watering at "stock stops" along the way.

After the cattle were disposed of, as customary on such occasions, the boys stayed over four or five days (or until they'd spent all their wages) to take in the sights of the big city. The World's Fair was the big attraction this year and assembled in Chicago were forty world beauties. Adam became intimately acquainted with one of these girls, a certain Eve Tillman, and married her immediately, before she could change her mind and choose one of his more handsome companions from Wyoming. For this most august occasion Adam found that he hadn't a clean shirt to his name (and no money to buy one) so had to borrow one from one of the cowboys. It was ill fitting, and truthfully, Adam did not make an exactly dashing figure of a man, clotheswise, for his beautiful Eve; but in spite of his apparel a lot of the romance of the old West clung to Adam, enough of something anyway to please his lovely bride. Perhaps his "one-shut eye" giving him that shrewd look intrigued the woman, that and his physical bigness. At any rate Adam and Eve created quite a sensation upon arriving on Powder River; and let it here be said that never in the years to come did Eve ever let Adam or anyone else for that matter, forget that she had been one of the Forty World Beauties in 1892.

Adam at once started up in the cattle and horse business. He

became an expert runner of wild horses, which when caught he sold. Being in the habit of snooping around in all sorts of out-of-the-way places looking for wild horses, he ran into no end of interesting experiences. He really covered the country, no telling when or where he'd turn up. Mostly he traveled alone, too. He never had too many close friends.

Once while up on the slope chasing horses, Ad, skirting a small aspen patch, unexpectedly came face to face with an old grizzly mother and her two half-grown cubs. It was at once apparent that she didn't like either his looks or his abrupt interference, for she fiercely charged him. The only weapon Ad had at the time was a .45 pistol. His cool presence of mind and accurate marksmanship resulted in his killing all three bears, without a scratch to himself or his horse. Nearly all horses go crazy-wild when confronted with a bear (sometimes even "bear-scent"). Ad neither lost control of his horse nor the situation, when a split second's difference in acting could have spelled certain disaster in one way or another. It seemed that Adam could get along better with one good eye than most men could with two. He was a man who never, even for a moment, failed to observe the things about him. He was always alert, watching and looking, just an instinctive habit he had, I guess. Some folks called it snooping, but it wasn't that in the usual meaning of the word, anyway.

That's how one spring after the thaw, he found six horses' skeletons with the shrivelled-up skin still on, on a benchland ledge under the rim of the red wall over south aways. The story was all too plain to Adam—how the little bunch of horses had gone onto the place late in the fall to crop the tall, dried grass and the first big snow had come to soon and filled the exit trail. It had been a bad storm and there never had come a time when the horses could get back off the bench soon enough to save their lives. Maybe they'd been some of the wild ones he'd chased and they'd gone there feeling safe and hidden and instead had died of starvation inch by inch, day by day. In the bigness of the country no one had chanced to see them up high, there on the wall ledge.

Some few years later Adam was riding the wall land south of the Bar C. He had been doing some fast, hard going over rocky trails when he noticed that his horse had sprung a limp. Upon investigating he found that the animal had lost a left front shoe. This necessitated his giving up the chase for that day, so he headed slowly toward home. Presently he noticed shod horse tracks leading to a nearby gap. Following these along the narrow trail he was surprised to find a saddle horse tied to a mahogany bush. He at once saw that the horse had been there some little time, from the numerous tracks around the bush made by the impatient hoofs. He saw no one near, and it was very evident that the horse was not happy there at all; he was most restless, jerking his

head and continually milling around as much as he could in the narrowness.

Ad got off his horse and carefully looked around. Still no sign of anybody or anything, except the horse. The trail was rocky and shaley and would leave no sign (track) anyway. But Ad's sixth sense kept telling him that something was wrong here. He hollered loudly several times, but the only response was a faint echo from the wall above. So he tied his horse back on the trail and began cautiously climbing until he came to a wider place on the high narrow ledge. He thought he had heard some sound, so called again. He did hear a noise from directly below him, so crawled on hands and knees to the edge of the ledge, where peering over he saw a man lying on a small outcrop of rock part way down the side of the red wall. How he'd gotten there or what he'd been trying to do in the first place didn't occur to Adam. He saw the man was in a bad way and he knew he had to get him down somehow. By clever maneuvering and extreme patience and coolheadedness he got the man off the outcrop. How he'd actually been able to do it, he himself couldn't understand or afterwards tell; for, in some places, and these always where least expected and most dangerous, the red wall is deceivingly crumbly and will come off at the drop of a hat.

The poor man was in a pitiable condition. He'd been following a coyote in a trap and accidentally slipped off the ledge, landing heavily on the outcropping rock many feet below. When he hit, he had broken his back. After lying there one day and one night and part of the second day he felt sure he'd never be found. He had yelled until he was hoarse and, suffering such agonies of pain, had come to the conclusion he'd had absolutely all he could take, all it was humanly possible to endure. He had somehow managed to pull off one legging he was wearing and laboriously wrote his will on the inside, but it turned out to be only a scribbly jumble and didn't make any readable sense.

In the fall he'd lost his rifle and had nothing else weapon like except his pocket knife. When he, at last, had it out of his pocket and the blade open to cut his throat he had become too weak to inflict a fatal cut and had only succeeded in carving surface wounds up and down the muscles on both sides of his neck. Here the flies had been at work, adding to his already unbearable misery. He then sought to slash the vein in his wrist. He'd been more successful here and was bleeding profusely when Adam reached him. The turkey vultures were circling above, soaring motionless in wide circles, holding their long wings slightly motionless in in wide circles, holding their long wings slightly above the horizontal line. These weird scavengers of the air with their little naked red heads, (so small that in the sky they seemed to be entirely headless) are ever silent and sinister, flying around with never-ending patience waiting to get their fill when the time comes.

Sometimes first one and then another, and another, will light on a craig close by, moving their silly ugly heads restlessly around as if taking a closer look at their victim. If they'd make a racket like the magpies, it would be less weird. A vulture is as quiet and persistent as death itself, just there waiting for the time to come.

Adam gave the poor man a shot of whiskey and tied his neck scarf on his arm above the bleeding wrist and somehow, God helping, got him to the Bar C ranch house. The doctor, being summoned, arrived the next day toward evening and sewed up the neck wounds by the light of a kerosene lamp as the man lay on the kitchen table. Seeing his sorry condition the doctor gave him some dope to ease his pain and next day took him to Buffalo where he died 18 days later.[7]

By this time the Joe Dixons in Kaycee had sold out their hotel business to a Mr. and Mrs. John M. Young (see picture). The Youngs had come to Johnson County from Nebraska in 1894 and settled on a ranch of 400 acres 2½ miles east of town on Powder River[8] and later bought the hotel. An old newspaper clipping reads thus in regard to the Youngs: "John and Mrs. Young attend to all household duties. They have greatly improved the hotel property and made of it a first class hostelry. There are sixteen guest rooms, and porches and verandas will be added, so that it will be hard to find a more pleasant place to stop at. Mr. and Mrs. Young are prosperous and frugal and are on the high road to prosperity and riches."

It may have been a fine place in summer and undoubtedly was luxuriant considering the time and the place, but the rooms upstairs were plenty frigid in the winter time as illustrated by the following incident.

One below-zero weekend a certain cowboy was staying at Youngs while spending a few days celebrating. One morning he had just come downstairs for a somewhat belated breakfast. He wasn't in a very happy mood, for he'd spent a shivery night above. A belated stage driver from the south had just arrived and was standing over the potbellied stove in an effort to warm his stiff hands. His buffalo hide coat and beard were all frost and icicles, and his nose and cheeks red with cold. The shivering cowboy joined him over the stove, rubbing his own blue hands and said in a loud voice so all around could hear, "Now which of these nice pleasant rooms did you occupy last night, my good man?"

It was a little unusual for a cowboy to stay in a hotel in those days. Ordinarily they had their own bedrolls and slept in the

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7. From what I can find out the man was "Gold-tooth Hanson", a trapper coming from Butte, Montana.

8. On the Olf Jarrard place just across the river north from the present Joe Rissler place.

livery stable haymows. Once one such cowboy climbed into the hay loft about 2 A. M. one morning. After reaching the top safely enough he seemed unable to locate his bedroll and kept wandering around in the darkness, stumbling this way and that in the hay until he accidentally stepped into one of the holes above a stall and fell down into the barn, landing on the side of the manger. In his surprise he yelled out loudly, "Oh, sweet Jesus, I've broke my hip". And he had.

Along about this time a certain Leonard Beard (later a Johnson County deputy sheriff) came to the Powder River country and, liking what he saw, decided the little settlement of Kaycee needed a larger and better hotel. So he built what is now the main part of the "Feed Rack". He also built a feed barn and corral where K. Hibbon's cement building now stands (part of the old corral is still there). It was a good thing he did this, for the old Dixon hotel burned down soon after the Youngs bought it.

Later the Grigg family moved to Kaycee and bought the Beard hotel and holdings, which they improved considerably. They ran the place for many years and the hotel business was all right, for the little community had its share of people coming and going. In fact, it was quite a busy, lively place.

There was a fine race track on the flat west of town, for horse racing was a main sport enjoyed by all classes of men. As an old-timer said, "It is hard to imagine the large numbers of horses in this country in the early days". The Englishmen from over Big Horn way would buy any horse that a cowboy could ride, to ship to Europe for the Boer War. If a cowboy was thrown, the horse was not purchased. Knowing the caliber of the riders this meant that the biggest share of the horses left in the country were really tough ones, (or some special prize or pet horses an owner wouldn't sell for any price). It took a real man to ride on roundups (or any place) then. If he couldn't ride his string, he was promptly out of a job. So much of the horse racing material was dangerous stuff—might run all right and it might buck instead, which made everything just that much more exciting and challenging. Like the time a fellow's horse took off down the river, crazy-fast and hit a fence head on, turning a complete somersault in the air and landing on his back with his rider underneath. A dead man then, though, wasn't thought much about. Nobody knew him very well and things of even such a tragic nature were taken in stride and the show went on.

As an old fellow said, "He's just as dead as if he'd died natural —he's just as dead as if somebody'd killed him on purpose".

An oldish man from up behind the wall had a little chunky bay horse he called pigeon. "Run, I'll say he can run," said his owner. He'd take off like he was burning up the earth, but you'd have to get off and drive a stake to see if he really *was* going any

place. He'd just fly along but he never seemed to get anyplace. At least he was *safe* to ride.

Even though the women didn't participate in the horse racing they had plenty of "horsey" excitement on their own every once in awhile, like once when May Gardner[9] came to town on her way to Buffalo. She stopped at the old 76 ranch to pick up Mrs. Tisdale and children who were accompanying her to Buffalo. May had an old buckboard into which they bundled all the kids, (her own two included). Mrs. Tisdale even took her canary in its cage, since she had no one to leave it with. May was a nervy woman and drove her team sitting way up on the edge of the seat. This time she was driving one fast horse and one slow horse. She kept cracking her whip on the rump of the slow horse to make him perk up a bit, saying, "Come on, now Jake, come on old boy!" This didn't exactly please the horse's partner and he'd jerk sideways each time she cracked the whip, jolting the occupants of the buckboard considerably. Also one rein was shorter than the other and suddenly when the horses seemed to have hit a stride favorable to both, May dropped the short rein. Being an excitable person she jumped out of the buggy with the crazy notion of stopping the horses by grabbing the bridle. Mrs. Tisdale, fearful lest her beloved canary be hurt, threw the cage overboard. Just as it landed the team swerved and turned back and ran over the cage, canary and all, and everyone was dumped pell-mell out of the buggy which had by now tipped completely over onto its side, with poor old Jake down. His partner, visibly sick of the whole mess, began rearing and kicking until he freed himself and took off over the hill. In the fracas he had landed a staggering blow on Jake's shoulder. May saw at once that he was unfit for the road when she managed to get him to his feet, so she unharnessed him and left him by the side of the road while she took off to the nearest ranch, which luckily wasn't too far away. Here she bought another horse for $65, and got hold of a cowboy to catch the runaway and repair the damage to harness and buggy (which was slight, everything considered) and away they went to Buffalo, with no apprehension whatever as to whether the two horses would approve of this new arrangement. The only casualty was the poor little dead canary, who would undoubtedly have preferred this quick violent end to a slow calm death of starvation at home. It should be stated that in spite of her excitable nature May Gardner was a good horsewoman and she had learned it the hard way, too.

In addition to running the hotel, Mr. Grigg served as Justice of the Peace for many years. He was very philosophical when

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9. Wife of Tom Gardner, who lived on a ranch up in the red wall country. (The present-day Alfred Brock ranch.)

administering justice, as is noted from the following incident. Two shameless women were brought before him as disturbing the peace in the form of a hair pulling match. In the midst of the ceremony in rushed a gentleman who began telling how it all had taken place, who was to blame, etc.

Mr. Grigg solemnly rapped his gavel on the table and said in a deep voice, "I pronounce *you* guilty, sir, guilty of butting in, and hereby fine you $25 and costs. Case dismissed."

Upon another occasion a woman came before him, claiming some cowhand had insulted her on the street. Mr. Grigg, in order to make the proceedings very ritualistic, asked her how old she was. She replied, "Forty-three years, sir". "Did you not come before me a year or two ago, my good woman?"

"I did, your Honor, and I was havin' the same trouble then".

"Did you not state at *that* time that you were forty-three years of age?"

"I did, your Honor".

"Well, now just how do you propose to explain that?" peering at her over his spectacles.

"Well, you see, sir," she replied, very indignantly, "I'll have you know I'm not one of these women who say one thing one time and somethin' else the next."

Judge Grigg had a most dignified "official personality," or front, which he put on at such times—a sort of "glassy eyed" coldness behind his spectacles that put many a transgressor on needles and pins. If he said a thing, *it held,* regardless of the status of personages involved. This went for his hotel business as well.

One day a very wealthy Englishwoman going to the Bar C had come in on the south stage and was eating the noon meal at the Grigg Hotel. Completely ignoring, and very likely not even having noticed, the big sign in the lobby stating "Absolutely no dogs allowed in here at *any* time", she was sitting at the table holding her precious little poodle dog in her lap. He was a small creature and certainly very meek and well-behaved, and if the truth be told, much cleaner physically than some of the men at the table—his table-manners were much in his favor, too, by contrast.

His mistress was feeding him tiny bits of food, coaxing with honeyed baby words, when Mr. Grigg appeared in the doorway and with no warning whatever grabbed the dog by the scruff of the neck and pitched him unceremoniously out the front door and he lit in the mud on the road. The woman, almost speechless with righteous indignation said, "That is my dog. You—You *can't* do that to *my* dog, sir."

"Lady, I don't give one damn whose dog that is, he's staying out." And he did.

Mr. Grigg at night wore a white nightshirt and matching nightcap, the peak of which folded over and hung on one side of his head. When latecomers entered the lobby he'd stand at the head

of the stairs barefooted and call down in a loud voice instructions as to registering and finding available sleeping space—a most commanding figure of a man, spectacles on the end of his nose, and at the same time presenting a comical appearance with his long, bony legs, slightly bowed, extending below the short nightshirt.

One night quite late a noisy customer was heard stomping around below (none of the other guests were disturbed—people were sound sleepers in those days). He was very slow in complying with Mr. Griggs instructions; in fact, he didn't even answer, but at last appeared at the foot of the stairs, a tall, skinny man standing there in his long, none-too-clean underwear, hat on head, muddy boots on feet, a six-shooter in one hand and a whiskey jug in the other, weaving back and forth like a willow in the wind.

"Did you register?" asked the proprietor.

"No, sir, I ain't lookin' for no room. I want you to come down and have a drink with me. I'm celebratin' and everybody's gone off. Where's everybody?"

Mr. Grigg recognized the fellow as a puncher working for an outfit up on Crazy Woman and he knew he was not too trustworthy with a gun when drinking. He and another cowboy were trailing some cattle and had stopped for the night. The truth of the matter was that the swaying figure in the underwear had gone to bed, and then in his befuddled state had crawled back out of his bedroll and decided "the party wasn't over after all" as far as he was concerned. Finding the saloons closed had entered the hotel.

Sensing that this was a time for diplomacy rather than a ruckus, Mr. Grigg came down stairs and tried to get his guest to bed, but the latter kept insisting he have a drink with him. After being repeatedly refused he got weary of verbal insistence and decided to use a more persuasive method and stuck his six-shooter in Mr. Griggs' ribs. "Now look here, sir. I said take a drink." So he did. Then the cowboy handed him the gun and said, "Now you hold the gun on me while I take one." Though undoubtedly rank-tasting and of low grade, the contents of the jug proved amply potent, and after a few swigs and clumsy jug passing between the lanky cowboy in his long underwear and the dignified judge in his nightshirt, the two were delighted to discover that there were many yet unplumbed subjects worthy of profound and immediate consideration. Whether any definite decision was reached is doubtful. But with much slurring of words, patting of backs and waving of hands, many hours passed and the jug was emptied to the last vile drop.

All these little incidents, humorous or tragic as the case might be, while seemingly purely relative and unimportant, should make us understand that people *can* be content in any station of life,

and that as Charles Dickens so wisely said, "Trifles make the sum of life."

Mr. Alfred Grigg's philosophy of life should leave two very worthwhile thoughts in our minds, expressed so aptly in the following quotations:

"He bore it best, who expended no energy on useless emotion" and

"The wise man sticks to his own way—the hawk does not attempt to out dig the mole".

To Be Continued.

Emigrant Trail Trek No. 9

Sponsored by

WYOMING PIONEER ASSOCIATION

under the direction of Clark Bishop, Albert Sims, and Joe Bagley

Compiled by

MAURINE CARLEY, *Trek Historian*

July 5-6, 1958

Caravan - 18 cars - - - - - - - - - 50 participants

OFFICERS

Captain	W. R. Bradley, Wyoming Highway Patrol
Guide	Joe Bagley, Lander
Assistant Guide	Jules Farlow, Lander
Wagon Boss	Lyle Hildebrand, Douglas
Assistant Wagon Boss	Francis Tanner, Big Piney
Historian	Maurine Carley, Cheyenne
Assistant Historian	Mrs. A. R. Boyack, Cheyenne
Topographers	J. M. Lawson - H. M. Townsend, USGS, Denver
Chaplain	Col. A. R. Boyack, Cheyenne
Photographer	Pierre LaBonte, Jr., Assonet, Mass.
Cook	Elizabeth Hildebrand, Douglas

NOTE: *Distances taken from the Latter Day Saints' Emigrants' Guide by Clayton in 1848 which records distances west from Winter Quarters will be followed by the letters E.G. Distances followed by the letter M are from our series from the east boundary of Wyoming. We use our series from the east boundary of Wyoming. We use our series to the Parting of the Ways.*

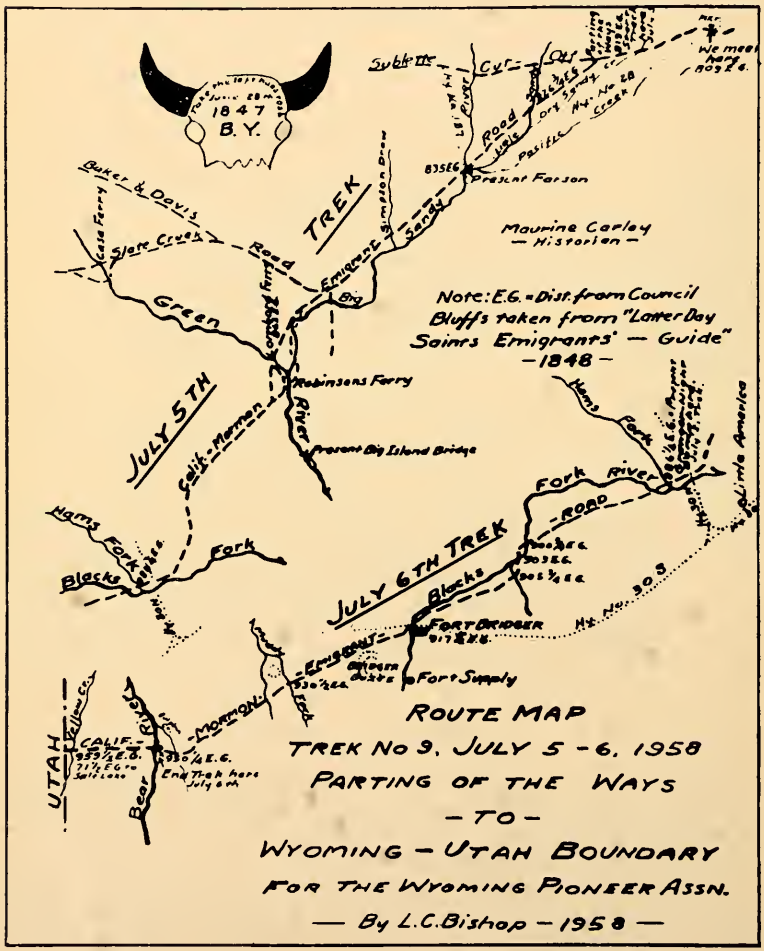
Saturday—July 5, 1959

9:30 A.M. Assembled at 320 M or 809 E.G. on highway 28, twenty-five miles northeast of Farson or fifty-four miles southwest of Lander, at the Oregon Trail marker in fenced enclosure where the old emigrant road crossed the highway.

The caravan proceeded past the peculiar formation of a bluff which is sketched in the Bruff Diary of 1849. Then it passed by Box Spring which is no longer active, but is still surrounded

by wire grass. The emigrants cut a hole three feet by three feet to get cold water here.

10:30 A.M. Stopped at the Parting of the Ways (819 E.G.) which is marked by a stone surrounded by smaller rocks. The Bruff Diary states, "At the forks there was a stick driven in the ground, with board nailed on it, plastered with notices of what companies, men, and when they had passed on their route, and desiring friends in the rear to hurry up." A notice requested travellers to throw stones against the base to sustain the stick. From his camp, one and a half miles below Pacific Springs, McKinstry states in his July 10, 1850 entry in his diary, "In 9



miles Dry Sandy, only a little water in holes that not fit to drink. No wood or grass. Junction of Salt Lake and Fort Hall roads, 6 miles. We took the latter (Sublette Cut off). Little Sandy 8 miles and camped."

In 1956, Bruce McKinstry and Clark Bishop placed a small stone marker here with an arrow pointing left for FT. BRIDGER and one right for SUBLETTE CUTOFF. Stones found near were piled around it. The Mormons took the left-hand road in 1847, Bruff took the right-hand road in 1849, and McKinstry took the right-hand road in 1850.

Mrs. Mary Hurlburt Scott presented a paper on the Parting of the Ways.

Mrs. Scott advocated the completion of a paved highway along the Oregon Trail. She said that if Wyoming would pave two stretches of road, fifty miles each, this Oregon Trail highway would be complete from Missouri to Oregon.

11:40 A.M. Travelling on the old Salt Lake road from Parting of the Ways we came to the Little Sandy (826 3/4 E.G.) where we crossed on a county bridge about 150 feet above the old crossing.

12:20 P.M. The caravan stopped at Farson for lunch near the concrete marker with the plaque which erroneously shows this to be the Little Sandy. Mrs. Boyack gave a short talk here during the lunch hour.

Mormon Pioneers Meet Jim Bridger and Party by Hazel Noble Boyack.

On June 28th, 1847, as the Mormon Vanguard Company made its way from the South Pass region to the Little Sandy Crossing near the present site of Farson, Wyoming, they met James Bridger and two companions enroute to Fort Laramie. Mr. Bridger expressed a desire for a conference with Brigham Young, leader of the Vanguard. Mr. Young was equally eager for an interview with him. An early encampment was made, and many questions were asked the famous mountaineer and guide relative to the Great Basin.

From this interview valuable information was received relative to the streams, timber, and the country in general in the region of the Great Salt Lake. Mr. Bridger advised against taking a large population into the valley until it was ascertained whether grain could be grown there. It was at this time that the statement credited to Mr. Bridger was made that he would give one thousand dollars for the first bushel of corn raised in the Basin.

In the journal of Wilford Woodruff for June 28, 1847, is the following note of explanation regarding Mr. Bridger's statement—

"There is but one thing that would operate against it becoming a great grain country, said Mr. Bridger, that was the frost. He did not know but what the frost would kill the corn. He would give one thousand dollars to have a demonstration that this was not so. Brigham Young replied, 'Wait a little and we will show you' "

The following day the mountaineer and his party, carrying a letter of introduction from Brigham Young to the men who were left at Mormon Ferry on the North Platte, continued their journey towards Fort Laramie. The Mormon Pioneers trekked West on the Trail that led to Bridger's Fort on Black's Fork.

1:25 P.M. Left Farson. Drove one mile northwest on highway 187, then turned left on a dirt road for about three miles where we reentered the old road. About twelve miles from Farson we came to Simpson's Hollow.

Joe Bagley recounted The History of Simpson's Hollow.

"Simpson's Hollow received its name from a wagon train master who was freighting supplies for Gen. Sidney Johnston's Army. In October 1857, Captain Lot Smith and his Rough Riders of the Utah Militia surrounded the Simpson Supply train as they were camped at this spot. Simpson was told that if he did not surrender his wagon train, the Mormon Militia would annihilate them. Simpson surrendered. He and his men were given one wagon and supplies and were headed back east to Missouri.

The Utah Militia, under the direction of Orin Lee, burned the seventy-five supply wagons and drove off all the oxen.

General Sidney Johnston was on his way to Utah to put down the Mormon uprising, but with the loss of his wagon train and his supplies, he was forced to stay over and winter at Fort Bridger. He did not enter Utah until June 26, 1858.

It was near Simpson's Hollow that another wagon train was attacked by the Indians about the year 1862. No written record of that attack can be found."

2:30 P.M. Arrived at the Big Bend of the Big Sandy (852 E.G.). Joe Bagley explained that the right-hand road led to the Lombard or Mormon Ferry and the left-hand road to the old ford. The Mormon caravan took the right-hand road on June 30, 1847. We took the left-hand road, crossed the Big Sandy, and after several miles on or near the old road arrived at the Big Island Bridge over Green River.

For miles before we reached the bridge, the country was dry, sandy, and desolate. Occasional mounds of varicolored shale bulged up out of the flats. They looked like sleeping elephants with loose, leathery hides. (When the Seedskadee Project is completed a portion of this worthless looking land will be irrigated.)

For a few years, the Mormons used the Mormon, Lombard, or Robinson ferries. However, eventually many of them took a short cut across the flats to the south and forded the Green about three miles north of the Big Island Bridge to avoid the cost of ferrying. They then cut across to present Granger.

One old Mormon Trail went four miles south to Black's Fork where it joined Holladay's Overland Stage Road. Another Mormon Trail from the Lombard Ferry crossed three miles north of here. This was a later trail. The two came together where Hams Fork joins Blacks Fork.

4:00 P.M. Left the Big Island Bridge. Proceeded on and off the old road about ten miles to take a right-hand road to join the Lombard Ferry branch, which we followed to the crossing of Hams Fork at present Granger.

Everyone gathered on a high bluff south of town for a picnic supper. Six carloads spent the night there in true pioneer style, while the rest enjoyed the luxury of Little America, but were kept awake most of the night by firecrackers.

Sunday—July 6, 1958

Caravan 16 cars - - - - - - - - 50 people

6:30 A.M. After a hearty breakfast on the bluff, the caravan

Photo By H. M. Townsend

South Bend Stage Station, Granger

reassembled at the old Pony Express and Stage Station near present Granger.

Joe Bagley explained that the station was used from the late 1850's until the Union Pacific was completed in 1869. Mrs. E. J. Brandley bought the station and lived in it until 1900 as a homestead. In 1930 it was deeded to the state by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Adams and Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Brandley Adams.

It was here that the Mormon Trail from the North joined the Overland Trail from the East.

On July 6, 1847, one hundred and eleven years ago to a day, the Mormon caravan crossed Hams Fork here at Granger.

Two cars from Green River joined the party. Mr. Adrian Reynolds from the Sweetwater County Historical Society took over as leader.

8:45 A.M. Stopped at Church Buttes where Colonel Boyack gave an appropriate prayer. Mrs. Boyack told about the Mormon service held here in 1847.

Church Buttes by Hazel Noble Boyack.

The covered wagon vanguard of Mormon Pioneers was slowly pushing its way along the uneven prairie stretches of western Wyoming toward Bridger's Fort. Passing the present site of Granger, the pioneers directed their course a little south and west of that point.

A few miles to the west, on the south side of the Trail, stands a curious and singular formation known today as Church Buttes. This huge mound, completely destitute of vegetation, stands alone in a sandy, sagebrush plain, and makes a conspicuous landmark along the Trail. The Mormon Pioneers reached these Buttes early in July, 1847, possibly between the 4th and 7th of the month. Legend has it that the Pioneer band paused here and held religious services.

As the laboring animals drawing the seventy-three heavily laden wagons lumbered by on the hard earth, the sounds of travel must have echoed and vibrated through the grotesque caverns within the Buttes, breaking the dead silence of many centuries. Today nothing but a marker is there to tell the story of this western migration that once brought to life this silent and secluded spot.

A traveler on the road today as he views the countryside, the shifting sands and grassless stretches, is led to exclaim, "What faith these homeless exiles must have had!" They journeyed on, trusting in their God to guide and lead them to a land of more fertile and verdant acres.

For many years an old church bell stood atop the Buttes, having been placed there by the owner of this landmark. In 1930 the Latter-day Saint Church in Salt Lake City placed a bronze plaque

on the north side of the Butte, near the roadway. The inscription reads:

CHURCH BUTTE

ERECTED JULY 24, 1930. IN HONOR OF THE MORMON PIONEERS WHO PASSED THIS POINT IN EARLY JULY, 1847, AND IN SUBSEQUENT YEARS.

Mr. Adrian Reynolds made this interesting remark here: "If you had lived one hundred years ago, at this point you would have had to have sworn allegiance to the U.S. before entering Mormon territory."

9:30 A.M. When we stopped at the Bee Hive Monument, we were in Uinta County where Mr. Charles F. Guild, President of the Uinta County Historical Society, became the leader. He reminded us that one hundred and eleven years ago on this very day the Mormons pulled out from Hams Fork and were on this same spot.

9:45 A.M. The caravan stopped to view the long table formation to the west which is called Bridger Butte. Just in front of the butte is a small pointed hill called Haystack Butte. It was around this hill that the twenty-five Mormon scouts, sent back to watch for Johnston's Army, outwitted the soldiers stationed at

Photo by Pierre LaBonte, Jr.

Trek No. 9 at Church Buttes, July 6, 1958

Fort Bridger by marching in various formations around the hill all day. They changed horses, hats, and guns as they circled the hill. The false show of strength induced the soldiers to wait until the next June before advancing further. This story was made more interesting because of the presence of a granddaughter of one of the wily participants.

11:00 A.M. Arrived at Fort Bridger where all enjoyed the three museums (one state and two private) and a picnic lunch in the grove.

Old Fort Bridger, Famous Western Outpost by Hazel Noble Boyack.

Nestled within the region of the beautiful Uintah Range in southwestern Wyoming is Old Fort Bridger. Founded one hundred sixteen years ago by the fabled mountaineer, Jim Bridger, fur trapper and guide, the area fairly vibrates with history-making events of the early west and intermountain region. The establishment of the Fort in 1843, says Chittendem, marked the end of the Fur Trade Era and the beginning of scattered wagon caravans along the then briefly sketched Oregon Trail.

Old Fort Laramie had stood since 1834, at the eastern portals of Wyoming Territory, a mecca for trappers, traders and Plains Indians, who came to barter and buy. Sandwiched between these two widely separated Posts lay the high rolling prairies of the great West. Lush with grasses, this unclaimed domain was a paradise for huge herds of buffalo, deer, antelope and elk, and the Indian made it his favorite haunt and hunting ground.

Rivers percolated through the grassy highlands and desert sands, interlacing the landscape and making possible the greatest Trail in history—the Oregon, Mormon, California Highway.

During this early era these two western outposts, Fort Laramie and Fort Bridger, were linked together, as it were, by this famous emigrant road, each serving as an outstretched hand in helping struggling emigrants along the Trail.

Jim Bridger had come west with the William H. Ashley party in 1822. It was a period of rapid exploration of this wilderness arena, and with the lure of the hairy beaver pelt to lead them on, these "bronzed knights in buckskin," sought out every nook and cranny of the inhospitable wilds. No explorer was more successful than Jim Bridger, the Great Salt Lake being one of his prize discoveries.

The demand for the beaver pelt was about over, and Jim Bridger, shrewd mountain man that he was, could see fine prospects in a fort founded in a location to catch the emigrant trade and at the same time be favorable for traffic with the Indians.

The spot chosen was ideal, and in a letter sent for Bridger to

Pierre Chouteau Jr., in St. Louis, under date of December 10, 1843, he had this to say: "I have established a small Fort with blacksmith shop and a supply of iron in the road of the Emigrants which promises fairly. In coming out here they are generally well supplied with money, but by the time they get here they are in need of all kinds of supplies, horses, provisions, smithwork, etc. . . .

"The Fort is in a beautiful location on Black's Fork of Green River, receiving fine, fresh water from the snow of the Uintah Range. The streams are alive with mountain trout. It passes the Fort in several small channels, each lined with trees, kept alive by moisture from the soil."

No camping spot along the entire route of the Trail became better known than Bridger's Fort. Hundreds of pioneer diaries attest this fact. To mention a few: Captain Howard Stansbury recorded on August 11, 1849, "A drive of thirty-two miles brought us to Fort Bridger, an Indian Trading Post . . . built in the usual form of pickets with lodging apartments and offices opening into a hollow square, protected from without by a strong gate of timber . . . several of my wagons needed repairing, the train was detained five days for the purpose, Major Bridger courteously placing his blacksmith shop at my service."

Another westerner, Joel Palmer, enroute to Oregon in 1845, noted "Twenty-five lodges of Indians or rather white trapper lodges occupied by their Indian wives. These were well supplied with robes, dressed deer, elk and antelope skins, coats, pants, etc. which they trade low for flour, pork, powder, etc."

Associated with Mr. Bridger in this interesting frontier enterprise was one Louis Vasquez, of Mexican heritage. He had brought with him into the West a white wife from St. Louis, Missouri. Bridger, on the other hand, had chosen his helpmate from among the Indian tribes of the West. Both of these women were equally helpful in meeting the rugged demands of the frontier.

The Fort was established on a Mexican Grant of land given under the auspices of the Government of Chihuahua in the early 1840's. At the termination of the Mexican War and the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in February, 1848, the old frontiersman's possessions became a part of the United States.

The ten-year period in the Fort's history from 1843 to 1853 was a prosperous one. It was on June 28, 1847, that Jim Bridger and two of his men enroute to Fort Laramie met the Mormon Vanguard Company under the leadership of Brigham Young, at the Little Sandy River near Farson. Here an encampment was made for the night and detailed information was sought on the Salt Lake Region. "The land was fertile," said Mr. Bridger, "but due to the late frosts, etc. it would not be advisable to take a large population into the valley until it was ascertained grain could be raised there." Here also the legend born was that $1,000 was offered for the first bushel of corn grown in the Valley.

The years immediately following this first meeting were harmonious ones between the Latter-day Saints and Bridger. Frequent trips to visit and trade in Salt Lake City were made by the old scout. But something happened that terminated this good will. Trying to sift the facts from the histories of this period is not an easy task.

Fort Bridger was originally located in Green River County, Utah, and was created on March 2nd, 1852, by the Territorial Legislature of Utah. Another act organizing the County and defining its boundaries was approved January 13, 1854. The County boundaries were restricted in the West to make room for Summit County.

During this period the Utah Indians, under Chief Walker, were becoming very troublesome. Governor Brigham Young, who was also Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the Territory, wrote Commissioner George W. Manypenny in Washington, D. C. reciting the opening incidents of Walker's War, dating its beginning as of July 18, 1853. Said Superintendent Young, "Soon after the commencement of the present difficulties I have issued a revocation of all licenses to trade with the Indians in this Territory and have granted none since. I deem this the most prudent course to take until peace is restored, as otherwise it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to prevent trading guns, powder, and lead to our enemies."

Reports brought to Superintendent Young, both by emigrants and prominent people in the valley, that Jim Bridger was violating this order caused Mr. Young to send out a Sheriff's Posse to Fort Bridger to arrest the offender.

One can readily understand the Utah leader's apprehension about any traffic in ammunition with the Indians. Thousands of men, women and children were making vigorous efforts at colonizing far-flung and secluded places in the Territory. Some had met their death from Indian uprisings.

On the other hand, we sense the feelings of the old mountaineer when he was suddenly faced with a choice of arrest on this serious charge or making his get-away. Fort Bridger was his home, located in a wilderness setting he loved, but he chose to return to his home land in Missouri.

It was about two years later that negotiations were consummated for purchase of Fort Bridger. The Church was represented by Lewis Robison, Quartermaster of the Nauvoo Legion, while Bridger and Vasquez were represented by John M. Hockaday, who had previously made a survey of the Fort grounds. Noted in the Church Historian's File under date of October 18, 1858, is the following: "Louis Vasquez, of the firm of Bridger and Vasquez, executed a bill of sale of Fort Bridger and acknowledged receipt of $4,000 on August 3, 1855 and $4,000 this day, October 18, 1858, also acknowledged before Samuel A. Gilbert,

Clerk of the Third District Court, that Hiram F. Morrell was his lawfully appointed agent and that he fully approved of the acts and doings of said Morrell in the sale of the property."

The Mormon Church owned Fort Bridger from the time of purchase in 1855 to 1857 and proceeded to construct buildings there, also erecting a heavy cobblestone wall set in cement, about one hundred feet square and fourteen feet high. The Fort was also to serve as one of the stations of the X. Y. Express and Mail Line that was to operate out of Salt Lake City to Independence, Missouri. With the advent of Johnston's Army in the fall of 1857 all of these plans were suddenly changed.

By late November of 1857 the Fort Bridger area bore all the aspects of an armed camp. Some three thousand troops under the able command of Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston were garrisoned nearby. A city of canvas tents had suddenly appeared on the western landscape and here at Camp Winfield Scott the troops spent the rugged winter of 1857-1858. The army had been piloted to the West by none other than Mr. Bridger himself.

When news of this invading force reached Governor Young, orders were given to the Utah Militia to fire all buildings, hay and grain in the vicinity of the Fort, including Fort Supply, and Supply City located a few miles southwest of Fort Bridger. These latter places were established as a colonizing project by the Mormon people in 1853 and brought to Wyoming the first endeavors in agriculture. The order to set fire to the buildings was faithfully carried out, the owners of the property asking the privilege of destroying their own.

The sudden appearance of an army on the borders of Utah Territory was the greatest challenge in the eventful career of the Pioneer statesman, Brigham Young, say historians. No word had been sent by the Government of the approach of the troops. When three couriers brought the news of the advance of troops to that peaceful gathering in Little Cottonwood Canyon on July 24, 1857, Governor Young later issued this pronouncement, ". . . . We have committed no wrong nor do we intend to do so, but as for any Nation coming here to destroy this people, God Almighty being my helper they shall not come here." Martial law was declared in the Territory and the Army forbidden to enter. The orders issued to the Utah Troops were *to take no life* but harass the enemy and retard his progress. This order was carried out. Supply trains were burned in Simpson's Hollow and on the Green River. But when the United States soldiers went into winter quarters at Camp Scott near Fort Bridger in late 1857, the Utah Expedition or the Utah War was over.

During the winter of 1857-1858, misunderstandings were cleared away between the Government and the Mormons, and in June, 1858, General Johnston marched his troops through the deserted streets of Salt Lake City and established Camp Floyd

thirty-six miles southwest of the city. Here the army stayed until the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861.

In the meantime Mr. Bridger, who had been employed as a guide for the Army, set forth his claims that the ground being used by the troops at Camp Scott still belonged to him. He offered to lease it to the Government for $600 a year. This arrangement was satisfactory if title to the land could be established. This Mr. Bridger was never able to do, hence the rental was never paid by the Government. It was about this time that Mr. Vasquez issued his official bill of sale of Fort Bridger and acknowledged full payment by the Mormon Church.

Before leaving Camp Scott in June, 1858, General Albert Sidney Johnston officially designated Fort Bridger as an army post. Thus it was to remain until 1890, through those intervening and colorful years of huge freighting contracts, the days of Ben Holladay, the Stage Coach King, the Pony Express, the telegraph line, the treaty by the famous Chief Washakie, the advent of the rails to the West, and the beginning of the eventual building up and settlement of Bridger Valley.

There had come west with Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston's Army in 1857 a man who was to prove himself a remarkable character in the Fort Bridger domain. William A. Carter was richly endowed with a genial and hospitable nature. Well educated, refined in conduct, he wrote his own chapter in the Fort's history. As post sutler, Mr. Carter was known far and near. He also served with distinction as probate judge, postmaster, and his financial adventures in the cattle industry, freighting and farming, etc., made of him a man of considerable wealth and affluence.

When the Territory of Wyoming was carved out of the West, the Fort Bridger corner was to be left in Utah. Judge Carter went to Washington and through his personal efforts this corner of Utah was left in Wyoming. He attempted to have Fort Bridger made the capitol of Wyoming, but the fight was lost in a Congressional Committee by three votes. President Andrew Johnson offered to make Mr. Carter the first Territorial Governor, an honor the Judge graciously refused. His death occurred November 8, 1881, at the old homesite in Fort Bridger. This fine tribute was paid to Mr. Carter by Colonel T. H. Stanton, of the U. S. Army, and appeared in an Omaha paper shortly after his death: "He was a man of large culture, great reading and devoted to science and literature in their broadest and most generous terms. His hospitality was bounded by no limits. It embraced high and low, rich and poor alike. No man, whatever his condition, went away from his door empty-handed if he needed assistance. He had large means and bestowed it with generous liberality. His charity for the weaknesses and failings of his brother-man was as broad as the human family, and excluded none."

In view of the historic background of the Fort and its confines,

it was certainly fitting and proper that it should become one of Wyoming's most famous historical landmarks. On June 25th, 1933, amidst a gathering of some seven thousand people, ceremonies dedicating the site were held under the auspices of the Historical Landmark Commission* of Wyoming and the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association.

Today high-powered automobiles with the speed of the winds rush by historic Fort Bridger on Highway 30, little conscious that here in loneliness broods the old army post, rich in the lore of the Indian and his white brother. The military authority has long since ceased, the emigrant trains will come no more, but the faith, the courage and the vision that these western Pioneers brought with them helped to lay the foundation of the Great West as we have it today.

12:40 P.M. Left Fort Bridger on a county road which crossed and recrossed the old trail between the fort and Hay Stack Butte.

During this part of the trip, Mr. Guild pointed out the location of Fort Supply where food was raised and stored for future passing emigrants. This fort was burned in 1857.

1:30 P.M. Arrived at Muddy Creek Stage and Pony Express Station which was built by Moses Byrne. His family and the family of Mr. Guild's grandfather lived here until 1868, when the Union Pacific Railroad came through and the station of Piedmont was built. Mr. Guild also said that a toll gate was once in operation at this point on the trail.

We saw parts of the old hotel and the Union Pacific round house in Piedmont, although nothing is left to show the location of the charcoal and logging businesses which once flourished in that busy community. He also entertained the group with several hair-raising stories of real western shootings in days gone by.

2:00 P.M. Mr. Guild pointed out a grave on the north bank of Muddy Creek near the old railroad bed. A footstone showed the letters T.D. The name was gone from the headstone but the date 1868 and this remark, "killed while cleaning a gun" was readable.

4:30 P.M. The last stop was made at Myers Crossing on Bear River (950 1/4 E.G.) near Mormon Pioneer Monument. Mr. Fred Myers told about this part of the trail and showed us the grave of Mary Lewis, an unfortunate member of the Handcart Company of 1847.

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* The Historical Landmark Commission was abolished and the work of that commission was turned over to the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department on February 16, 1959, under a law passed by the 35th Legislature and signed on that day by Governor J. J. Hickey.

After a round of applause for the sponsores of the 1958 trek, the caravan disbanded.

REGISTER FOR TREK NO. 9

Cheyenne
- Maurine Carley
- Mrs. Graham Walker
- Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bishop
- Mrs. Veda Hoffman
- Mrs. Winifred Bergren
- Dorris Sander
- Irene Vass
- Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ritter and Niece
- Col. Wm. R. Bradley
- Col. and Mrs. A. R. Boyack

Evanston
- Jane Davis
- Chas. F. Guild
- Mr. and Mrs. Frank Emerson and Elaine

Fort Bridger
- Albino Fillin, Blacksmith

Riverton
- Mrs. Mary H. Scott

Lander
- Jules Farlow, Sr.
- Mrs. E. J. Breece
- Joseph Bagley
- Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Bishop and children

Douglas
- A. G. Sims
- Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Hildebrand and children

Big Piney
- Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Tanner
- Mr. and Mrs. Paul Scherbel and children

Casper
- Richard Eklund
- Luther Wack
- Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Marsolf and granddaughter

Green River
- Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Reynolds
- Mrs. Geo. Layton and children
- Charles Lenhart

Pinedale
- Mr. and Mrs. Bartlet Hilton
- Joanne Feltner

Salt Lake City, Utah
- Mrs. Martha Anderson

Assonet, Massachusetts
- Pierre La Bonte, Jr.

Denver, Colorado
- J. M. Lawson
- H. M. Townsend

Wyoming Archaeological Notes

EARLY PREHISTORIC PERIOD

Sandia Points

By L. C. Steege

Sandia points were first discovered in a cave in the Sandia Mountains of New Mexico and they derived their name from this location. Excavation of this cave was sponsored by the University of New Mexico and was started in February 1936.

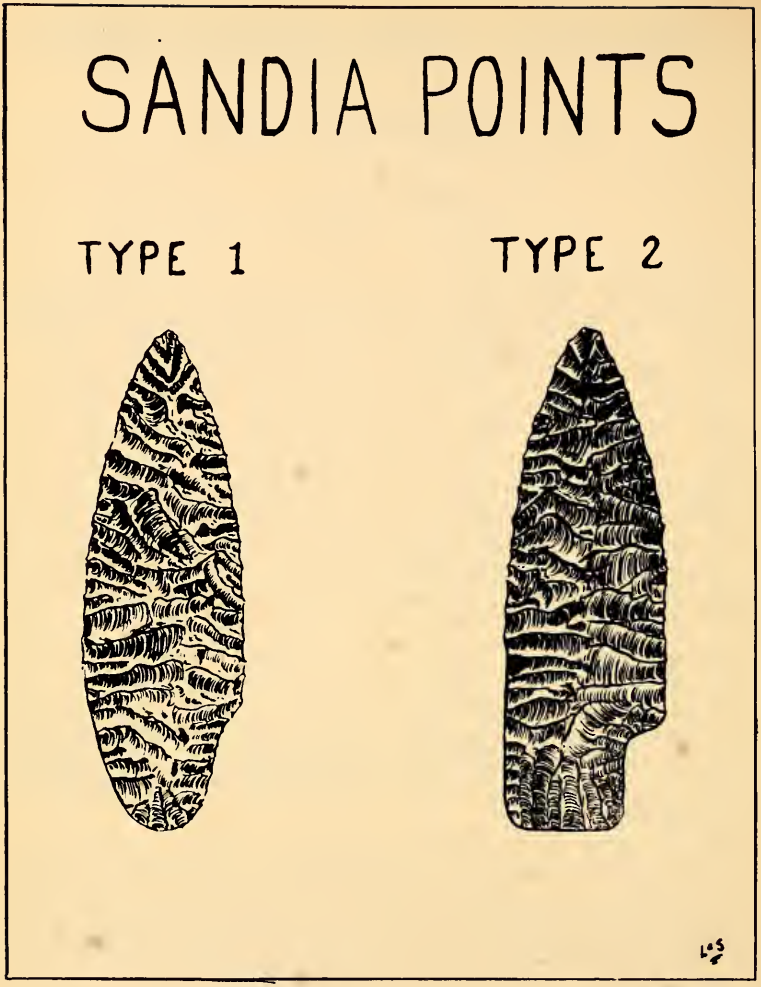
The top layer of this cave consisted of wind blown dust, bat guano and pack rat dung. Scanty evidence revealed only intermittent occupation by man during recent times.

Below the top layer was a layer of calcium carbonate varying in thickness from one-half to six inches. Below this crust was an occupation strata which produced folsom points, gravers, a wide range of scrapers, three examples of worked bone and numerous flakes. Large numbers of animal bones were present and have been identified as horse, camel, wolf, mammoth, bison and ground sloth.

Below the second occupation strata was a sterile layer of water deposited yellow ochre which ranged in thickness from two inches to two feet. Under this ochre deposit was another occupation strata in which the nineteen Sandia points were found associated with remains of extinct forms of horse, camel, bison, mastodon and mammoth.

The "Lucy" site in New Mexico was excavated during the summer of 1954. This site also produced several Sandia points. These also were associated with the bones of extinct mammals which included several long bones of an elephant. This animal had been slaughtered in one of the many ponds located just above the shore line of Pleistocene Lake Estancia.

Sandia points have been divided into two types. Both are characterized by an inset on one edge which produced a single shoulder. Type one has rounded edges and is lenticular in cross section. Type two has nearly parallel edges and is diamond shaped in cross section. The base of type two usually shows some thinning through the removal of longitudinal flakes. Both types have ground basal edges. Sometimes the grinding occurs beyond the shoulder. Sandia points vary in length from two to four inches, and in width from three-quarters to an inch and a quarter. The average is about three inches in length and one inch in width. The points are rather crudely flaked. The antiquity of these points



range between 15,000 and 20,000 years and at present are considered to be the oldest known points in the new world.

I cannot emphasize too strongly that not every single shouldered point can be classified as a Sandia point. Only a very few specimens have been found which closely resemble the types from New Mexico. Many of the so-called Sandia points are merely unfinished specimens or a non-stylized form of more recent origin.

Sandia points have been found in other localities in New Mexico, Texas, Northern Oklahoma, Missouri, Iowa and Oregon. Several have been found in the four corners area. Some have

been reported from Alberta, Canada, and one from the Province of Saskatchewan.

I have seen only one example that was found in Wyoming which I would definitely classify as a Sandia. This point was found in Sweetwater County and is a type two. I have examined several other specimens in private collections which have been regarded as Sandia points. These, in my estimation, are aberrant forms of a later time period.

Wyoming State Historical Society

Sixth Annual Meeting **September 19, 1959**

Carbon County Courthouse, Rawlins, Wyoming

Registration for the Sixth Annual Meeting opened at 9:00 A.M. at the courthouse-Community Room in Rawlins. One hundred thirty-one registered. Many people enjoyed the local tours during the day to—

John Larsen Artifact Collection
Rawlins National Bank Collection
The Rawlins Spring Site
Markers at City Hall and U.P. Depot
Carbon County Museum Site
Carbon County Museum

SIXTH ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Wyoming State Historical Society met in the Community Room of the Carbon County Courthouse in Rawlins at 1:30 P.M. on September 19, 1959, with approximately seventy-five members present. Mr. A. H. MacDougall, President, called the meeting to order. Delegates from the following counties were present: Albany, Campbell, Carbon, Goshen, Fremont, Johnson, Laramie, Natrona, Sweetwater, and Uinta.

The Secretary read the minutes of the Executive Committee which was held in Casper on July 18, 1959. The minutes were approved as read.

TREASURER'S REPORT

September 6, 1958 - September 19, 1959

Cash and Investments on hand September 6, 1958		$6,892.15
Receipts and Interest:		
Dues	$2,656.50	
Colter Booklet	165.18	
Interest on Savings	212.05	3,033.73
		$9,925.88
Disbursements 9-6-58 --- 9-19-59		
Annals of Wyoming	$1,370.00	
Office Supplies	57.35	
Postage	81.20	
Meeting (5th Annual)	157.60	
Film (All American Indian Days)	212.90	
Scholarships	300.00	
Slides	3.00	$2,182.05

ASSETS

September 19, 1959

Cheyenne Federal Building and Loan	$7,322.33
Stock Growers National Bank checking account	421.50
	$7,743.83

Present membership of the Society as of September 19, 1959 is as follows:

Life members	29
Joint Life members	14
Annual members	457
Joint Annual	368
Total	868

The President appointed the Auditing Committee: J. R. Armstrong, Mrs. Edith Daley and Mrs. Walter M. Lambertson.

The Resolutions Committee composed of Robert Larson, Bob David, and Ed Tierney was also appointed.

Mr. Steege reported that no new developments had been completed in the Archealogical field since he had last reported.

Dr. Larson reported that Leonard Gregory had finished his master's thesis on the history of Big Horn County and had received the full amount of his $300. Mr. Spiegel is still working on the Laramie County history for which he has received a scholarship from the Society.

Mr. Bishop read a report of the Historic Sites Committee listing the counties which are actively working to locate historic sites. His committee has been very active placing iron marked posts on exact locations of the forty Pony Express stations in Wyoming.

Mr. Littleton reported that his committee on Historical Markers will meet again this fall before he announces the ideas for markers. The contest for ideas for historical markers will be conducted by the Society through his committee this fall.

The above reports were accepted and placed on file.

Miss Homsher reported that the Jim Baker cabin has been restored. A turnbuckle has helped straighten the building which leaned one foot, preservatives have been put on the exterior, plexiglass has been put in for windows, and slabs have made the roof look old.

Mr. James Petty, Historian at the Fort Laramie National Monument, reminded the group of the importance of the Fort Laramie National Monument, stating that it is the most important historical site in Wyoming and probably the whole West. The National Park Service is anxious to acquire antique furniture, especially bedroom pieces, for the restored officer's quarters. Fort Laramie will be a show place by 1966. The Secretary read a letter from Mr. Ringenbach, Superintendent of the Monument, reminding the Society that the members should work for the extension of the monument boundaries as the Society is the chief sponsor of the expansion project. Several suggestions were given but nothing

definite was decided. Each county society should write to Wyoming's Congressmen supporting the bills to enlarge the monument site to provide better facilities for visitors.

Others present expressed opinions that attention should be given Fort Fetterman and Fort Phil Kearny.

The Secretary read a letter from Mr. Claude Gettys in which he stated that the Highway Department will correct the Fetterman Monument sign.

Miss Dorris Sander spoke on organizing Junior Historians groups. In some states a full time worker handles this phase. She suggested that careful planning and good leadership is necessary for a successful program. The State Department of Education will be glad to help plan but they cannot take on the responsibility just now.

Mr. T. J. Mahoney moved that the new officers make it the work of the Executive Committee to formulate an historical program on the local and state level for Boy Scouts. After a lengthy discussion, Mr. Hadsell amended the motion to include all young people. The motion was carried as amended.

Mr. Ritter reported that a film had been made of the 1959 American Indian Days. As chairman of the Committee to obtain costs of purchasing movie equipment, he reported the following costs: $427.45 for a 16mm movie camera with no sound equipment, will take black or colored film. $1379.00 for a 16mm movie camera which will take black or colored film and includes sound equipment. Rental for a camera and sound equipment out of Denver would be $30 per day. Minimum time for use of this equipment would usually be about five days.

Mrs. Nancy Wallace moved that the State Society buy out of the savings account the necessary equipment for taking moving pictures. Seconded and carried.

Mr. Kleber Hadsell moved that the Executive Committee limit the expenditure and determine how the project should be handled. Seconded and carried. Mr. Hadsell suggested that the Society look into the possibility of taking advantage of purchase of government surplus equipment.

Mrs. Edness Kimball Wilkins moved that the State Library, Archives and Historical Board look into the possibility of the State Archives and Historical Department purchasing the equipment. Seconded and carried.

At this point Mr. Armstrong reported that the books had been audited and found in good order. His report was accepted and ordered filed.

Fine reports of activities carried on in Albany, Campbell, Carbon, Fremont, Johnson, Laramie, Natrona, Park, Sweetwater, and Uinta Counties were given by delegates. These activities have been included in History News over the past year.

Miss Homsher announced that the Historical Department ac-

quired many historical sites when the former Historical Landmarks Commission was abolished and the work of that commission was given to the State Archives and Historical Department. It will take a substantial amount of money to restore and preserve all of these sites. Mr. MacDougall instructed Miss Homsher to take up with the Attorney General the matter of laws of escheat relating to the relationship of the state and federal government. He suggested that the 1961 Legislature, if it is feasible, pass a bill to revert lost federal monies such as postal deposits to the Historical Department for use in purchase, restoration, and maintenance of historic sites.

Miss Homsher urged all county societies to plan local programs to fit in with the state program for the Pony Express Centennial in 1960. She urged the local organizations to purchase the dies for cancellation of stamps to be used at that time. The Post Office Department is working in close cooperation with the Pony Express Association.

Mr. Hadsell moved that the Governor be asked to proclaim a *Pioneer Week*. Motion carried. The week of the State Fair was suggested.

Meeting adjourned at 5:00 p.m.

DINNER MEETING—EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 19, 1959

In the evening 200 persons attended a dinner in the Flame Room at the Adams Restaurant. Mr. Clarence A. Brimmer, Jr., toastmaster, presided and presented:

Invocation: Rev. C. Arch Hopper
Welcome: Mayor Leeland U. Grieve
Response: Mr. A. H. MacDougall

Mrs. Violet Hord, Chairman of the Nominating Committee, announced the results of the election of officers for 1959-1960 as follows:

President, Mrs. Thelma Condit of Buffalo
First Vice President, Mr. E. A. Littleton of Gillette
Second Vice President, Mrs. Edness Kimball Wilkins of Casper
Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Maurine Carley of Cheyenne

Historical Awards

Mr. E. A. Littleton, Chairman of the Awards Committee, announced the following Historical Awards:

Mrs. Mildred Albert Martin for her book, *The Martins of Gunbarrel,* an autobiographical account of her earlier years of dude ranching.

John and Margaret Harris for their novel, *Chant of the Hawk,* a story of the mountain men.

Wyoming Archaeological Society for their excavations at Kaufman Cave and the Medicine Wheel in Wyoming in 1958.

Greybull Standard, newspaper, for its significant contribution to Wyoming History in the 50th Anniversary Edition of June 4, 1959.

Paul Schubert for his magazine article, *Wyoming's Wonderful Women,* which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, August 1, 1959.

Val Kuska for his newspaper article, *Beginning of Town Can Be Dated From Start of Railroad,* from Greybull Standard, June 4, 1959.

Buffalo Bulletin, newspaper, for its significant contribution to Wyoming History in the 14th Annual Johnson County Edition of July 2, 1959. (Honorable Mention)

Charles S. Washbaugh for his newspaper article *Old Country Dances Provided Most Fun,* which appeared in the *Buffalo Bulletin,* July 2, 1959. (Honorable Mention)

Resolutions

Mr. Robert Larson, chairman of the Resolutions Committee, presented the following report:

WHEREAS: the Carbon County Chapter of the State Historical Society has been the gracious host to the Sixth Annual Meeting of the Wyoming State Historical Society; and

WHEREAS: the membership of the Carbon County Chapter and the residents of Rawlins have extended every courtesy to make this an outstanding meeting; therefore

Be it resolved, that we extend our sincere appreciation for the excellent program, the interesting local tours, and for the hospitality extended; and that we especially thank Mr. Kleber H. Hadsell, president of the Carbon County Chapter, and Mr. Neal E. Miller, General Chairman, for their splendid efforts in making this State meeting an outstanding success.

Robert R. Larson, Chairman
Robert B. David
Ed Tierney

Program

Speaker of the evening was R. W. "Red" Fenwick, Denver Post columnist and author of Red Fenwick's West. His topic was "History By and Large—Mostly By." He gave a humorous talk which was much enjoyed and presented a serious aspect in urging that history be recorded accurately and fairly, accenting the majority's way of life rather than that of the minority and of the sensational. He urged that people demand better reading material in their local newspapers and that they insist that news-

papers reflect accurately the life of today because "the people and happenings now are the history of tomorrow, and future generations will judge us by what they read in our papers of today."

SUNDAY—SEPTEMBER 20, 1959

At 8:15 o'clock Sunday morning approximately forty cars made a trek to Fort Fred Steele where a Sheep Wagon Breakfast was ready and waiting. Coffee, sausages made from wild antelope and pork, (the antelope killed by President A. H. MacDougall), pancakes with all the trimmings, and beans were served by the efficient cooks.

Following the breakfast many of the members inspected the remaining buildings at old Fort Steele. Mr. Charles Vivion, owner of the site, lead a conducted tour of the grounds.

Maurine Carley, *Secretary*

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS COMMITTEES

Registration
- Mr. L. D. Rettstatt, Chairman
- Mrs. George Pierson
- Mrs. Alex Gordon
- Mrs. Charles Hornbeck
- Mrs. Irving Hays

Local Tours, Guide & Reception
- Mr. Edward Tierney, Co-chairman
- Mrs. Clifford Sundin, Co-chairman
- Mrs. Carl Willford
- Mr. Howard Peverley
- Mr. R. D. Martin
- Mr. Edward McAuslan
- Mrs. John Mullen
- Mr. Gerald Felton
- Mr. John Gooldy
- Mr. Frank Gordon
- Mr. Fred Healey
- Mrs. Ralph Geddes
- Mr. Harry J. Cashman
- Mrs. Day Espy
- Mrs. Bert Oldman
- Mr. Lou J. Nelson
- Mr. Gail Willis
- Mr. Wilbur Toothaker

Banquet
- Mrs. Norman Kretzer, Chairman
- Mrs. Art Rasmusson
- Mrs. Kleber Hadsell
- Mrs. Walter Lambertsen
- Mrs. Charlotte Romick
- Mrs. Neal Miller

Banquet Tables
- Mrs. P. E. Daley

Breakfast
- Mr. P. E. Daley, Chairman
- Mr. I. K. Miller
- Mr. Art Rasmusson
- Mr. Kleber Hadsell
- Mr. Edward Tierney
- Mr. Charles Vivion

Ticket Sales
- Mrs. Arnold Larsen
- Mrs. Charles Hornbeck
- Mrs. Edward Tierney
- Mrs. Neal Miller

Program
- Mr. Edward Tierney, Chairman
- Mrs. Kleber Hadsell
- Mrs. Walter Lambertsen
- Mrs. Alex Gordon
- Mrs. George Pierson
- Mr. P. E. Daley
- Mrs. Ed Bennett

Host Chapter
- Carbon County Chapter, Inc.
- Kleber H. Hadsell, President

Mr. Neal E. Miller, General Chairman

Breakfast Tour
- Mr. Charles Vivion
- Mr. Edward Tierney

Photo by Lola M. Homsher

Sheep Wagon Breakfast
Cooks: I. K. Miller and Charles Vivion

Book Reviews

The Great Sioux Uprising. By C. M. Oehler. (New York Oxford University Press, 1959. Index. Illus. 272 pp. $5.00.)

Not for the squeamish is *The Great Sioux Uprising.* Overshadowed by the battles and shattering casualties of the Civil War, the Minnesota uprising did not attract great interest at the time. However, four hungry, young Sioux braves on a warm Sunday afternoon in August of 1862 started a war that was to continue intermittently for almost thirty years.

Hungry Indians, cheated by the traders, anxiously awaiting a delayed government annuity, improperly supervised and chafing under mounting white encroachment on their traditional hunting grounds, created an explosive situation which was ignored by the authorities. When trader, Andrew Myrick, apparently ignoring the example of Marie Antoinette, remarked, "So far as I am concerned, if they are hungry, let them eat grass," the stage was set for the massacre.

Newly-arrived Central European settlers were ill-prepared for the sudden vicious attack of the Sioux. Within a few days 800 to 1500 settlers and U. S. troops were slaughtered. Husbands stood paralyzed and helpless while their families were butchered. During the first day of the uprising, hundreds of settlers were killed by Indians but not one Indian was killed by a settler. Trader Myrick was found, weeks later, with his body full of arrows and his mouth full of grass. Many fathers ran away, deserting their families. Wives and daughters were killed or taken prisoners. Young white girls were forced to submit to dozens of their captors. One pregnant white woman was ripped open and her unborn baby was nailed to a tree.

Efforts upon the part of the national administration and State authorities to suppress the uprising were slow and ill-directed. Few of the Sioux were captured or punished. Many fled to the west and engaged in the later phases of the war against Crook and Custer.

While the reader is shocked by the torture and butchery to which the settlers were subjected, it is interesting to remember that about one year later in July, 1863, mobs protesting the Federal Draft took over the City of New York, destroyed and burnt police stations, churches, orphan's asylums, etc., kicked a Colonel to death, burnt other people alive, killed 30 negroes, scores of police, and order was established only on the arrival of Federal troops which fought pitched battles with the mob.

While Mr. Oehler's excellent volume may not have the local interest sought by Wyoming readers, it is excellent background

material for the latter part of the Sioux War. The notes are interesting. The style is straightforward, and an interesting part of Indian history is well told.

Cheyenne, Wyoming FRANK CLARK, JR.

Frontier America: The Story of the Westward Movement. By Thomas D. Clark. (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1959. Illus. 832 pp. College edition, $6.75).

This handsome volume unmistakably is designed as a textbook for college courses in the westward movement. Thus it invites comparison with other textbooks in the field by Ray Billington, Dan Clark, Hafen and Rister, and Robert Riegel. Tom Clark's entry for the competition deserves to be a front runner. His book is the most attractive in format. The type face is large and clear on high quality paper. There are many excellent maps and illustrations.

Tom Clark's volume shares highest rank with Billington's with respect to literary merit and scholarship. His book deals with the American frontier from 1750 to the 1890's when the westward movement "was of paramount importance" in American history. Thus he does not deal, as Billington does, with the period 1492-1750.

As do Billington and Dan Clark, Tom Clark covers westward expansion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Only Hafen and Rister limit themselves to the trans-Mississippi West.

Tom Clark is less devoted to the Turner thesis than is Billington. "No attempt is made to adhere to a thesis," he writes. "No particular claims are made that the general process of American expansion nurtured and matured the American democratic process."

Both Tom Clark and Billington are relatively weak in their treatment of the high plains and Rockies. Symptomatic are Clark's misspellings Ben Holliday (for Holladay), Marie (for Mari) Sandoz, and Velma Limford (for Linford), and his presentation of a trans-Mississippi railroad map showing the Union Pacific railroad going through South Pass. Hafen and Rister, more at home in the region, would not make such errors. Tom Clark, brought up and trained in the Old South, and having spent almost all of his teaching career at the University of Kentucky, is most expert in dealing with frontier problems east of the Mississippi. And yet he does quite well with most phases of trans-Mississippi history. His chapters on the mountain men, the Texas frontier, the Mexican War, and the Mormons are as sound, concise, and readable as can be found anywhere. Some of his other chap-

ters are not quite so well done, but on the whole it's a fine book, of great scholarly merit.

Tom Clark finds much to admire in the frontiersmen, but he does not glorify them indiscriminately: "Adventurers, schemers, intriguers, and rascals found both suckers and anonymity along the frontier." ". . . there were murderers, bigamists, gamblers, counterfeiters, horse thieves, and swindlers who found the backwoods temporarily free of lawyers, magistrates' processes and alert sheriffs." "To their lasting discredit, many frontiersmen prostituted nature's bounty."

Readers will find the text sprinkled liberally with shrewd insights, and they will find much accurate information which is unobtainable in any other textbook. They will find well balanced approaches to controversial matters, well chosen quotations and illustrations, and subdued, pleasing use of humor.

Wyoming readers who want to learn about Wyoming may find little of interest or value, but if they want perspective for Wyoming and regional developments they need look no further than this outstanding volume.

University of Wyoming T. A. Larson

Teapot Dame. By M. R. Werner and John Starr. (New York: Viking Press, 1959. 298 pages. $5.00.)

Teapot Dome depicts a tragic chapter in our American history, and even though the men responsible for the crimes committed were eventually punished, the blot on our country is too serious to be ignored.

As the story of Teapot Dome unfolds it seems that many people thought the government was a place to feather nests. Possibly many of them refused to believe they were defrauding the government.

Few people of the older generation are unmindful of the names Sinclair, Doheny and Fall. These men wrecked their lives in an effort to line their pockets.

The trials of these men lasted many years and finally came to a just end with each of the criminals serving terms in the Federal Penitentiary. Their names will go down in dishonor.

It was in the early part of the present century that Albert B. Fall, then Secretary of the Interior, began to make plans to augment his dwindling fortune. In the passing of time he met and joined forces with one Edward L. Doheny. This combination boded no good for either of these men or for the United States.

The inception of this plan to defraud the Government began when Fall leased the oil reserves of the U. S. Navy to his friends for money. It was to be a decade before the evidence of fraud

was disclosed. From then on the cases were prosecuted with diligence. Our Government, and we, the people, are indebted to Owen J. Roberts and Thomas J. Walsh for placing the criminals behind the bars and the return of the public property to the Government.

To understand the devious ramifications of this oil scandal one should read this book from cover to cover. The details are there and the facts are so clear that "he who runs may read."

This book contains an excellent summary of the facts concerning the Teapot Dome oil scandal. It should be read by all those who are interested in better government, which to me seems necessary if we are to preserve our liberty and continue in our way of life. It is well written and documented.

Cheyenne L. C. BISHOP

Bill Sublette: Mountain Man. By John E. Sunder. (Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1959. xv+ 279 pp., illus. $5.00.)

No name from the roster of mountain men, unless it be Bridger, is so intimately associated with Wyoming as that of Sublette. Five Sublette brothers are included in that roster. Present-day Sublette County embraces much of the great valley which they frequented as trappers. Two of the brothers—Milton and Pinckney—are buried in Wyoming. Andrew reputedly found the famous Sublette Cut-Off. Solomon the youngest distinguished himself chiefly by surviving the others and inheriting William's wife and estate. It was William the eldest, however, who brought the others to the mountains; pioneered a traders' route, known for at least a decade as Sublette's Trail, up the Platte and Sweetwater to fur country; opened the way for immigrants by bringing the first wagons to the Popo Agie and demonstrating that cattle accompanying a train could subsist on native grasses; and built the first permanent trading post in Wyoming where Fort Laramie now stands.

Before his death at forty-six Bill Sublette had been, as Sunder says in his Preface, "explorer, fur trader, politician, merchant, bank director, corporation executive, land speculator, resort proprietor, and progressive farmer," friend of congressmen, senators, financiers, merchants, and sundry humbler folk, and an intimate of a Scottish laird, Sir William Drummond Stewart.

Bill Sublette went first to the mountains as an Ashley trapper in 1823. Three years later, in partnership with Jedediah Smith and David Jackson, he bought out the Ashley equipment and interests. In 1830 the three partners sold their interests to a group who became known as the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. Sublette

passed the first four years of the seven-year span between 1823 and 1830 without leaving the mountains. In the remaining three years he spent hardly more than six months in the settlements. He earned fully the right to be called a mountain man.

After a one-season venture in 1831 in the Santa Fe trade, Sublette and his new partner, Robert Campbell, re-entered the Wyoming scene as supply-train entrepreneurs. Their trains were at the rendezvous in 1832, 1833, and 1834—the year of their triumph in "bucking" the Astor interests in the mountains.

In 1835 Sublette began developing his large acreage on the outskirts of St. Louis into a gentleman farmer's estate. He experimented with tools, seeds, and stock-breeding; he imported the first pedigreed Shorthorns to reach Missouri directly from England. For a decade he was also a prominent St. Louis merchant, bank and corporation director, and active politically. Business interests took him East to financial and merchandising centers as early as 1833. In time he became a well-known and respected figure in Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. He did not marry until he was forty-five. A little more than a year later he died in Philadelphia while on a trip to introduce his young wife to his Eastern friends.

This summary of Bill Sublette's career as presented by Sunder does scant justice to the wealth of detail crowded into the biography and to the tremendous job of research required in its preparation. The biographer apparently made full use of the closed file of Sublette papers in the Missouri Historical Society to which Bernard De Voto was denied access in preparing *Across the Wide Missouri*. A look at the comprehensive bibliographical resources uncovered by Sunder justifies his prefatory remark that "the material pertinent to his [Sublette's] life was too scattered for ready use until modern means of transportation and communication facilitated research."

Over a dozen early photographs and four maps add graphic confirmation to the text, and four Appendixes give additional information about family connections and business transactions.

Unfortunately Sunder's style does not sparkle. His system of footnoting is confusing; one must guess sometimes from which of several sources cited in an introductory footnote a quotation derives, and occasionally a footnote does not seem compatible with the passage cited. In this reader's opinion, Sunder tends to become at times a Sublette apologist. He has not fully accepted the fact, it would seem, that Bill Sublette was tough, shrewd, ruthless, and occasionally unprincipled—as he had to be in the tough, ruthless business climate of his time. Some of Sublette's personal idiosyncrasies and peccadillos, one suspects, have been glossed over to keep the portrait unsullied and almost wholly admirable.

University of Wyoming RUTH HUDSON

Prairie Schooner Lady, the Journal of Sherrill Ward, 1853. By Ward G. and Florence Stark DeWitt, Editors. (Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1959. 180 pp. $5.75.)

The Old West lives again, both vividly, and graciously, in the pages of the *Prairie Schooner Lady.*

In this intriguing emigrant trail diary, written more than a century ago by Harriett Sherrill Ward, the reader is privileged to travel from day to day with the William Trowbridge Ward prairie schooner entourage on the trek westward from Dartford, Wisconsin to the far distant Indian valley of Central California.

In this book, the reader can, through the intensely warm and human word pictures of Harriett Sherrill Ward, gain a glimpse of the grandeur of the vistos of a new, untrammelled land, stretching ever towards the setting sun, and can attain a deep appreciation and understanding of the contingent dangers and many exigencies that made life perilous for the transcontinental wayfarer of that early date.

He will also, with each succeeding page, gain a deeper sense of appreciation for the fine sensibilities of the elder Wards, William Trowbridge and Harriett Sherrill, and build a bond of sympathy with Frances, the winsome daughter, and sturdy William, the son, as these two face a new life and adulthood under the stimulating influences of a rugged environment.

A book, well worth reading.

Casper TIMOTHY J. MAHONEY

Hostiles and Friendlies: Selected Short Writings. By Mari Sandoz. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1959. 250 pp. $5.00.)

This new book by Mari Sandoz is, as the sub-title indicates, a collection of miscellaneous short works published in magazines in the period from 1927 to 1954. There are historical sketches, some of which have been incorporated into the larger works, particularly *Old Jules;* some fine, brief pieces out of the Nebraska background; and a number of short stories—the whole arranged into three sections, Recollections, Indian Studies, and Short Fiction. The book includes also an interesting autobiographical sketch, some notes on the edited pieces, and a chronological bibliography of Miss Sandoz' published work which will be welcomed by those who are interested in all her writing.

Like all such books it contains some very fine work and some of lesser quality, but, as one should expect, it contains nothing that is lifeless or inferior, two qualities that seem to be foreign to Mari

Sandoz. Every selection is representative of her general excellence, even the earliest works, and if here and there she writes with perhaps less inspiration than usual that writing too has its worth and vitality. The earliest works, in fact, which one might expect to be the work of a novice, will reveal instead that Miss Sandoz seems always to have been an artist. There is the same careful observation of the sandhills and their people, the same vivid re-creation of the men and the country, and from these early works it is plain to see that she very soon discovered and perfected that matchless style which is, it seems to me, one of her claims to distinction. "The Kinkaider Comes and Goes," for example, written in 1929 when she was a student, will stand with anything she has done. She knew then how she would write *Old Jules* when she started it three years later. (The interested reader might compare the article with Chapter XIV of the book.)

There is space here only to call attention to some individual pieces which have special merit. Among the Recollections is a very charming sketch of a pet muskrat, "Musky," a little piece of writing that reveals Miss Sandoz' great skill in the use of detail. And in the same group there are three portraits of sandhill people which belong with her very best work—"The Neighbor," the superb "Martha of the Yellow Braids," and the fine one of her mother, "Marlizzie." Of the short stories three are especially worth noting—the interesting and provocative "Pieces to a Quilt," the very moving "River Polak," and the ironic "Peachstone Basket" which makes one thing of some of the bitter Spoon River poems of Edgar Lee Masters.

One might carp only a little about this book—he cannot be immediately certain who wrote the headnotes to the individual pieces, the editor (Virginia Faulkner) or Miss Sandoz. The headnote to the first piece, for example, the autobiographical sketch, is in italics and is by the editor. The next two notes are also by the editor I presume but are not in italics. The note to the next piece, however, "The Son," is entirely by Mari Sandoz though there are no quotation marks to indicate that she wrote it. The pronouns have to be the guide. And so on through the book. But this is a small matter. The articles and short stories were written by Miss Sandoz and their quality cannot be mistaken.

University of Wyoming RICHARD MAHAN

The Overland Diary of James A. Pritchard From Kentucky to California in 1849. Edited by Dale L. Morgan. (Denver: Old West Publishing Co., 1959. 219 pp. Maps. $15.00. Limited Edition of 1250 copies.)

The James A. Pritchard Diary, published in a limited edition of

1,250 copies, is a handsome volume in format, an interesting and informative diary of the Gold Rush of 1849, and is edited in a manner which makes an unusual contribution to the history of this period.

Pritchard's diary covers his journey from St. Louis, Missouri, to the California gold fields of the Coloma and Sacramento areas. As Editor Morgan points out, his is one of the few diaries of the Forty-niners in which is described an overland journey across Missouri from St. Louis to Independence and St. Joseph.

The diary is written in a narrative style, probably at intervals from daily notes, retrospective at times, enabling the author to perhaps better describe scenes and events along the trail than if he had written hurriedly once a day. He describes with great clarity the many problems which attended the emigrants on the long and tedious journey and which caused the various trains to break up and reform with new members.

In addition to his fine annotations to the text of the diary, Dale L. Morgan has made an outstanding contribution to the study of this westward rush of goldseekers in his chart and alphabetical listing of 132 known 1849 diaries kept on the northern route. The chronological and alphabetical arrangement of the diaries shows the state and community from which the diarist came, the name of the company (if known), the date on which he passed more than fifty landmarks along the trail, the effective terminal date of his diary as a record of his overland journey, and indicating how long after the trip was completed the diary was kept.

The use of his chart and the diaries has enabled Mr. Morgan to present graphically situations at a particular point on the trail at various dates in 1849, as he has done in his series of articles currently running in the *Annals of Wyoming,* "Ferries of the Forty-Niners." Putting these known diaries under such scholarly discipline will enable others to follow with additional studies and bring about a greater understanding of the events of this dramatic period.

Prefacing the diary is a biography of James Pritchard written by his grandnephew, Hugh Pritchard Williamson, assistant attorney-general of Missouri. Also included is a portrait of Pritchard reproduced from an oil painting in the possession of Mr. Williamson.

Two previously unpublished maps attributed to J. Goldsborough Bruff are reproduced in this volume by courtesy of the National Archives.

Cheyenne LOLA M. HOMSHER

Beyond a Big Mountain. By Peter Decker. (New York: Hastings House. 1959. 278 pp. $3.95.)

This novel brings to life the men of William H. Ashley's party of 1823.

The young recruit from down Natchez way who signs the muster roll as Pidge Pidgeon starts on an adventure that takes him up the Missouri and to the Rocky Mountains. His first meeting with others of the party—his introduction to the seamy side of waterfront life—his encounter with the big downriver man called ol' Hugh sets the pace for an action packed story that does not falter until the bullboats are being packed for the return to St. Louis.

The toilsome journey up river, the fight with the Arickara tribe and the retreat down river and old Hugh's desperate battle with the grizzly mark the first part of the trip. The lonely Pidge learns to know the trappers and to understand the rivermen as they advance ever westward.

On the Big Horn Pidge meets Sunshine, the young Crow who speaks English. The two become "Almost Brothers". The Crows direct the trappers to the ancient trail that "goes over a Big Mountain to the Siskedee". From the Big Horn to the Wind and on to Popo Agie the little band makes its way. Hungry, almost frozen they struggle over a barren ridge to the Sweetwater. In the shelter of an aspen grove they rest and regain their strength. Setting out again, they search for the way around the Big Mountain. They scarcely know when they reach the place of dividing waters. The Siskedee beckons; beaver is abundant; the trapper band splits up to rendezvous at the aspen grove in July.

The lonely silence, the beauty of the high country in spring, the majesty of snow covered peaks and the nearness of blazing stars becomes a part of Pidge's life. He decides what his future will be at the aspen grove. Most readers will agree that it is the right choice.

Bridgeport, Nebraska HELEN HENDERSON

The Martins of Gunbarrel. By Mildred Albert Martin. (Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers, 1959. Illus. 280 p. $5.00.)

The Martins of Gunbarrel is an autobiography, a true account of Mrs. Martin's early married years. In 1923 she worked as a waitress, a "savage" as the help entitle themselves, in Yellowstone Park where she met her future cowboy husband. They were married suddenly and without fanfare that same fall.

The first year of their marriage they lived at Timber Lodge, up the North Fork of the Shoshone River in northwestern Wyo-

ming. where in winter they trapped fur bearing animals and in summer entertained dudes. (The only fiction in the book are a few changes of names of places.)

Mrs. Martin's best friend that first winter turned out to be a wonderful wood range which they called Virginia. To quote Mrs. Martin, "After that winter I vowed never to be without an old fashioned range. We have moved several times since, each move taking us a little closer to so-called civilization; but there has always been a Virginia in our home. The new ranges may be fool-proof and much easier to keep clean, but we could never warm up to one enough to include it in our family circle, as we do Virginia."

The book is really a family affair since it was illustrated, and very well, too, by Paul Reave Martin, the author's son.

Mrs. Martin has the faculty of placing the beauty and the serenity of the mountains, particularly the North Fork, right before your eyes. Her descriptions and accounts of wild life, wild flowers and everything pertaining to the country are accurate.

Her accounts of "happenings" on a dude ranch are written with a quiet, sympathetic humor few can equal. Describing dude ranching as a business she writes, "After my first year as a ranch hostess, I felt qualified for the diplomatic service. Sometimes the job ballooned into a Herculean task trying to please everybody at the same time. While nature in the raw was the doctor's order for some, others preferred their Western atmosphere strained and whipped up into a souffle."

Once Mrs. Martin nearly swooned at the thought of entertaining some of the Cabots from Boston. She needn't have worried: Cabot chopped all the wood used and his wife did her own housekeeping. When Mrs. Cabot was informed that they had a bathhouse she was more than pleased, saying, "Don't tell me you have a bathhouse. How grand. The place in Maine where we often spend our vacations hasn't any conveniences, so we didn't expect to find any out here in the rockies."

Another guest was a sentimental old maid. Her riding habit consisted of trousers with wrap-around leggings which she wore with silk stockings and high heeled pumps. She also wore a checked jacket with a lace jabot. But what really set her costume off was a large, floppy picture hat with a wreath of huge red poppies around the crown. It was anchored to her head by a filmy grey veil, the ends tied under her chin. She thought such little touches of femininity did much for riding apparel which was inclined to be far too severe.

Mrs. Martin's one ambition in life was to learn the "Western ways" of her husband, Earl. An encouraging nod of the head or the approval in his eyes were her most satisfying rewards. As to Earl, his continued patience never failed her. This book is not a love story, but one traces through it a continued love and under-

standing too few people enjoy. And as a footnote one might mention that after thirty-five years of married life this still holds true.

There is no "Wild Bill Hickok", "Buffalo Bill" or "Billy the Kid" in the story, but, if one wants a delightful, quiet evening's entertainment, I am sure he will thoroughly enjoy the book.

Basin, Wyoming MRS. P. W. METZ

Chant of the Hawk. By John and Margaret Harris. (New York: Random House. 308 pp. $3.95.)

Chant of the Hawk is an historical novel of the mountain men, those early trappers and traders who explored and mapped the West while on their quests for beaver pelts. The story takes place in the 1840's, the period during which trapping was waning and the great migration westward on the Oregon Trail was just beginning.

The conflict of this era is reflected in the ancient enmity of George Stroud and Jesse Reeshar, independent trappers; in the rivalry of two fur trading posts, Fort Laramie, which became a famed outpost of the West, and Fort Platte, which survived for only a few short years; and in the changing attitudes of the Indians toward the trappers—once friendly but now suspicious—and toward the whites in the emigrant trains which in their westward passage were ruining the grass and the hunting grounds of the Indians.

John and Margaret Harris have written two earlier historical novels, *The Medicine Whip* and *Arrow in the Moon.* This, their third novel, once again shows careful research to make the setting authentic and the story one which could have occurred. The details of the lives of the Indians, trappers and traders which they present give the reader a picture of the life of the real frontier of this pre-Wyoming period.

Cheyenne LOLA M. HOMSHER

Contributors

Everett L. Ellis has spent most of his life in Wyoming. He is a graduate of the schools in Burns, Wyoming, and he received his M.D. from St. Louis University. He has practiced medicine in Cheyenne and was a member of the Wyoming Air National Guard during the Korean action. Dr. Ellis and his family are at present living in Mill Valley, California, while he is doing graduate work under a fellowship at Stanford University hospital in San Francisco.

Ernest M. Richardson was born in Kansas and raised on a Missouri farm. He first came West in the spring of 1906 when he worked for the Santa Fe R.R. in southern Colorado. In the fall of 1906 he moved to the Burlington Railroad in northeastern Wyoming and worked for that company for seven years as telegrapher and station agent at various stations along the Sheridan division. In 1910 at Newcastle he was married to Mary Elizabeth Miller, daughter of Weston County Sheriff Billy Miller who was killed in October 1903 by a band of Sioux Indians on Lightning Creek. Four children and six grandchildren have come from this union.

In 1913 opportunities in the fields of banking, insurance and investment company management in Kansas, Missouri, Oregon and Minnesota took him from Wyoming. Since retirement from active business in 1955 Mr. and Mrs. Richardson have made their home in southern California. Mr. Richardson, assisted by his wife, has made a hobby of the study of Western history, specializing in the history of the Northern Plains states, particularly Wyoming.

Mrs. Thelma Condit. *See Annals of Wyoming,* Vol. 29, No. 1, April 1957, p. 120.

Louis C. Steege. *See Annals of Wyoming,* Vol. 29, No. 1, April 1957, p. 121.

Dale L. Morgan. *See Annals of Wyoming,* Vol. 29, No. 2, October 1958, p. 239.

General Index

VOLUME 31

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 political 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.