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# *Annals of Wyoming*



STREET SCENE, BUFFALO, WYOMING, 1903

*Stimson Photo*  
Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

*April 1961*

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## ANNALS OF WYOMING

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# *Annals of Wyoming*

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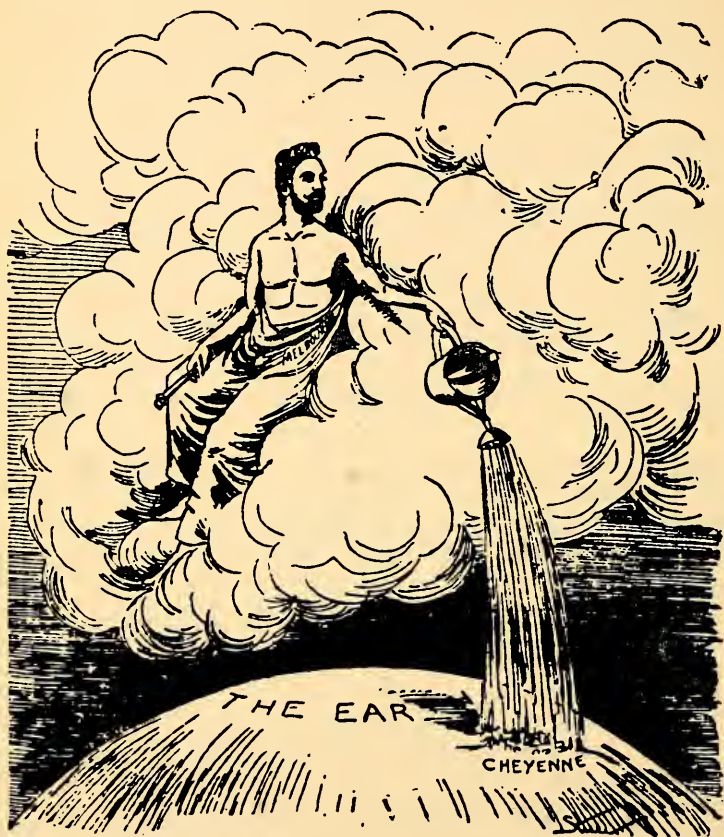
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## MELBURNE AS JUPITER PLUVIUS.



He Made it Rain Yesterday in Cheyenne.

*Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado*

*From the Rocky Mountain News September 8, 1891.*

# *Melbourne, the Australian Rain Wizard*

By

CLARK C. SPENCE

The post-World War II scientists who seeded the clouds with dry ice, carbon particles, or silver iodide were latecomers among Americans who attempted the production of rain by artificial means. Various Indian tribes, of course, had from an early date employed special medicine men and ceremonies to this end, but even their white conquerors, using so-called "scientific" theories and techniques, made numerous attempts in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Instead of incantations, dances, or perhaps the mimicking of aquatic birds and animals, the new "scientific" rainmakers attempted to move warm moist air to cooler heights by means of large fires, fans, or vertical wind tunnels; they proposed drawing down moisture from the clouds by means of electricity; they created explosions in the atmosphere in the widely-accepted belief that concussion induced precipitation (Didn't rain always follow battles?); they bombarded the clouds with various substances, including lime, electrified sand, and liquid carbonic acid; they released chemicals — usually secret — from ground installations—all in the hopes of compelling Nature to release precious drops of moisture.

Rainmaking theories and experiments were especially popular in the drought years of the early 1890's and the methods most often suggested were either concussion or the use of chemicals. Many rainmaking advocates, like Robert Dyrenforth, who headed a government experiment in 1891-1892,<sup>1</sup> were undoubtedly sincere in their beliefs. Many others, unfortunately, were charlatons preying upon public gullibility in efforts to line their own pockets. They were confidence men, shrewd, calculating, and ambitious and some were successful to a remarkable degree. In this last category would fall Frank Melbourne, one of the most famous of the chemical rainmakers.

Often referred to in his day as the "Rain King" or the "Rain Wizard," Melbourne was born in Ireland and had lived in Australia and New Zealand for a dozen years before joining his brothers in the United States. He had dabbled in real estate and in cattle ranching and it was in New South Wales that he worked out his rainmaking techniques. Indeed, he later claimed to have been forced to flee the Australia-New Zealand region to

avoid possible recrimination for having produced rains of flood proportion."

In 1891, a tall, dark haired, bearded man of about forty-five, he appeared in Canton, Ohio, where his brother John, a wealthy contractor, refused to permit him to establish an observatory and laboratory atop his luxurious home. A brother-in-law in the same city, however, allowed him to conduct experiments from a shed on the edge of his property, and Melbourne, though first considered by some to be "teched in the head," soon built up an enthusiastic following, not to mention a bank account, by means of a series of "successful" rainmaking demonstrations. In July, for example, when he announced that he would produce rain on an appointed day, another brother, William, took bets from all comers and when rain did fall the Melbourne purses were fatter by several thousand dollars.<sup>3</sup>

In his pretensions to the public, Frank Melbourne was never immodest. In the summer of 1891 he claimed to have induced rain in eight consecutive tests. To prove his ability, he promised showers every Sunday until September 1, but being a sports enthusiast, he willed them to come only in the evenings.<sup>4</sup> Not only had he drenched Canton and tied up traffic, he was competent to produce rain in Death Valley, if given an opportunity. In fact, according to Melbourne, his invention could bring rain over an area "of upwards of 250,000 square miles at any time that I desire, and this without regard to climate."<sup>5</sup> He was also at work on a "Cold Wave Machine"—a gigantic air conditioning apparatus designed to provide a cool climate for a large section of the country.<sup>6</sup>

His rainmaking equipment was mysterious indeed. It was carried in several ordinary-looking black gripsacks, from which Melbourne was seldom parted. He once left a restaurant, rather than check his precious bags.<sup>7</sup> His machine had cost \$15,000, and each operation of it required \$400, he said. It was small—"no larger than a dinner pail," said a reporter for the *Denver Rocky Mountain News*—and operated by a crank, with gases being liberated through a pipe protruding upwards of a dozen feet or so above the roof. Newsmen who watched outside his shed reported hearing a "rumbling, fluttering sound," a noise like the buzzing of a bee.<sup>8</sup> Melbourne never made public his process: once he hinted that his apparatus produced chemicals then unknown to science.<sup>9</sup> Other than that, he said nothing.

He did admit that his machine was so simple that if the secret were known everyone would imitate it and bring down rain at will. Such a situation would be unendurable, commented the editor of the *Hutchinson, Kansas, News*, because "there could never be a political barbecue without all the rain machines of the opposition being set in motion," and "the infidels would spoil all the camp-

meetings and the church people ruin the horse races"; nothing but conflict and ill will would result.<sup>10</sup>

Melbourne came to the attention of the editor of the *New York Tribune* in August, 1891, and the newsman stated his belief that such "would-be rainmakers" should be treated with respect so long as they appeared to act in good faith, but that the evidence should be weighed very carefully. Why not draw a board of inquiry from neutral agency like the Ohio State Board of Agriculture or the faculty of Oberlin College to observe Melbourne and his work? Only then, if reputable organizations sanctioned his process and its results, could financial aid be expected from scientists or capitalists.<sup>11</sup>

No such impartial review was ever conducted, however, and Melbourne turned his eyes westward. Several times he had mentioned that the flatness of the plains and the thinness of mountain air would increase the efficiency of his rainmaking apparatus.<sup>12</sup> In mid-June, 1891, he had addressed a letter to the Governor of



Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado

From the *Rocky Mountain News* July 6, 1891.

Wyoming, outlining his talents and proclaiming a willingness to go anywhere.<sup>13</sup> Late in August the Cheyenne press announced that negotiations had been completed and that "Melbourne, the Australian and New Zealand rain doctor," would soon be there. He was to receive \$150 if he produced rain, nothing if he failed, although the *Chicago Tribune* insisted that if he succeeded "a mammoth stock company with practically unlimited capital" would probably be formed to operate in the West.<sup>14</sup>

Melbourne arrived in Cheyenne on August 27 accompanied by his brother, Will, and was escorted by a local arrangements committee to the home of Frank H. Jones, a civil engineer who had been instrumental in persuading some twenty-three subscribers to contribute the \$150.<sup>15</sup> The "Rain King" would have made his Wyoming appearance earlier had he not been negotiating with farmers near Fort Scott, Kansas.<sup>16</sup>

The Melbourne brothers took a room at the Inter Ocean in Cheyenne, but their work was conducted from a coachman's room on the upper floor of a stable on the grounds of the Jones home, the old Morton Frewen house, at 25th and Van Lennen Streets. The Frewen property was ideal: it occupied an elevated position and its two-and-a-half acres were enclosed to assure privacy. In the work room itself shingles were removed from the apex of a dormer window to give Melbourne access to the open air.<sup>17</sup>

The press was sympathetic, if sometimes reserved. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun* described Melbourne as "... a man in the prime of life, open, intelligent face, frank, a trifle nervous and intensely sanguine. He is confident as a new millionaire, and the brother has a sack of money to wager on their game." If successful, said the *Sun*, Melbourne could in effect name his own price:

If success attends the efforts of this remarkable man in a marvelous business, he can get a steady job right here at wages that, from a monetary standpoint, will make the president envious.<sup>18</sup>

John Carroll, editor of the *Cheyenne Leader*, evidenced more skepticism but would eventually be a firm supporter of the "Rain Wizard":

It will be a great day when each granger can anchor a cloud over his own little eighty-acre farm and by pulling a string like an aeronaut in a balloon or sending up a few inexpensive whiffs of gas precipitate upon his parched land a copious downpour of rain . . . . The umbrella and gum coat dealer will have a perpetual picnic; people may develop web feet and the individual who can't swim may wish he had never been born.

There's a great day coming when each man will be his own rain doctor, but with all due respect to Mr. Melbourne, it is yet a good ways off.<sup>19</sup>

Melbourne did not commence work immediately, probably because Andrew Gilchrist, one of the waiting committee, did not wish to risk having his haying interrupted, although Frank Jones,

already being called "Rainwater Jones," was eager for the experiment to proceed.<sup>20</sup> On August 30, however, the *Sun* announced that "Prof. Melbourne's Rain Mill Started Up at 6 O'clock This Morning." Captain Ravenscraft, the local Signal Officer, had predicted fair weather, and the committee had given the go-ahead signal. Melbourne had promised to produce at least one-half an inch of rain within three days.<sup>21</sup>

The self-styled "cloud compeller" worked in secrecy. He entered the stable with his mysterious gripsacks and a "big revolver to discourage too curious spectators."<sup>22</sup> The entire stable was kept locked, windows were covered with blankets, and all cracks stuffed to keep out prying eyes. "Like a voter of the Australian ballot Melbourne was alone with his God and his lead pencil or whatever it was," reported Editor Carroll.<sup>23</sup> Brother Will was ill at the Inter Ocean, but he pulled himself together long enough to cover bets. By all reasoning the odds should have been in Melbourne's favor. As the newspapers pointed out, the region was experiencing a dry spell of three weeks duration; besides were not the State Fair, a miners' convention, a teachers' institute, and the shooting tournament of the Rocky Mountain Sportsmens' Association all scheduled to meet in Cheyenne during the first two weeks of September?<sup>24</sup>

On the following day Signal Officer Ravenscraft early noted the possibility for rain and in the afternoon two brisk showers fell, the heaviest rain of the season. These were violent thundershowers which ranged out some twenty miles on all sides of town, depositing a half inch of moisture, and incidentally killing two cows and two calves belonging to C. P. Organ, one of the members of the committee responsible for bringing Melbourne to Wyoming.<sup>25</sup> It was "Melbourne's rain"; snow which fell at Casper, over a hundred miles to the north, was also attributed to his miraculous machine.<sup>26</sup>

Ravenscraft announced that he believed the rain was the result of "supernatural agencies," and Melbourne was voted his \$150, the committee calling his experiment "an unqualified success."<sup>27</sup> Newspapers carried the story far and wide and made Melbourne a hero. "The Wizard," ran headlines in the *Denver Rocky Mountain News*, "Melbourne Astonishes Cheyenne by Bringing a Heavy Downpour of Rain."<sup>28</sup> "The Rain Doctor Did It," said *The Salt Lake Tribune*.<sup>29</sup> "A Successful Attempt is Made in Cheyenne," reported *The Minneapolis Tribune*.<sup>30</sup> The Casper *Derrick* probably gave as graphic a description of Melbourne's "success" as anyone:

Late Monday night he returned to his den, hung the monkey wrench on the safety valve, re-adjusted the water gauge and turned on the crank when lo! the heavens were suddenly overcast . . . and in the beautiful language of the woolly West there was a devil of a rain and the Lord<sup>31</sup> wasn't in it.

The editor of the Salt Lake *Tribune*, admitting that he had previously considered the whole affair "as a sort of dismal fake on the part of the most improbable crank in the world," now was much more receptive of Melbourne: "He is a famine breaker, he is a dust disperser, he is a disease-germ exterminator, he is a daisy, and we need him very much indeed."<sup>32</sup> The Washington *Evening Star* got the name wrong, but carried the story with enthusiasm;<sup>33</sup> The Chicago *Tribune*, in an account stemming from Lester Kabris of Cheyenne, pictured Melbourne as "a miracle performer" of great importance because of his "cloud squeezing experiments."<sup>34</sup> The *Rocky Mountain News*, which published a cartoon showing "Melbourne as Jupiter Pluvius" pouring water down on Cheyenne, drew comparisons between Melbourne and the federal concussionist experimenter, "General" Dyrenforth:

While the government was pumping water from the ethereal blue spreading over the Staked Plains of Texas, a pale-faced young fellow was at work in Ohio and Wyoming squeezing rain from cloudless skies as one would squeeze water from a sponge, and as much at will.

Dyrenforth's system of detonating explosives in the air and on the ground was expensive and "inconvenient . . . for small families," said the *News*, predicting that in the end Melbourne's process would prevail.<sup>35</sup>

In Cheyenne, Melbourne was the man of the hour. Many of the ladies were impressed, said the *Daily Leader*. "Men of the faith are patting themselves on their breeches pocket," and "Col. Rainwater Jones walks on moist air." "It begins to look like gondolas would become necessary equipages in Cheyenne unless the committee should immediately call off the mysterious and puissant Mr. Melbourne," said the editor.<sup>36</sup> "The irrigation ditch can go," commented the *Daily Sun*. "It might be well, however, to have another trial of the rain wizzard's [*sic.*] skill before filling up the water trenches." No trouble or expense should be spared to demonstrate the practicability of Melbourne's invention: scientists and representatives of the Department of Agriculture should be invited to observe further tests.<sup>37</sup> Unhappy were betting scoffers and a number of ranchmen whose haying had been disrupted by rain. The latter threatened legal action to collect damages from Melbourne, but as the papers pointed out, a successful suit of this type brought against the "cloud tapper" would establish him as a bona fide rainmaker and be worth millions to him.<sup>38</sup>

Meanwhile Melbourne promised to bring more rain. However, just as he "was preparing to collect and crack more rain clouds," the local committee persuaded him to postpone his work to permit clear weather for haying. A new date, September 7, was set, with Melbourne to receive \$100 if he produced a half an inch of moisture on schedule. When he retired to his "laboratory" again on September 4, his secrecy was beginning to irritate newsmen a little. Reporters described him as being "artistically evasive";

he "would break the heart of the best lawyer in the state if put on the witness stand."<sup>39</sup>

Again there was brisk wagering, with the odds seeming to favor Melbourne, who had told the skeptics, jokingly perhaps, that if they continued to scoff he would flood the town.<sup>40</sup> Interest ran high but the appointed day passed without rain. On September 8, twelve hours after the expiration of the time limit, an eighth of an inch fell. This was "only a scrawny little unassertive bilgewater instead of a deluge," but Melbourne claimed it as his own, insisting that high winds had hampered his work and blown his rain away.<sup>41</sup>

This second Cheyenne experiment was with some charity "catalogued as doubtful." Signal Officer Ravenscraft pointed out that the belated sprinkle was actually part of a major storm which had covered the region extending from Portland, Oregon, to Omaha, Nebraska. Furthermore, in reconsidering the precipitation of September 1 credited to Melbourne, Ravenscraft now believed that that rain had been "chased in here by a cold wave and that Melbourne had nothing to do with the case or the goods."<sup>42</sup> There was widespread disappointment and some of the faithful strayed. The local committee was not satisfied. "Rainwater Jones" was said to have "come out of his probation pew and gracefully taken a seat on the mourners' bench,"<sup>43</sup> although this lapse was but momentary.

On the other hand, there were many who stood by Melbourne. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun* contended that the mysterious machine had succeeded one time out of two, and even if only fifty per cent effective it was "yet the most marvelous thing the age of mankind has developed." Then in macabre tones, the editor added: "Wouldn't it be intensely romantic and terribly tragic if Melbourne were to be killed by his own lightning and thus die with his secret?"<sup>44</sup> Believers proposed that Wyoming engage the rain-maker's services for a full year, regardless of cost.<sup>45</sup> They suggested that the federal government hire him to combat forest fires.<sup>46</sup> When there was criticism brought against Melbourne, the Cheyenne press especially went out of its way to defend him. When a New York newspaper called the "Rain King" "an Australian adventurer," "a rain make-believer," interested only in "the much-talked-of cloud with a silver lining," editor Carroll of the *Daily Leader*, a recent convert, plunged to the rescue.<sup>47</sup> When a Californian named Michael Cahill charged publicly that Melbourne, "the Cheyenne Cloud Cracker," was a "pretender," and had pirated his invention, the Cheyenne *Sun* had a few comments:

Hang the ocean on a clothes line to dry, lasso an avalanche, pin a napkin on the crater of a volcano, skim the milky way with a tea spoon, throw salt on the tail of the noble American eagle, paste "for rent" on the stars and stripes; do all these, but don't, pray don't, question the originality of Melbourne.<sup>48</sup>

In the meantime, Melbourne had been considering several offers in various parts of the West,<sup>49</sup> and on September 9, he left for Salt Lake City, along with his brother and Frank Jones.<sup>50</sup> The Mormon capital was enjoying a wet season and Melbourne did not demonstrate there. Instead, under the auspices of land agent E. P. Tarpey of the Central Pacific Railroad and C. E. Wentworth, of the Union Pacific, he conducted an experiment at Kelton, Utah, a semi-deserted station on the Central Pacific. Melbourne was to receive \$500 if one-half inch of rain fell by midnight, September 17, and it was rumored that, if successful, he would receive a lucrative railroad job. He commenced his operations on the morning of the fourteenth in the Kelton schoolhouse, where with the usual secrecy precautions, he worked day and night, came out only twice for meals, and in the end collected his money, although only .43 inches fell at Kelton.<sup>51</sup>

About this same time, either shortly before or shortly after the Kelton trial, Melbourne attempted to bring rain at the town of Nampa, on the Oregon Short Line in southern Idaho. Here he failed completely and left even before his deadline had expired.<sup>52</sup>

But his reputation had spread and several groups were bidding for his services. A California organization was after him; Reno wanted him for the Nevada state fair, and A. B. Montgomery of Goodland, Kansas, persuaded him to appear at the county fair in that town.<sup>53</sup> At Goodland \$500 had been raised by public subscription and the Rock Island Railroad promised half-fare excursions within a radius of 150 miles. As a result of a public meeting in the little borough in western Kansas a committee had been formed to enter into a contract with Melbourne, while a second committee made local arrangements. Melbourne had agreed to produce a "good rain" reaching from 50 to 100 miles in each direction.<sup>54</sup>

Rainmaking became a prime topic of conversation in Goodland, although not all citizens supported the idea. One refused to subscribe funds because "it was interfering with the Lord's business and harm would come out of it." Another "did not believe in it and the first thing we know we would have a hell of a tornado here that would blow the town from the face of the earth."<sup>55</sup> Still, the fact that a \$500 purse had been collected indicated that there were many who were willing to believe.

The "rain milker" passed through Cheyenne enroute to Goodland in late September, "as complacent, confident and sociable as ever." Jones, who affectionately referred to the mysterious valise as "the baby," was "still clean gone," reported the *Cheyenne Daily Sun*.<sup>56</sup> Melbourne arrived in Goodland on September 26, amidst fanfare and a shower of rain, an occurrence which brought to mind the story of Davy Crockett and the 'coon. "Don't shoot, Mr. Melbourne, I'll come right down," the rain was supposed to say.<sup>57</sup>

Because of the dampness there was delay and to keep Melbourne from going elsewhere his living expenses were paid by the local committee on arrangements. On the fair grounds a two-story wooden structure had been built, the upper room to be used by the rainmaker and the lower floor by Will Melbourne and Frank Jones to prevent interference by curious spectators.<sup>58</sup> Once started, Melbourne worked steadily at least three days but no rain fell at Goodland by his deadline of October 4. Rain did fall in other parts of Kansas and telegrams received by the Goodland town fathers asked that the rainmaker be "shut off." As usual, Melbourne blamed the wind for blowing away the fruits of his labor and claimed the wayward showers as his own.<sup>59</sup> A "misty rain" which fell on October 5, he also claimed. Under these circumstances, the Chicago *Tribune* headlined the story: "Melbourne Causes the Rain to Fall. Complete Success Attends his Latest Experiments at Goodland."<sup>60</sup>

A second Goodland experiment, conducted a few days later, ended on October 8, with skies clear.<sup>61</sup> Even this did not completely deplete the ranks of the loyal. Rain which fell at Kansas City a few days later was attributed to Melbourne operating secretly.<sup>62</sup> A mass meeting in Goodland asked the "rainmaker" to submit a seasonal program and Melbourne suggested that he be paid ten cents per cultivated acre to produce moisture for some forty western counties—a total cost of about \$20,000.<sup>63</sup>

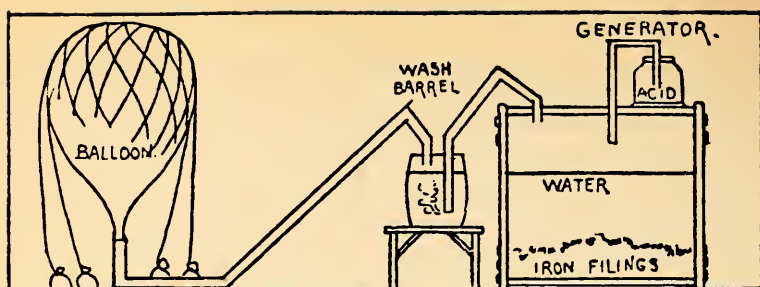
If Kansans are gullible enough, and Providence helps the Wizard out, with one or two coincident wet spells, this is liable to prove a good thing for Melbourne, who, of course is not in the business for his health.

So commented the Dodge City *Globe-Republican*.<sup>64</sup> With the Kansas proposal still not formalized, Melbourne left on October 13 for Omaha.

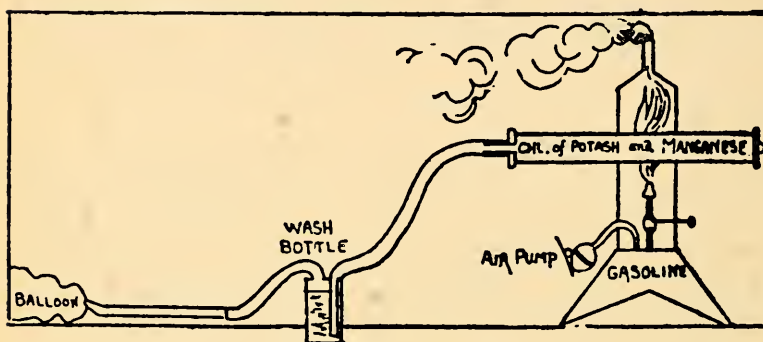
He returned briefly to Canton, then made a journey through the Southwest to Mexico in the early part of 1892. In Texas he gave at least one demonstration of his skill. This exhibition was described by Alexander Macfarlane, Professor of Physics at the University of Texas, who said that Melbourne must have borrowed his method "from the Bushmen."

He came to Temple, Texas, hired a shanty on the outskirts of the town, shut himself and an assistant in, and all observers out. All that could be observed from the outside was the issue of some colored gas through a small pipe in the roof of the shanty. The proceedings of this imposter were gravely discussed by intelligent people; so great is the ignorance of physical nature.<sup>65</sup>

All the while, Melbourne was dickering either personally or through Frank Jones, who acted as his manager. He claimed to be interested in a contract with the government of Mexico and to have declined one in Brazil.<sup>66</sup> He steadfastly maintained that



**HYDROGEN APPARATUS.**

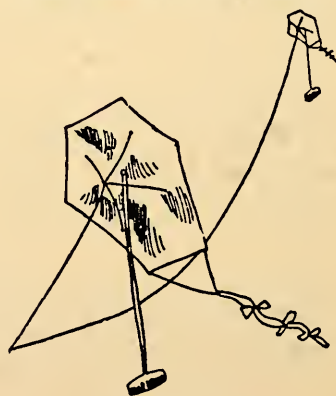


**OXYGEN APPARATUS.**



**Frank Melbourne, the Rain Wizard.**

**THE KITES.**  
The mode of operation which General Dyrenforth adopts is to form a "line of bat-



**Dynamite Kites. [Tandem.]**

*Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado  
From the Rocky Mountain News August 28, 1891.*

he would work only on a pay-as-you-go plan and his stated rates were now high. He quoted a figure of \$5,000 for one inch of rain delivered in Oregon; he had hopes of working out an arrangement with a group of Nebraskans to supply moisture for two million acres between May 1 and September 1 for \$200,000, payments to be made monthly, with adjustments if sufficient rain did not fall.<sup>67</sup> Under such proposals, which were never accepted, he could hardly lose.

Late in 1891 and early in 1892 at least three artificial rain companies were formed in Goodland to capitalize on Melbourne's reputation.<sup>68</sup> It was rumored that the "Rain King" had sold his secret to them, but Melbourne steadfastly denied this. He intended to retain the secret, he insisted. "There is not enough money in the west to buy it."<sup>69</sup> Still, the competition was serious. It forced him to advertize in the spring of 1892, when he published a brief pamphlet, *Rain Production of Frank Melbourne During the Season of 1891*. Its introduction, "To the People of the Arid Regions," stated his purpose was to give an account of his "successful" experiments at Canton, Cheyenne, Kelton, and Goodland and to announce his readiness "to enter into contract to produce sufficient rain for crops, in any part of the United States, on very reasonable terms."<sup>70</sup>

In Cheyenne that same summer he signed a contract with three counties in eastern Colorado and one in western Nebraska to produce at least .51 inches of rain within seventy-two hours at the towns of Holyoke, Fleming, and Julesburg. In return, if successful, he would receive six cents per cultivated acre. Again he failed and his professional stature diminished. There was a light shower, but hardly enough "to quench the thirst of a grasshopper," according to a contemporary account.<sup>71</sup>

His reputation was further tarnished when it was later discovered that the dates he selected for producing rain were identical with those for which rainfall was predicted in long range forecasts in the popular almanac published by Irl R. Hicks of St. Louis.<sup>72</sup> There is some evidence, too, to indicate that a barometer was part of Melbourne's "secret" equipment and that he tended to gauge his activities according to its fall.<sup>73</sup>

After 1892 Melbourne dropped from sight. In 1894 his body was found in a Denver hotel room, only the initials "F.M." on his luggage providing identification. His death was listed as suicide.<sup>74</sup>

And so Frank Melbourne, "rain doctor," "cloud compeller," "Jupiter Pluvius," passed from the scene. He was the godfather, in a sense, of a series of would-be rainmakers in the 1890's. Despite his assertions to the contrary, the Kansas rainmaking companies that eclipsed him in 1892 probably used his process. These concerns were in turn overshadowed by the work of Clayton Jewell and several others working under the auspices of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway Company in the mid-

nineties, again using the Melbourne method.<sup>75</sup> From Jewell and his assistants the "secret" formula fell into the hands of a number of persons, some of whom attempted to utilize it themselves, and was finally made public in 1899 by George Matthews of Wichita, Kansas. The recipe was simple: ten fluid ounces of sulphuric acid, fifty fluid ounces of water, and five ounces of zinc. The net product was obviously hydrogen gas. More explicitly, the instructions continued:

Renew every hour and stir every thirty minutes day and night until rain comes. The moment rain begins to fall remove jar or crock. In territory west of Kansas use one-third less; at sea-level use double the quantity. In Kansas work only on southerly winds, which are moisture bearing winds. Begin an experiment in a clear sky. One station of the experiment if successful will produce a rain 30 to 50 miles wide in diameter. A better and more certain result can be secured by having three or more<sup>76</sup> stations 40 to 50 miles apart.

Despite the fact that many people never ceased to believe in his "rainmaking" magic, Frank Melbourne must be regarded as a charlatan and a "rain fakir." A master opportunist, a salesman of extraordinary ability, and a practicing psychologist, he understood the weaknesses of human nature and craftily exploited them to his own advantage. He had no credentials but for a brief time he managed to "sell" himself to at least one segment of the public with remarkable success. The product of a gullible, yet a hopeful, age, Melbourne was in a sense little more than a petty gambler, waiting for the big hand which never came. He wagered not only money, but his time and his reputation, that rain would fall within a specified time. Since he worked ordinarily after a sustained dry period, his chances of success were good. Fickle, unpredictable Dame Nature, however, defied the law of averages often enough to bring his ruin.

## NOTES

1. See "Experiments in Production of Rainfall," *Senate Executive Document* No. 45, 52d Congress, 1st Session (1891-1892), 1-59.

2. *Rocky Mountain News* (Denver), August 2, 1891; *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, August 28, 1891.

3. *Rocky Mountain News*, July 28, August 2, 1891; *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, August 13, 1891.

4. *Ibid.*

5. Melbourne to George W. Baxter (Canton, Ohio, June 11, 1891), *The Cheyenne Daily Leader*, June 19, 1891.

6. *Rocky Mountain News*, August 13, 1891.

7. *The Salt Lake Tribune*, September 19, 1891.

8. *Rocky Mountain News*, August 3, September 6, 1891; *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, August 13, 1891.

9. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, September 5, 1891.

10. Hutchinson, Kansas, *News*, August 4, 1891, quoted in Martha B. Caldwell, "Some Kansas Rain Makers," *The Kansas Historical Quarterly*, VII (August, 1938), 308.

11. *New-York Tribune*, August 6, 1891.

12. *Rocky Mountain News*, August 2, 1891.
13. Melbourne to George W. Baxter (Canton, Ohio, June 11, 1891), *The Cheyenne Daily Leader*, June 19, 1891.
14. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, August 23, 1891; *The Chicago Daily Tribune*, August 24, 1891.
15. Committee members included George Baxter, Andrew Gilchrist, and C. P. Organ. *Rocky Mountain News*, August 28, 1891; *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, August 28, 1891.
16. Melbourne had agreed to produce a half an inch of rain in Bourbon County for \$500, but the arrangement was abandoned. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, August 28, 1891; *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, August 5, 1892.
17. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, August 28, 1891; *The Cheyenne Daily Leader*, September 1, 1891.
18. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, August 28, 1891.
19. *The Cheyenne Daily Leader*, August 29, 1891.
20. *Ibid.*
21. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, August 30, 1891.
22. *The Cheyenne Daily Leader*, August 30, 1891.
23. *Ibid.*, September 1, 1891.
24. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, August 28, 30, 1891; September 1, 1891.
25. *Ibid.*, September 2, 1891; *The Cheyenne Daily Leader*, September 4, 1891.
26. *Rocky Mountain News*, September 2, 1891.
27. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, September 2, 1891; *The Cheyenne Daily Leader*, September 2, 1891.
28. *Rocky Mountain News*, September 2, 1891.
29. *The Salt Lake Tribune*, September 2, 1891.
30. *The Minneapolis Tribune*, September 2, 1891.
31. Quoted in *The Cheyenne Daily Leader*, September 8, 1891.
32. *The Salt Lake Tribune*, September 3, 1891.
33. *Washington Evening Star*, September 2, 1891.
34. *The Chicago Daily Tribune*, September 19, 1891. See also the *Chicago Tribune*, September 20, 1891, and the *New-York Tribune*, September 20, 1891.
35. *Rocky Mountain News*, September 6, 8, 1891.
36. *The Cheyenne Daily Leader*, September 2, 1891.
37. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, September 2, 1891.
38. *Ibid.*
39. *Ibid.*, September 3, 4, 5, 1891.
40. *Ibid.*, September 6, 1891.
41. *Ibid.*, September 8, 1891.
42. *Ibid.*
43. *Ibid.*
44. *Ibid.*
45. C. H. Randall to editor (Casper, September 10, 1891), *ibid.*, September 11, 1891.
46. *The Cheyenne Daily Leader*, October 1, 1891.
47. *Ibid.*, October 8, 1891.
48. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, September 15, 1891.
49. These included Salt Lake City, Denver, and Akron, Colorado. *Ibid.*, September 5, 10, 1891; *Rocky Mountain News*, September 3, 1891.
50. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, September 9, 1891.
51. Melbourne insisted that he did not guarantee one-half inch for Kelton, but on the average for a sixty-mile radius. *The Salt Lake Tribune*, September 15, 18, 19, 1891; *The Cheyenne Daily Leader*, September 17, 1891.
52. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, September 15, 26, 1891.
53. *The Salt Lake Tribune*, September 18, 1891. It was first announced erroneously that Robert Dyrenforth, the government experimenter, was to

be in Goodland. *The Kansas Weekly Capital* (Topeka), September 24, 1891.

54. *Rocky Mountain News*, September 20, 1891; Martha Caldwell, "Some Kansas Rain Makers," *The Kansas Historical Quarterly*, VII (August, 1938), 309.

55. Goodland, Kansas, *News*, September 24, 1891, quoted in *ibid.*, 311.

56. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, September 26, 1891.

57. *The Minneapolis Tribune*, September 26, 1891.

58. Caldwell, "Some Kansas Rain Makers," *The Kansas Historical Quarterly*, VII (August, 1938), 309-310, 311; *The Kansas Weekly Capital*, October 1, 1891.

59. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, October 7, 11, 1891; *The Kansas Weekly Capital*, October 8, 15, 1891; Federal Writers' Project, *Kansas* (New York, 1949), 335.

60. *The Chicago Daily Tribune*, October 6, 1891.

61. *The Kansas Weekly Capital*, October 15, 1891.

62. *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, October 18, 1891.

63. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, October 11, 1891.

64. Dodge City, Kansas, *Globe-Republican*, December 10, 1891, quoted in Caldwell, "Some Kansas Rain Makers," *The Kansas Historical Quarterly*, VII (August, 1938), 311.

65. Alexander Macfarlane, "On Rainmaking," *Transactions of the Texas Academy of Science*, I (November, 1893), 75.

66. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, October 30, 1891.

67. Melbourne to Jones (Hermosillo, Mexico, February 13, 1892; Canton, Ohio, January 2, 1892); W. M. Burnett to Melbourne (Wasco, Oregon, May 21, 1892), in Agnes Wright Spring, "Rainmakers of the 'Nineties," *The Colorado Magazine*, XXXII (October, 1955), 296, 298.

68. See Caldwell, "Some Kansas Rain Makers," *The Kansas Historical Quarterly*, VII (August, 1938), 311-316.

69. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, October 30, 1891.

70. The introduction of this pamphlet is quoted in full in Spring, "Rainmakers of the 'Nineties," *The Colorado Magazine*, XXXII (October, 1955), 294.

71. Quoted in Alvin T. Steinel, *History of Agriculture in Colorado* (Fort Collins, 1926), 261.

72. *Ibid.*

73. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, September 8, 1891.

74. Steinel, *History of Agriculture in Colorado*, 261.

75. See Caldwell, "Some Kansas Rain Makers," *The Kansas Historical Quarterly*, VII (August, 1938), 320-324; *Engineering News* (New York), XXXIII (February 14, 1895), 109.

76. *The Wichita Daily Eagle*, July 30, 1899.

# *The Shoshones in the Rocky Mountain Area* \*

By

AKE HULTKRANTZ

The study of the Shoshone cultures west of the Rocky Mountains began very recently. Except for Robert H. Lowie's sketches in a few ethnographical reports from the time immediately before and after the first World War, it was not until Julian H. Steward's work, from the 1930's and 40's, that the basis was laid for our more intimate knowledge of the Western Shoshones. If we are surprised that the study in this ethnographical field began at such a late date, then we must be even more surprised that the eastern Shoshone groups—those Shoshones that live or lived in the Rocky Mountains of Idaho, Utah, Wyoming and Montana—have not yet had an adequate, complete description, and this in spite of the fact that they have been better known to ethnographical science than the Western Shoshones.

Some attempts to describe the outlines of the Rocky Mountain Shoshones' cultural life have of course been made. Lowie visited the Lemhi Indians in Idaho 50 years ago, and collected their ethnography in a work which unfortunately suffers from the weakness that it does not clearly distinguish between different ethnical groups.<sup>1</sup> Just before the outbreak of the second world war D. B. Shimkin spent a couple of summers among the Shoshones in Wyoming, and as a result of his studies he published, among other things, a work concerning the ethnogeography of these Indians.<sup>2</sup> A complete monograph of the Eastern Shoshones' culture is, however, completely missing.

Those studies made among the Wind River Shoshones in Wyoming, which the author of this article carried on during the summer and fall of 1948, were directed mainly towards the study of social and religious culture. When, however, it became apparent that such a study could not be carried out unless the cultural milieu and cultural traditions were considered in their entirety, my investigations were then, at an early stage, directed toward the entire Shoshone culture. A summary of my viewpoints concerning

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the structure and content of the culture of the Wind River Shoshones appeared in *Ymer* in 1949.<sup>3</sup>

The conviction that a primitive culture in all its aspects cannot be completely investigated in a few months prevented me, however, from an immediate detailed publication of my findings. Only a few results concerning specific problems were published.<sup>4</sup> New field studies were necessary. It was necessary to complete my data in several fields and it also seemed desirable that the previously collected experiences should be subject to renewed control in the field.<sup>5</sup>

Consequently, new visits were made to the Shoshone area during summer and fall of 1955 and summer of 1957. The main portion of this time was spent in Wyoming. Shorter visits, however, were made also among Shoshone and Bannock Indians in Idaho.<sup>6</sup> The field studies in Wyoming included studies not only of the Wind River Shoshone, but also of another tribe that lives on the reservation, the Arapaho of the big Algonquin family.<sup>7</sup> In connection with the study of the so-called Sheepeaters (see later in this article), I made expeditions to the mountainous area of Wyoming to find their out-of-the-way haunts.<sup>8</sup> Besides the field studies I did archival research, partly at the Indian agencies at Fort Washakie (Wyoming) and Fort Hall (Idaho), partly in Mammoth Springs (Yellowstone National Park), Laramie (Archives of University of Wyoming), and Washington, D. C. (Library of Congress). Important, hard-to-get-to documents were made available to me by Prof. Robert F. Murphy at the University of California. It is a natural consequence of the steady change in the natives' cultures that the ethnologists are forced to rely upon older descriptions in archives for their investigations. The time is past that historical conclusions can be drawn by means of comparative cultural analysis only.

The main results of my 1955-57 investigations can be summarized as follows.

The many-sided, cultural investigations which I started in 1948 was completed. It turned out, however, that it became harder and harder to direct my studies towards the goal for which I had aimed in the beginning, a monograph on Wind River Shoshone culture during the days of their old Plains Indian life, and this for two reasons.

The first is that in our days it is very difficult to reconstruct a primitive culture which several generations ago ceased to be an independent, functioning mechanism. Wyoming's buffalo-hunting Shoshone Indians gave up their political independence in the 1860's (when they, through agreements in 1863 and 1868, voluntarily congregated on a reservation), while their economic independence already had been undermined from the 1840's when the wild life had disappeared from the Green River area) up to the 1880's (when the buffalos disappeared). In other words,

that time when the Shoshone culture was an independent, free "superorganism" (Kroeber) is now more than 80 to 100 years past; and it is now impossible to draw any safe conclusions from the present "cultural material" concerning the Shoshone culture of the 1850's to 1870's. Not even the libraries' information or old travel books are sufficient to complete the picture.

The other difficulty in the reconstruction of the culture is that the name Wind River Shoshone comes from reservation times and actually denotes a heterogeneous group of people.<sup>9</sup> My investigations show that the present day Wind River Shoshone—up to this time considered by ethnologists as a homogeneous tribe—is composed of descendants of three independent, ethnic units as of 1860, within the present boundaries of Wyoming. If one goes further back in time, then one can conjecture that the number of independent groups was even greater, but two large main groups stand out both through their socio-political structure and their economic activities: the Buffalo Hunters or Kucundika of the Plains, the main portion of the present day Wind River Shoshones, and the Sheep-Eaters or Tukudika in the mountains. In order to obtain a better knowledge of the complicated cultural situation in older times, and especially to gain an understanding concerning the connection of the Wyoming cultures with the similar Shoshone cultures in Idaho and Utah, I made a quick investigation of these cultures and the rest of this article is devoted to a resumé of the results of this comparative study.

Because of situations which I have mentioned above, my investigations of the Wyoming Shoshones' historic cultural forms resulted in a collection of material which will appear in two monographs, one concerning the Buffalo Hunters and one concerning the Sheepeaters (Tukudika); and, in addition, material was collected concerning special cultural aspects referring particularly to the Buffalo Hunters' cultural complex. I have in mind especially my studies of social and religious culture and my note-taking of the Shoshone texts (myths, legends and tales).

Studies of the cultural changes and cultural contacts (acculturation), the second goal of my studies, were concentrated to the period 1948-1955 because this included the time between my first and second visit with the Shoshones. This does not prevent my material from throwing light on acculturation before 1948. After all, one can characterize the whole history of the Plains Indian culture as one long acculturation process, a continuous assimilation with European civilization.

In the following pages I describe as mentioned an overall view of the general ethnological results of my comparative field and library studies of the Shoshones on both sides of the Continental Divide. In this connection one should note that for the Wyoming Shoshones I consider only those parts of my investigations which are of direct ethnological interest, whereas, for instance, my

detailed studies of religion and mythology are completely neglected. This survey has taken the form of a culture-historical overall view and brings out the most important data concerning the habitats, history, economic life and socio-political organization of the Eastern Shoshone groups. Since many of those cultural aspects and problems which I touch upon here will, I hope, be analyzed in greater detail in future publications, I have kept the footnotes to a minimum.

### HISTORICAL GROUPING

Those Shoshones that in historical time—that is, mainly during the nineteenth century—have had their home area in the immediate neighborhood of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, have been divided into a number of different groups, which are often difficult to keep apart. It is natural that these many small groups of hunters, fishermen and collectors who walked around in these mountains, forests, and desert areas have not been satisfactorily classified in the present historical materials—reports by agents, travel descriptions and diaries. It seems less natural that the same material does not clearly put the riding Shoshones which frequented military and commercial forts in a class by themselves. Vague names such as “Shoshones” or “Eastern Shoshones” are given, while at the same time detailed information about the grouping of other riding tribes in nearby areas, such as the Crow and the Blackfoot Indians, is given. But, as a matter of fact, the authors of these old papers had good reasons for expressing themselves as they did.

The term Eastern Shoshones, which is used in the old papers, refers mainly to the hunting Shoshone Indians of Wyoming, and in particular to the riding groups which hunted buffalo on the Plains. The name is somewhat vague but it must be that way, because it is doubtful whether the Indians in question were clearly distinguished as an ethnical group from the more westerly and northerly Shoshones.

The descriptions by the Indian agents, dating from about 1850, as well as information from the present day Shoshones, tell about the time when Wyoming Shoshone buffalo hunters stayed mainly west of the Rockies in the area around the Green River, Bear Lake and the Great Salt Lake. From this base they made occasional expeditions to the area east of the Wind River Mountains, partly to hunt buffaloes and partly to fight the Plains Indians that kept them away from the rich hunting grounds in the east: the Crow Indians, Arapaho, Cheyenne, and later, the Sioux Indians. At times these Shoshones operated together with other riding Shoshone groups west of the mountains, groups which otherwise did not have the Plains as hunting area. The Wyoming Shoshones frequently spent the winter with these tribesmen in

their headquarters in the valleys of Idaho. Far into our time this connection between the Shoshone groups has existed, not only with separate individuals, but with whole families moving from Idaho to Wyoming or vice-versa. Nobody can deny that the Shoshones of Wyoming had a strong tribal organization, at least during the time Washakie was the chief (ca.1840-1900), but the families were not tied by this organization; they could leave to go where they wanted—but often with the risk of being an easy prey of an enemy tribe.

This Shoshone cooperation makes the nation of "Eastern Shoshones" an artificial one. Among the present day Wind River Shoshones are Bannocks and Paiutes, Lemhi Shoshones and so-called "Western Shoshones," while the descendants of Washakie's soldiers live on reservations in Idaho and Utah. Those cultural traditions which were carried on by the Shoshones at Fort Hall and Fort Washakie are surprisingly similar. "We are the same people. There is no difference between us," several representatives of the different Shoshone groups told me on several occasions.

In addition to this comes the fact that different groups of riding Shoshones probably have had a common history not too far back.

As I mentioned in my earlier article in this periodical, our knowledge of the Eastern Shoshones in prehistoric time—that is, before Lewis and Clark—is meager.<sup>10</sup> The material which has been brought to light up to this time—archaeological finds and written notes—have not given us a satisfactory picture of Shoshone pre-history. It seems, however, that our uncertainty is clearing at a few essential points, partly because Dr. W. Mulloy has found ceramics near Laramie (at Red Buttes), which according to his opinion were made by the Shoshones in late pre-historic time. Similar ceramics have also been dug up both near the Great Salt Lake and in Montana.<sup>11</sup> The author of this paper has found, by library investigations in the U.S.A., manuscripts and older printed works which show undoubtedly that the Shoshones in older times had a considerably further extension to the east and north than at present, a fact which is apparent also from Mulloy's material.

So far this viewpoint has had support only from David Thompson's papers, the trustworthiness of which has been questioned by most ethnologists. In about 1790, Thompson's informant, an old Blackfoot Indian, told him of his recollection of the clash between the Shoshones and the Blackfoot Indians on the clash between the Shoshones and the Blackfoot Indians on the Canadian plains about 1730, which shows among other things that the Shoshones at that time were masters on the western plains. In other words, Thompson got this information 60 years after these things had happened and 50 more years passed before he recorded it.<sup>12</sup> It is natural therefore that his information was met with mistrust by ethnologists. However, Thompson's description

of what happened has been supported by the just mentioned archive material. According to their agreed information, the Shoshones at the beginning of the eighteenth century lived in the rich buffalo land north of the Missouri but were chased away by the Blackfoot Indians who had gotten arms from the British fur traders and thereby had won an overwhelming advantage over the Shoshones who had only the bow and arrow.<sup>13</sup>

Mulloy's finds of ceramics make it likely that the Shoshones lived on the Plains even before they had horses, that is, about 1650. On the other hand, it was probably the horse which made possible the expansion toward the Saskatchewan River. Thus the Shoshone occupation of the Canadian Plains did not last too long.

It is at present impossible to decide with certainty which of the Shoshones were moving around on the northern plains 250 years ago. According to the ideas of Teit and Berreman, those Shoshones that escaped the Blackfoot Indians moved to Idaho and Oregon, whereby they entered the territory of the Shahaptin Indians in Oregon.<sup>14</sup> Ray has maintained, however, that the historical and ethnological data do not allow such an explanation in the case of Oregon.<sup>15</sup> Personally, I find it more probable that parts of the Lemhi Shoshones in Idaho, as well as the Washakie Shoshones in Wyoming and the Comanche Indians who are the descendants of the Wyoming Shoshones on the southern Plains actually are retreat groups from the older Shoshone population on the Plains. Thus I find it likely that a small portion of the Lemhi Shoshones had previously visited the Plains in Montana as Lewis and Clark indicate.<sup>16</sup> That the majority of them, however, probably did not do so is supported by their own tradition. I find it equally likely that many of those Shoshones who hunted during the 1800's on the Wyoming Plains were the direct descendants of the earlier mentioned far-reaching Plains Shoshones, although I have not been able to get information from the Wind River Shoshones to support this argument. But it seems likely to me—as Mooney thinks also—that the Comanches' definite divorce from their nearest linguistic kin, the Shoshones in Wyoming, was connected with the Algonquin and Sioux Indians' spreading over the northern and western plains, which led to a splitting of the Shoshone block.<sup>17</sup>

In light of all these facts it seems natural not to make an absolute distinction between the east, west and north Shoshones. Nevertheless, it seems suitable to retain these terms in order to get a rough geographical classification of the Shoshones in the Rockies, the only form of classification which seems possible if one wants to put the many split historical groups into wider categories. Hoebel has employed the concept of "Eastern Shoshones" in such a fashion that it includes both Wyoming and Idaho Shoshones.<sup>18</sup> But I do not wish to support this new use of language since it does not have historical tradition. In the

true Eastern Shoshones one ought to include the Buffalo-eaters, the Sheepeaters and the so-called Dove Eaters in Wyoming (see below). These cultures cannot easily be distinguished from historically related cultures further west that are structured in the same fashion, but the carriers of the cultures have lived near each other and today live on the same reservation. In the same way it is possible to distinguish the north and west Shoshones<sup>19</sup>: those Shoshones that live in northern and eastern Idaho and northern Utah I call the North Shoshones; those further west, the West Shoshones. It will be the East and North Shoshones that will interest us in what follows. But also the Bannocks which belong to the Paviotso stock will be included because they have been intimately connected with the Shoshones in central and eastern Idaho and generally had the same culture as these.

The following description of the Shoshones in the Rockies is based mainly, as previously mentioned, on my own field investigations. Those who want more information are referred to the publications of Lowie, Hoebel and Steward.<sup>20</sup> It is to be noted that the results of these researchers not only deviate from my results but also deviate from each other. This is particularly true concerning the division into groups: Hoebel starts from smaller units, unfortunately named "band" (they are to a large extent loosely put together groups without that stability and rigidity which is implied in the word band); Steward discusses greater units consisting of groups put together into "districts," and he prefers district names (for example, Bannock Creek Shoshone) over the names which refer to their way of living (Rabbit Eaters) and which were used previously.<sup>21</sup> As for myself, I make an in-between choice; I start from greater units which I, according to convenience, call "groups" or "tribes" (comprised of "bands"), and keep the old names which in time have been accepted by the Indians as their "folk name."<sup>22</sup>

### SHOSHONES IN NORTHERN IDAHO

Those Indians that are considered here are the Agaidika and Tukudika.

1. *Agaidika* ("salmon eaters") along the Lemhi River, Idaho. The name originally referred to salmon eating Indians who lived in the Lemhi Valley, but in later times has been used even for the Tukudika (see below), since these settled there during the 1850's and began cooperating with the real Agaidikas. It would, however, be better to apply the name Lemhi to this new combined group which is composed of formerly separate people. Thus, in principle the two names Lemhi and Wind River Shoshone correspond to each other; both refer to ethnic groups which arose during the time on the reservation. Agaidikas called themselves also "*pia agaidika*," "big salmon eaters"—"because we caught big salmon," an old man told me. The same name, however, has been

given to those salmon fishing Shoshones who lived on the Camas Prairie.

The Agaidikas still remember the time when they had no horses and lived on wild grass, berries, roots, pinyon nuts, fish (salmon and trout) and some big game which existed in the neighborhood: antelopes and deer and mountain sheep. Although fishing played a very important role and among other things, as Steward has pointed out, demanded collective effort, it was not dominating, but the multifarious economic activities typical for all the older Shoshonean cultures put its stamp on the daily lives. The Indians were passive during the winter and the early spring; everybody stayed in the winter quarters. The summer and fall were spent at fishing, hunting and collecting, sometimes at the Lemhi and Salmon Rivers, sometimes in other places near the winter quarters. Occasionally the Agaidikas teamed up with the Tukudikas; occasionally the latter made short visits to the Agaidika.

It is natural that a people with such a simple and at the same time so diversified way of living did not develop any form of tribal organization. The winter quarters probably had certain headmen, generally trusted persons, whose main function was that of giving advice. During fishing seasons they probably showed more leadership. Religion also must have been uncomplicated, and probably agreed with the pattern of belief which exists in later times. Characteristic of this religion has been the belief in spirits in animal form, which functioned as guardian spirits for the medicine man, who saw them in visions, for example of rock paintings and rock carvings.

This whole cultural structure changed completely when the Agaidikas got horses. It was not that the old ways of living were given up; but new ways of living appeared, first of all, the buffalo hunting; and the collecting of herbs and roots was extended to far away places. It is of course possible that buffalo hunting appeared earlier; but Steward's data indicate that this was not the case, and my most important informant denied it too. The Agaidikas now also turned into "Kucundikas," "buffalo-eaters." They were organized firmer, partly so that they could meet the technical demands of the buffalo hunt, partly so that they could withstand their Indian enemies who competed with them for the game and usually congregated at the buffalo grounds—the Blackfeet, Gros Ventres, and Crow Indians. But the hunting expeditions also led them into contact with friendly tribes towards the west, as, for example, with the Nez Percés and the Flathead Indians, and with Shoshonean people further away, for instance the buffalo hunting Shoshones of Wyoming. It was possible that the Shoshones from Lemhi hunted buffalos on the plains of Wyoming together with Washakie's Indians, but mostly they went to the buffalo areas at Bozeman, Montana.<sup>23</sup> These mounted Indians were welded together rather firmly and were led by chief-

tains who both had control over "the tribe" (that is, the previous groups) and represented it before the white people. The chieftain title was kept in one family for three generations. The best known of these chiefs was Tendoy or Tindowoci, and his younger son, George Wince Tendoy (died 1954), was the last remaining control directing authority among these Indians.

2. *Tukudika* (the proper name is "meat eaters," that is, "eaters of big horn sheep"). These people lived in the high areas around Salmon River, Idaho. They were also called *toyaino*, "mountain dwellers," and in later times have also been called *Agaidika* (compare above). They are not identical with the *Tukudika* who lived in Wyoming and did not know of their existence. There have been some *Tukudikas* in southwestern Montana; but since I do not have certain information about them I do not want to discuss them at present.

The *Tukudikas* built up their economy in the same way as the *Agaidikas*; they collected herbs, berries, and roots, fished and hunted. But unlike the *Agaidikas* who spent comparatively more time at fishing than in other ways of gathering food, the *Tukudikas* spent more time at hunting than at fishing. Now and then they hunted deer—and those who did so were called *Tihiyadika*, "Deer eaters"—but they killed mainly the mountain sheep (bighorn). Hunting for mountain sheep was carried on the year around, during the winter on light snowshoes (so-called hunting moccasins) and with dogs. The dogs were too small that one could use them for transport animals, as was the case with the *Tukudikas* of Wyoming. The hunting was done individually or in families but was never organized on a big scale, since the wild life appeared in small flocks.

The consequence of this was that the *Tukudika* population was spread out in small groups all over the Salmon River area. Many of these were comprised of only a few families each, but there existed also a few larger groups. Thus those *Tukudikas* who lived north and west of Salmon City gathered in the winter quarter at Pohorai ("sagebrush valley"), and even as late as 1870 one could find 200 individuals there. The families spread apart every spring for hunting expeditions in the different valleys; then when the berries ripened during the summer they moved to these areas and hunted and fished etc. The winter camp never had a fully developed chieftainship, but a certain authority was held by some old man who had much experience in life and was generally known.

*Tukudikas* lived their peaceful life at mountain rivers of Idaho, isolated from the surroundings and shy of strangers, even up to the middle of the last century, at which time they to a large extent joined Tendoy's *Agaidikas* at Lemhi. Not until then did they get horses, and those who had fleet-footed animals soon followed the *Agaidikas* on their buffalo hunting expeditions to

distant places.<sup>21</sup> Thus the Tukudikas were incorporated in the Agaidika's socio-political system.

A few of them, however, must have remained in the mountains where they mixed with "lawless" elements of other tribes, elements that considered the mountains as refuge from the advancing white colonists. Already in the 1860's did there exist in the mountains a "sheepeating" population comprised of Indians that had left the Bannock, Paiute, Nez Perce, Cayuse, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene Indians and a few Snake Indians, that is Shoshones, and probably Tukudika. For a long while they spent their time stealing cattle and now and then murdering a gold miner. Finally they were stopped by General Howard (1879).<sup>25</sup>

Today there are not many Tukudikas left. "They have died away, and only the old ones are left," said my informant.

### SHOSHONES AND BANNOCK IN EASTERN IDAHO

The Indians considered here are the Shoshone and Bannock at Fort Hall, Idaho. They belong to two different linguistic groups (although both belong to the uto-aztecan linguistic family): on one hand there are the so-called *pohogue*, "sagebrush people," belonging to the Shoshonean linguistic stock, and on the other side we have the Bannock, whose language is more closely related to that of the northern Paiute or Paviotso. Both groups have, since the beginning of 19th century, liked to operate together and the connection between them has been strengthened by several intermarriages.

The *Bannocks* have—probably rather late—turned away from their linguistic kinsmen in Oregon. They have been spread over great parts of Idaho and bordering parts of Montana and Wyoming; and a great number of Shoshones on the Wind River reservation have Bannock blood in their veins, several families having typical Bannock names. The Bannocks appeared in several groups: some were in scattered single families or small groups, with or without horses, in the northern and western part of the area which they inhabited;<sup>26</sup> mounted Bannock were found near Fort Hall and along the Snake River, who, in later times, could collect into one large band. The Shoshone in Wyoming call the Bannocks that visited Salmon River, Northern Bannocks, while those who lived on the middle sections of Snake River are called Southern Bannocks.

The Bannocks did not differ very much from their Shoshone neighbors as far as economics, mode of living and habits are concerned. Those mounted Bannocks who stayed around Fort Hall (which happened to be their winter quarter even before the time of the reservation) congregated often, as we just mentioned, into a "band" with a military organization reminiscent of that of the Washakie Shoshones, although it was not of the same firm type. Under chieftains like Tagi or Buffalohorn they made expe-

ditions to the buffalo countries east of the mountains, often along the famous Bannock Trail in Yellowstone Park; and they often made devastating raids on the white settlers. Two Bannock uprisings occurred after the creation of the reservation at Fort Hall, one in 1878 (Camas Prairie, Idaho), and the other in 1895 (Jackson Hole, Wyoming). The first mentioned uprising was caused, among other things, by the fact that Shoshones from Wyoming settled near Fort Hall and received the provisions which were meant for the Bannock, while the Bannock stayed in another place. The trouble in 1895 was not a serious one; the Bannocks simply took an expedition to their old hunting grounds outside the reservation, something which was now forbidden.

The *Shoshones* at Fort Hall and along the Snake River were distributed among many groups which could not be distinguished effectively from the Western Shoshones out in the deserts or the Eastern Shoshones on the sagebrush prairies of Wyoming. A few groups lived by fishing in the Snake River; other groups hunted elk and deer up in the mountains; still other groups were seed gatherers or were mounted buffalo hunters, etc. It is, nevertheless, very hard to define these groups from what one knows about their economic activities because these were to a very large extent dependent upon the seasons and changed in each group. It is therefore hardly correct to distinguish as Hoebel did a special group as "elk eaters" west of the Teton mountains: in these areas, which are exceptionally rich in elk, Shoshones gathered from everywhere—and for that matter Plains Indians too—to hunt the elk, and any specific elk eating group probably never existed.

Before the horse was introduced, all these Shoshones were probably at the same time gatherers, hunters and fishers. This variation was necessary because the supply of wild animals and herbs was not too plentiful. Not until the Shoshones got horses were they able to hunt, to any large extent, the best wild game on the Idaho plains, although it was not very frequent: the buffalo. Although there is good reason to believe that the horse had long been in the possession of the Fort Hall-Shoshones,<sup>27</sup> by the end of the nineteenth century there were still a number of them who did not ride. Using an old terminology, occurring in early sources, one can roughly divide the Fort Hall Shoshones into those who were riding "Snake Indians"—who probably were recruited from different groups, mainly from the eastern part of the Snake River area<sup>28</sup>—and those who did not ride or "shoshocoes" (also called "diggers", "uprooters", "walkers", or "fish-eaters".)<sup>29</sup> In the Snake River Basin and near Fort Hall the mounted groups and the salmon eaters dominated, further south were the seed gatherers and the so-called fisheaters. Only the first two mentioned groups are here referred to as the Fort Hall Shoshones.

Among these are the salmon eaters—here as near Lemhi River

called Agaidika—representatives of the older way of living. They lived mainly on the Snake River below Fort Hall; north of there one could certainly fish for whitefish and trout, but the real salmon was best caught west of the present reservation. As was the case with the Lemhis, the salmon fishing was done by a collective action under the leadership of a chieftain, whose authority, however, did not last past the fishing season. During the rest of the year, the "salmoneaters" were hunting in the mountains in the south, scattered into family groups. The women collected berries and roots the year around.

The mounted Fort Hall Shoshones originally had a primitive collecting and fishing economy, and in spite of the fact that they became buffalo hunters in historical time, they still retained their old ways of living.<sup>30</sup> One can even say that by having horses they were able to continue their old ways of living more intensely than before. They could hunt mountain sheep in northern Utah, fish at the Shoshone Falls, where salmon was abundant, dig roots at the Camas Prairie, hunt deer in the Salmon River mountains. At the same time there was the possibility of hunting buffalo on the Plains and taking part in the trade with other Indians and with the Whites. Together with Bannock and Washakie Shoshones they visited the buffalo grounds in Idaho (until 1840), Montana, and Wyoming. Their wanderings led them to Lemhi, where they found protection against the Blackfoot Indians, to "the trading markets" at Camas Prairie, where Indians of different nationalities traded goods, to the summer rendezvous of the white fur hunters and trappers at Green River, Weber River, Bear Lake and other places, and to the trading post Fort Bridger at Black's Fork in southwestern Wyoming.

Their social organization changed with their economic occupation. Particularly during summertime, when fishing, hunting, and collecting of roots and berries in the areas around the Snake River was a daily chore, the family group was the natural unit. But as Steward has correctly pointed out, the buffalo hunt on the Plains, and with it increased danger of attacks by enemy Plains tribes, demanded firmer group organization. The Shoshones were now led together in bands headed by chieftains, and under the influence of the Wyoming Shoshones they developed a social and military organization reminiscent of that of the Plains Indians, with camp circles, a police organization, and rules and regulations concerning buffalo hunting and warfare.<sup>31</sup> This type of organization which was considered necessary only at certain times was, however, never as well developed as among their tribal kin in Wyoming. Only rather arbitrary "bands" were gathered around the chieftains, that is, the former leaders of fishing and hunting. A consequence of this was that the Bannock chieftains, who had a stronger authority, dominated when the Shoshones and Bannocks took longer hunting or war expeditions together. In addition to this,

Washakie at times influenced these Shoshones strongly and many of them stayed under his leadership.

### "DIGGERS" IN SOUTHERN IDAHO AND NORTHERN UTAH

Those Shoshone groups, which, according to an old use of the language, are denoted as "diggers," could roughly be divided into Hukandika, Pengwidika and Weber Utes.

1. *Hukandika* ("dusteaters": they walked on foot and thereby got the dust of the desert in their mouth) at Bannock Creek, Idaho, and Bear River Bay, Utah. It is to be noted that the name Hukandika has been applied to a number of different groups between the Snake River and the Great Salt Lake, together with the name *kamodika* ("eaters of black tailed jackrabbits"). Many of the smaller groups with different names (squirrel eaters, marmot eaters, and others) that have reportedly traveled around in northern Utah, southern Idaho and southwestern Wyoming, have collectively been called Diggers, Rabbit-eaters or Hukandikas. An older source (Stuart) mentions that "Hukandikahs" or "Salt Lake Diggers" lived in the area around the Great Salt Lake.<sup>32</sup> A Hukandika Indian whom I met at Bannock Creek even applied the name "hukandika" as a name to the Shoshones in general. There are, however, two main groups which have gone under the name "hukandika": The Indians living on Bannock Creek and the Indians living near lower Bear River and Promontory Point, Great Salt Lake. The first mentioned are also called *sonivohedika* ("wheat-eaters").

Hukandika are known for having acquired horses very late (probably after 1850). Like other Shoshonean groups with a primitive extensive economic system in pre-horse days they moved around in families or small groups, particularly during the summer, and lived off berries, roots and pinyon nuts (which they got from Grouse Creek in northwestern Utah and later, using horses and following the Fort Hall Shoshones, at Yellowstone) and fish and other available game (rabbits, deer, antelopes). When the Hukandikas were supplied later with horses, a somewhat firmer social organization developed, in that the small camps were united under band leaders, one for the northerly and one for the southerly group. Over the country around Bannock Creek and extending down to Salt Lake ruled Pokentara or Pocatello, whose people, following serious raids on the white emigrants, were almost all annihilated in the massacre at Bear River (1863). The Hukandika to the south often took part in the Wyoming Shoshone buffalo hunts. The Hukandikas had in general much in common with Washakie's Shoshone, who often had their winter quarters at Bear River, fished in the Salt Lake tributaries and traded with the Mormons in Salt Lake City. Many Hukandikas stayed at

times at Fort Bridger in Wyoming. It is likely that Washakie's Shoshone tribe partly recruited from the Hukandikas.

2. *Pengwidika* ("fish eaters") at Bear River and Logan River in Utah. This group may also be called Hukandika or Rabbit Eaters, but is ethnologically best known as Pengwidika or "fish-eaters." The Indians, who originally trapped rabbits, hunted antelopes and caught fish of different kinds, probably even minnows, were in historical times mounted, and were like the Hukandikas from further west decimated badly at the Bear River Massacre. Their chief was Wirasuap ("Bear Spirit"), who was probably identical with the "Bear Hunter" mentioned in older reports by agents. Wirasuap was a contemporary of Pocatello, although probably older than he, and was closer to Washakie than was Pocatello. Wirasuap and Washakie occasionally had common winter quarters south-west of Bear Lake. On these occasions the two chiefs appeared as peers. At Bear Lake the united Shoshone groups carried on winter fishing; they made a hole in the ice and fished with hook and line. Bear lake has been a frequently used meeting place of the Shoshone Indians, as it appears from many investigations in recent times of the camp sites at the Lake. In the year of 1827 the white fur hunters held a rendezvous at Bear Lake.

3. *Weber Utes* between the Salt Lake and the Wasatch mountains in Utah. It is likely that these "Utes" really were Shoshones.<sup>33</sup> Living representatives of them probably do not exist. They are included here for the sake of completeness and because it is very likely that at least at times they came together with Washakie's Shoshones.

This kind of connection existed only exceptionally between Washakie's Shoshones and the "pure" or "real" Utes, who lived south of them, namely the Utes in the Uintah valley (Utah) and the Utes along the Yampa River (Colorado).

### FORT BRIDGER SHOSHONES

We here consider as Fort Bridger Shoshones those Shoshones who occasionally visited the Fort Bridger neighborhood, southwestern Wyoming, as well as the more permanent Shoshone settlers in the same area ("Bridger Basin"), Kamodika and Haivodika.

This section of Wyoming, which was originally a part of Utah, was, particularly after the trading post of Fort Bridger had been erected in 1842-43, a meeting place for several different Indian groups, of which the Shoshones were the dominating ones. The Shoshones have probably been masters in this area from the beginning, although we do know very little about them in older times because they, as at Bear River, changed their economic and social life after the traders and fur hunters had invaded the area about 1820. It is likely, however, that, before this change, those

Shoshones who were here were partly buffalo hunters from Idaho and Utah on their way through, partly bands of buffalo hunters from Wyoming who stayed there through winter, and partly small groups of fairly stationary "rabbit eaters." In the course of the 18th century many of the latter had probably already acquired horses and were taking part in the buffalo hunts.

At the middle of the 19th century the situation at Bridger Basin probably looked as follows. From the west, as earlier, buffalo hunters passed through the country: Shoshone and Bannock from Idaho, Shoshone from the areas east and north of the Great Salt Lake. At Fort Bridger there gathered every summer Indians who traded with the whites (and with each other); buffalo eaters from the north, south and west (Shoshones, Utes, Flatheads, Nez Perce Indians, and occasionally Crow Indians), Navajo Indians (who followed the old Indian and Spanish trail north along Green River), *Tsugudika* ("eaters of white tailed deer") from Snake River—probably identical with *Hukandika*—, *Haivodika* from Bridger Basin (see below), and many Shoshone half breeds, children of white trappers and Indian women. Those half breeds spent their time partly on buffalo hunting and partly on trading. The earlier "rabbit eaters" seem at this time in the main to have been absorbed by the "buffalo hunters" and *Haivodika*.

*Haivodika* ("Dove eaters"), also called Black's Fork Indians,<sup>34</sup> lived a greater part of the year along the creeks of Green River in the Bridger Basin and in particular at Henry's Fork. Tradition says that they split away from the buffalo hunting Shoshones in Wyoming at the death of the chief Yellow Hand in 1842. During the 1860's their chief was Bazil (Pasi), stepson of Sacajawea, Lewis and Clark's famous Shoshone guide, and closely related to Yellow Hand.<sup>35</sup> "Dove eaters" seems to have been then their derogatory nickname, applied to them by the buffalo hunting Shoshones, because from the viewpoint of the latter they seemed to behave timidly and passively. Occasionally the *Haivodika* went horseback to hunt buffalos on the Plains, and then they lived like the Plains Shoshones; but mostly they spent their time at trading. They served as go-betweens between the nomadic tribes and the whites at Fort Bridger; they bought skins from the Plains Indians and sold them at the Fort and distributed the white Traders' goods among the Ute Indians. It is even known that they went to the Mormons at Great Salt Lake and exchanged skins for agricultural products and textiles.

### MOUNTAIN SHOSHONES IN WYOMING

Those Shoshone Indians which lived in the mountains and forest areas in northwestern Wyoming were called, like the corresponding Shoshonean groups in Idaho, *Tukudika*, or *Toyani*.

*Tukudika* ("sheep eaters,") see explanation of the word above,

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was in Wyoming a name used by all Shoshones to designate vaguely those Indians who occasionally or regularly devoted themselves at bighorn hunting up in the mountains. Thus, some Washakie Plains Shoshones (Tavonasia's group, see below) called themselves Tukudika, when, after their transfer to the Wind River Reservation, they made summer excursions to Yellowstone Park in order to hunt big horn sheep. The real Tukudikas, however, were permanently living in the mountains; these were called *Toyani*, a name which Hoebel reserved for the Yellowstone Park Sheep eaters, but which correctly should be applied even to the more southerly Tukudikas in Wyoming—and as we have seen above also to the Tukudikas in Idaho.<sup>36</sup> In a wider perspective, all mountain dwelling Tukudikas in Idaho, southwestern Montana and northwestern Wyoming, made a block of groups with almost identical economic structure but without any political or territorial unity. Not until later times did greater socio-political groups appear in Idaho and Wyoming.

The Tukudikas in Wyoming, who have received very little attention from the ethnologists, lived on the Yellowstone Park Plateau, in the Absaroka mountains, in the Tetons and in the Gros Ventre mountains south of the national park, and in the Wind River mountains down to the historical South Pass. It is, however, incorrect to believe that they lived in the mountains alone. At least during the 19th century they also appeared down in the Green River valley, and those of them who could ride or did ride—I refer here mainly to the Wind River area Tukudika who had good contacts with the buffalo hunting Shoshone—could even get as far as Bridger Basin. The Tukudikas in Yellowstone Park seem to have been most isolated.<sup>37</sup> They were mixed with the Bannocks and were therefore called by Shoshones living other places *Panaiti toyani* ("Bannock mountain dwellers"). In all likelihood the Tukudikas were composed partly of an old layer of Shoshone "walkers", who retained the old way of living from the time before horses were introduced and who established a specialized mountain culture, and partly of pauperized Plains Shoshones, who had lost their horses or who had been forced to give up the Plains life for fear of the mighty Algonkin and Sioux tribes.

Those Tukudikas whom Captain Bonneville, Russell, and other trappers met in the mountains of Wyoming appeared in very small groups—often family groups—and walked on foot, accompanied by big dogs, which at the same time were hunting dogs, carriers, and pullers (they hitched on the V-shaped "travois"). The Tukudikas lived on berries, herbs, and roots, fished in the small lakes, hunted small animals of different kinds and larger animals like elk, deer and mountain or bighorn sheep. They hunted particularly the latter, which were very important as food and clothing. Since these animals appeared in very small herds, the indi-

vidual method of hunting was the most suitable. This situation and the fact that the forested areas were hard to travel through are probably the main reasons that these Indians' socio-political organization in olden times was so elementary.

The situation changed considerably among the Wind River Tukudikas during the course of the 19th century. Hostile Plains tribes entered the mountains and the primitively organized mountain dwellers had to seek support and protection among Washakie's Shoshones. From the latter they received more horses, and at the same time they formed bigger and firmer units than before. The Tukudikas were now collected in from 3 to 4 bands, with Toyaewowici as their main chief. Even their mode of traveling was changed. The winter was spent down in some valley near the mountains, for example at Red Banks near Dubois. Early in the spring they moved half way up the mountains to fish. The summer was spent in the mountains, where they hunted as in olden times, and in August and September they went out on the plains near Green River to hunt antelopes. Occasionally they even came to Fort Bridger, where they exchanged meat and fur for gunpowder and rifles.

As far as we can see, the Tukudikas living further north retained their old social structure even at the end of the 19th century.

#### WYOMING'S PLAINS SHOSHONES

Many Shoshone groups stayed at times on the plains of Wyoming in order to hunt buffalos and antelopes. But only a limited number of them stayed more permanently within the area, namely those Eastern Shoshone plains hunters who in historical times operated mainly in southwestern Wyoming and the bordering area of Idaho and Utah. They called themselves *Kucundika* ("buffalo eaters") and were known as "Washakie's Shoshones." Because they resided mainly in the Green River Valley, the whites called them Green River Shoshone. A better name, however, would be "Wyoming Plains Shoshones." No Shoshoneans deserve the name Plains Shoshone better because in cultural and social respect they approached the Plains Indians more than any other Shoshone groups, the Comanche Indians excepted.

Written sources from the 1840's and later show that the mounted Wyoming Shoshones' land area at this time was considerable. They hunted on the plains from Montana to southern Wyoming. They visited up in the mountain areas from the Bitterroot mountains in the northwest to the Uintah mountains in the south and on western excursions they reached the Camas Prairie in Idaho and the Great Salt Lake in Utah. They had a lively contact with the Lemhi Shoshones far in the north and the Comanche Indians far to the south, and it is characteristic that Washakie grew up among the former, while his predecessor, chief Yellow Hand, was son of a Comanche chief. Reports of agents and fur trappers'

journals inform us that the Plains Shoshones' area of action was stretched over a large territory, although the area in which they lived had gradually diminished. Successively they were moved away from the open Plains, in particular by the Blackfoot and Gros Ventres (whom they fought in the Wind River area even in the 1840's), but also by the Crow Indians, who pressed them away from the excellent hunting grounds south of the Yellowstone River. It appears that they lived mainly on the plains near Green River in the 1830's. But during the 1840's they expanded anew: the Crow Indians made peace with them so as to be able to withstand the pressure from the Blackfoot and Sioux Indians, and the Shoshone under Washakie extended their hunting trips to the Wind River country and the Bighorn Valley. These hunting expeditions became of absolute necessity, since their most important game animals, especially the buffalo, had been exterminated from the Green River Valley. The Laramie agreement of 1851, which made the Crow Indians masters of the land east of the



Shoshone Buffalo Hunt and Dance.

*Painted on elk hide by Charles Washakie, fourth son of Chief Washakie. On display in the Wyoming State Museum by courtesy of Mrs. Mable Cheney Moudy.*

Absaroka and the Wind River mountains, forced Washakie again to seek hunting grounds up in the mountains, although he now and then raided the plains and on those occasions fought with the Crow, Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapaho Indians. The Shoshones' main base was still the land around the Green River, and it was here that their first reservation was established in 1863. A work from the middle 1860's mentioned these Shoshones, and not without reason, as "the Washakeeks or Green River Snakes."<sup>88</sup> Not until after 1872 could Washakie and his Shoshone definitely be transferred to the new reservation at Wind River.

In spite of forced moves and changes in hunting areas the mounted Wyoming Shoshones to a large extent kept the rhythm in the annual scheme of traveling which characterized their existence since olden times. Before the Wind River reservation was established the winters were spent at Fort Bridger, near Bear Lake, or up in the mountain areas toward Idaho; but to some extent also on the plains close to, for example, Shoshone River or Wind River. The winter diet consisted mainly of dried meat (of buffalo, deer or elk). The spring was spent with hunting and fishing near the winter quarters while the horses fattened up. Even limited buffalo hunting was carried on if possible. Although the buffalos were thin this time of the year their skin had value as material for clothing, tent covers, etc. When summer neared, the Shoshones gathered for a Sun Dance down near Fort Bridger. Thereafter they scattered in family groups and spent their time in diverse occupations. They sold furs at Fort Bridger and bought salt and corn at Salt Lake City; and up in the mountains they dug up roots, picked berries, trapped rodents, and hunted small game. When the heat of the summer decreased, the tribes gathered again for the big buffalo hunt of the fall. They moved then to grounds that were rich in buffalos, and especially to those areas where their scouts had localized herds no matter where they might be. At the middle of the last century one found the largest herds of buffalo in Wyoming in the Big Horn Basin, east of the Big Horn Mountains, and in the area northeast of the Laramie Range, and also in northern parts of the Wind River Basin some buffalos could be found. Gradually Washakie visited all these areas. When in the middle of the 19th century the buffalos decreased in numbers on the old Shoshone hunting grounds closest to the mountains, Washakie's expeditions were extended further away to buffalo ranges on the plains east of the Big Horn Mountains and northeast of the Laramie Range. Thereby, however, the risk of bloody encounters with the hostile Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapaho Indians unfortunately increased. When the fall hunting was over, the Shoshones went into winter camps, and, according to the circumstances, camped together or split into separate bands.

These Shoshones were not typical exponents of the Plains Indian culture if we compare them with the Plains tribes just mentioned.

Their diverse ways of subsistence united them more with their tribal relatives behind the mountains than with their nearest neighbors on the plains. Thus the Plains Shoshones were not dependent on the buffalo for food in the same manner as, for example, the Cheyennes, but could replace the usual winter supply of dried buffalo meat with dried elk meat. And Hamilton, who in the 1840's was visiting both the Cheyenne and the Shoshone Indians wrote that the Shoshones to a larger extent than the Cheyennes were mountain Indians and were hunters of small game.<sup>39</sup>

As far as socio-political organization is concerned, the Wyoming Plains Shoshones remind us more of the genuine Plains tribes. The reasons for forming strong groups, which we have already observed in the Lemhi and Fort Hall Shoshones, were of course also present among the buffalo hunters of Wyoming, and they appeared even stronger here. During the time these Shoshones were buffalo hunting on the open plains they were usually organized as one big group, a "tribe" with a central chief, an advisory council, and a warrior sodality with police functions (*ohamupe*, "the yellow forelocks"), etc., all in accordance with the customs of the Plains Indians. This tribal organization was also the functioning ethnic unit during the Sun Dance or "Thirst-withstanding Dance," which appeared yearly in June as a religious three day ceremony, when the Plains Shoshones, through prayer, dance and fasting received assurance of protection from the highest God. Even the Sun Dance was taken over from the Plains Indians and was a religious complex belonging to the ideology of the buffalo-hunting society.<sup>40</sup>

In name and in reality, at least from the 1840's, Washakie was the chief of the Shoshone tribe on Wyoming's plains. But at his side were a number of experienced warriors, who gathered around them occasional and more or less solid bands. These bands, the size of which could change during a few years, often operated completely independently of the "tribe." One of these bands was under the leadership of Tavonasia, a strong competitor of Washakie, whose leadership over the tribal organization he was not happy to accept as a fact. Before the Wind River reservation was established Tavonasia and his people visited occasionally in Utah and in the Bear River Valley and occasionally among the buffalo grounds at Sweetwater and North Platte.<sup>41</sup> After the move to the Wind River reservation Tavonasia and his band moved in summer time to Yellowstone Park where they fished and hunted. Another band leader, whom the whites hardly dared trust, was the halfbreed Nakok, son of a French trapper and a Shoshone squaw. In the battle at Bear River, where he lost one eye, he appeared on the rebellious Indian side. He was, according to old documents, very independent in his relationship to Washakie, and he was able to draw people away from the latter.<sup>42</sup>

Several reports from the 1850's and 1860's indicate that Wash-

akie at times had difficulties with his band chiefs, and often had to depend on the white man's support in order to control them.<sup>43</sup> In spite of this, however, he had great authority as a general rule among the Shoshones and was on occasions a chief for a reinforced tribe in which could even be found Hukandika from Utah, Fort Hall Shoshone, and Tagis Bannock. Thus the road was made smoother for Washakie's position of strength on the Wind River reservation.

### WIND RIVER SHOSHONE

The scattered Shoshone groups in Wyoming—Haivodika, Tuku-dika, Kucundika, maybe also Kamodika—were gathered during the course of the 1870's on the reservation at Wind River, which through the Fort Bridger treaty of 1868 had been established for them. To begin with, the reservation had been planned also for the Bannock. Washakie, the man among the Shoshones with whom the whites had negotiated most, wanted, namely, to have the support of the Bannock tribe in the fight against the steadily more persistent Sioux Indians, who as early as the 1840's (according to what Frémont tells us) invaded the Wind River area time after time and who, at the same time as the Shoshones moved into the reservation, intensified their raids upon it. The Bannock, however, were placed at the Fort Hall reservation and in their place Washakie was forced to leave room for his arch enemy the Arapaho, after they had laid down their weapons (1876).

The main portion of the Shoshone population at the Wind River Reservation consisted of Washakie's reasonably well disciplined people. It is therefore natural that Washakie in the future remained the obvious leader and that even Basil and the Tukudika chiefs considered him as the head man of the Shoshone. During the rest of his lifetime he kept this unusually great authority, in spite of the fact that the tribal council was organized in 1886 for the purpose of removing the power of the chief.<sup>44</sup> After Washakie's death (1900), the tribal council had all the power, and since the death of his son, Dick Washakie (1944), even a nominal chief has been lacking.

The different elements of population on the reservation have gradually grown together. This means also that the Tukudika are not neglected any more; many of them have leading positions in the tribal council. And the social line of demarcation is not now so much between the Kucundika and Tukudika, as between conservative and progressive elements, between adherents of the old tribal life (represented by the so-called "Sage Creek group") and spokesmen for a gradual assimilation with the white civilization.

### NOTES

1. R. H. Lowie, "The Northern Shoshones," *Amer. Mus. of Nat. Hist., Anthropol. Papers* 2:2 (1909).

2. D. B. Shimkin, "Wind River Shoshone Ethnogeography," Univ. of Calif., Anthropol. Records 5:4 (1947).

3. A. Hultkrantz, "Kulburbildningen hos Wyomings Shoshoni-indianer," Ymer 1949:2.

4. See "Ethnos" 1951-55, and Ymer 1954:2.

5. It can even be added, that I tried to gain knowledge of the Shoshonean language. A great part of my time during the visits with the Shoshones in 1955 was spent at studying the language with the help of native teachers.

6. Valuable help during my visits at Fort Hall Reservation was given me by the Bannock researcher Dr. Sven Liljeblad in Pocatello.

7. It was, first of all, some of the Arapahos' religious rites which I studied, but also the relations between the Shoshone and the Arapaho were of interest to me.

8. The foremost authority on Yellowstone Park, Jack E. Haynes, led me to old camp sites within the area of the park.

9. My 1949 publication (see note 3 above) concerned the buffalo hunting Shoshones which I then—according to Shimkin's and others' pattern—called Wind River Shoshone. My later investigations have made it clear that this name for the historical buffalo hunters is unfortunate. "Wyoming Plains Shoshone" is better. See further A. Hultkrantz, "Tribal Divisions within the Eastern Shoshoni of Wyoming," Proceed. of the 32. Intern. Congr. of Americanists (1958), pp. 148-154.

10. A. Hultkrantz, "The Indians in Yellowstone Park," *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 29:2 (1957), p. 133 f. Cf. also Earl H. Swanson, "Problems in Shoshone Chronology," *Idaho Yesterdays*, Vol. 1:4 (1957-58), pp. 21ff.

11. University News Service, Laramie, June 19, 1950. This report has not been printed yet. See also W. Mulloy, "The Northern Plains" (in J. Griffin, *Archeology of Eastern United States*, Chicago 1952), p. 136.

12. *David Thompson's Narrative of His Explorations in Western America 1784-1812*, ed. by J. B. Tyrrell, Toronto 1916, p. 327 ff.

13. Dr. J. C. Ewers at National Museum in Washington, D. C., was friendly enough to put several of the referred documents at my disposal.

14. See J. V. Berreman, "Tribal Distribution in Oregon," Amer. Anthrop. Ass., Mem. 47 (1937), p. 55 ff.

15. V. F. Ray, "Tribal Distribution in Northeastern Oregon," Amer. Anthrop. 40:3 (1938), p. 392 ff.

16. Jfr B. De Voto (ed.), *The Journals of Lewis and Clark* (1953), p. 213 f.

17. J. Mooney in Bur. of Amer. Ethnol., Bull. 30:1 (1907) p. 327.

18. E. A. Hoebel, "Bands and Distributions of the Eastern Shoshone," Amer. Anthrop. 40:3 (1938).

19. In this general division of the Shoshone I follow Steward. See J. H. Steward, "Basin-Plateau Aboriginal Sociopolitical Groups," Bur. of Amer. Ethnol., Bull. 120 (1938), p. XII.

20. See Lowie, *op. cit.*, Hoebel, *op. cit.*, and Steward, *op. cit.*

21. J. H. Steward, "Some Observations on Shoshonean Distributions," Amer. Anthrop. 41:2 (1939), p. 261 ff.

22. Previously different groups denoted themselves as *niyw'*, "the people." The names that have come to characterize them come mostly from Shoshone neighborhoods with another way of life.

23. Before 1840 there were still buffalos in Idaho, particularly at the upper part of Snake River; but after this date the most easily attainable buffalo haunts were north of the Yellowstone River.

24. It was always Agaidika's hunting chief who took the initiative in these excursions.

25. See O. O. Howard, *My Life and Experiences among Our Hostile Indians* (1907), p. 421 ff., 431 f. Jfr R. Ross Arnold, *Indian Wars of Idaho* (1932), p. 222 ff.

26. A Shoshone informant told me that *tidibiano* were sheepeaters of the Bannock people in western Idaho.

27. Cf C. Wissler, "The Influence of the Horse in the Development of Plains Culture," Amer. Anthropol. 16:1 (1914), p. 23 f.; F. Haines, "The Northward Spread of Horses among the Plains Indians," Amer. Anthropol. 40:3 (1938), p. 435; and J. C. Ewers, "The Horse in Blackfoot Indian Culture," Bur. of Amer. Ethnol., Bull. 159 (1955), p. 6 f.

28. My informants said that even Nevada Shoshone ("White Knives") appeared among them and hunted together with the Bannocks.

29. This division which was made by Bonneville, Wilson, De Smet, Lander and Hoffman, has however never been applied consistently. The name "Snake Indians" (which seems to go back to the white man's wrong interpretation of the symbol for "Shoshone" in the Plains Indians' sign language) has thus been applied not only to the mounted Shoshones in Wyoming and Idaho, but also to the western "foot Indians" in eastern Oregon. The name "shoshocoes" is taken from the Shoshone word *shoshogoi*, "those who are walking on the ground."

30. This possibly is due to the fact that there were so few buffalos west of the Rockies; the buffalo was eliminated completely there during the 1840's (by fur trappers, immigrants and Indians).

31. In contrast to this it seems that such a religious institution as the Sun Dance was not accepted at Fort Hall until the turn of the century, 1900. According to one of my informants the Shoshones and Bannocks danced the Sun Dance together for the first time in Jackson Hole. If this information is correct, then this first Sun Dance can not have been later than 1896, since the state of Wyoming forbade the Indians to stay in Jackson Hole after that time.

32. G. Stuart, *Montana As It Is* (1865), p. 80.

33. Cf. Steward, "Basin-Plateau Aboriginal Sociopolitical Groups," p. 219 ff., and J. A. Jones, "The Sun Dance of the Northern Ute," Bur. of Amer. Ethnol., Bull. 157, p. 211.

34. In Shoshone Black's Fork is called "Pine River," but it must not be confused with Pine Creek at Pinedale, Sublette County.

35. It is possible that Bazil's group consisted of Comanche who had followed Yellow Hand from the Comanche land (Yellow Hand was originally Comanche Indian) to Wyoming, and at his death had broken away from the Plains Shoshone. (f. D. B. Shimkin, "Wind River Shoshone Geography," Amer. Anthropol. 40:3 (1938), p. 415.

36. Hoebel, *op. cit.*, p. 410. The word "mountain-dwellers" is considered by the present-day descendants of the Tukudika as humiliating and has apparently been applied to them by the Plains Shoshone as a derogatory name.

37. Hultkrantz, "The Indians in Yellowstone Park," p. 134 ff. In this article I used the name dukurika (cf. Shimkin: dukurka); however, following discussions with American linguists I have decided to use the form tukurika in the future.

38. Stuart *op. cit.*, *loc. cit.*

39. W. T. Hamilton, *My Sixty Years on the Plains* (1951), p. 83.

40. At the same time the older religion remained characterized by individual vision quests and really diversified belief in nature spirits.

41. Concerning Tavonasia, see Rep. Comm. Ind. Affairs 1873 p. 41 ff., 1878 p. 150.

42. Concerning Nakok, see Rep. Comm. Ind. Affairs 1869 p. 274, 275. Nakok eventually became Washakie's companion, war-chief and most important interpreter.

43. See Rep. Comm. Ind. Affairs 1868 p. 158, 1870 p. 175.

44. Rep. Comm. Ind. Affairs 1886 p. 260.

# *A Family Portrait* \*

By

MRS. WILBURTA KNIGHT CADY

The more one delves into the past, the more one is filled with humility. It is in this spirit that I try to paint this family portrait, "which shows that adversity is something like a refreshing rain of spring."

The beginning of this portrait was etched in Colonial Times when some branches of the family belonged to the Providence Plantation which had been founded by Roger Williams after his banishment from Massachusetts because of his disagreements with the church there. One of the men who had sent orders to have Rogers deported to England was John Cotton. So at the beginning in the New World some families were close friends, some bitter enemies.

One branch of the Cotton Family returned to England about 1700, returning to the United States via Canada in 1870. The other branches gradually drifted westward from Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, to Illinois, finally coming to rest in southern Nebraska. They drove an ox team, using a willow as a whip, and upon arrival at their destination, this switch was planted and grew into a beautiful tree. Their first job was cutting the sod and building their shelter.

Five generations (now six) make up the portrait in Laramie. The first, our maternal grandparents, were visitors, but they are buried in the Laramie cemetery.

It is the next generation that paints the picture we are studying. It begins to take form when Wilbur Clinton Knight left his father's farm near Blue Springs, Nebraska, at the age of 21. He stayed at home until that time to help with the farm and five smaller children, because his very stern, religious father demanded it, for he did not see any sense in an education for making a living. His son entered the University of Nebraska's Preparatory School, wearing a suit of clothes his mother had made (she had learned the tailoring trade from her father). Wilbur's only resource on entering the University was money he had earned from a crop of corn he had planted and had harvested. His finances were in a worse condition when he graduated.

Many interesting stories were told about the ways he earned

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\* This paper was written for the Albany County Historical Society and presented in November 1959.

enough to put himself through seven years of prep school and college. He was a blacksmith, carpenter, plumber, printer, glazer, musician, chemist, and inventor. He financed the college paper and established the first stationary store on the campus. He and a fellow student made their living quarters in the attic of the Old Main Building (now torn down), tapping the Chemistry lab for gas to use as heat and fuel. They secured a contract to replace all broken windows on the campus. The story is told that when times became too hard, a number of windows would have to be replaced.

A friend of his said, "In walks with nature he developed an independence of thought and resourcefulness that prepared him for



*Courtesy Mrs. Cady*

Wilbur Clinton Knight and Emma Howell Knight with their children (left to right) Samuel Howell, Wilburta Anna and Everett Lyell Knight.

dealing with life in a most practical and efficient way. More than that, he had developed a homely philosophy that made him despise the dishonest and insincere. I think that I never knew a man who was so modest and unassuming and yet so well stocked with things that made for success, as was our friend when he left the University."

One summer he came to Wyoming to work in the field of botany. Here he found such a wealth and possibilities in mining and geology that he spent the remainder of his college years studying these subjects. Upon graduation he received a bachelor and master's degree. Later he received his doctorate from the University of Chicago.

The portrait becomes clearer when Elizabeth Emma Howell attended the University of Nebraska just long enough to become acquainted with Wilbur Knight. Then her father decided that he needed her to help him in his coal and insurance business and that women had no need for an education, so she returned to Omaha to help him and further her musical education.

Upon graduation father was employed as assayer for the Swan Testing and Sampling Company with an excellently equipped assay office and chemical laboratory in Cheyenne. He was also appointed Territorial Geologist. From 1885 to 1889, he made many trips into different parts of Wyoming and Colorado, studying minerals and mining situations. On November 6, 1887, he made his first visit to the University of Wyoming.

In 1889 he was engaged by the Sartoris brothers as Superintendent of the Keystone Mine west of Laramie.

The portrait becomes more distinct when Wilbur Knight and Elizabeth Emma Howell were married in Omaha, Nebraska, on October 16, 1889. They visited in Cheyenne, staying at the old Interocean Hotel (which later burned). On their way to Laramie they crossed the old Dale Creek trestle, which was used at the time that the Union Pacific had a single track system.

Frank and Lionel Sartoris were English young men who, having finished their educations, took the usual trip around the world, stopping in Laramie. They decided that there was the place they wanted to settle, as there was quite a colony of English people here at that time. Some returned to England and some stayed. They bought the Keystone Mine and built the Home Ranch, known as the Douglas Willan, Sartoris Ranch. Frank was one of the founders of the National Live Stock Association in Chicago in 1892, which had \$500,000,000 represented. The old W. W. Hall in Laramie was built as an English club.

It took two days to make the trip from Laramie to Keystone with a four-horse team and buggy. The first night was spent at the Home Ranch, which was located northwest of the present Millbrook. I do not remember the house but have seen the remains of some of the buildings. It was a regular English manor

house, with a large billiard room in the center, living rooms on one side, dining room and kitchen on the other. Stairs led to a balcony from which the sleeping rooms opened. This house was torn down about 1908, as the wind and weather had made it unsafe. As far as I can learn, no one seems to know what became of all the furnishings.

It had been on January 1, 1876; that Colonel Downey conferred the name of Centennial upon what was supposed to be the richest mine yet found in Wyoming. It turned out to be a pocket which produced \$20,000 worth of yellow metal. In the *Laramie Republican*, September 16, 1890, there is quite an article on why the early mining efforts in Wyoming were disastrous.

The Wyoming *Commonwealth*, Mining Convention Edition, January 4, 1891, says of the Keystone Mine, "It is 220 feet deep, has 20,000 tons of quartz in sight. The mine is worked through a double shaft and is supplied with a double drum oscillating hoist, and has two steam pumps, with a capacity of 260 gallons of water per minute. The pumping stations are cut at 160 feet, the vein is a true fissure ranging from 18 inches to 10 feet in width. It varies in value from 1 to 200 dollars a ton. With the quartz are copper ores. The Otrac Company's twenty stamp gold mill is the largest and best equipped in the state. [This building was torn down in 1955-56 W.C.K.]. The Florence Mine is about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile south of Keystone and is developed by the Otrac Company. This mine has reached a depth of 160 feet and has over 1,000 feet of drift. This quartz is being refined at the Keystone mill. The vein is of good width and has granite walls. The ore ranges from a low grade quartz to a very high grade white iron ore which assays high in gold.

"At the present time the Otrac Company employs 30 men and expects to run the entire winter. In the spring, as soon as the snow melts, they expect to sink the Keystone shaft to 400 feet, and continue sinking the Florence."

Money was poured into such places as Keystone, Florence, Gold Hill, Brush, Dutton, Douglas Creek and Corner Mountain, with the continual hope of great fortune. Gold was King. It came easily and departed the same way.

The Sartoris boys gave father a large gold watch and a silver mounted shot gun and mother a Webber piano, as wedding presents. Many an evening father came home and had to pass through a line of miners listening to the music from that piano. All kinds of luxuries were sent to the camp from eastern cities the year around.

The ground from the Home Ranch to Keystone, on that October, 1889, was covered with deep snow, and the trip was made by bobsled. In the camp the log home and some of the furniture, waiting for the bride, had been made by the groom. He had hand-hewed the ceiling logs. The rooms were not large, they

were heated by wood stoves, lit by kerosene lamps, and there was no plumbing, but it was a wonderful home. On the north side was a large separate room which the Sartoris boys used as their headquarters. [This building has recently been torn down].

There are many stories I remember of that time. There were 16 brides in camp that winter, and 16 babies born that summer and fall. The only attendant was a midwife, and she had one of the babies. The first bread the bride baked had to be fed surreptitiously to the goats, because it was so dark and hard.

Her brother came to visit and a bear hunt was planned with elaborate preparations. He had never been in the mountains and when told to watch at a certain place became so frightened, as night came on, that he climbed a tree and stayed there. The hunters returned tired, dirty, worn-out, without their kill. To their utter consternation, they sat down to a dinner of beautifully roasted bear which had been supplied by Dirty Pete.

Dirty Pete lived at Podunk down the road where he had a cave into the side of a mountain which served as a refrigerator. Here he kept game and wild meat for the people who wished it. He lived up to his name. The only washing his dishes ever had was that given them by the dogs as they lapped their meals off them, but who could be choosy when meat was a serious question?

Pete Fisher, against the advice of older men, went into a deserted cabin to cut logs for fire wood. The weight of the winter snow was heavy on the roof, and it caved in, covering him with logs and snow. His back was broken, and the doctor who came out from Laramie said that there was no hope for him. He did live but was paralyzed from the waist down. They came to Laramie, and for years his wife supported the three of them (the third was one of the 16 babies) by catering and cleaning. Later he would be strapped into a two-wheeled cart, equipped with a gun and a pack of blood hounds. The horse was trained to pull the cart to the old wire gates so that Pete could open and close them. The dogs scared up the quarry and brought it back to Pete after he shot it. By trapping in this original manner, he was able to add to the support of his family. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fisher lived until after 1928.

On October 10, 1890, the inhabitants of Keystone were aroused by a quaking of the earth and a terrific explosion. It was soon learned that it was caused by a falling meteor about 2 miles northeast of the community. One fell near Denver at the same time.

Of course, there was the love story. The Home Ranch was run by George Morgan and his wife. They had a beautiful (and I mean beautiful) daughter named Clara. In the course of time Lionel and Clara fell in love. This caused so much consternation in the family in England that Father Sartoris came to settle things, which he did after many very stormy scenes.

One day much later, a short, swarthy, stocky man with a scar along his cheek rode up to the Home Ranch on a burrow and asked to see Mr. Morgan. Clara, who was sitting on the porch, replied, "The servants quarters are in the rear." Mr. Bell looked her over very thoroughly and said, "I will marry you, young lady." And he did—but the life of E. J. Bell is a story all by itself. Lionel returned to England and after many years wrote to Mrs. Bell that he would give anything he possessed but his son to be back in Wyoming. Frank Sartoris married Nellie Grant, daughter of the president.

A regular stage ran from Laramie to Keystone. Father always carried the refined gold into town, and it always got through. He was an excellent shot. Often the bricks weighed 62 pounds and were worth \$1,200.00.

In reading through the papers of those days one finds many Indian stories and many encounters with bears. There is a great deal written about Gold Hill. Its backers expected a large gold rush; there was talk of a new road, a telephone line and mail route. The miners flocked there from Florence and Keystone. It was said that Gold Hill would be to Laramie what Leadville was to Denver. One group of men made the trip over the mountains on snowshoes in the middle of winter.

The papers tell of drilling for oil, supplying the town with natural gas; they discussed the water question, the laying of sewers, building the Cathedral, mail delivery, the glass factory, and the soda works. A large block of soda from one of the Soda Lakes was exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. Many very gay parties held at Red Buttes, Centennial and other mining centers were attended by folks from Laramie.

Matt Dawson and a Mr. Scrymser were drowned in Hutton's Lake. Father was among the men who went out to help. They were overtaken by a blizzard. They unhitched and tied the horses securely to the wagon and found enough material to keep a small fire burning underneath the wagon until the danger was over. One of the bodies was finally found, the other floated to the surface during the spring.

The largest ranch was owned by the Englishman, Douglas Willan. It consisted of 190,000 acres on Mill Creek.

In 1891 father bought a house in Laramie and opened an assay office and laboratory down town which he operated until he was appointed to do the same work for the University in 1893.

The *Third Annual Report of the University of Wyoming, 1894*, pages 5 to 8, tells of this venture.

"The School of Mines was formally opened last fall. . . The chief aim of the school is to prepare young men for actual service in the various paths of mining and metallurgy, especially emphasizing practical training. . . The Assaying Department was made especially strong since the Board of Trustees authorized the Pro-

fessor of Mining and Metallurgy to do assaying free for the citizens of Wyoming for the college year of 1893-1894. . . . [T]he School of Mines has saved the citizens of Wyoming who have patronized it. . . \$2,993.00, during a period of nine months.

"During the same period there have been received 203 letters of enquiry relative to the state's great mineral wealth. At the opening of the school there was not a single mineral specimen in the department. In this short space of time there have been collected and donated over 200 mineral specimens for a working cabinet. [Father made the cabinets to hold them himself, and they were moved into the new Geology Building in 1955. W.K.C.] Unfortunately there are no cases for cabinet specimens and they are being damaged considerably by dust and packing. . .

" . . . Chief among the needs [of this school] is an appropriate building in which to arrange the various departments. . . The class in assaying is as large as can be accommodated with the present equipment. . . ."

This class was held in the Old Mechanical Building which was torn down to make way for the present Art Building. The Professor's office was one room in the basement of Old Main. In 1902, he moved his department in the New Science Hall. No one realized how soon this would be occupied by his eldest son. [Dr. Samuel Howell Knight, Professor of Geology and Head of that Department at the University of Wyoming.]

From 1897 to 1903, Wilbur C. Knight was State Geologist of Wyoming and occupied the chair of Geology and Mineralogy and was curator of the Museum at the University. He was a Mason, a fellow of the Geological Society of America, and a member of the Geographic Society of America. During his life he wrote many papers for magazines and for University publications. The last of these was "Birds of Wyoming."

In 1899 the Union Pacific organized an expedition and asked father to take charge of it. I can best quote from his own article as it appeared in the National Geographic, December, 1900. "The general passenger and ticket agent of the U. P. R. R. rendered a valuable service to the scientific world when it organized an expedition for the purpose of collecting fossils and studying geology. A pamphlet, invitation and transportation from Chicago to Laramie and return were sent to every university and college, and museum of importance in the United States. One hundred men from every state in the union arrived July 19th. On July 21st at 9 o'clock, the long line of wagons and horses arrived on the campus and by 10 they were loaded and started across the Laramie Plains. It was the largest expedition of the kind, of which there is any record. Some of the men had never slept out of doors overnight or eaten food cooked over a camp fire. The first day's march was 20 miles. They were in the field 39 days, visiting among other places, Platte Canyon, Rock Creek, The Freezeout

Hills, Bates Hole, and Laramie Peak. Three carloads of dinosaur bones were shipped and there were many vertebrates. Several new discoveries were made. There was no serious illness, no accidents, no delay by breakdown or loss of horses."

In the late spring, father had come home from Douglas with a very bad case of measles. He was very ill and virtually got out of bed to head the expedition. Mother and Jim McClelland (the department's assistant) had to answer all the funny letters which people wrote asking about the dangers of bears, Indians, etc. Morris Corthell and Ben Bellamy went on this trip.

In 1900 father prepared an exhibition of mineral resources of the state to be sent as a representation of Wyoming at The Paris Exposition.

From 1901 until his untimely death in 1903, he was given a leave of absence from the University, but he spent much time there. He was technical advisor to the Belgo-American Drilling Trust which undertook the development work for more than 600 companies already contracted for in Europe to operate the oil fields of Wyoming. The representative of the company paid tribute to the ability of Professor Knight when he said, "His fame is heralded the country over."

The last part of the portrait shows Mrs. Wilbur Clinton Knight or Emma Howell Knight (as she was to be called very much against her wishes). As an early resident of Laramie, she was interested in women's and children's activities; she played on one of the first basketball teams, took many courses at the University, belonged to literary organizations, was a charter member of the Woman's Club, and was business manager of the Woman's Edition of the Laramie *Boomerang* published January, 1900. She was secretary of the Woman's Club at the time it contacted Mr. Carnegie about the library. At one time she spelled down many of the prominent men and women of the community. During her husband's life, she entertained many a noted person and her home was always the center for University functions and groups of friends.

In 1904 she was elected County Superintendent of Schools for Albany County. It is a tragedy that she did not keep a record of her experiences, for they were the last of the horse and buggy days and the beginning of the automobile. During the first summer she set out with a team and wagon, over which was an umbrella for shade, accompanied by her two small sons, 10 and 12, to visit the schools which were in session for the three summer months. She was told that there was only one road, but she found dozens of them. Nevertheless she found the school for which she was looking and a ranch at which to spend the night.

The County Commissioners refused to let her rent a car to visit a school that was being held in the late fall at Hallock Canyon. They knew a man who knew the country, and she had a

horse and buggy. These would be very much cheaper than the auto. It was November, the ground was covered with snow, and it was cold. The buggy was open with no protection from the wind and snow. I will never forget how she looked as she climbed into that buggy! She resembled a big black bear. Her feet were incased in German sox and huge overshoes. She wore several overcoats and carried a charcoal heater for extra warmth. The driver did not know the country, and they became lost. They finally found a sheep bedding camp. The herder told them where they could find a deserted shack. In those days such shacks were always left open so that they could be used in an emergency. All that was asked was that they be left as found and the wood used be replaced. Quite a contrast to today. They climbed through a glassless window at the rear of the building inside a lean-to. They managed to get a little food from the shepherd, but the driver lost the baking powder, so that their biscuits were hardtack. The horse and driver slept in the lean-to and mother in all her trappings lay on a bed, which was only equipped with springs, under the window. She finally dozed off to be awakened by something feeling up and down her spine. She was too frightened to call out, but finally managed to summon enough courage to reach behind her. She felt the horse's nose as he tried to reach the warmer inside of the building.

One summer she was in the Laramie Peak region. It was necessary to visit the Esterbrook school. (She visited every school once a year). The trip took several days around the mountain but could be completed in one if made on horseback over the mountains. So Ida Hill rode with mother, and she rode her own horse. She fully expected to return that evening so did not pay much attention to the landmarks. For some reason the teacher had dismissed school, so it was necessary for her to stay overnight. Ida had to return. By the time the visit was completed it was raining hard. The teacher loaned mother an umbrella, and she set off over the hill, alone. The horse plodded along, neither animal nor rider conscious of much except the rain. Again she had been told there was only one road. All of a sudden there was a distinct fork. The rain beat against the horse's face, and he automatically took the left hand road. The farther they went, the surer she was that it was wrong, so she turned the horse around, stopping at the fork saying, "Now, Dick, I am lost, it is up to you to see that we get back to the ranch safely." Dick hesitated a second, took the right hand fork, and they were soon back at the Hill Ranch.

On April 1, 1911, she became Dean of Women at the University of Wyoming. That same year at graduation she received her Bachelor of Arts degree at the same time her daughter received hers.

Again she was constantly having funny experiences. There

was the woman who collected all of the pillows so that she could have a feather bed, one who tried to get her to take a tip because she let her use the electric iron, and the one who did not know how to turn on the faucet to get water.

The funniest experience was probably on Halloween. After hours, when Merica Hall was dark and silent, the door bell rang. She opened the door to be confronted with a large group of young men who were carrying a cow, to which they gave a push and it landed up the small flight of stairs. She was sure that she saw a son's face among the culprits. Soon the halls were full of screaming girls with their hair in curl papers. The poor cow raced from one end of the hall to the other, knocking down the fire extinguisher. The liquid from it squirted over everything and pandemonium reigned until the police arrived and removed the critter.

During World War I, mother did the work of three people. Besides her regular work as Dean she taught, supervised the table which was run for the girls who lived in Merica Hall (later she managed the Commons), acted as emergency nurse during the flu epidemic, and worked with Red Cross and on War Bond Drives.

She resigned as Dean of Women in 1920 but served on the Laramie City School Board, the Board of the Cathedral Home, and Iverson Hall Board, both run by the Episcopal Church of Wyoming. She lived at the last two places several times when no one else was available. She was hostess several times at the University of Wyoming Summer Camp in Snowy Range. Her last experience was a nine-month tour of the Orpheum Circuit as a tutor for Baby Peggy and her sister. Peggy was her grandniece and a star of silent pictures and vaudeville.

The portrait is finished. It has included a multitude of experiences which have developed into two distinct parts. First was the last of pioneer days: when life was primitive and distances long; geese flew over the town in large flocks every fall and spring; the eastern limits of Laramie was 9th street; there were very few telephones and street lights; when all wrapping paper was saved and used by the children as scratch paper; when cooking was done very well without standard measurements; when one often started a fire in a stove that had gone out from the live embers of another one; when entertainment was in the home or church; nearly everyone had his own barn with a horse, cow, and chickens; when the surplus water from the city springs ran through the town in ditches on each side of the streets; when there was little plumbing; when one had to wait sometimes  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour to get across the Grand Avenue Railroad crossing as the cars were being switched; when cattle drives often came through the town; when there was little electricity; when the only hot water was that heated on the coal stove; when change was made in round figures in gold or silver. (I could hardly find ten pennies to put in the Sunday School box for my

tenth birthday). There was little fresh fruit or vegetables, and cranberries and celery were only to be had at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

The second part stretches through the time when telephones and bathtubs were becoming plentiful; when cars, electricity and gas were in demand; when radios were coming into use; when one never gave hot water a second thought; when fresh fruit and vegetables were a daily habit; when paved roads were being constructed across the continent; when all schools were held nine months a year, and a war to end all wars had been fought.

# *The Hole-in-the-Wall*

By

THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT

## PART VII - SECTION 2

### EARLY DAY DANCES

(Continued)

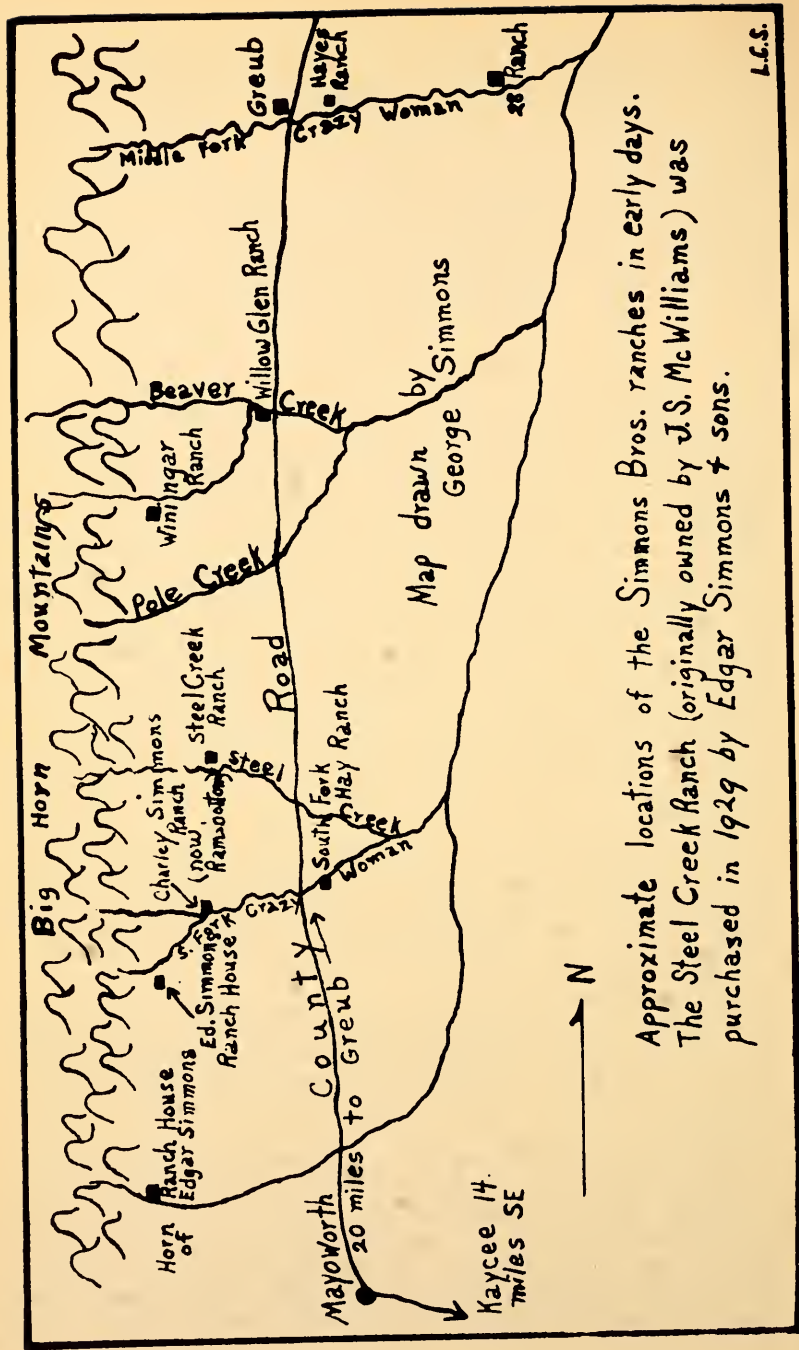
EDGAR H. SIMMONS - EARLY DAY FIDDLER

The old time fiddler and his medley of tunes has truly become an institution in the story of the West, and here we find much of the heart and soul of her people. Truth, tradition, history and thought are preserved in the ritual of song, and music has ever played a vital role in man's life—even if no more than an off-key whistled tune, it fulfills and gives expression to some need, deep down inside. Just as in medieval days the singing of ballads by the bard or minstrel was the chief entertainment of any group, so in the old ranch and bunk houses and around camp fires, after a hard day's work, the cowhands gathered round and sang songs telling of their adventures. Some of the airs were old ballad tunes they had known in their homes in the East, some were strictly traditional and of lost origin, but mostly they sang ditties made up as they went along, their themes taken from actual experiences of daily and nightly range routine, which were many and varied.

When following the trail herds, the chief danger was that of stampede, and in order to quiet the bedded-down animals and avert panic, they rode around the herd singing dogie songs or cattle lullabies. To keep them going on the trail, the cowboy used sharp rhythmic cries which developed into another definite type of western song.

All music is the spontaneous and sincere expression of the soul of a people; it's the simple expression of simple, everyday things; for all life is rhythm, and melody is only man's emotional response to nature (or life). As Byron, the poet, so ably said, "There's music in all things if men had ears; The earth is but the music of the spheres."

So the cowboys' songs became a part of the heritage brought up along the cattle trails by the Texas riders whose professed and constantly restated melancholy and longing for the ranges "back home" became the adopted and accepted themes of our rangeland songs. The cowboys' desire to be "somewhere else" was ceaseless; his restless, roving spirit, his wistful sadness and unfulfilled longings, his quiet resignation to the hardships of life lend a musing



Approximate locations of the Simmons Bros. ranches in early days.  
The Steel Creek Ranch (originally owned by J.S. McWilliams) was  
purchased in 1929 by Edgar Simmons & sons.

L.S.

mysteriousness (like life itself) to these songs, reflecting so well this brief, uniquely different era of history.

These elemental emotions were best expressed on stringed instruments and so it was that the violin became the medium, lending forceful sweeping charm to these old airs. Early day westerners cared little for the blending of musical instruments in harmony—all they wanted was melody and rhythm; and what sweetness, what sadness, what sheer joy could come forth from the strings of a violin, even in the hands of an amateur. One could ask nothing more in the way of musical expression; as J. Neihardt so aptly said, "O, let me be a tune-swept fiddle string." These old cowboy tunes lent themselves perfectly to dance tunes, as the country settled up and families arrived and dances began to be held.

While many a man could and did fiddle, few reached the peak of popularity held year after year after year by Edgar Simmons of Crazy Woman Creek. Edgar H. Simmons and his twin brother Edward S. Simmons arrived in Cheyenne from Monroe, Wisconsin, in March of 1881.<sup>1</sup> The first week after their arrival they spent assisting a man who had a contract to set out the first cottonwood trees in Cheyenne. Then they found jobs with the Searight Bros. Cattle Co., better known as the Goose Egg outfit, whose ranch was located on the North Platte River above Casper.

During the next years they worked on various roundups etc. covering all the country between Powder River and Laramie City. In the fall of '81 they took a job with a surveying crew, who were surveying the Rattlesnake Mts. country in central and southern Wyoming. This consisted mainly of locating water as near as possible to the center of possible town sites. The Simmons brothers also had the job of supplying wild meat for the crew, which was not at all difficult to do as the wild game of all kinds was plentiful everywhere. While on this job they carved their names on Independence Rock, using their surveyors chisels. Edgar's son, George, of Sheridan was delighted to recently find their names still there, plainly visible after all these years.

1882

E. H. and E. S. Simmons  
Monroe, Wisconsin

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1. The brothers were born in Green County, Wisconsin, November 8, 1858 and were sons of Charlton Jackson and Mary Allison Simmons, who were married at the ages of 19 yrs. and 16 yrs. respectively. Charlton was a native of Greenville, North Carolina, and Mary came from Lawrence County, Illinois, where her father, Samuel V. Allison, was a Baptist minister. C. J. Simmons became a farmer on a rather extensive scale, raising blooded horses and cattle. This raising of blooded livestock has been carried on in Johnson County by Edgar and his sons after him. The Simmons Brothers bulls were well-known throughout northern and central Wyoming.



Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Simmons



Edward S. Simmons (left) and Edgar Simmons, taken on their 80th birthday, Nov. 18, 1938.

Showing Simmons' new house and some pet deer.

*Courtesy Thelma G. Condit*

Edgar told of an early day experience while on a roundup in the Basin country near the Bay State Ranch, a big cattle outfit near Tensleep and, while it has nothing to do with early day dances, it is certainly worth a little space as being so typical of the times. It was in the fall of the year when lush, black-ripe chokecherries were thick on the bushes along the creek bottoms. One evening the roundup cook went to the creek for a bucket of water and discovered huge bear tracks in the damp ground in and around the chokecherry bushes, where the animal had been feasting on the berries. All the men were alerted and sure enough the next day a big, old, 1200 pound silver tip ambled out in front of some of the riders. The old fellow, being a smart one, had no desire to lock horns with the intruders and made a beeline for a small cottonwood grove nearby. The punchers untied their ropes and in a flash were after the bear, but were too late to catch him out in the open. The cowboys, ever ready for any diversion no matter how trivial or how dangerous, and always prompt to vent their often perverted sense of humor in some jokesters' prank upon some one of unproven valor, immediately selected the newcomer in their crowd to act as "bird dog" to go in and route the bear out. As expected the cowboy expressed reluctance, having no desire whatever to follow such a lead, and he was just plain scared to death. But common sense told him he really had no choice in the matter, if he expected to keep his self-respect, for at no time was a roundup a place for those weak of heart. So into the grove he went, slowly because of the thickness of the brush and the decided unwillingness of his horse to proceed. The bruin was tricky or apparently in no peaceful frame of mind. The cowboy didn't see him at first, as his attention was focused on trying to quiet his horse; and before he knew what had happened the bear had lunged and grabbed the horse by the hindquarters (thinking that by hanging onto the horse he could use him as a lever to get at the man). The cowboy turned around and shot the bear in the mouth with his six-shooter, and he kept on shooting until the bear let the horse go. The horse, a strawberry roan, was petrified with fear, and, while cruelly slashed, recovered but bore the ugly claw scars to the end of his days. And the cowardly cowboy was no longer a coward (outwardly, at least) and was treated with the utmost respect by all hands and the cook.

Edgar told of another time when he temporarily took a job as roundup cook. He said he never was much of a cook and didn't pretend to be one, but was surprised the very first morning to see that the fellows weren't eating their oatmeal. (Surely anybody could prepare oatmeal mush.) The boss finally remarked, and not unkindly either, "Edgar you might just try putting some salt in this stuff tomorrow." (Was that in the days before "salt cellars"?)

In June of 1886 Edgar and Edward filed on claims on the

South Fork of Crazy Woman Creek, where their older brother, Charley, had already established residence.

In the fall of '89, Edgar went back to his old home in Monroe, Wisconsin, where he operated his father's farm for a time. In December of that year he married Elizabeth Isely, and in the spring of '90 brought his wife to Johnson County, coming by train as far as Rock Creek Station (near Laramie). From there they traveled by team and wagon to the homestead on Crazy Woman, taking two weeks to make the trip. Here they took up residence and began the business of stock raising and also began to live the kind of life that endeared them to all who knew them or came in contact with them; for both this man and his wife possessed virtues rare and wholesome, so typical of that strength of character which has made our pioneer heritage one of integrity and enviable solidity.<sup>2</sup>

Their cabin, like all early day homestead shacks, had a dirt floor, which, thoughts to the contrary, was surprisingly easy to keep clean. The surface was just sprinkled with water and swept up.

Mrs. Simmons was another Julia Brock, in that her entire married life was spent in loving, unselfish giving of herself, not only to her family and neighbors, but to the whole community. Her fulfillment in life derived from making a real home and cheerful surroundings during the lean years of building up a cattle business and providing material and spiritual comfort for others heedless of the cost to herself in hours, days and years of endless hard work; all of which brings to mind Whittier's quotation, "God is, and all is well." She made you believe that way.

She raised a big garden, enough actually for six families because she always planned to share it with her neighbors, who were not so fortunate water wise and could not raise much in the way of garden produce. It wasn't at all uncommon for her tomato vines to yield a wagon load of tomatoes. One year their garden yielded a pumpkin weighing 100 pounds. Mrs. Simmons fed it milk. This was done by cutting off a long runner just beyond the blossoms and sticking this cut end into a pail of milk. It was surprising how much milk the plant thus absorbed through the stem; and how the pumpkins grew on that runner. Aunt Ida Vincent (Edgar's sister, who had married and lived in Buffalo) weighed only 98 pounds and they took a picture of her and the prize pumpkin which weighed more than she did. No visitor passed through but was welcome to load up with fresh garden

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2. To them were born 6 children, 5 of whom are still living: Clarence who lives at Fruita, Colo; Cora Taylor who lives at Grand Junction, Colo; Albert, deceased; Jennie Scott who lives at Clyde Park, Montana; George who lives at Sheridan, Wyo.; Stella Phillips who lives at Banner, Wyo.

stuff, which was always a rare treat in the early days, for the cowmen husbands, as I've mentioned before, had an aggravating, stubborn way of deliberately overlooking empty wood boxes, milk cows and gardens. Somehow they just didn't adjust to such tasks, and if the women folk weren't of the type who could go ahead with the milking, etc., the families just went without such luxuries; unless, of course, they were able to hire some old fellow to do it for them, which wasn't often.

Mrs. Simmons herself milked nine cows (this was while the rest of the family were busy putting up hay on the "lower place" and couldn't be home for chores) through the summer months, so she'd have enough cream for her year's butter supply. (They didn't milk many cows during the winter, only enough for the daily milk consumption.) She'd make up butter as fast as the cream accumulated and pack it in salt brine in stone crocks with a cloth tied securely over the top and store it in the milk box in the spring, which never froze in the wintertime.

Also she provided herself with jelly glasses by tying a heavy, paraffin-soaked twine around glass beer bottles, just below the neck, and touching a lighted match to the string. This burned all around and caused the glass to snap and crack and break off. The children liked to help with this, for it was such fun to hear the glass pop off. The jagged edge would then be carefully filed down to smoothness. Mrs. Simmon's tomato catsup was put in these containers, too, and sealed with paraffin.

Mrs. Simmons also was a fine seamstress. She could see some one wearing a dress and go home and cut a pattern just like it for her own use. Edgar once said, "Lizzie, if I hadn't brought you to Wyoming, you'd have been a fine seamstress in some big shop back East."

While Lizzie Simmons had very little formal education, she had an unusually adept mind. So accurate was her memory and so keen her sense of "figures" that she was really the family ledger; all important dates, like when a bank note was due, etc., she had catalogued in her brain and it seemed that the family had need of very little bookkeeping for this reason. Even when an old, old woman she retained this sharp mental quickness.

Another thing remembered about her was her happy disposition. She always hummed or sang as she went about her innumerable tasks; and if she'd stayed in the east she'd no doubt have been a part of the church choir; as it was she sang sweet lullabies to her small ones as she rocked them to sleep or soothed them in their childhood ailments.

At one time the switchboard connecting the north and the south part of the county was installed in the Simmons' home and Mrs. Simmons was on call night and day to relay telephone messages from party to party. She was the "go-between" for those on the north, or Buffalo line, and those on the south, or Kaycee,

Mayoworth and Barnum lines. Many important business matters were transacted over the phone as well as the usual multitude of little trivial neighborly messages, and, no matter whether her hands were in the bread dough, or the cake pan or dish water, Mrs. Simmons willingly and cheerfully attended to the switchboard, for which service she received no pay whatever. She had the use of the line to talk either way and felt that this was compensation enough, it being a great convenience at times to have such a privilege. When it came to accommodating people, Mrs. Simmons never once became impatient or felt imposed upon, for she did not ever resent doing anything at all that helped others. It was a "set-rule" that the switch was never to be left open, or connected (unless, of course, in case of life or death or some catastrophe) so she had to take the message and repeat it to the party on the other line.

During World War I at four o'clock p.m. sharp the latest war news was broadcast over the wires. One long ring was the signal alerting everybody. Some member of the family stood by Mrs. Simmons and wrote down the communication as she took it, and she in turn repeated it over the south line. Everybody took down their receivers and listened; and this daily bulletin was a big event in the lives of these isolated families.

Each family (or phone) had its own particular ring (like 4 short rings or 2 long ones etc.) which could be heard all along the line, and "rubbering" (listening in on some one else's call) became prevalent, especially among certain women of an inquisitive turn of mind. While often most annoying, this was quite understandable, for it gave them outside news and contacts that relieved the daily monotony and loneliness somewhat. Seldom did the females have a way or the time to gather for the repeating of things thus heard nor did it often become malicious gossip. The bad thing about it was that when too many receivers were down at one time it weakened the reception (as did bad storms and wind), and when this occurred the party using the line would ask the "listeners-in" to please hang up and they always did.

The Simmons had the usual run of visitors, some interesting and some just the usual "run of the mill," but no matter who or what they were they were always welcome and always fed. If an outlaw or member of Hole-in-the-Wall gang stopped, he was dined as lavishly as any one else and Mrs. Simmons felt no fear or apprehension, even when she and a houseful of little children were there alone, as they sometimes were, and some of the young ones sick, too.

A Mr. Landers, used to visit periodically. He was on the elderly side and wore a rather worn black suit, which was often dust covered from the road. He rode a thin old mare—she was so awfully thin she in fact seemed quite unfit for travel. Mr. Landers always stayed all night and the next morning right after

breakfast they'd all gather in the living room and Mr. Landers would read Bible verses and offer up prayers and they'd sing hymns.

Indians used to camp along the foot of the mountains below Winingars and one time when Edgar was returning home horse-back from Buffalo, he was stricken with a violent sick headache. By the time he reached the Indian camp he was ready to reel off his horse, so ill had he become. An old woman of the tribe immediately sensed his trouble and, tying his horse to a tree, urged him to come inside her tepee and lie down. With capable hands she felt of his eyes and burning forehead, and after making him comfortable, fanned her smouldering fire into life and brewed some sort of tea and had him drink the potion. Then making the cooled, wet leaves into two small compacts she laid them over his eyes, placing her fingers gently over his eyelids to hold packs in place. And in a short time, strange to relate, the headache had completely passed away.

All this time a young Indian maiden had hovered in the background smiling and showing concern for Edgar, and as soon as he sat up she ran to a bed nearby and, fumbling in among the covers, suddenly came up with some grimy cold boiled potatoes which she held out to him, making every visible sign that she wanted him to have them; but somehow they just didn't appeal to him in the least and he knew his refusal to eat them offended the girl very much. This troubled him greatly for some time to come, for he hated to make anyone unhappy; but the thoughts of taking even a bite of those soiled, unpalatable looking potatoes proved so repugnant to him that no other thing could enter his mind at that moment.<sup>3</sup>

During the early days wild game was plentiful and it provided not only meat for the family, but also diversion and a hobby as well. All the Simmons family loved and understood wild animals. They bring to mind a verse in a Sioux prayer, "Teach us to walk the soft earth as relatives to all that live." They did. One day the boys found a motherless doe fawn on the mountain and brought her home and raised her as a pet and called her Ruby. She was so sweet and gentle. At first she lived in a small pen by the house and was fed from a bottle. Then the boys built her a larger pen with a doghouse shelter. The next year they brought home a buck fawn and from this beginning grew a fine herd of deer, 13 or 14, and a large, fenced in pasture. In the wintertime the deer were fed hay and grain and they all became the gentlest of pets. In fact the Simmons ranch was called the Johnson County Deer Ranch (an article about this appeared in an issue of the Buffalo Bulletin) and people came from far and near to see the beautiful, graceful, affectionate creatures with their legs so slender and their feet so delicately formed they seemed more like pieces of ceramic art than real live flesh and blood capable of strenuous



Left to right: Jennie Simmons (Scott), George Simmons, Stella Jones (a teacher), and Clarence Simmons "Leaving to play for a dance at Barnum."



Edgar Simmons "Swiss" type house. (See old coat at left front on fence where wren built her nest.)



Front row, left to right: Clarence Simmons (son of Edgar), Charlie Brown. Back row: Edgar Simmons, Albert Simmons (Edgar's younger brother).

*Courtesy Thelma G. Condit*

swift bounding and jumping. Any member of the Simmons' family could enter the pasture at any time and caress and feed the deer, but strangers had to be very cautious. Just anybody wasn't allowed inside, for the result could have been dangerous. Wild things never completely overcome their fear of strange smells and strange movements.

Much could be told of the Simmons as a family and I think this quotation of Buxton's is most suitable when thinking of them: "The road to success is not to be run upon seven-leagued boots. Step by step, little by little, bit by bit—that is the way to wisdom—that is the way to glory." But the music they provided for early day dances is the thing most remembered. The same fine character, integrity and ability Edgar used in building up a fine ranch is shown also in the fine musical reputation he achieved. This was just as important to him as any of his other activities, and he felt duty bound, as did his wife, to give service to his fellow men, and for the most part free of charge out of the kindness of his heart.

Edgar said he did not play the violin—just the "fiddle", which brings to mind a story heard about an early day gathering where they were hard pressed for music. Present was a newcomer to the community, an elderly rather sedate sort of man, who, the cowboys knew, had a violin among his bunkhouse possessions; so they handed him a violin at this particular time and said it was up to him to furnish the music for the event. But the man kept insisting that he could not fiddle. When their persuasions had become slightly embarrassing he finally took up the violin and began to really pour out music, highly classical tunes, using all fingers and all strings in a great burst of eloquence. After a few minutes of bewildered listening a cowboy went up to the old man and said, tapping him on the shoulder, "Excuse me, sir, but I can sure see you meant what you said about not knowin' how to play a fiddle; you sure can't and that's a fact. There's got to be better music 'n that or this here gatherin' ain't goin' to be no dance. There ain't nobody, no matter how willin' could dance to that racket, it ain't even got time."

Not so with Edgar's music. He could play the fiddle and the violin, too, and nobody, ever, at any time found fault with his tunes, or felt that there was any difference between "fiddling" and violin playing. He played church hymns beautifully; in fact, any

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3. The Bob Arndts who live on the mountains above Kaycee had a pet fawn, too. He was allowed to run loose after he grew older; but he'd always, even when a two-year-old, come bounding back to the house when thirsty to get his drink of water from the bottle, no matter if he'd been walking along a mountain stream all morning. He considered himself a privileged member of the family at all times and would lie on the couch, sometimes curled up, sometimes stretched full length with his head on the pillows, as if that sort of thing was entirely in keeping with "deer life."

type of music he played found immediate response in the hearts of the listeners. He was just that kind of musician. He had learned when still a boy, as all his family were more or less of a musical turn of mind, and upon coming to Wyoming found that this particular talent stood him in good stead, since there were few musicians here at that early time. Dancing being about the only form of entertainment, a fiddler was much in demand. He and his brothers Edward and Charlie (1st and 2nd violins and cello respectively) started providing music for ranch house dances all around the country. Later their sister Ida joined their orchestra, playing a melodion (which was a small reed organ, supplied with air by a bellows worked by treadles.)

But it was Edgar and his violin who became famous from the Piney country in Sheridan County to the Buffalo, Kaycee, Sussex, Barnum and Mayoworth areas in Johnson County. Many times he traveled along horseback to these communities so that the people could have their dance. If the home afforded an organ or piano, whoever could would chord for him; and if no such one was available, he'd play alone all night after an all day's ride getting there and an all day's ride getting back home again the next day.

Mrs. Simmons made him a green felt sack for carrying his violin (he was most careful of it at all times) when he rode horseback to a dance. Two flour sacks were placed over this to keep off dust and dirt. When he rode in the buggy he took the violin case.

One time when going to a Barnum dance he decided to return a work horse to a neighbor on the way. With the violin held in place at his side by a strap over his shoulder, he climbed on his saddle horse, which was none too gentle, and led the work horse by a rope with a half hitch over his left hand. Everything went along fine until, for some unaccountable reason the strap came undone, letting the violin loose. Edgar went through all kinds of hasty maneuvers in an attempt to grab the violin, or at least break its fall, but was unable to hold it, and in the falling it hit his horse in the flank which, of course, spooked the animal. This sudden lunging forward tightened the rope on the work horse and Edgar was painfully jerked out of the saddle and dumped on the ground by the rope tightening on his hand. The work horse being of a calm turn of mind had just stopped and began nosing the sacked violin, undoubtedly puzzled as to its identity. Fortunately, and to Edgar's great joy, the instrument was in no way damaged, but Edgar was; the middle finger of his left hand was popped completely out of its socket and laying back on his hand. After a brief investigation there didn't seem much he could do to remedy the situation so, catching his saddle horse, he continued on his way. He did, however, stop at the first ranch house he came to and they helped him get the finger back in place as best they could. They wanted him to take time to soak the hand in hot water to

relieve the pain somewhat, or at least wait to have it bandaged and taped, but Edgar wouldn't because folks were depending on him for music; and just how, he wanted to know, could a fellow finger violin strings with a bundled up hand.

That night, as he played, the injured finger kept slipping out of place and he'd put it back time and time again. Finally, giving it up as a bad job, he kept right on fiddling anyway, using his other fingers, to all appearances as normal as ever, his philosophy being that the dance must go on in spite of one "no-good" finger. That's the way he was, his own temporary physical pain and discomfort being of lesser importance at the time. And so it was, if perchance a string broke beyond repair, he'd just go on with the strings he had—the main consideration always being, "the dance must go on." Which brings to mind a fiddler story from early day Platte County history, an incident which supposedly gave birth to the "Hartville Rag." A fiddler had played so hard and so long, so the story goes, that he'd worn out all his strings but one. However, being of an ingenious turn of mind, he remained completely undaunted and suddenly let loose with a musical creation of his own played over and over again on the last string. There wasn't much to it except rhythm and "go" and the enthusiasm of the man with the bow in his hand. So it was with pioneer people, they used what they had and had a good time anyway. Everything didn't have to be "just so". They were none too critical when in a merry making mood and made the most of everything they did.

If anyone was critical it was Edgar himself, but only in this one small way. If he saw dancers in the crowd not in step with his music, he'd stop and say, "Now, folks, let's all get together—it looks and feels so much better when we're all doing it together." "He was sure a crank on time," his son George said, "and everybody had to do the square dances right; if they got mixed up he'd stop his fiddling and go out on the floor and show them how it should be done."

Edgar was always very "persnickety," too, about how he looked. His mustache had to have a certain "just-right turn-up" on the corners, and everything about his person had to be neat and clean and "well-pressed." This held true in everything he did; even his handwriting. So painstaking was he with this that his signature never varied; it was always accurately, and neatly written, and even when he was an old man it never became uncertain and "shaky looking" like other peoples' often did. He took pride in doing things well; no time, he felt, was ever wasted no matter how much longer it took, if a thing was done right and as it should be.

When learning new dance tunes, he'd practise and practise until every part was well and thoroughly learned—no slipping and slurring over the strings and fumbling around to cover up a part

forgotten, or leaving out sections like so many fiddlers did (and still do). Each little note had its rightful place, and every piece he mastered from beginning to end and, once learned, never forgot.

Sometimes the song titles became confusing and when he wanted to connect a tune with a name he'd say, "Lizzie, how does 'such and such' start?" and from the bountiful storeroom of her mind, she'd hum or sing the first few notes for him and that was all he needed.

As soon as Clarence, his eldest son, was old enough Edgar taught him to play the cello, or bass fiddle, for accompaniment and the two of them played together for many years. When a little fellow Clarence would get so tired and so sleepy he felt as if he simply had to stop, for the fiddle bow was big and heavy and solid like a cane. He got so he could play automatically awake or asleep it seemed. He often felt that he'd missed a lot of fun as a young man because he didn't get to dance and make merry with the ones of his own age at these functions; he wasn't as dedicated to the playing as his father was.

One time when he was especially exhausted, a certain flippant young woman in the crowd flung out her full skirt and knocked his bow off the fiddle strings—and she kept doing this time after time, apparently thinking it very funny. When Clarence became convinced it was not an accident and that she was doing it deliberately, he suddenly became angry and, after the next mad sashay, he raised the bow and whacked her across the rump. Highly indignant she yelled out, no doubt amazed at the stoutness of the bow, and tried to make something of it; but no one paid any attention to her fuss and Clarence was very glad he'd hit her. He felt she had it coming.

Edgar taught all of his children to play as each became old enough. Stella, his youngest, said she looked forward eagerly to the time when she, too, would be old enough to go to help play for dances. It was a very exciting part of their lives. Edgar taught Stella to play the piano with two fingers on one hand and one finger on the other hand when she was almost too little to reach the piano keys. She chorded many years with her Dad and said, "I know you can play when you're sound asleep. You just go on automatically like a clock ticking; you've done it so much you get so you don't even have to think what you're doing. And I know I didn't make a mistake or my Dad would have poked me sure."

The children tell of many times they'd ride home horseback in 40° below zero weather, so stiff and so cold and so tired from the long ride that they'd get down on their hands and knees and crawl up the steps to the house when they reached home, by that time too "all-in" to even walk. This admission held no hint of complaint or grumbling or self-pity, it was the mere stating of a fact. This was one of the reasons they were endeared to the

hearts of the people. (I believe few if any dancing crowd ever realize how much the musicians give of their energy and time. Surely their contribution is much "under-sung.")

When they'd go to the dances in the wagon or buggy, they'd place a piece of marble in a quilt and put it at their feet. This marble would be heated very hot in the oven beforehand and it was surprising how long it held its warmth and how toasty-warm it kept a person's feet on a long, cold ride.

But of all the children it was George who followed most closely in his father's musical footsteps. While attending school in Buffalo he had both the opportunity and the inclination to take violin lessons. Through his knowledge of his father's old tunes many of them are now being tape recorded by Mrs. Olive Whitmire of Story and Vance and Sandra Sackett of Mayoworth, all of whom are vitally interested in preserving these old folk songs in their entirety. Many of Edgar's were never found in written form and George, with the help of other members of the family, is now attempting to splice together these old tunes so they'll not be forever gone and lost to posterity, a most commendable thing for him to be doing. George is now one of the group of the Sheridan "Shriners' Old Time Band," which has (and is) gaining much popularity all over the state.

No one but Edgar ever played some of the old-time waltzes, some of them beautiful old ballad tunes like "I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight" and "Frolic of the Frogs" and "The Waves of the Danube." The latter tune is full of minor chords and Edgar never found an accompanist who completely pleased him in the playing of this particular piece until he found Doc Mitchell of Kaycee (of whom we shall hear more in the next issue). He was a musician of no little talent and "put in a lot of little extra runs." He was more than just a "chorder," he understood minor keys, and how Edgar enjoyed playing this beautiful old waltz with Doc, and how much folks liked to waltz to the sweetly-sad tune. It was everybody's favorite waltz then.

The actual getting ready for a dance fell to the lot of the women of the household. All the "good" clothes had to be washed and starched and ironed the day before; bread had to be baked and meat boiled and ground up for sandwiches, and cakes had to be baked, for everyone attending contributed to the midnight lunch. Even the hair cutting of the male members of the family fell to the women, too. Not only her own men folks but the hired hands as well depended upon her to trim up their hair nice and proper.

Mrs. Fred Hesse, Sr. told of cutting the hair of one of the 28 cowboys, a young redheaded fellow whose hair was so heavy and so very curly it couldn't be cut in the usual manner. She had to pull out a small strand at a time and snip it off, and when she let go it immediately fell back into a nice little curl. She thought all

the while how envious the girls would be to see such lovely little curls on a man's head where surely they were entirely wasted.

This incident is told of another hair cutting where the "barbers-at-hand" were a rollicking bunch of cowboys from over the mountain. An old fellow from the Tensleep country showed up at the bunkhouse on the day before a scheduled dance and the fellows there decided he needed a hair cut. Being a rather cantankerous sort he flatly refused to submit to a hair cut, and the stuff was so grimy, it's doubtful if everyday shearers would have been able to do the job, anyway. So while he was glumly sitting on a tree stump out front smoking his ill-smelling pipe, a cowboy sneaked up from behind, threw a loop around the old fellow's middle and dragged him up to the hitching post to which he was securely snubbed. Then, dividing his long greasy hair into strands, which one by one he wadded up in little knots to where they stuck up "straight-out" all over his head, he stood back and slowly and deliberately shot them off one at a time with his six-shooter, to the deep amusement of the cowboys looking on. The old fellow never flinched; suppose he thought he was hopelessly outnumbered anyway and a sudden move could have sent a bullet whizzing into his cranium. Needless to relate, he did not attend the dance. He, right then and there, resaddled his weary old steed and rode off down the road with the cowboy's loud, coarse, carefree laughter ringing in his ears.

In 1914 the Simmons' completed their new, two-story house at the end of the Horn. It was a Swiss type building with porches upstairs and downstairs.<sup>4</sup>

The building was constructed sturdily, being built of logs with siding on the outside and plastered walls within, which made it warmer in winter and cooler in summer. The lime for the plaster was burned in a kiln around the end of the Horn. (There were several of these kilns in the mountains near gypsum or limestone beds, where the gypsum or limestone was burned to make the lime used in plaster and cement, etc.)

The dwelling had high ceilings and open stairways and a picturesque bay window alcove in the living room facing south where house plants thrived and bloomed the year round. Large, pot-bellied stoves were used for heating, the kind where large chunks of wood were put in from the top; and it was surprising how much heat was put out and how long a piece of log would burn and hold a fire in these big, flat stoves.

Visitors from the east often asked Edgar what the altitude was at their ranch, so once, just for the fun of it when a surveyor's crew

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4. Mrs. Simmons' family, the Isely's were of Swiss descent, arriving in Wisconsin directly from the old country. The family has a book of the Isely family tree which is most interesting and informative.

was nearby, he had them measure the altitude, and it was found to be just a mile high from the upstairs porch. A wonderful view of the country south and east could be had from this porch; the mesa was in plain sight and the Pumpkin Buttes in the dim distance. It was a fine place for taking pictures and an ideal one for watching visitors approach across the mesa road. Neighbors and others, too, were always calling on the phone and asking if "so and so" had gone by yet. Mrs. Lou Webb often worried when her daughter Anita didn't get home as soon as she expected (she usually drove her father to town) so she'd phone Mrs. Simmons and say, "Has Anita crossed the mesa yet?" So someone in the family would go out on the porch with a pair of fieldglasses and see what they could see. They could always tell Mae Gardner because she drove so fast; others could be recognized by their horses or gear and so on. It was rather exciting, this watching "traffic" on the mesa road, but it also consumed a lot of time in a busy day and was just another friendly, neighborly accommodation provided by the Simmons family.

One time when Edgar was working outdoors he became too warm and removed his coat and hung it on the garden fence. It was an old suit coat he had taken for everyday wear, and upon returning to the house for supper completely forgot his wrap, leaving it hanging by the collar on the picket fence. The next morning when he went to get the coat, he was surprised to see that a wee mama wren was building her nest in one sleeve, whose top hole was hanging there exposed within the folds of the garment. So Edgar quietly backed away, leaving the coat untouched; and there it hung year after year. And year after year the small, brown-backed bird with the vertical tail returned there and built her nest of twigs, grasses and stems and lined it with feathers and horsehair and laid in it her little brown spotted eggs. And year after year the Simmons folks watched the wrens and enjoyed their everlasting "busy-ness" and incessant sharp chattering.

When the big house was finished, they gave the customary big housewarming dance. The heavy double doors going from the living room to the front bedroom were opened and pushed back against the wall, and all the furniture from both rooms was moved out so ample dancing space was then uncluttered. All day long everyone in the family put all breakable and valuable things in dresser drawers and closets and places safe from children's fingers, which meant that for weeks afterward they'd be trying to find certain things tucked away, where no one could remember now. Homemade benches were placed against the walls where they'd take up as little space as possible. The small children were soon safely tucked in beds upstairs or laid on quilts piled in the floor corners where they slept peacefully through the long night, clothes on and all. For everybody for miles around came in a body, whether they were of the dancing crowd or not. Half grown,

shy offspring sat on the benches, usually too bashful to dance the round dances; but all joined in happily when it came time for the squares. Elderly folks came and sat around visiting and enjoying generally this getting away and doing something different. Grandma Gallerger from over Mayoworth way was there and everyone, especially the "small fry," were overwhelmed anew at her vast proportions, for she was very, very heavy set. Her bosom, due to her tightly corseted abdomen, stuck up and was thrust forward to such an extent that she could and did set her plate of sandwiches and cake on her "chest-shelf." She had no lap and, if she had had, it would have proved difficult to see over her bosom into a plate of food there. Setting her lunch on her bosom left her hands entirely free to gesticulate as she devoured her food and waved her cup of coffee about.

Whatever food was left over from the dance supper at midnight was eaten for breakfast the next morning, because those traveling considerable distances never left on empty stomachs. Food was as much enjoyed on such occasions as the dancing itself, and was always to be seen in amounts to satisfy the most ravenous appetites and the largest of crowds. Coffee was made in the scoured-out copper wash boilers. The coffee itself was put into tightly tied sacks and placed in the cold water. When it had boiled awhile the coffee was ready to drink.

While a night's pounding of feet on floors wasn't exactly good for them, no one worried about the floors being muddied and ruined for, like the folks dancing on them, they were made sturdy and durable and the womenfolk felt it to be no added burden to refinish or repolish afterwards. It was all a part of their very busy, full life.

Edgar Simmons had the distinction of playing for 25 consecutive years for the annual March 17th St. Patrick's Day dances at Kaycee. John Nolan, a burly Irishman of considerable means, gave these dances in way of a big celebration each year and they were looked forward to eagerly by everyone for miles around (more of these in next issue). Everything was free and the hall was amply and suitably decorated in Irish green. At first these affairs were held in the Griggs Hotel Lobby—that was before the town had a community hall. This time of year the weather was invariably bad and blustery and often the Simmons musicians (sometimes Edgar alone in later years) had a difficult time arriving on time; but it didn't really matter too much whether they came early or late, because the dancing went on indefinitely anyway.

When they arrived the Simmons were treated like kings. Their horses were stabled, rubbed down and fed; they were fed and had a hotel room free for their use where they could sleep until 11 o'clock next day if they so desired. Even though seldom receiving more than \$5.00 a night, Edgar felt amply repaid, for he felt it a great honor to be able to contribute thus to early day dance good

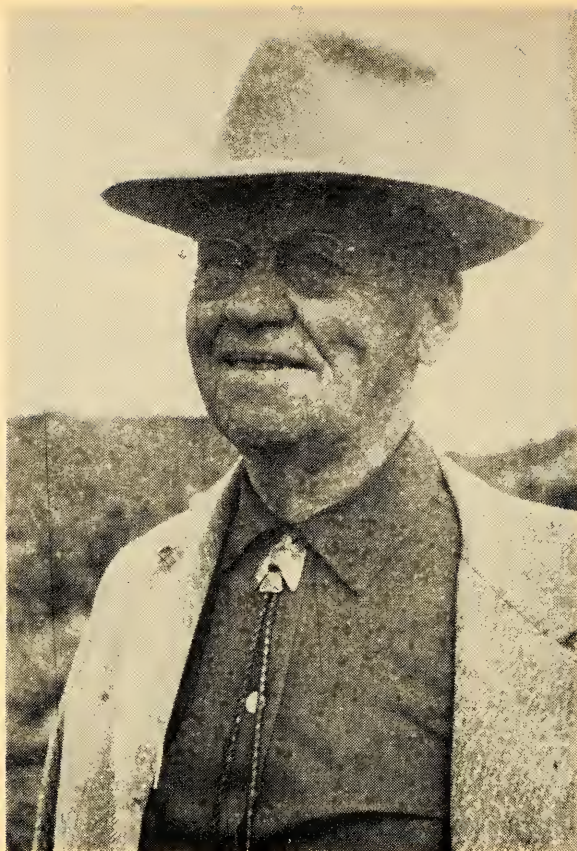
times; he felt a big responsibility, for he knew everybody really and truly wanted him to play.

And as the years went by Edgar simply wore his arm out playing for dances. Mrs. Simmons used to soak it in hot water all day before the dance and souse it with lavish amounts of liniment so he could manage to get through the night's playing, for even though long distances and bad weather caused him considerable personal hardship, Edgar never refused to play for a dance.

At one time in later years, when 70 yrs. of age, he won second place in the Old Time Fiddlers Contest held at Douglas, Wyoming, during the State Fair. Also once he played over the radio from station WLS in Chicago and another time from Henry Fields' station in Shenandoah, Iowa, gaining considerable renown. Everybody loved him and, remembering Edgar Simmons, I cannot refrain from quoting these lines from the French poet De Sales:

"Nothing is so strong as gentleness,  
Nothing is so gentle as real strength."

(to be continued)



## *In Memoriam*

LOREN CLARK BISHOP

March 4, 1887 - February 20, 1961

Wyoming lost one of her foremost citizens upon the passing of Loren Clark Bishop. His was a remarkable life of outstanding achievement both in his chosen profession of engineering and in his avocation of marking and mapping the historic sites and trails of Wyoming. His work remained unfinished, and it behooves those who follow to take up where he left off and carry his plans forward.

# *Overland Stage Trail-Trek No. 1*

Trek No. 11 of Emigrant Trail Treks

Sponsored by

WYOMING STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Albany County Historical Society and Carbon County Historical  
Society under the direction of Clark Bishop, Albert Sims and  
Lyle Hildebrand

*Compiled by*

MAURINE CARLEY, *Trek Historian*

September 17-18, 1960

Caravan - 34 cars - - - - - 75 participants

## OFFICERS

Captain.....	Lt. R. O. Galloway, Wyoming Highway Patrol
Assistants.....	Albert Sims, Clark Bishop
Guides.....	Lyle Hildebrand, L. C. Abbott, Willing Richardson
Wagon Boss.....	Dr. Robert H. Burns, A. S. "Bud" Gillespie
Historian.....	Maurine Carley, Dr. T. A. Larson
Topographers.....	H. M. Townsend, J. M. Lawson
Photographers.....	Neal E. Miller, Willing Richardson
Press.....	Lael L. Miller
Registrar.....	David Corthell
Cooks.....	Elizabeth Hildebrand, G. R. McConnell

NOTE: *Numbers preceding "M" indicate distances on the Overland Stage Trail northwesterly from Virginia Dale Stage Station.*

## **Saturday—September 17, 1960**

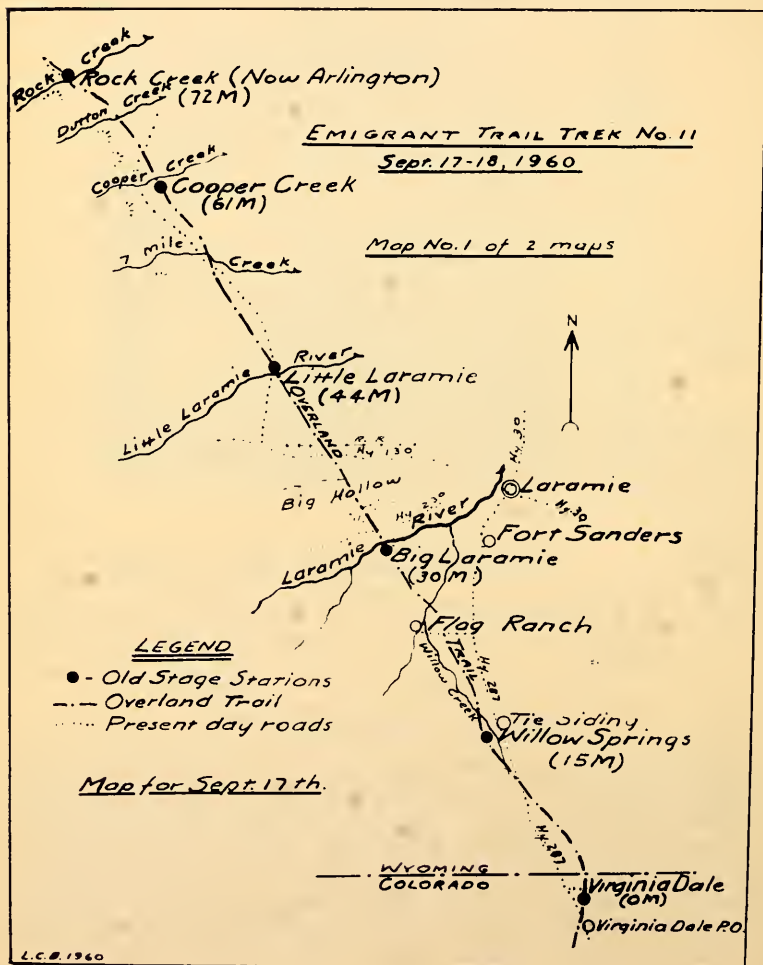
9:30 A.M. In spite of a dense fog, seventy-five well wrapped trekkers gathered at the old Virginia Dale Stage Station to retrace the Overland Stage Trail. After registering and appraising the exterior of the station, the party went inside. The squared-off logs have been whitewashed, brands have been painted as a border around the walls and relics of the past proudly displayed. The station is now used as a community house, so we were able to sit comfortably on sofas, rockers, or on ice cream chairs around

the wall as we were welcomed by Mr. A. H. Stark, the present owner of the place, following which two papers were read on the history of the area.

## VIRGINIA DALE STAGE STATION ON THE OVERLAND ROUTE

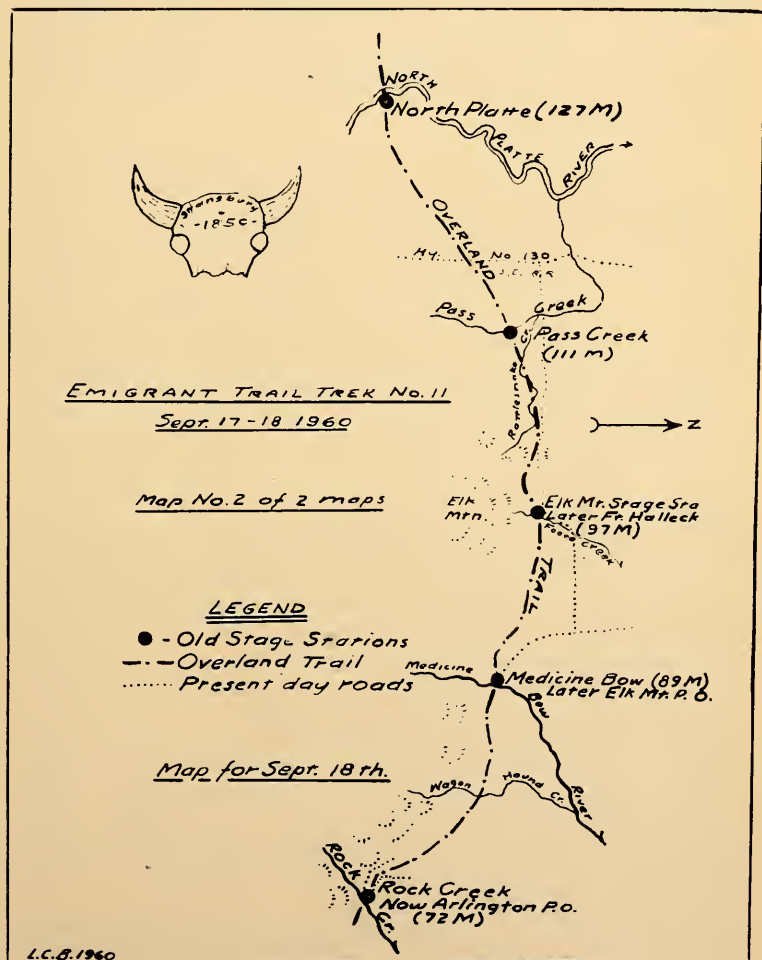
by Edith R. Williams

Virginia Dale, situated in a beautiful valley in the Black Hills (Laramie Range) of northern Colorado and southern Wyoming



and now a peaceful ranching community, was one of the most famous Overland Stage Stations on the Overland Route to California. Its name and fame spread from ocean to ocean by the stage travelers. National magazine writers and news correspondents described it in terms of praise and then again with awe and superstition.

In mid-1862 Virginia Dale was established as the first division point northwest of Denver when the Overland Stage Line moved southward from the Emigrant or Oregon Trail where stage property could no longer be protected from Indian depredations along



the northern trail. Joseph A. Slade, better known as Jack Slade, was appointed Division and Station Agent. He was transferred from the North Platte or Oregon Trail Route where he was known and recognized as the most efficient Division Agent on the stage line. It is said of him that he never failed to get the United States mails through on time on his division, and stage robbers and road agents had a great fear of him. The station house, stage stables, and other buildings at Virginia Dale were erected by Slade, and the old station, its walls scarred by bullet holes, is still standing on the site where it was originally located. Thus Slade was the first white man to locate in what is now known as Virginia Dale. He named the stage station "Virginia Dale" in honor of his wife's maiden name. Nearby, to the west of the station, is a well which in 1864 was dug sixty-five feet deep in solid granite. This well is still in use. The first shingles used for the stage station were freighted from St. Joseph, Missouri, at the cost of one dollar and fifty cents per pound.

Slade had the reputation of being a gambler and desperado, but he never neglected his duty as division and station agent. A strict disciplinarian, he never permitted his orders to be disobeyed or evaded. At times, when under the influence of liquor, he was a terror to his associates, a fiend incarnate. It is said he made Virginia Dale Station a rendezvous for gamblers and road agents.

To the east of the stage station is a high hill, Lookout Mountain, upon the summit of which Slade erected a stone lookout. Here he kept a watchman most of the time who could view the station and the plains far to the east and to the northwest. If the sentinel saw danger approaching the station, he would signal to the men at the station, thus often averting Indian massacres which have dotted the plains with graves of victims.

A mile to the northeast of the station lies Table Mountain, a mile long, a quarter of a mile wide, and quite flat on top. Its rim of shale rock and the perpendicular cliffs make it very difficult of ascent. By means of a very few trails can the top be reached. From its summit a clear view of the surrounding country can be obtained. This was the retreat chosen by the road agents who terrorized the stage line. It was an ideal hide-out as it was covered with abundant grass upon which horses could feed, and it has a small lake on top. In this "Robber's Roost," the gang built themselves a cabin and lookouts where they were safe from interference. It was quite generally believed that Slade was the leader of this gang, and while he performed his duties as station agent, he also notified the "Roost" when there was a particularly valuable shipment on its way. The reason for the belief was that the gang always seemed to know when and where to put their fingers on money, jewels, and liquors.

At one time during Slade's incumbency, sixty thousand dollars worth of gold being shipped by the government as several months'

back pay to the soldiers, never reached its destination. When the stage arrived at Virginia Dale, it was supposed to await an escort of troops from Fort Collins. The soldiers were late in arriving, so the driver started on, perhaps thinking a few minutes could not endanger the treasure. At this precise time the bandits attacked, but this time they were pursued by the United States cavalry. After the robbers were exterminated, the strong box that had contained the money was found in the creek, its top and bottom gone. The money is one of the supposed buried treasures of Colorado, and it is believed that the bandits hit it in the vicinity of Table Mountain before they were caught. In fact, it is claimed that the stage robbers, or road agents as they were called, made their headquarters at times at Slade's place on Dale Creek.

Slade remained in charge of the division for a little more than a year, and then was discharged by the stage company. His conduct during his drinking bouts became intolerable and the reputation of the station became so bad that the stage company was compelled to make a change.

When Joseph Slade left the stage station in 1863, he was succeeded by Robert Spotswood, a man of extreme courage and daring to undertake the hazardous duties of Jack Slade who was "recognized as the most efficient Division Agent on the entire line." Spotswood's friends almost tearfully bade him goodbye as he left Denver, saying, "Slade will surely kill you rather than leave his post." However, Spotswood wrote, "I arrived at Virginia Dale and told my mission. There was no wild outbreak on Slade's part. He bowed to the will of the Company without a word and turned everything over in good shape after making an accounting first."

Spotswood in turn was followed by William S. Taylor, noted for his foresight and ingenuity. It was during his incumbency that a warning came of an impending attack by the Ute Indians. With the supply of ammunition low and only a few men available for protection, a barricade was quickly thrown up at a narrow vantage point and surmounted by lengths of stovepipe arranged in such fashion as to resemble huge cannons. The Ute warriors, thus frightened by such an array of military strength, rode toward the Laramie Plains. Mr. Taylor's most gracious wife, fine looking and cultured, was also noted for her great tact and good cooking. It was at this time that the stage station became a refuge for women and children from the stage stations further west when Indian depredations became terrible during 1864 and 1865.

Mr. Taylor was followed at the station as agent by Mr. S. C. Leach, who still held that post in 1867 when the Overland Stage Line was abandoned on the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad to Cheyenne. Mr. Leach bought the property at that time from the stage company and lived in the station with his family for many years.

In order to protect the Overland Stage during the hazardous years of their operations a military escort was provided, first by the 9th Kansas Regiment of Volunteer Infantry and next by Company B of the First Colorado Volunteer Cavalry who took over their duties a short time later. Captain Evans brought his 11th Ohio volunteer cavalry to LaPorte to replace Company B. These veteran Indian fighters guarded the Overland stage line from LaPorte to the Laramie Plains in order to prevent white and Mexican bandits and Indians from attacking the stagecoaches.¶¶

Virginia Dale Station is marked by a monument erected by the Colorado State Historical Society and the Fort Collins Pioneer Society. Because the federal highway cut the famous old station off the main travelled road, the monument was erected on the new highway at a point three-quarters of a mile from the old station. As a good road leads directly from the site of the monument to the old station, directions are placed at the monument to guide people to the old station which is in excellent repair. Dedicatory ceremonies for the monument took place on Washington's birthday, February 22, 1935.

Mr. Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield, Massachusetts *Republican*, who was detained at the Dale with a party of famous men in 1865 because of Indian raids, wrote, "Virginia Dale deserves its pretty name. A pearly, lively-looking stream runs through a beautiful basin, of perhaps one hundred acres, among the mountains . . . stretching away in smooth and rising pasture to nooks and crannies of the wooded range; fronted by rock embattlement, and flanked by the snowy peaks themselves; warm with a June sun and rare and pure with an air into which no fetid breath has poured itself,—it is difficult to imagine a more loveable spot in nature's kingdom."

Contrasting as it did with many of the other stage stations whose natural surroundings were barren and ugly, Virginia Dale became at once a favorite camping place for emigrant trains for it was on the route from Julesburg and Denver which went west through LaPorte and Virginia Dale and followed the Cherokee or Overland Trail. During these years it was the only route emigrants were permitted to follow by the order of General Connor, Commander of the Department of the Platte because of the hostility of the northern Indians. Caravans often stopped at the Dale for days at a time to rest their weary stock. It was not an unusual sight to see fifty to one hundred emigrant wagons with their loads of human freight and merchandise in camp array.

To the southeast of the old station house and close to the main travelled road above where these wagons camped on the stream, there is a picturesque rock which has a perpendicular height of five hundred feet. One legend is told, explaining the name of the rock, in which a Cheyenne Indian warrior became enamored with a young Ute Squaw, but because of a tribal law of the Utes

that stated no member of the tribe could marry out of the tribe, he was refused her hand. Despairing of ever gaining consent of the Utes and seeing no way to escape the vengeance of their pursuers, they locked themselves in each others arms and leaped from the summit of this mountain and were dashed to pieces on the rocks below. This incident gave rise to the name "Lover's Leap" which still clings to the rock.

To the southwest of the station and on the opposite side of the road is a small cemetery in which there are three graves. One of these is that of a white man who, while out hunting, had killed a deer at no great distance from the station. While in the act of skinning his game, he received an arrow in the back which penetrated one of his lungs. Looking around, he could see no one. He mounted his horse and rode back to the station and told what had happened. Soon afterwards he died and was buried in the little graveyard. One of the other graves contains the remains of Mrs. S. C. Leach, whose husband bought the stage property from the Overland Stage Company and lived in the house and kept the post office for years. Who the occupant of the third grave is, is unknown. He may have been a victim of Slade's anger or a sick and weary traveler whom death claimed before he reached his journey's end.

The stage station was sold in 1885 by Mr. Leach to W. C. Stover. In 1895 William McNurlen moved in with his family as the next owner, living there until 1906. At this time Emil Hurzler bought the station and began homesteading on the land nearby. He built a house to the west of the station which now serves as the clubhouse of the Virginia Dale Home Demonstration Club. In 1914 Mr. Hurzler sold the old stage station to A. J. Lawson. These men served as postmasters during their years in the stage station. The Lawson family, in the spring of 1930, sold the property to Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Bashor who in turn sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Maxwell in 1943.

After the Overland Stage Company abandoned the stage line in 1867, it was not until the spring of 1872 that other settlers began to locate along the streams and establish homes. Among the first of these were Andrew Boyd, Isaac Stafford, and D. C. Young who took up ranches on the Dale that year while Moses Morrison and Peter Gealow established ranches on Deadman's Creek, a tributary of Dale Creek. The following fall Thomas Bishop located on Dale Creek a mile below the old stage station. These first settlers were soon followed by Joseph George, C. B. Mendenhall, W. H. Harriman, Milton McCain in 1874 and later Frank Kibler, N. T. Webber, and Fred Christman. Though not a complete list, it gives one the impression of how desirable this locality was in which to establish permanent homes and how quickly the population increased.

Other men who deserve mention as old timers in the Virginia

Dale region are William Richard Williams in 1868, William Maxwell and W. J. Logan in 1878. While these men established homes on the Upper Boxelder, Fish, and Dale Creeks, they and their descendants are a part of the social and progressive life of the community. It is easily understood that this first little band of settlers clung closely together because the danger from Indian raids was not yet passed, and they looked to one another for protection if a crisis of this sort should occur.

The first white child born in this community of Virginia Dale was Rachel Boyd, now Mrs. C. W. Webber of Fort Collins. The first wedding of the community was that of Kate Holliday, sister of W. H. Holliday, and Frank Kibler, one of the first white men to settle on a ranch on Deadman Creek. The wedding took place at the Holliday sawmill close to what is now known as the Green-acre place, at midnight, four hours later than scheduled, as the minister, Reverend Franklin Arnold of Laramie, became lost on his way from Sherman to the sawmill.

The first sawmill was located in 1873 at what is now the John Moen Ranch by N. T. Webber. Other sawmills were soon established and these mills helped many of the settlers to get a start. In 1885 Otis Wallace bought what is now the Schafer Ranch, and he is believed to have owned the first purebred Hereford bull in the community.

The first schoolhouse in the region was built in 1874 of hand-hewn logs, and school was held as soon as the building was completed. The building, in good repair, is still used, and many a Virginia Dale lad and lassie obtained their educational foundations here.

The first religious work done at Virginia Dale was the organization of a Sunday School in 1877. The church was first built as a Union Church near the home of W. H. Harriman in 1880. In 1883 this building was moved to its present location above Deadman Creek near the old Christman home and can be seen at the present from the highway. The religious activities have been many and of the utmost importance to the community. Today renewed interest is being shown, and the religious life and community activities nearly always are going hand in hand.

## MORE HISTORY OF VIRGINIA DALE

by

Mrs. W. J. Logan, Sr.,  
Livermore, Colorado

When I first saw the old Virginia Dale Station, it was owned by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lawson who had bought the property from Emil Hurzler in 1914. A porch ran the full length of the building. Mr. Lawson and his wife operated a general store and had a

community post office. They were very friendly and hospitable to the neighborhood people. During the influenza epidemic of 1919, Dr. Wilkins of Fort Collins came here and vaccinated the members of the families of the community. Afterwards a hot dinner was served to all those present by Mrs. Lawson and her sister Miss Mildred Clark now Mrs. John Moen. Mrs. John Moen recently told me of the survey of the countryside which was made in 1877.

Mr. Lawson later removed the porch and added a long, wide room which was used for dancing and neighborhood good times. A relative, Relly Allen, made the plaque which you see on the building with the information that the shingles were freighted from St. Louis, Missouri, at a cost of \$1.50 per pound.

The Lawsons sold their property in the spring of 1930 to Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Bashor, who continued to operate the business. When the course of the highway was changed and the building was no longer on the main highway, the Bashors sold to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Maxwell and built the present Virginia Dale store and post office. This sale was in January 1943. Mrs. Bashor told me that while she lived here she found a bone Indian needle which was used for sewing.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell gave the old house to the club women, and we remodeled it into our present clubhouse. We welcomed the neighborhood and club women to use the old stage station, and many different types of entertainment have been performed in it which include Christmas parties, literary meeting, Livermore Women's Chorus, colored movies, oyster stew suppers sponsored by the church and Sunday School, hymn singing, Easter sunrise services, graduation services for the 8th grade, neighborhood plays, box socials, pie socials, bazaars, etc. Community life continues to center around this building.

10:00 A.M. The fog lifted and we departed north on the old Overland Stage Trail which soon veered to the right between two hills, but we continued on a dirt road which was once the highway. After crossing the trail twice, we arrived at Tie Siding (15 miles).

10:25 A.M. Dr. Robert Burns pointed out the path of the trail along the hillside above the meadow to the south, and indicated the patch of grey sage which marked what Mr. Maxwell called the "Dirty Woman Station" about a mile to the southwest. This is the likely site of the Willow Springs Station which later may have been called the Dirty Woman Station. Its distance from Virginia Dale and the Big Laramie Stations is close to 15 miles which checks with the old maps Mr. Bishop has in his files.

10:35 A.M. After leaving Tie Siding, we travelled about two miles north and turned off, under the guidance of Gill Frazer, to traverse the trail for several miles on a high, grassy bench along the east side of Willow Creek with the beautiful Medicine Bow Range in the distance to the west. We left the trail just

south of Red Buttes, at the deserted plaster mill site, and continued on the Highway to Fort Sanders.

### FORT SANDERS—SENTINEL OF THE LARAMIE PLAINS by Mary Lou Pence

As we look over this site, decayed and neglected, it is almost impossible for us to visualize that it was once, and not so long ago, the foundation of Wyoming's proud sentinel of the southeastern plains.

Although its older sister, Fort Laramie on the Oregon Trail, was far more famous in playing an historic role to the Pacific-bound emigrants, yet unquestionably Fort Sanders was of equal importance in the actual settling of Wyoming. (Fort Sanders was guardian of the so-called Overland Trail including the Denver-Salt Lake, and Lodgepole Creek branches. It was protector of the Union Pacific tracklayers, and its uniformed soldiers escorted Ed Creighton's second telegraph wire stringers. Its very presence in this frontier region made possible the establishment of communities and isolated ranches.)

(For the story of Fort Sanders let us turn the pages of history. In the early 1860's, the Sioux were warring savagely on the wagon trains along the Oregon Trail. The route was becoming more and more dangerous, and Ben Holladay, the kingpin of the Overland Stage Company, decided to chart a new route to the south, following closely the old Cherokee Trail and through the lands of the friendly Shoshone.

But the determined Indians, bent on stopping the invasion of the white men, followed the rocking and rolling stages to the new trail. Here they found more lucrative prey, for the Lodgepole Creek branch also passed this way. Therefore, in 1866 with these precarious conditions prevailing on the Laramie Plains, it became expedient for the United States government to establish a garrison as near as possible to the junction of the two roads. Commanding General Pope decreed the new fort should be named Fort John Buford, and he detailed Captain Harry Mizner to select its location. The orders also included the dismantling of Fort Halleck near Elk Mountain and the transporting of these materials to the new site. From abandoned Fort Collins, Colorado, should come the commissary stores. Soldiers were dispatched into the Laramie Black Hills to assist in obtaining timbers.)

Before the building of the Fort got under way, however, Captain Mizner locked horns with the Overland Stage officials. Ben Holladay demanded an exorbitant toll for the moving of military wagons and materials over his road. Since the proposed garrison was for the protections of the stagecoach king's route, it defies imagination as to why Holladay took this course. But he did, and the outraged Army captain requested from his superiors

judicial exception to the original order to locate the post six miles east of the Overland Trail. This was the beginning of bad blood between the Overland ranchers and the soldiers. Early government reports are filled with incidents of the ranchers frisking away the Army livestock in retaliation.

(By June the reservation was staked out, and the buildings were going up at Fort John Buford, but in September 1866, the name of the Fort was changed. A post in Montana had earlier been christened Buford, and so the bastion on the Laramie Plains became Fort Sanders in memory of Civil War hero General William P. Sanders who lost his life in 1863.)

(The military reservation was nine miles square and included, but exempted from military authority, Laramie.) To the south it extended to Red Buttes and included what is now the fish hatchery. Hayfields, too, were within its confines, and one of these, claimed by the Overland Stage Company, was cause for further grievance.

In October of the first year the little cemetery came into being. Sergeant John Sherry was killed by Indians and a monument was erected. It was not long before more graves were added, for the ambush attacks by the Indians were constant and continuous.

Before Fort Sanders was one year old, it came into prominence as the first county seat of Laramie County, a subdivision of Dakota Territory. It held this title until January 3, 1868, when Laramie County was divided and Cheyenne, child of the Union Pacific Railroad, took title to the eastern division, and South Pass became county seat of the newly created Carter county, western half.

(During 1867 a telegraph office was established at Fort Sanders,) and for \$2.90 ten words could be sent to Omaha.

With the progress of the Union Pacific Railroad through the territory, more soldiers were needed, and what was intended to house four companies of soldiers, now was enlarged to accommodate six companies. In 1868 the guardhouse (its ruins still remain at the site) with a prison room was built. This edifice was much used by Laramie's first sheriff, N. K. Boswell, for the town of Laramie in its early days had no jail. At one time Boswell locked up over forty desperadoes in the prison room.

That famous Hell on Wheels newspaper, the *Frontier Index*, was published from a box car sidetracked at Fort Sanders. Its publishers, Fred and Leigh Freeman, began here their ballyhoo for the name of the territory "Wyoming."

The Fort in no time grew to impressive proportion. Soldier Creek ran past the grounds heading toward the river, and water was channeled through the rear yards of the officers' quarters, the parade grounds, and barracks. Old Glory waved from the flagstaff above an oasis of green grass. Trees, too, were planted.

A typical scene of the 1870's was the buggies drawn by spanking

groomed horses filing through the archway toward the fort. Blue coated officers received the citizens of Laramie and adjoining ranches.

The Fifth Cavalry Brass Band played for the Sunday evening concerts. The Fourth Cavalry String Orchestra provided music for the gala balls staged at the Fort. Tucked in the scrapbooks of many of those Wyoming belles of that day are invitations to these festive affairs. The stables at the Fort were well stocked with fine mounts for riding parties. The big pond was a swimming pool by summer and a skating rink in the winter. A dramatic society and a theater provided culture.

The twenty-five acre stockade itself was impressive. There were three quartermaster houses, officers' quarters, a blacksmith shop, a sawmill, shoemaker and tailor shops, three commissary stores, thirteen sets of wash and laundry quarters, a hospital—built first of logs and then frame addition with four wards—, and two sets of cavalry stables. The pride and joy of the Fort was the latest patent oven which could put out 350 loaves at a time.

There was the seamy side of Fort Sanders, too, when the rail-rovers and the soldiers clashed on paydays in town—the rail-rovers usually the champs. Charlie Hopkins, whose wife was Margaret Mandel, has recalled for me many interesting incidents of the old days of Fort Sanders. Phil Mandel was one of the contractors for hay and timber to the post. Mr. Hopkins' own family, the Von Begals, lived on Second Street and each payday these houses were targets for the hootched-up soldiers. "Our windows were regularly broken by the enlisted men throwing stones at them on those nights they'd had too much to drink at the Halfway House," he said.

Many famous people stopped at Fort Sanders. In 1869 President Grant met with officials of the railroad to discuss gradation of the roadbed. Generals Sherman, Sheridan, and Potter as well as Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill Hickok, traders, trappers, and friendly Indians sought its shelter. According to Calamity Jane, she, too, was stationed here in 1871-72 after her campaign with the Army in Arizona. The last important group was a party of hunters from General Narry's New York *Tribune* in 1881.

During the Ute uprising in Colorado several companies were ordered from the garrison to rush to the aid of Major Thornburg.

By 1882 the need for the post was considered ended. The Indians had been put on reservations, settlers were taking up land, and Wyoming was on the verge of casting off the symbol of wilderness. Since the government could no longer keep two forts, and the political pressure was on in favor of Fort D. A. Russell near Cheyenne, the Laramie Plains garrison was done. (On May 18, 1882, the commandant received orders to abandon Fort Sanders, the troops stationed here were ordered to Fort D. A.

Russell. A handful of soldiers remained under Lieutenant John Scott to make disposition of the public property.)

One by one the buildings were torn down or moved away. At least two found foundations in Laramie. Colonel Donnellan transplanted the elaborate officers' quarters to Sixth and Grand where it continued to remain in the limelight. Eventually it became the town's hospital and then a sorority house. It was razed last year to make way for the new Safeway Store. The one remaining building is the Wesley Club on the corner of Fifth and Grand.

In 1889 a portion of the reservation was deeded to the State of Wyoming, and this today is the site of the fish hatchery. A few buildings remained, but a fire in 1924 claimed some, and again in 1936 the historic old guardhouse prison room went up in flames. Only the ruins of the two small buildings remain to mark the site of this once famous fort.

In 1914 the Jacque Laramie Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution sponsored a Memorial, erecting a marker at Fort Sanders. This was staged July 1914, and Governor Joseph M. Carey gave the principal address. In the unveiling he said: "A state can never comprehend how much it owes its pioneers and it is most fitting that those who came after should be reminded of the hardships of the first people who penetrated into a new uninhabited land. This marker is placed on a spot where there assembled as many heroes as ever were together on any spot in the world." A fitting tribute to the sentinel of the Laramie Plains.

12:15 P.M. The Overland Trail Trekkers left Fort Sanders under a typical Wyoming blue sky and drove to the Flag Ranch which was one of the pioneer ranches on the Laramie Plains.) In 1871 Bob Homer, a Bostonian, stopped off in Laramie on his way to California and became so captivated with the place that he decided to live here. Everything he touched prospered. His holdings were the largest, his corrals and barns the biggest, and "the big House or Homer's Castle" became the talk of the Plains. This two-story, log house had cupolas, balconies and twenty-one rooms filled with priceless furniture from Europe. Above it waved a big American flag. Unfortunately the castle burned to the ground in 1933.

However, we were able to see the "yellow buggy" which had made many trips, drawn by four spanking horses, to Laramie nine miles away. This custom-made vehicle is a rich, yellowish brown with folding seats and an entrance from both front and back. It is in perfect condition and should be in a museum and not in an old barn. There, also, we saw a copper contraption which was probably the first washing machine in the state. The place now belongs to the Pitchfork Ranch in Texas.

12:50 P.M. With L. C. Abbott as guide, we drove for miles

through native hay meadows to historic Hutton Grove where we had a bountiful lunch together under the trees.

A short distance from the grove stand the buildings of the Hutton or Heart Ranch operated by Mr. Abbott. The old bunk-house, a hundred feet long, a hundred years old and sway-backed, is still in use. The blacksmith shop dates back to its Overland Stage days.

This ranch was an important one in the 60's as it stood near the Big Laramie Crossing of the Overland Trail.

After Mr. Ed Creighton had completed his telegraph line across the West, he returned to the Laramie Plains accompanied by Charley Hutton and Tom Alsop who established this ranch. It is typical of ranches in the area as the buildings are unpainted and look old, which they are. Entering the house we had a great surprise, as it was modern, well furnished and cozy with bear rugs and an old pot-bellied stove from Fort Sanders. Sparkling cut glass and fine antiques were proof of the comfortable life of the family.

2:35 P.M. Back on the highway we passed an OVERLAND TRAIL marker as we rode toward Jelm Mountain. Leaving the highway we had a real taste of trail life as we bounced over salt sage, which may be good for cattle but not for travelers. We saw nothing for miles in any direction but native buffalo grass waving in the wind. A little excitement was afforded as the cars crossed the Lake Hattie Canal, a dry ditch with perpendicular sides.

Several shafts marked O. T. were placed along this route. How Lyle Hildebrand, our guide, found his way from marker to marker in that open country is still a mystery.

3:45 P.M. Arrived at the Mandel Ranch (43 M) which is proud to display an old blacksmith shop made in the careful manner of long ago with perfectly fitted dovetailed corners. It had been moved from the Little Laramie Stage Station many years ago. Dr. Burns said that the log work was high class and that Mr. Mandel made the first recorded filing on land in the Laramie Plains in 1864 when Wyoming was still part of Dakota territory. The big house stood empty and deserted.

Mr. Mandel was stage master in the 60's at the Little Laramie River Crossing of the Overland Trail route. That station first stood on the flats of a dry knoll above Brown Creek about one-half mile away. (It was moved to Mandel's first ranch on the Little Laramie and then to its present location.

4:20 P.M. Arrived at the Little Laramie Stage Station on Brown Creek (44 M). We walked down to see the old crossing a short distance from the buildings.

The Overland Stage Station on the Little Laramie. The Mandel Ranch, Now the

W. H. LAWRENCE RANCH

by Amy Lawrence

Phillip Mandel, a native of Alsace, France, built a crude log cabin on or near this location. How lush this valley must have looked to its first settlers, abounding in all kinds of game, hidden by or at least belly deep in rich grass. Maybe he even came in the fall, about this time of year, when valley grasses were turning to a rich autumn gold, and the air caressed him coolly while the sun warmed him.

Mr. Mandel joined the United States forces against the Mormon Rebellion in Utah. It was during this trek that he made arrangements to utilize his homestead on the Little Laramie as an Overland Stage Station on the new Overland route out of Denver. Mrs. Al Pence reports in her article in the *Laramie Boomerang*, July 10, 1960, that ("While in Salt Lake City he met Overland Stagecoach Kingpin Ben Holladay, and entered into an agreement to assist in starting the new subsidiary to Oregon across the grass rumpled Laramie Plains.")

(In 1864 Mr. Mandel made one of the first homestead entries in the Dakota Territory for this quarter section, NW¼ 2-16-76, establishing title to the first of the three Mandel ranches. Like several other pioneer ranchers and traders, including Jim Bridger, Mr. Mandel bought weary, footsore cattle from travelers or traded for cattle which were rested and fattened, thus gradually accumulating a small herd of cattle in the valley.)

It was also here that the first hay was cut. According to *Wyoming's Pioneer Ranches* by Burns, Gillespie, and Richards, he sold hay to the government at Fort Sanders for \$30.00 a ton. No wonder it took the annihilating winter of the 1880's to induce Wyoming ranchers to feed hay. Today, in a bad drouth year, hay is selling for about \$30 a ton delivered, and cattle are worth twenty to fifty times as much as in 1860.

(Indian raids were common here as at most stage stations. Mrs. Pence reminds us that the Laramie Plains were sacred hunting ground and relates that Mr. Mandel had several close shaves while looking out for his cattle and that his hay crews were under an armed guard. Mr. Mandel reported in his records one particularly close call while gathering his milk cows. He was afraid to fire his single action rifle. While awaiting the Indian's next move, a troop of cavalry showed up on their way to Fort Halleck near Elk Mountain.)

I, for one, hardly blame the Indians. The hunting must have been wonderful. We still have deer, beaver, ducks, martin, and weasel. The entire valley is a winter haven with wonderful brush

shelter, and the meadows that supplied hay one hundred years ago are still some of the richest and most productive in the West.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Mandel was "one of the best liked pioneers of the old West. . . . his station was known from ocean to ocean and emigrants he befriended frequently noted in their diaries his many kindnesses. These acts of charity ranged from 'free meals' to 'free plots for burial.'" These graves are now lost, for none of the pioneers that I have ever visited with have mentioned any graves in the vicinity. We do not know the exact location of the buildings used for the stage station.

The Folsters, who at one time lived here, built a cabin south and east of this house on a greasewood knoll, a location sometimes mistaken for the original station. However, this site is not in the original homestead. There is not a log or stone to indicate there was a building here, and this small creek flows only part of the year.

It is entirely possible that our present home is the old stage station. When we moved here in 1938, this was an old log building including the west end through the kitchen. The logs were flat, hand-hewn, without mortar, much the same construction as the old blacksmith shop which is known to have been on this ranch. In addition, this house was entirely put together with handmade nails. My antique books indicate handmade nails were not made commercially after 1840. The house was in bad enough shape to have been old enough to be the stage station. The first winter, when the wind blew, we had to make certain the furniture was sitting on all four corners of the linoleum in the kitchen as the wind raised it in waves and billows.

It has been reasonably well established that the river crossing used by the trail travellers was probably the crossing a little south and east of the ranch buildings which we still use. It seems almost certain that this was the main crossing for several reasons. First, it is the best year round crossing, and the oldest for several miles up the river. Second, it is the only crossing on the original quarter section which was homesteaded. Third, it agrees with an official map of the Overland Trail which shows the trail cutting diagonally across this quarter section, crossing the river just below the forks.

The trail was, of course, like all the early wagon trails, very wide, as the travellers sought to avoid the deepening ruts. There are trails cutting through the meadows of both section 1 and 2 east of us and some in section 3 on our west which is another part of the Mandel ranch.

There were three Mandel ranches according to Mr. Thees, a Laramie pioneer who worked for the Mandels. Phillip and his brother George lived here first and then moved to the Miller ranch. In 1881 Phil built the ranch about two miles to the south where the old blacksmith shop is located. His brother George retained ownership of this ranch, and the first item on our abstract

dated 1883 is in his name. In 1887 he lost the ranch to Ludolph Abrams on a bad debt, and it became known as the Abrams ranch.

I have been unable to determine the part that the second Mandel ranch, or Miller ranch, played in the story of the Overland Trail, and since so little seems to be known, I have agreed with Mrs. Coykendall to give a brief history of this ranch.

The present stone house, the Swift-Miller home, is probably a part of the original Mandel holdings, although the land records show that the Mandel homestead was on section 4-16-76 and the house stands on 3-17-76. This homestead patent was issued in 1877 and was a part of the ranch known as the Puls ranch.

It is probable that the Miller ranch played an active part in the Trail because just north and west of the house are wagon tracks, deeply worn in a sandstone outcropping in the hill. At the time when the Lawrences moved to this ranch, the old stone house was arranged in such a way as to indicate that the house had been used as a hotel at one time.

4:45 P.M. We left the Lawrence ranch and travelled across the open prairie. At one place a ditch had to be dug out so the cars could proceed. As dusk began to fall we passed a big stone monument set on a hill. This is the burial place of Clement Bengough, a titled Englishman who preferred his sod-roofed house in Wyoming to a castle he inherited in England. He always rode a spirited horse, and he never opened a gate but hurdled it. This first known dude in Wyoming, being a scholar, once absentmindedly wrote a check in Latin.

6:10 P.M. Arrived at the Cooper Cove Ranch near the old Cooper Creek Stage Station, in a lovely quiet valley.

## SHORT HISTORY OF THE COOPER CREEK AREA

by Mr. A. S. Gillespie

To locate ourselves I will point to the prominent landmark, Cooper Hill, which can be seen over the major portion of the Laramie Plains. This hill has an elevation of 9230 feet. I think it was named along with Cooper Creek and Cooper Lake after one of the firm of March and Cooper who owned a large land and cattle empire.

At one time Cooper Hill was a mining center for gold, silver, and copper, and the real promoter at one time was B. W. Towner. Enough mineral was mined to warrant building a stamp mill which remained intact until late years. There were sufficient miners and mail for the federal government to establish a post office which was named Morgan after the prominent cattleman George Morgan, Sr., who was at one time manager of the Wyoming Hereford Association, now the Wyoming Hereford Ranch, and the Douglas Willan Sartoris Company. Most of this activity was around the turn of the century.

(The Overland Stage Station which operated in 1862 was located about three hundred yards below this barn on northeast  $\frac{1}{4}$  of west west  $\frac{1}{4}$  section 20, Township 18 North and Range 17 West of the 6th principal meridian. I think evidence of the old foundation of the springhouse can be found. This site was known as the Cooper Creek Crossing. The people who first operated this station were named Cassidy. Later to supplement their income, they milked cows and hauled their dairy products every two weeks to Laramie and peddled it out. Cassidys were not title holders of the land but had only squatter's rights.)

The elderly couple Cassidy came back to Albany County and visited this ranch in 1916. They gave much of the early history of the ranch at this time.

The Cassidys told my sister of the incident when a man named Luger who ran sheep on Dutton Creek was murdered by the Indians. His body was slashed and mutilated as well as being scalped. His body was buried on the ground now occupied by the present oil rig and buildings. The site of the grave was lost when the excavation was done by the oil company.

Luger's wife, under the cover of darkness, was able to escape the Indians and found her way into the stage station. After murdering Luger, the Indians passed by the stage station where the Cassidys lived.

Mrs. Luger was a nurse. She left Montana and went to Denver where she met and married Luger. After his death, she met and married James Dougherty of the Little Laramie. Burt and Ollie Wallis own that ranch today.

Dr. C. Latham, who was the Union Pacific Railroad physician and surgeon when the company built into the Laramie Plains, realized the cattle raising possibility of the country. He formed a partnership with H. W. Gray and Charles A. Lambert, and they invested in cattle. The first brand certificate that was issued in Albany County went to Dr. C. Latham, October 21, 1871. The brand was a barbed arrow on the left side or shoulder.

During Dr. Latham's operations in the cattle business, he had a camp for his riders just east of that grove of trees to the south. The cabin remained until recent years. That camp was located in northeast  $\frac{1}{4}$  of section 30, township 18, north and range 77, west of the sixth meridian. The chief headquarters for his outfit was located on what is still known to this day as the Latham Bottoms which is on the east side of the river south of Bosler and up the river.

Nancy Filmore Brown, wife of the late Judge M. C. Brown, described Dr. Latham as a most interesting character. He was a tall, erect person, full of anecdotes and a charming talker, and a man of culture and education.

The Laramie *Daily Sentinel*, August 7, 1870, page three, describes the Latham outfit, thusly: "Dr. Latham and his company

have the finest drove of cattle of all the thousands which have been located in this valley. We say finest because there is, we believe the most money in them. Out of about 3000 head there are nearly a 1000 calves, which are not reckoned in the purchase, and may be said to have cost *nothing*. The balance are nearly all cows, yearlings and two-year-old cattle. It is a class of stock which is to enrich the country and stock-grower."

About 1887 a tragedy occurred to the east of that grove of trees. A man by the name of Embree was caught in a stealing affair. E. L. Dixon, the man who first settled this ranch, furnished the convicting evidence which convicted Embree. Embree threatened Dixon and said he would get even with him when he served his time in the Joliet prison which boarded and housed the Wyoming prisoners. E. L. Dixon was warned and kept a constant watch out for Embree. Finally he saw him coming on foot toward that grove of trees. E. L. Dixon concealed himself in the trees, and when Embree came within rifle range, Dixon fired and Embree fell dead. Dixon was cleared as he was acting in self defense. Embree was buried to the east of the grove of trees.

One of the first rural schools was established on this place during the time the ranch was occupied by the first permanent settlers, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Dixon. The house stood back in a little park about four hundred yards below the barn. A man by the name of Anderson or Adams was the first teacher.

The first dude in Wyoming lays in his grave east of the road we came in on and west of what is known as the Bengough Hill. His name was Clement S. Bengough. He chose that hill overlooking his ranch for his final resting place. A steel fence encloses the grave and headstone which gives the date of his birth and death. There is a little verse inscribed on the stone which I quote:

"This is the verse you grave for me:  
Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor—home from the sea  
And the hunter home from the hill."

Robert Louis Stevenson.

6:30 P.M. It was dark by the time we left Cooper Cove, and the lights of the cars formed a brilliant procession as we wound our way to McFadden. From there on we dodged oil wells and tanks scattered along the road, finally arriving in Arlington (72 M) at 8:00 P.M., two hours behind schedule. Everyone showed true pioneer spirit and quickly bedded down for the night, tired but happy.

### **Sunday—September 18**

Caravan - 30 cars - - - - - 100 participants

7:30 A.M. A hearty breakfast of cakes, eggs, bacon, and

coffee was enjoyed in the cool, crisp air. While some cleaned up camp, the rest visited an old cemetery nearby where they found only one marked grave, that of R. Brown, August, 1881.

8:00 A.M. Everyone reassembled for a paper.

## WELCOME AND HISTORY OF ARLINGTON

by L. E. Dixon

I wish you Emigrants a late welcome. Instead of hoping you had a good rest, I better say, I am glad you all survived.

Arlington, the spot where we are now assembled, was formerly called Rock Dale. This property was part of the Alvy Dixon estate to which Mrs. Rose Mary Dixon, widow of Alvy Dixon, fell heir and is still occupied by her during the summer. Alvy Dixon, pioneer cowman from the Laramie Plains country, rode into the country in 1881 with a pack horse, bed roll, frying pan, and six-shooter.

In 1914 Mrs. Inez L. Kortess and Mrs. R. D. Meyer of Carbon County each donated the sum of \$50.00 for the erection of this monument, the style of the stone identical with that which marks the site of old Fort Halleck.

This is the site of the old Rock Creek Crossing on the Overland Trail, used in the 1860's.

Indians were the first to make use of this beautiful spot. Then came the fur traders, the explorers, gold hunters, and the covered wagons en route to the California gold rush.

The first recorded travelers on what is known now as the "Overland Trail" were General William H. Ashley and a group of trappers who came this way in 1825. General Ashley organized the Rocky Mountain Fur Company in 1822 and is credited with putting the trapper on horseback. Previous to this time trappers going to the Rocky Mountains used boats to navigate the Missouri River. In 1824-25 Ashley opened up a route that followed the Platte River which could not be navigated, making horses an essential item of travel. While General Ashley and his associates were acquiring fortunes, their trappers were constantly exposing themselves to grave dangers. It was estimated that three-fifths of the trappers for Ashley's company were killed by the Indians. In spite of all difficulties, the trappers in 1832 shipped about \$175,000.00 worth of furs.

Most of the people going west, in the 1840's and 1850's however, used the Oregon or Emigrant Trail through Fort Laramie and South Pass and the Mormons and Argonauts as well as the Pony Express used this route. It was not until the 1860's that the Overland Trail became an important route to the west coast. The Indians along the Oregon Trail became such a threat that the travelers started using the somewhat safer road to the south.

The Overland Trail came into Wyoming at Virginia Dale and

kept a southern route through the Laramie Plains, Arlington, Elk Mountain and on to Fort Bridger in the western part of the state. Fort Sanders and Fort Halleck were built along the trail for the protection of the emigrants.)

(The Overland Trail was first named the Cherokee Trail because of a party of Cherokee Indians who used the trail in 1849 on their way to California. After Ben Holladay purchased the overland mail in 1862, he moved the stagecoach line south to the Cherokee Trail, and it was renamed the Overland Trail. It became the principal mail, stage, and emigrant route after that date. There is a stone marker between Arlington and Elk Mountain commemorating the Cherokee Trail.)

I can remember very well small emigrant trains moving through Arlington when I was a small boy.

The first buildings at Arlington were erected in 1860 by Joe Bush. The property was sold about 1868 to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Williams, and they operated it as a way station on the Overland Trail for several years. The government located a post office here and called it Rock Dale. I do not know when the name was changed to Arlington. In addition to the post office, there was a blacksmith shop where travelers might shoe their teams and repair wagons. There was also a dance hall upstairs and a saloon in this two-story building which still stands. At one time there was a block house nearby where protection might be had from the Indians, but it has been gone for many years.

Mrs. Williams was well adapted to life of the old West. She had a ready tongue and could handle a six-shooter as well as most men. She was also an efficient, practical nurse and was always willing to help her neighbors out in time of illness and when a new citizen was ushered into the world. According to her story she helped me enter this world. I'm not sure about this.

A toll bridge across Rock Creek was kept closed. Whenever an emigrant train or a lone rider arrived, Mrs. Williams was there to collect a dollar for each wagon and fifty cents for a horse and rider. The story goes that the leader of one large train defied her, refusing to pay the toll. He took his wagons down stream and crossed the creek. When the story got around, the profits from the toll bridge lessened, and it was abandoned.

However, another traveler tried the same course and drove his mules and wagon with his two small daughters beside him off into the river, and the high waters of the river drowned the two children and mules.

The Williams raised a large garden and sold produce in season to miners, trappers, and emigrants. They also took a water right and irrigated hay which they sold to the travelers.

Williams was thrown from a horse and dragged along a barbed wire fence. His body was so mutilated that he died. Later Sid Morris married Mrs. Williams, and they continued to operate the

roadhouse, saloon, and gambling house until it was sold to Joe and Aunt Mary Dixon in the early 1900's. Alvy Dixon bought this property from Aunt Mary after Joe died in 1910.

Horse thieves did a thriving business on the Overland Trail for a time. They would steal the travelers' horses and sell them to someone else or, we have heard, to their owners who were desperate to make their trip in good weather. There were two cabins nearby where these bandits hid out. One was on Watkin's Creek near McFadden, and the creek still bears his name. The other was in the deep brush on Section 16 about two miles north of Arlington.

When I was a boy of eight years, my dad sent me up to a pasture east of here to chase some cattle out of a field. As I was crossing the trail, I saw someone driving a bunch of horses. When they got nearer, I could see there were two riding in a buckboard and a man horseback driving the horses. They stopped and wanted to trade me a new saddle for my old one I was riding. They had three new saddles strapped on the back of the buckboard. Dad had always warned me not to trade anything with a stranger. The next day we heard a posse had come through Arlington, looking for horse thieves, and these men had evidently stolen the new saddles, too.

There is a small plot across the river and a short distance from the trail where those who died while making the long trek west were buried. The markers are long since gone, and there seems to be no record of who they may have been. One headstone was turned over, and the year 1881 appeared on the rock.

In 1865 the Cheyenne Indians attacked a train of 75 wagons and surrounded a family named Fletcher. They killed the mother, wounded the father, who hid in a ditch and escaped, and captured the two daughters, Mary age thirteen and Lizzie age two. Mary was struck with several arrows but pulled them out with her own hands. She was separated from the sister Lizzie and watched the wagons burning in the valley. For weeks Mary tramped with the squaws while the braves led the way on ponies. She dressed and painted like an Indian, cared for fourteen ponies, helped gather firewood, waded and swam streams, and struggled through deep snow.

In the spring of 1866, aided by jealous squaws who wanted to get rid of her, she got in touch with a white trader named "Hanger" who paid a horse, a gun, and \$1,600.00 for her release. A year later she found her father in Salt Lake City.

Thirty-five years after the raid, a white woman, who spoke only Arapaho, visited Casper with some Indians from the Wind River Reservation. Mary Fletcher read about her in a newspaper, returned to Wyoming, and identified the woman as her sister. Lizzie remembered nothing about her capture and refused to go back with Mary. The proof that she was white, however, gave her a

sense of superiority to the Indian women among whom she lived. It also elevated her Arapaho husband, John Brokenhorn. When lands were allotted the tribe in 1908, Brokenhorn refused his share, contending that the White man's government had no right to confine Indians to a part of the land which was wholly their own.

9:15 A.M. Left Rock Creek Stage Station (Rock Dale - Arlington) with Willing Richardson as guide. He led us to a Cherokee Trail marker above Foote Creek. One fine day Foote and John Sublette were cutting hay close by when a band of Indians surprised them. Foote was wounded so the creek was named for him. Some time later the Indian, responsible for the shot, went to Fort Halleck to inquire how Foote was getting along. When the door was opened for him, Foote shot the Indian dead.

### THE CHEROKEE PACK TRAIL

by Willing Richardson

(It was early in 1849 that a band of Cherokee Indians traded their wagons for pack horses at Greenhorn, Colorado, and guided by an Osage Indian pioneered a new trail which was first called the Cherokee Trail after them.) It passed by this monument.

(From here they travelled south of the Overland Trail, crossing south of Elk Mountain at Oberg Pass, crossing the Platte at the mouth of Lake Creek and up Jack Creek to Twin Groves, west to Big Springs, thence on to Powder Springs, crossing Green River and to Fort Bridger.)

(This trail was used by Indians and trappers going west to the White River Country for many years.)

(I saw five Indians with their squaws travel this trail in 1890 at which time the trail was plain. It can still be seen in places.)

(There was a branch of this trail that followed the foot hills of the Hayden Forest over the mountains into North Park and down the Cache la Poudre.)

Another creek nearby was known as Wagon Hound Creek, so named because many wagons crossing the old trail dropped off the banks and broke the hounds of their wagons.

10:15 A.M. After travelling some distance toward Elk Mountain, we suddenly turned from a high bench down to the Medicine Bow River. The old Medicine Bow Stage Station (89 M) nestled among the trees.

### MEDICINE BOW STAGE STATION, NOW ELK MOUNTAIN POST OFFICE

by Willing Richardson

The Medicine Bow River was crossed here by Captain Lewis Evans' party in the latter part of July 1849. Their guide was a

part Osage Indian hired at Greenhorn, Colorado. The party went west from here along the north side of Medicine Bow Mountain, now called Elk Mountain, and onto the crossing of the North Platte River along the route which later became the Overland Trail.

The Evans party arrived at Salt Lake City August 13, 1849, and I quote the following by O. W. Lipe, who had remained with the wagon train:

"We have got this far, a distance from home of 1,420 miles. We arrived here on Monday and expect to leave this evening. We traveled from Pueblo by the following route: Fort St. Vrain's on South Platte; crossed South Platte at the mouth of Cache la Poudre; up said stream through the mountains, to Laramie Plains; thence crossed Laramie river near the mountains; crossed Medicine Bow river; passed Medicine Bow mountains; crossed the North Park and North Platte [and] Green river south of the South pass; and intersected the Independence road on Blacks Fork, about fourteen miles west of Green river. . . .")

This party probably made the first tracks for the Overland Trail.

(A reconnaissance of the route later adopted as the Overland Trail was made by Captain Howard Stansbury, Corps of Topographical Engineers, U. S. Army, in the fall of 1850. He was guided from Fort Bridger by Jim Bridger and after crossing Green River, the party followed Bitter Creek, Bridger Pass, crossed the North Platte, and rounded Elk Mountain to the Laramie Plains. From Little Laramie Station, Stansbury headed for Telephone Canyon, Cheyenne Pass, and down Chugwater Creek. Because of an injury sustained by Captain Stansbury, the party turned north to Fort Laramie, but Stansbury believed that the Lodge Pole Creek could be followed to the North Platte and would make a good road. He recommended this route as being shorter by 63 miles and better than the Oregon or Emigrant Trail. )

We do not know who erected the first stage station or built the toll bridge at Elk Mountain other than the station was owned and operated by the Overland Stage Company. Mr. and Mrs. William Stimpson (Mrs. Stimpson was my mother) purchased it in its entirety from Louis Johnson in 1872, and in the fall of 1875 they sold it to Louis Sederling and Chris Johnson. In 1880 a man by the name of Johney Jones built a large, rambling structure on the east side of the Medicine Bow River where it was more protected in winter. It contained a store, saloon, and post office called Elk Mountain.

The Elk Mountain Trading Company Store was built on the site of the old Overland Stage Station.

11:15 A.M. After all the cars were filled with gas, we drove on toward Elk Mountain.

11:55 A.M. The caravan arrived at the Elk Mountain Stage

Station (97M) later called Fort Halleck. When Ben Holladay moved his stage line from the Emigrant or Oregon Trail to the Overland Trail, the Indians followed him southward to the new route, and the federal government built Fort Halleck on the north base of Elk Mountain to give protection to the mail service. Some of the old buildings are still in use as ranch buildings belonging to Mr. Palm who welcomed us.

Lunch was eaten on the parade grounds, then a tour was made to the old cemetery. Only one name was visible, that of James Foote—age 11, 1871.

## FORT HALLECK

by Kleber Hadsell

LeRoy Hafen in his book, *The Overland Mail*, writes that on July 21st the daily mail service was inaugurated upon the new line and the road was said to be in excellent condition. The Overland Stage line was in good running order with stations built and forts established or soon to be. Among these forts was Fort Halleck located at this place at the north base of Elk Mountain. The fort was named after Major General H. W. Halleck of Civil War fame. Troops were stationed here and at other points along the line. The troops that built Halleck were Company A of the 11th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry.

Bartlett's *History of Wyoming* states that Fort Halleck was established July 20, 1862, and was abandoned July 4, 1866. It was located near the foot of the Medicine Bow Mountains, and for a time it was one of the most important military posts in the Rocky Mountain region, being the center of Indian warfare of that period.

In the spring of 1863 Captain J. L. Humfreville of the 11th Ohio Cavalry saw hard service guarding stages and emigrant trains. In mid summer of 1863 the Utes caused some excitement around Fort Halleck. When information reached Denver a military expedition started from that point for Fort Halleck with sixty wagons and sixty days' supplies and six companies of the 1st Colorado Cavalry under Major Wynkoop. The Utes came to the Fort about the first of July, begging for food. They then ran off some stage company stock and were followed unsuccessfully. Seventy soldiers pursued the Indians about thirty-five miles and defeated them, killing between twenty and sixty braves. One soldier was killed and four were wounded.

In February 1863, Lieutenant Colonel William O. Collins described a snow storm which caught a party of soldiers near Fort Halleck as the worst in Wyoming history. One soldier died.

In 1865 the Fort Halleck garrison was increased because of Indian attacks upon the Overland Stage. On Sage Creek near Bridgers Pass two emigrants were killed on June 2, and the

country was raided for fifty miles along the mail line.) A station was attacked on June 8, and five of the seven men there were killed, horses were driven off, and the station burned. During the month of June 1865, the Overland Stage Company lost eighty-seven head of stock between Cherokee and Sulphur Springs Station which was west of Fort Halleck. Mail service was reduced to a tri-weekly schedule between Fort Halleck and Sulphur Springs Station, and soldiers furnished the transportation. Mail accumulated at the Fort and heavy wagons were used to carry it to Green River under escort.)

In August there was more trouble near Fort Halleck. On August 4, 1865, in the section between the Big Laramie and Rock Creek, twelve whites were killed and two captured according to E. N. Lewis, hospital attendant at Fort Halleck. One of these was scalped, tied to a wagon wheel and burned, with bacon being used as fuel.

Robert Foote, who was born in Scotland, served for three years at Fort Laramie in Troop F of the 2d U. S. Cavalry. Later he was in charge of the commissary and store at Fort Halleck and operated teams between that Fort and Fort Laramie. He and Frank Daley did some of the bullwhacking.

Mark Coad operated wood teams for hauling wood from a camp on Elk Mountain to Percy for the railroad, and Foote was the manager. On one of these wood hauling trips with five men and teams of both oxen and mules, the Indians made an attack near a lake. The men with the mule teams were killed and the mules were stolen. The two men with the ox teams, who were coming behind, quit their teams and made their escape on foot, arriving in Percy the next morning with the news of the disaster. The Indians hamstrung the oxen and threw the murdered men into the nearby lake which has since been called Bloody Lake.

When the fort was abandoned in 1866 by the Army, Robert Foote remained at the site as storekeeper and postmaster. In 1880 the post office was moved to Medicine Bow Crossing and named Elk Mountain Post Office.

1:45 P.M. The Overland Trail trekkers left Elk Mountain Stage Station with Willing Richardson as guide. We crossed Rattlesnake Pass and Rattlesnake Creek, suitable names for those desolate spots.

2:15 P.M. We arrived at Pass Creek (111 M.) about two miles below where the Overland Trail crossed. Mr. Richardson explained that no one seemed to know the exact location of the Pass Creek Stage Station, but he thought it was a mile or two up the creek from the road. He read letters from two old-timers who agreed with him.

As we travelled on the old trail, Mr. Bishop remarked that he imagined the road was better in the 1860's than today. The people in the back seat agreed with him. The wall of faces and gargoyles

grotesquely eroded on the rim of a cliff interested us as we rode below it. A child's grave, heaped with stones, was seen near the trail.

3:45 P.M. Arrived at the North Platte Stage Station (127 M.) about five or six miles below Saratoga on the river. An old cemetery containing eight graves surrounded by a good fence was in excellent condition. A large monument dedicated to the Trail and its fatalities stood on the brink of a steep bank, high above the river. Below on the perpendicular cliffs were carved many names and dates of passers by. Also, a secret cave was seen in the bank where pioneers often hid from the Indians.

## PLATTE RIVER CROSSING.

by Leeland Grieve

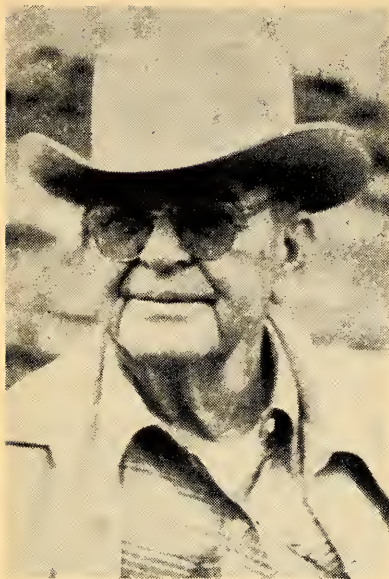
Whether the Cherokee Trail crossed the river at this point or approximately a mile and a half below here is a matter of opinion. Probably both crossings or some others were used as the occasion demanded. This crossing was known as the Bennett Crossing. There were two crossings on the river, one below the island and one across the island directly west of us here. A ferry was used for the crossing when the water was high.

There is a long recorded history of people who crossed the North Platte in this vicinity. The first is written by General William Ashley in 1825, but this is only a passing reference in his journal. Captain John Charles Frémont in 1843 devotes considerable space to his crossing of the North Platte. The chroniclers of the Cherokee Indians who emigrated to California in 1849 and 1850 mention only the fact that the North Platte was crossed. Possibly the best description of this site was left by Captain Howard Stansbury who passed by this area in the fall of 1850. (On August 12, 1856, Lieutenant Francis T. Bryan passed this way in his search for a wagon road to Bridger's Pass. The United States Army in its march to Utah in 1857 and 1858 had occasion to use the Overland Trail, and at least three parties of men crossed the North Platte near here and left a record of that crossing.)

It was here that Holladay moved his famous stage line in 1862. Troops were moved from the Oregon Trail, and Fort Halleck was established. A station was erected near the crossing, but W. O. Owens and his sister Mrs. Eva Downey (of Laramie) in 1933 could not recall if it were made of wood or stone.

The North Platte Crossing was a resting place for the emigrants after their two-day journey from Fort Halleck. It was at the corrals at this site that they rested their horses, and they carved their names in the soft sandstone cliffs. On each side of this river below us are the large heaps of stone that were anchors for the first cables made of buffalo hide that held the first ferries.

On the butte directly west of us are the Indian graves. Whether



*Courtesy Pierre LaBonte, Jr.*

Albert Sims who has assisted L. C. Bishop in planning and leading the Emigrant Trail Treks.

or not this has any significance in the history of this situation, I do not know. One thing is sure, they died here. Stansbury mentions their forts and that this was their battleground, for warring tribes met here in mortal combat and raids.

Points of interest at this site include the natural stairways leading up to the bluff, inscriptions by pioneers, a graveyard on the cliff, and a child's grave on the campground.

In August 1933, many of us not so old old-timers remember the dedication of the monument at the crossing by the former State Historical Landmark Commission and eight acres of ground, given by Mrs. Ella Mary Davis and her son R. H. Davis in memory of husband and father John C. Davis, which today is a state park.

## REMARKS

by L. C. Bishop

I am pleased to note that someone has erected a monument at this historic crossing of the North Platte River and that the eight pioneer graves have been fenced and the old headstones restored to some extent. It seems, however, that only one has the name and date.

For your information I will add a note from my 1929 diary that shows the names and dates of six of these grave stones, beginning with number one on the north: LeRoy W. Morrison, Died May —. Number two, J. S. White, Died — 18th, 1863. Number three, George Layne. Number four, William M. Donald, Killed by Indians June 1864. Number five, John Hunter, Aged 17 years, Died August 10, 1865. Number six, stone in place, marks gone. Number seven, headstone broken off, marks gone. Number Eight, In Memory of Mary E. Stockton, died August 10, 1865.

I have sketches in my diary of all the stones except numbers six and seven.

Following Mr. Bishop's remarks, the men set off to locate the exact spot of the stage station with the aid of a metal detector.

They feel certain that it was on the river about one half mile below the cliff and monument.

6:00 P.M. After bidding one another goodbye, the party broke up declaring this trek one of the best. All look forward to continuing it next year.

## 1960 TREKKERS

## Laramie

T. A. Larson  
Robert Burns  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Croonberg  
A. S. Gillespie  
Greta Neubauer  
Glennie Bacon  
Geneva Bird  
Lyle Shingleton  
Ella Shingleton  
Mrs. J. Guffey and Sharron  
Gertrude Gould  
Mr. and Mrs. Lambertson  
Louise Frager  
D. Hall  
Cole Abbott  
Mike Bott  
Ed Barton  
Mrs. L. Corthell and David  
Miriam Moreland  
Mrs. O. Karraker  
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Furley  
Mrs. C. Gomp  
Mr. and Mrs. G. McConnell  
Clarice Whittenburg  
Cherrie Gray  
Verna Hitchcock  
Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Person

## Saratoga

Mr. and Mrs. J. Eastgate

## Casper

Mr. and Mrs. C. Marsolf

## Tie Siding

Mr. and Mrs. C. Williams  
Mr. and Mrs. S. Blunk

## Elk Mountain

Mr. and Mrs. W. Richardson

## Rawlins

Mr. and Mrs. Neal Miller  
Mr. and Mrs. James Hayward  
Martha Stanley  
Kleber Hadsell  
Mr. and Mrs. Leeland Grieve

## Washington, D. C.

Mrs. F. L. Nussbaum  
Mrs. Olga Arnold

## Torrington

Larry Sandburg  
Mr. and Mrs. P. Keenan

## Cheyenne

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bishop  
Maurine Carley  
Mrs. Graham Walker  
Mr. and Mrs. Ritter  
Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Conner

## Douglas

Mr. and Mrs. Hildebrand  
A. S. Sims

## Arlington

L. E. Dixon

## Denver

J. N. Lawson

## McFadden

Nathan Kohler

## Loveland

B. E. Bishop

## Wheatridge

H. M. Townsend

## Wheatland

Earl Flaharty  
Gus Miller

## Mt. Home

Mr. and Mrs. G. Manogian

## Sinclair

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Breniman  
Mr. and Mrs. Ed Noble

## Ft. Laramie

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Rymill

# *The Quartzite Arrowhead*

By

HANS KLEIBER

Against the noonday sun rose Fremont Peak  
Above its shining beds of ice and snow  
That shed their waters into Bull Lake Creek  
Through dark and timbered gorges far below,  
And tumbling down their shadowy, rock-bound beds,  
The milky torrents gleamed like silver threads.

To westward lay the crests of Dinwoodie,  
Shearing the sky in jagged disarray,  
But over all, in towering majesty,  
Mt. Gannett, with its icy crown held sway.  
And on a lateral ridge, between, stood I,  
To view this land of rock and ice, and sky.

The ridge rose well above twelve thousand feet,  
With cirques gouged deep, and boulder-strewn.  
Yet, ever here, stray alpine blooms would greet  
My eyes in sheltered spots, safe and immune  
From summer frosts, and where the rims broke steep,  
I came across the tracks of mountain sheep.

Living glaciers, cold and sullen lay  
Around me, as though only biding time,  
Til they again their crushing loads may lay  
Upon these slopes, as they did in their prime  
In cycles past, when from their high retreats,  
They smothered all this range in icy sheets.

While from its highest point I peak-ward gazed,  
Clouds had in silence, gathered at my back.  
The first I knew, a bolt of lightning blazed  
That struck a nearby cliff a deafening crack.  
Half dazed, and blinded by the shattering blow,  
I fled into a boulderfield below.

Beneath a pile of glacial waste I spied  
A gaping hole, wherein a man might lay,  
And to escape the hail, I crawled inside.  
While waiting for the storm to blow away,  
I caught a glint beside my stony bed,  
And saw it was a snow-white arrow head.

No shaft, or other implements, I saw,  
No bones, or bits of charcoal were around,  
Only this quartzite flake, without a flaw,  
Lay gleaming like a jewel on the ground.  
For long, I marvelled at its cold display  
Of blue translucence by the light of day.

A point, more perfect, I had never seen,  
And slowly turning it from side to side,  
I wondered who the ancient man had been  
Who left it here, and too, what fickle tide  
Of fate had borne him to this boulder field,  
Which can so little food and shelter yield.

Had he belonged to that lone, wandering race  
Of Sheep-Eaters, before the white man came,  
Whose trails and lairs one still can faintly trace?  
One of their hunters in the search of game  
Among these hostile peaks, who had to flee  
For shelter in a summer storm, like me?

# *Wyoming Archaeological Notes*

## EARLY PREHISTORIC PERIOD

### MIDLAND POINTS

By L. C. Steege

The Midland point derives its name from the style of projectile points found at the Scharbauer site located near Midland, Texas. However, the Scharbauer site was not the first to produce these points.

Ventana Cave, located on the Papago Indian Reservation, about 75 miles south of Phoenix, Arizona, was the first site to produce a Midland point. This particular specimen was made of basalt, which is a material that is quite difficult to flake. Since this point was the same general shape as a Folsom without flutes, it was assumed that due to the nature of the stone, it was merely an unfluted Folsom point. Later this same style of point, made of materials which were relatively easy to flake, was found in other sites. This proved that the material used was not necessarily a conditioning factor.

The Lindenmeier site produced Midland points in the same levels with Folsom points. These were also considered to be unfluted Folsoms since they had been made from flakes which were much too thin to allow fluting.

The Scharbauer site was discovered by an amateur archaeologist, Keith Glasscock, in 1953. Glasscock found fragments of human bones with some artifacts in a wind blown area on a ranch owned by Clarence Scharbauer from whom the site derives its name. Realizing the potential importance of his find, Glasscock picked up the human bone fragments which were in danger of being blown away. However, he did not disturb anything below the surface. He notified the Laboratory of Anthropology in Santa Fe, New Mexico of his discovery and sent them the bones he had picked up. The site was investigated by several notable archaeologists.

Twenty-one specimens of the unfluted variety and seven Folsom points were recovered from the Scharbauer site. A study of the unfluted points revealed that they had been made thin and flat intentionally and that they were a distinct type. In the report of the Midland discovery, these unfluted points are called "Midland" points.

Carbon samples from organic matter in the Midland level proved unsatisfactory for dating, due to the small amounts recov-

ered and the irregularities in testing. Since the Midland points have been found in the same levels with Folsoms, it may be assumed that they are contemporaneous. If this is the case, the antiquity of the Midland point is approximately 10,800 years.

Midland points closely resemble the Folsom type. They are never fluted, and in general are smaller, flatter and thinner than Folsoms. The flaking is somewhat irregular.



MIDLAND POINT

# *Wyoming State Historical Society*

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By

E. A. LITTLETON

Wyoming history, from its very beginning, has been exciting and interesting. From 1807, when John Colter stumbled up the Big Horn River into what is now Wyoming, many things of historic significance have been recorded. Many others have covered so many items of our history that one hesitates to offer new or later events. However, to keep our history continuing for future generations, the Wyoming State Historic Society, I feel, is the organization to do it. As President of this organization, I would mention historic events which have been rather ignored because perhaps it all happened only thirty or forty years ago.

Many of our people can remember when the Homesteaders or Dry Farmers, as they were labeled, came to Wyoming. One old timer puts it this way: "Uncle Sam first would bet you 160 acres of land against \$16.00 that you couldn't make a living on it. Then seeing how good it was, Uncle just doubled the bet: 320 acres for \$32.00. About 1916 Uncle Sam doubled it again, betting 640 acres against \$64.00". The old timer says "You know, Tony, Uncle won every bet!"

It was a mighty interesting time from about 1914 to 1920. Folks from the east come to Wyoming in droves. In Campbell County nineteen Missouri families came as a group and filed in one block. In another area some twenty Iowa families filed in a community which later became known as Little Iowa. In another part of our County, twenty-six families from Pennsylvania just about wrecked a Township of grazing land. A stockman in that area compared them to the year Mormon Crickets ate him out. So in four or five years hundreds of thousands of acres of land were transferred from Government land to private ownership. Homesteading in Wyoming wasn't quite as easy as pictured by the Locators or by the Colonization Agent of the Railroad. The disheartening dry summers and rough, snowy winters that followed drove many thousands of these dry farmers right back to their old homes or on west looking for a better life.

Our entry into World War I in 1914 gave our boys going into service a real bargain. Uncle Sam gave them the privilege of filing on a section even if they were living in another state, also changing the legislation so that the time spent in Military Service would count as residence on the Homestead. Many sections of land were proved up on without the applicant even seeing what he filed on!

Such were the Homestead Years. They have passed into History along with Colter, Bridger, Sublette and the early arrival of the Cow Man and the Sheep Man—all have had their places in Wyoming History.

Many thousands of pages have been written by competent authors covering our early history. Now I hope some industrious author will cover the Homestead Years when more land was transferred from the Government to private ownership than the Oklahoma Stampede or the Texas Land Grants.

## Book Reviews

*Indians, Infants and Infantry: Andrew and Elizabeth Burt on the Frontier.* By Merrill J. Mattes. (Denver, Colo., The Old West Publishing Company. 1960, illus. 301 pp. \$5.95.)

The Indians met in this solid contribution to Americana are not only such familiar figures as Red Cloud, Crazy Horse, Spotted Tail and Washakie, but the little known Crow stalwarts Crazy Head, Good Heart, Bears Tooth and Iron Bull.

The infants include little Pinahawney, daughter of Iron Bull, but are primarily the three children of Andrew and Elizabeth Burt. Andrew Gano, destined to be the youngest member of the Jenney Expedition of 1875 from Fort Laramie to the Black Hills. Edith, born in the blockhouse at Fort Sanders and shortly thereafter the youngest white resident of Fort C. F. Smith. Reynolds Johnston, a boyhood resident of Fort Laramie in 1888 and now a retired Brigadier General.

The infantry are the several Regular Army regiments with which Andrew Sheridan Burt served between his baptism with fire as a Lieutenant at Mills Springs, Kentucky in January 1862 and his retirement as a Brigadier General in April 1902. Included are the 18th, 27th, 9th, 8th, 7th and 25th U.S. Infantry.

In 1912 Elizabeth Reynolds Burt reread the diaries she had kept during her years as the wife of an Army officer on active duty and compiled with their aid a lengthy manuscript which she called "An Army Wife's Forty Years in the Service". Her diaries have been lost, but this manuscript was preserved and over forty years later placed in the Library of Congress for safe keeping by her son Reynolds. In 1957 General Burt asked Mr. Mattes, Regional Historian for Region Two of the National Park Service, to review his mother's manuscript. Historian Mattes quickly discerned the unusual character and broad scope of Mrs. Burt's account and arranged to prepare it for publication.

Mattes has also recognized that Mrs. Burt's story needed more than the usual editorial treatment to properly present its contributions to our knowledge of the true story of the army in the West. Accordingly he took time to do a lot of solid research in post and regimental records, the considerable collections of the Burt family and the best published materials on the related places and events, to gather the material which with Elizabeth Burt's account he has skillfully woven into this book.

As the author claims, *Indians, Infants and Infantry*, is (1) the first book length story of a frontier army officer's wife since Fougere's *With Custer's Cavalry* published in 1942, (2) the first

biographical treatment of a line infantry officer of the Indian-fighting army, (3) the first revealed history of remote, little-known and dangerous Fort C. F. Smith, Montana Territory, and (4) the first full account of activities at and based upon famous Fort Laramie, Wyoming in the climactic years 1874-1876. All that and such bonuses as two fascinating chapters on Fort Bridger in 1866-1867 and over forty fine pictures, many previously unpublished, make this volume a 'must' addition to the libraries of all followers of the *Annals of Wyoming*. Moreover, many readers who normally shun the works of professional historians will find this story of 'Brave Andy Burt' and his courageous wife both pleasant and rewarding reading.

*National Park Service  
Omaha, Nebraska*

DAVID L. HIEB

*Meet Me on the Green.* By Myra Cooley (New York: William-Frederick Press, 1960. 240 pp. \$4.50)

Mrs. Cooley, who lives on a cattle ranch near Pinedale, Wyoming, writes columns for Pinedale and Big Piney newspapers. In this volume apparently she has assembled some of these columns and added many new items.

In a Foreword she describes the book: *Meet Me on the Green* is but the blabbing of Time, mere flashes of history, taken from the journals of the mountain men and others. . . . it is not documented history. . . . it is not a novel, nor is it entirely fiction." There are, then, short snatches of history mingled with bits of fiction. Some of the short essays contain both fact and fiction. Sometimes it is hard to tell where fact ends and fiction begins. Only a western history expert could hope to distinguish what is true from what is imaginary. There is no index and no bibliography.

Unlike many newspaper columnists Mrs. Cooley makes little effort to philosophize or moralize. She merely relates an incident, true, partly true, or fictional, and drops it. Once in a while, to be sure, she rounds it off with a comment such as "and so they escaped, no doubt living happily ever after," or "That was the way of the West."

For subject matter she often wanders far from the Green River country, although the fur trade rendezvous is a favorite topic. She quotes, in full, Jefferson's instructions to his secretary Lewis, erroneously stating that they were instructions to Clark. She often mentions Jim Bridger whom she rates as "the greatest mountain man and Indian-fighter who ever lived." She relates that he died at Fort Laramie, but this is a mistake, since he died near Kansas

City, Missouri. In several essays she obviously draws upon Washington Irving's *Astoria*. On the whole, Mrs. Cooley writes entertainingly, and the readers of her newspaper columns will no doubt appreciate having this collection of her literary efforts.

*University of Wyoming*

T. A. LARSON

*War Chief Joseph.* By Helen Addison Howard and Dan L. McGrath. (Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd. 1958. Illus. maps, notes, bibl. index. 362 pp. \$4.50.)

Although this volume is the 4th reprint of the 1941 edition without any changes, it remains, as stated in the introduction, an authoritative story of Chief Joseph and a fascinating account for those who are not historically minded. The style speaks well for the writers who pen an interesting and sympathetic story of the Napoleon of the Indians who was equal in his application of tactics with the generals who pursued him.

*War Chief Joseph* has a double interest to Wyoming readers. First, Joseph did retreat across Idaho into Montana, passing through Yellowstone National Park where he created a special attraction. Secondly, the story brings to mind the injustices and wrongs inflicted upon the Indians. In Joseph's case, there were pressures and wrongs that led to some of the Nez Percés, the non-treaty members of the tribe who had remained neutral to friendly towards the whites, being forced on the warpath. After their surrender, another series of wrongs and broken promises, including the deportation of the survivors to an alien land, Oklahoma, were added to their sufferings. However, they were allowed to return to the Pacific Northwest and were settled on the Coalville Reservation at Nespelem, Washington, and the Lapwai Reservation in northern Idaho.

In his closing years, Chief Joseph gained the friendship of the whites. He visited New York City where he was somewhat of a novelty. He appeared before the students of the University of Washington and won their interest in the Nez Percés' welfare. After his death, the Historical Society of the University of Washington presented a marker for his grave.

One interesting sidelight to the war involving Chief Joseph and his Nez Percés is the fact that they held their own against the United States Army. Out of five battles, they won three, tied one, and lost the last. Their casualties were 151 killed and eighty-eight wounded exclusive of the women and children. The Army, on the other hand, lost 126 killed and 140 wounded. In his last fight, the Battle of Bear Paw Mountain, Montana, he lost eighteen killed and forty wounded out of a force of one hundred warriors. The troops who greatly outnumbered and outgunned him lost

twenty-six killed and forty-two wounded. The Nez Perces never numbered more than 340 warriors, but they engaged in their retreat some two thousand troops. Perhaps as much to their credit, the Nez Perces never scalped or mutilated a fallen enemy and in the last battle even offered help to their wounded foes. Except for the depredations by some young bucks who had been given whiskey by the whites which led to the Nez Perce War, attacks upon non-military were kept to a minimum, particularly in Montana.

For the reader who enjoys a good Indian story, this is the book, particularly on a Wyoming evening when being an armchair historian is much more desirable than being a field historian.

*Cheyenne*

JESSE H. JAMESON

*Glimpses into Edgemont's Past.* By Gilbert B. Taylor. (Lusk, Wyo.: Lusk Herald. 1961. illus. 133 pp. \$2.50.)

This history of Edgemont, S. D., privately printed, is important to the story of northeastern Wyoming, since history knows no artificial boundaries of states. The author, who has spent nearly all his life in Edgemont, has brought into this paperbacked booklet the results of his many years of collecting stories and pictures of the town and the vicinity. He does not claim to be a writer or a historian, but offers this contribution with the hope that it will preserve much of the early story which would otherwise be lost.—L.M.H.

*A Guide to the Care and the Administration of Manuscripts.* By Lucile M. Kane. (Bulletins of the American Association for State and Local History, Volume II, Number 11, September 1960. Madison, Wisconsin. Illus. Footnotes. Bibl. 59 pp.)

"Collecting manuscripts has been one of the most important activities of many historical societies since the formation of the first such organizations in the country, the Massachusetts Historical Society, in 1791. . . . The significance of manuscripts to the cause of history has given high purpose to the repositories that collect them. In collecting manuscripts, furthermore, a repository imposes upon itself the obligations to take adequate steps for their care and preservation and to make them readily available to persons engaged in research. It is to the carrying out of these obligations that this bulletin is directed."

Miss Kane carefully presents a step by step plan for the care

and administration of manuscripts. She lays the ground work for accessioning a collection and assigning it a place in her first chapter. The accessioning of the collection begins with giving it a number and recording its title, date of receipt, date of acknowledgment, the donor's name and address, the approximate size, general subject matter, and comments on restrictions or transfers.

After this has been completed, the collection is organized. Because each collection varies, it is difficult to formulate a set of rules that can be applied to all collections. However, it is recognized that once a collection is broken up, it is difficult to put it together or to maintain the interrelationship of materials. Therefore, it is preferable to keep the collection together. Materials may be arranged, nevertheless, in a sequence such as chronological, subject, alphabetical, document types, or a combination of these methods. Each method of organization has its advantages but also drawbacks.

Following the decision as to how to organize the collection, the cataloger or processor sorts the material into manageable units that will fit the planned organization as well as the nature of the collection. For example tape recordings, microfilms, and other specialized materials would require a different method of filing and preserving than documents. On the other hand, documents, themselves, present special problems for their preservation.

One of the most crucial steps in processing a collection is that of evaluating. Here Miss Kane presents some cautions and suggestions. Once a paper is weeded out, it is forever lost unless it is a duplicate. As she points out, thousands of form letters, job applications, cancelled checks, etc. can readily clog and bog down a depository and deny valuable space to other, more valued items. Bulk of this nature can be reduced by taking samples. But again the rule: discarding must be used cautiously and never in haste.

There are various methods of preserving the papers and other materials from deterioration. Possibly one of the best safeguards is microfilming with restricted use of the originals. This method prevents both destruction and loss whether by misfiling or theft.

The last step in the processing of the collection is cataloging. This step often represents a compromise of what should be done with what can be done. As much a concern to the institution processing the collection is to catalog it in order that it can fit into the National Union Catalog of Manuscripts. Cataloging is the orderly climax to the processing of the collection because it puts on cards a description of the collection, its location, and subjects covered by the collection. If the pattern for cataloging set forth by the National Union Catalog of Manuscripts is followed, then it becomes possible to incorporate the collection into a nation wide system, permitting scholars anywhere to know of the collection and make use of it.

This volume has a special interest to anyone or group collecting

manuscripts and other historical materials. For further study there is an extensive bibliography and footnotes which explain in more details the principals and techniques discussed by Miss Kane. A good companion piece to go with *A Guide to the Care and Administration of Manuscripts* is Dorothy V. Martin's "Use of Cataloging Techniques in Work with Records and Manuscripts," *American Archivist*, October 1955 (Vol. XVIII, No. 4), pages 317-336.

*Cheyenne*

JESSE H. JAMESON

*Sagebrush Serenade.* By Allan Vaughan Elston. (Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1960. 219 pages, \$2.95.)

Allan Vaughan Elston's latest western novel has as its locale Douglas, Wyoming, and vicinity. Once again he has given us a fast moving story with an authentic background.

Those familiar with Wyoming history will recognize such personalities as Missou Hines, Lee Moore and Governor Moonlight who play brief roles in the story.—L.M.H.

## WORTHWHILE BOOKS ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

### *On the West*

BISON BOOKS, REPRINTS, UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA PRESS,  
PAPERBACK EDITIONS:

*The World of Willa Cather.* By Mildred R. Bennett, new edition with notes and index. 285 pp. \$1.50. (Originally published by Dodd, Mead & Co., Feb. 1951. Reprinted from the 5th printing of Nov. 1951, which corrected some errors in earlier printings.)

*The Populist Revolt, A History of the Farmers' Alliance and the People's Party.* By John D. Hicks. 473 pp. \$1.75. (Originally published by the University of Minnesota.)

*Voice of the Coyote.* By J. Frank Dobie. 386 pp. \$1.40. (This edition reproduced from the 6th printing and published by arrangement with Little, Brown & Co.)

*Crazy Horse, the Strange Man of the Oglalas, a Biography.* By Mari Sandoz. 428 pp. \$1.65. (Arrangements for publication made with Hastings House, Inc.)

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Commemorating the Centennial*

*With Sherman to the Sea, A Drummer's Story of the Civil War,* as related by Corydon Edward Fotte to Olive Deane Hormel, with a foreword by Elizabeth Yates. (N. Y.: John Day. Co. 1960. \$4.00.)

*Lincoln Day by Day, a Chronology, 1809-1865,* 3 volumes. Earl Schenck Miers, Editor-in-Chief. (Washington, D. C.: Lincoln Sesquicentennial Commission. Index in Vol. 3.)

*A Ballad of the North and South.* Text by Paul M. Angle and Earl Schenck Miers, music by Normand Lockwood. (New York: Associated Music Publishers, 1960.) A major work for high school and college production for the centennial observance of the Civil War.

*The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War.* Editor, Richard M. Ketchum, narrative by Bruce Catton. (N. Y.: American Heritage Publishing Co. 1960. 630 pp. 18 maps sketched for this book. illus. by 836 photos, sketches and paintings. \$19.95.)

*Why the North Won the Civil War.* Edited by David Donald. (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State Press. 1960. 129 pp. index. \$2.95)

*John Palmer Usher, Lincoln's Secretary of the Interior.* By Elmo R. Richardson and Alan W. Farley. (Lawrence, Kans.: Univ. of Kansas Press. 1960. 152 pp. bibl. index. \$3.50.)

*Charles Sumner and the Coming of the Civil War.* By David Donald. (N. Y.: Alfred A. Knopf. 1960. 392 pp. illus. index. \$6.75.)

## Contributors

HANS KLEIBER, outstanding Wyoming artist, came with his family to the United States from Austria in 1900 at the age of 13. In 1907 he came to Wyoming where he first worked in a lumber camp and soon afterwards became a Forest Ranger, an occupation he followed until 1923. That year he settled in Dayton, Wyoming, and began devoting all his time to his need of expressing himself through his art, using first the medium of pen and ink, later he turned to etchings, and eventually he included watercolors and oils.

His first success came after a one-man show at Goodspeed's in Boston in 1928. Since then Mr. Kleiber has had exhibitions in most of the larger cities of the United States and in London, England. His etchings are among the holdings of many museums over the country.

Mr. Kleiber's works of art are true expressions of the West. His poem presented here is one of several in his collection at the State Archives and Historical Department.

MRS. WILBURTA KNIGHT CADY is the daughter of Wilbur Clinton Knight and Elizabeth Emma Howell. She graduated in 1911 with a B. S. from the University of Wyoming and in 1912 with a M. A. from Columbia Teachers College. On July 8, 1914, she married Charles Earl Cady, and three children were born to them. She was chairman of the Red Cross Albany County Nutrition Committee during World War II. She has taught Red Cross nutrition classes and helped run a canning center in Washington School, Laramie. In 1948 she received the Laramie *Republican Boomerang* Good Citizen's Award.

DR. CLARK C. SPENCE is a native of Idaho. He did his doctoral work at the University of Minnesota, and for the past five years has been a member of the Department of History, Pennsylvania State University. Currently he is a lecturer of history at the University of California. Among his publications are two books, *British Investments and the American Mining Frontier, 1860-1901* (Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press, 1958) and *God Speed the Plow: the Coming of Steam Cultivation to Great Britain* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1960).

MRS. THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT. See *Annals of Wyoming* Vol. 29, No. 1, April 1957, pp. 120-121.

DR. AKE HULTKRANTZ. See *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 29, No. 2, October 1957, p. 240.



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# Annals of Wyoming



TRAPPER'S HUT ON HALF MOON LAKE

*Stimson Photo*  
 Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

*October 1961*

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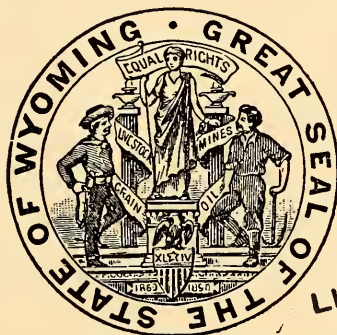
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*Courtesy Rex L. Wilson*

# *Clay Tobacco Pipes from Fort Laramie*

By

REX L. WILSON

## FOREWORD

A great number of tobacco pipes have been collected at Fort Laramie National Historic Site as the result of both systematic archeology and surface collections by the park staff over a period of 20 years since the fort came under the administration of the National Park Service. There is known provenience for most of the material, notably that recovered by Paul Beaubien in excavations at the site of Fort John and at the Sutler's Store in 1950. In addition, hundreds of pieces were found on the surface after being exposed by the combined actions of wind and rain. The collection includes many hundreds of small, unidentifiable or duplicate fragments; however, only distinctive specimens are treated in this paper.

A fur trading post from 1834 to 1849, a military post until 1890, and a civilian-owned social and business center until 1938, the site was continuously occupied for more than a century, making it most difficult to assign precise dates to most of the specimens. Jean C. Harrington's method of dating according to the diameters of the stem holes, proven useful at Jamestown, did not seem applicable and was not attempted.

Although the search for information is a long and tedious process, it will continue. It is hoped that this paper will aid in the identification and interpretation of tobacco pipes for the middle and late 19th century, and that it will stimulate further research. If it serves this purpose, my effort will have been worthwhile.

My special thanks to Mr. Arthur Woodward, Altadena, California, who helped with the dating of the specimens and who knows far more about tobacco pipes than I do. Thanks to Mr. Robert L. Stephenson and Mr. G. Hubert Smith, Smithsonian Institution, Lincoln, Nebraska, who made valuable suggestions. Mrs. L. Simpkins of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, Montreal, Canada, kindly supplied information on Canadian clay pipes. Rev. Thomas Low, M.B.E., Glasgow, Scotland, furnished valuable data on Scottish "clays." Park Historian John McDermott made pertinent suggestions on writing style, Susan Wilson helped with the organization of the material, Mr. Newell Joyner, National Park

Service, Omaha, Nebraska, helped with the organization of the Fort Laramie collection, and Mr. Ray Littler, Torrington, Wyoming, helped with the plates.

## INTRODUCTION

Writing in 1844, Andrew Ure, M.D., made the following observations:

"The practice of smoking tobacco has become so general in many nations as to render the manufacture of tobacco-pipes a considerable branch of industry. Some seek in the inhalation of tobacco-smoke a pleasurable narcotism; others imagine it to be beneficial to their health; but, in general, smoking is merely a dreamy resource against ennui, which ere long becomes an indispensable stimulus. The filthiness of this habit, the offensive odor which persons under its influence emit from their mouths and clothes, the stupor it too often occasions, as well as the sallow complexion, black or carious teeth, and impaired digestion, all prove the great consumption of tobacco to be akin in evil influence upon mankind to the use of ardent spirits."<sup>1</sup>

Despite these caustic remarks which clearly reflect the opinion held by one member of the medical profession of that day, the soldiers stationed at the frontier post of Fort Laramie seemed to greatly enjoy tobacco smoking, judging from the hundreds of tobacco pipes and fragments which have been recovered here over the past 20 years.

## METHOD OF MANUFACTURE

Around the middle of the 19th century, tobacco pipes were made of a fine-grained plastic white clay, commonly called "pipe clay" in the industry. To make a pipe, the clay was first worked with water into a thin paste. The clay was then allowed to settle in pits, or it may have been passed through a sieve to separate any silicious or other stony impurities. The water was next evaporated until the clay assumed a doughy consistence after which it was well kneaded to make it uniform. Pipe clay is found in numerous localities in Europe but comes chiefly from the island (or peninsula) of Purbeck in Dorsetshire, England, and is distinguished by its perfectly white color and its great adhesion to the tongue after it is fired due to the large proportion of alumina which it contains.<sup>2</sup>

---

1. Andrew Ure, M.D., *A Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines*, New York, 1844, p. 1262.

2. The bit of the pipe was sometimes lacquered or waxed to prevent its sticking to the smoker's lips.

Making a ball of clay from the heap, a child of perhaps twelve<sup>3</sup> began the process of manufacture by rolling the ball into a slender cylinder upon a plank with the palms of his hands in order to form the stem of the pipe. After sticking a small gob to the end of the cylinder to form the bowl, he laid the pieces aside for a day or two during which time some of the moisture evaporated from the mix, leaving the clay with a stiffer texture, more amenable to fashioning into its final form. In proportion as he made these rough figures, he arranged them by dozens on a board, and handed them to the pipemaker.

The pipe was finished by means of a folding brass or iron mold, channelled inside in the shape of the stem and the bowl, and capable of being opened at the two ends. It was made of two pieces, each hollowed out like half a pipe that had been cut lengthwise. When the jaws of the mold were closed, they constituted the exact space for making one pipe. Small pins in one side of the mold, corresponding to holes in the other, served as precise guides for closing the mold.<sup>4</sup>

To form the bore, the workman took a long iron wire, with its end oiled, and pushed it through the soft clay stem, directing it by feeling with his left hand. He then laid the pipe in the groove of one of the jaws of the mold, with the wire sticking in it, applied the other jaw, brought them together and held them firmly with a clamp or vice. A lever was then brought down which pressed an oiled stopper into the bowl of the pipe, while it was in the mold, forcing it sufficiently down to form the cavity.<sup>5</sup> Meanwhile the wire was being forced backward and forward so as to pierce the tube completely through.<sup>6</sup> Withdrawing the wire, the jaws of the mold were opened, the pipe was taken out, and the excess clay was removed with a knife. After drying a day or two, the pipes were scraped, polished with a piece of hard wood, and the stems were bent into the desired form or left perfectly straight.<sup>7</sup> Finally, they were carried to the kiln where 50 gross could be fired in from 8 to 12 hours. A boy and a workman could easily make five gross of pipes in a day's time.<sup>8</sup>

In 1881, *Knight's American Mechanical Dictionary* stated that "clay, in its various forms still maintains a pre-eminence, and is used nearly all over the globe for making pipes, the commoner kinds varying in price from 50 cents to \$1.20 per gross."<sup>9</sup> It

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3. Children commonly worked in factories at that time.

4. Ure, *op cit*.

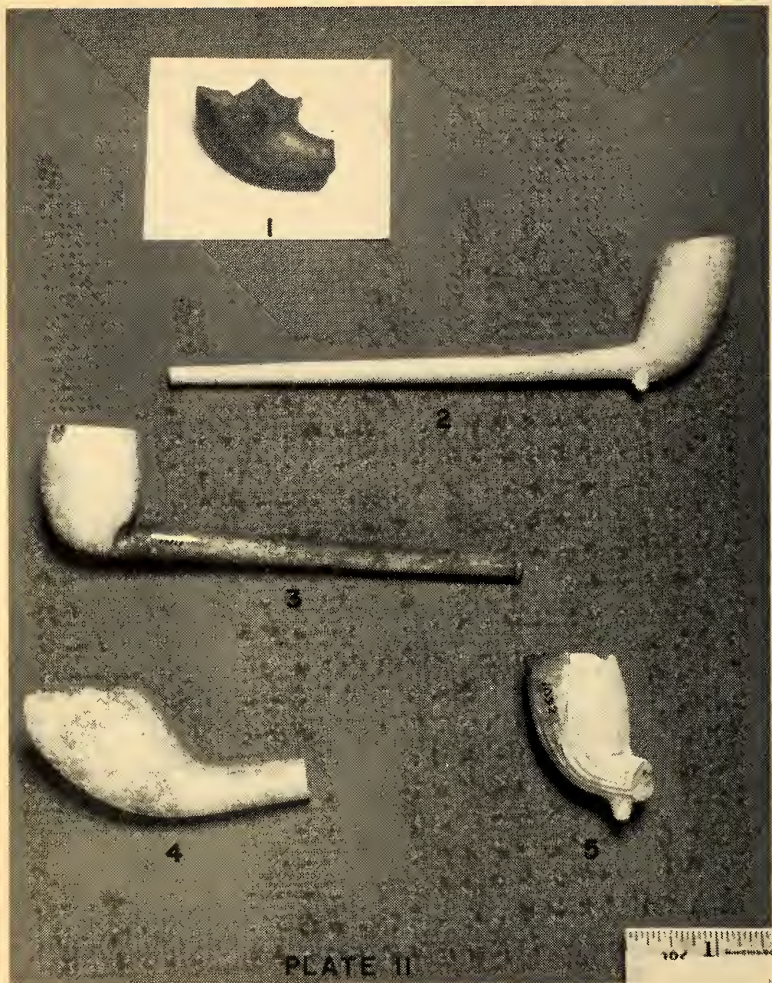
5. *Ibid*.

6. The wire must become visible at the bottom of the bowl, otherwise the pipe would not be perfect and would not draw.

7. Straight stems seem to have been preferred at Fort Laramie.

8. Ure, *op cit*.

9. *Knight's American Mechanical Dictionary*, Boston, 1881, pp. 2583-84.



*Courtesy Rex L. Wilson*

further states that in those times the ordinary clay tobacco pipe continued to be handmade in essentially the same manner as in the middle of the century.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>10</sup>. *Ibid.* (Heavy machinery had not yet been introduced in the clay pipe industry).

## TYPES AND STYLES

During the latter half of the last century, the simpler varieties of clay pipes enjoyed the greatest popularity but other types were known.<sup>11</sup> Porcelain pipes were imported from Germany, "the finer kinds being ornamented by painting, which is in some cases of a very artistic order."<sup>12</sup> There are only two fragments of porcelain pipes in the Fort Laramie collection (Plate I, Nos. 1, 2), but in their original forms they were like one very fine specimen that was recovered complete from the excavation of one of the Company Quarters buildings at Fort Union, New Mexico. The manner in which the porcelain pipes were made and their manufacturers is not known.

Wide-mouthed, red-clay (or terracotta) pipes were traditionally made in Turkey and Algeria. Some were ornamented by stamping, and others were gilded with arabesque designs. They had wood stems of cherry or jasmine which, if used here at all, have long since disappeared. There is some question as to the origin of the effigy pipes with turbaned heads that occur at Fort Laramie (Plate I, Nos. 3-6), all of which are glazed. These apparently represent cheap imitations of the so called "Jacob" pipes made by Gambier of Paris around the middle of the 19th century, and differ from those imitated in that the Gambier figures were usually wearing beards. Woodward suggests that these pipes date some time around 1853.<sup>13</sup>

Red or brown clay pipes of the elbow style, reminiscent of clay and stone aboriginal varieties, and probably modeled after them, are also rather common at Fort Laramie (Plate I, Nos. 7-9). The origin of this type is not definitely known but some of them almost certainly were produced by the Pamplin Smoking Pipe and Manufacturing Company, Incorporated, of Pamplin, Virginia, which began turning out pipes around 1739.<sup>14</sup> No such great antiquity is claimed for the Fort Laramie specimens which may be of modern manufacture. The Pamplin Company sometimes marked its pipes with the name POWHATAN and ORIGINAL, in impressed letters lengthwise on opposite sides of the short shanks (Plate II, No. 1). They are usually undecorated and unglazed, and require an additional stem, usually a simple reed around 10 inches in length<sup>15</sup> that could be discarded in favor of a new one when it became clogged with tar and nicotine.

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11. E. Z. Massicotte, *Le Bulletin des Recherches Historiques*, Municipal Archives, Montreal, Vol. XL, No. 4, April 1934, p. 248. The ordinary Scotch pipe sold for around three cents.

12. See Knight, *op. cit.*, pp. 2583-84.

13. Arthur Woodward, personal communication, March 31, 1961.

14. *Ibid.*

15. *Ibid.*



Courtesy Rex L. Wilson

Precise dates for the Fort Laramie pipes are almost totally lacking. We know that the manufacture of the more elaborate and expensive varieties of clay pipes began in this country around 1860<sup>16</sup> but the common varieties of white clays have been produced in the United States since 1820.<sup>17</sup> There is no record of

16. *Ibid.*

17. *Encyclopedia Americana*, 1953, Vol. 22, p. 108.

who made them and where. The earliest recorded name is that of Thomas Smith, who made tobacco pipes, presumably clays, in New York in 1847.<sup>18</sup>

Apparently the outbreak of the Civil War had considerable effect upon the clay pipe manufacturing industry in the United States. To some degree high tariffs imposed upon imports during the conflict stimulated the growth of the industry for a time. The pipes produced in the United States during this period could not compare in quality with the imported ones nor were they much less expensive, in spite of their being locally manufactured.<sup>19</sup>

Prior to the war, the only pipe importer of note was Edward Hen, whose name, more than any other, was associated with tobacco pipes in the United States before 1860. The *Encyclopedia Americana* reports that his business was fairly small, something less than \$50,000 per year. However, a pupil of Hen, one William Demuth, began making pipes in 1861 and apparently made a substantial success of the business. By the turn of the century, the smoking pipe industry in this country had risen to heights of quality and production equal to that of the combined efforts of the celebrated European plants.<sup>20</sup>

#### "W D'S" AND "T D'S"

The "W" and "D" initials which frequently occur on either side of the spur at the base of a white clay pipe bowl, probably represent William Demuth. Several specimens with this marking are reported by Miller from Fort Lookout, South Dakota,<sup>21</sup> but none with this marking have been found at Fort Laramie except upon a single vulcanite stem. Miller also reports that he has recovered a variety of white clay pipes with the impressed initials "T D" on the side of the bowl facing the smoker.<sup>22</sup> Several of these "T D" clays have been found at Fort Laramie<sup>23</sup> with the letters in the same relative location on the bowls of the specimens (Plate II, No. 2), but whereas Miller reports letters 5 mm. in height, the letters on the Fort Laramie pipes range from 4 mm. to 7 mm. in height, with an average of 5 mm. Nor are the letters always impressed. They occur in relief on about half of the specimens and often one of the letters is nearer the lip than the other, giving the "T D" a staggered effect. Smith reports "T D" pipes from Fort Pierre II, South Dakota, and from Fort Stevenson, North

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18. *Encyclopedia Americana*, *op cit*.

19. *Ibid*.

20. *Ibid*.

21. Carl F. Miller, "River Basin Surveys Papers," *Bureau of American Ethnology*, Bull. 176, Nos. 15-20, 1960, p. 65.

22. *Ibid*.

23. "T D's" have turned up from coast to coast.

Dakota,<sup>24</sup> but these differ from the Fort Laramie pipes in that the letters "T D" are surrounded by a circle of 13 six-pointed stars. No clay pipes have been found at Fort Laramie that have a decoration even remotely akin to those from Fort Stevenson. Woolworth and Wood report pipes with a decoration similar to those found at Fort Pierre II from Kipp's Post, North Dakota.<sup>25</sup> That we find such a seemingly limitless variety of clay pipes is not surprising when we consider the production of the William White Company of Glasgow. Arnold Fleming, in his *Scottish Pottery*, states that the White factory in 1867 comprised six stories "and is filled throughout with the most modern appliances. There are six kilns, each holding 300 gross, and, as the firing process only lasts some twelve hours, we get an idea of the vast quantity of pipes produced from their 700-odd varieties of patterns."<sup>26</sup>

There is some question as to the meaning of the letters "T D." One explanation, often heard, is that the initials stand for Tommy Duncan, a Scot, who is credited with the invention of the clay pipe in the 17th century.<sup>27</sup> Another interpretation is that given by Richard R. Sackett, who writes: "Probably the most common of all (clay pipes) are those marked 'T D' with a circle on the bowl<sup>28</sup> . . . . Although it has not been definitely determined for whose name the initials stand, it is known that before the close of the revolution the 'T.D.' had become a *trade mark* . . . . It is generally accepted that the 'T.D.'s were first made by Timothy Dexter, the celebrated eccentric of Newburyport, Massachusetts, who was born about twenty-five years before the Revolutionary War."<sup>29</sup> "T D" pipes are also reported from Jamestown; two white clay bowls to which Cotter assigns a date of "post-1720,"<sup>30</sup> and from Fort Union, New Mexico. A William Gallop used the letters "T D" in Bristol, England, as early as 1704, and this "trademark" was registered in the Guildhall in Gouda, Holland, by one Jan Boms in 1734. Pipes with this marking are known to have continued in use in Western Europe for more than 150 years. A

24. G. Hubert Smith, "River Basin Surveys Papers," *Bureau of American Ethnology*, Bull. 176, Nos. 15-20, 1960, pp. 138, 225.

25. Alan R. Woolworth and W. Raymond Wood, "River Basin Surveys Papers," *Bureau of American Ethnology*, Bull. 176, Nos. 15-20, 1960, pp. 272-73.

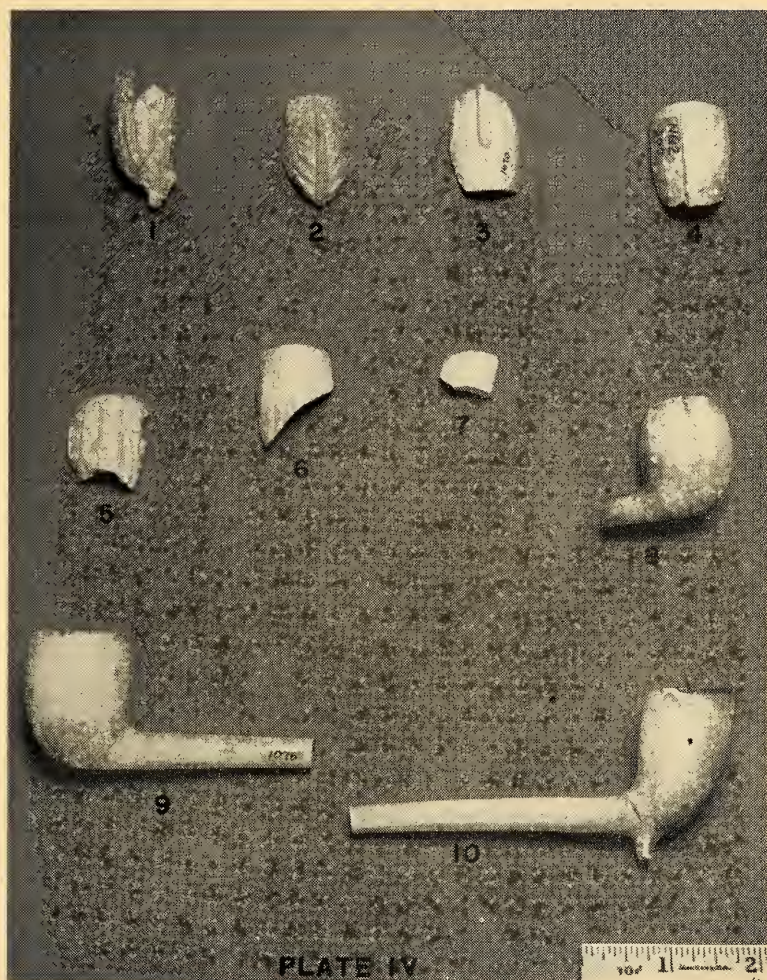
26. J. Arnold Fleming, *Scottish Pottery*, Glasgow, 1923, p. 243.

27. Paul Beaubien, *Preliminary Report of the Archeological Investigations at Fort Laramie National Monument*, 1950, unpubl. MS, April, 1951, p. 13.

28. None of these at Fort Laramie.

29. Richard R. Sackett, "Historical Clay Pipes of the Minnesota Area," *The Minnesota Archaeologist*, Vol. IX, No. 3, July, 1943, p. 70.

30. John L. Cotter, *Archeological Excavations At Jamestown, Virginia*, Archeological Research Series Number Four, National Park Service, U. S. Department of the Interior, Washington, 1958, pp. 210-212, 241.



*Courtesy Rex L. Wilson*

Thomas Denes allegedly used the "T D" on his pipes in 1743 or 1747. A white clay "T D" pipe made by the William White Company of Glasgow was excavated from an Indian site that had been abandoned in 1827.<sup>31</sup>

The true origin of the "T D" mark will probably never be

31. Woodward, *op cit.*

known. Pipes with this marking have been produced in Scotland, England, the United States, and Germany and have enjoyed widespread use for nearly 150 years. "T D" pipes have been found on Revolutionary War camp sites of both the American and British armies dating in the 1770's, before the birth of Timothy Dexter, which tends to further dispute the notion that he invented them.<sup>32</sup> "T D's" are still in use in this country and can be purchased in many tobacco shops today.

### OTHER "CLAYS"

Five simple undecorated, white clay pipes were found with "L. Fiolet / a St. Omer / Depose" impressed into the forward end of each stem. It is known that the L. Fiolet Company, in the small town of St. Omer, Department of Pas-de-Calais, France, began manufacturing clay pipes in 1764, and it is very likely that the five found with that marking were made there; the company discontinued pipes in 1920.<sup>33</sup> Four of them are essentially the same type, without spurs, and with the bowls set at right angles to the stems and resemble the "apple" style common in modern tobacco shops (Plate II, No. 3). The fifth pipe (Plate II, No. 4) is an aberrant "Dublin" type.<sup>34</sup>

All of the "T D" pipes found at Fort Laramie are made in the "Dublin" style. All are of white clay, all have spurs, and out of 33 samples, all but one are undecorated (Plate II, No. 5). Out of a total of 35 "Dublin" style, plain white clay pipes, all except two have the "T D" marking.

Elaborately decorated "Dublin" style white clay pipes are nearly as common as the plain varieties (Plate III, Nos. 1-9 and Plate IV, Nos. 1-8). Woodward feels that these safely fall within the trapper-military periods and date between 1834 and 1860.<sup>35</sup>

It may be assumed from the sampling at Fort Laramie that all tobacco pipes marked on their stems with the impressed words "H. Isaac / N. O." were made very similar to the L. Fiolet pipes in style and material (Plate IV, No. 9), and that the White and McDougall Companies of Glasgow may have made no other than white clay pipes (Plate IV, No. 10 and Plate V, Nos. 1-2).

The pipe fragments marked HENDERSON / MONTREAL (Plate V, Nos. 3-4) may have been products of the Montreal

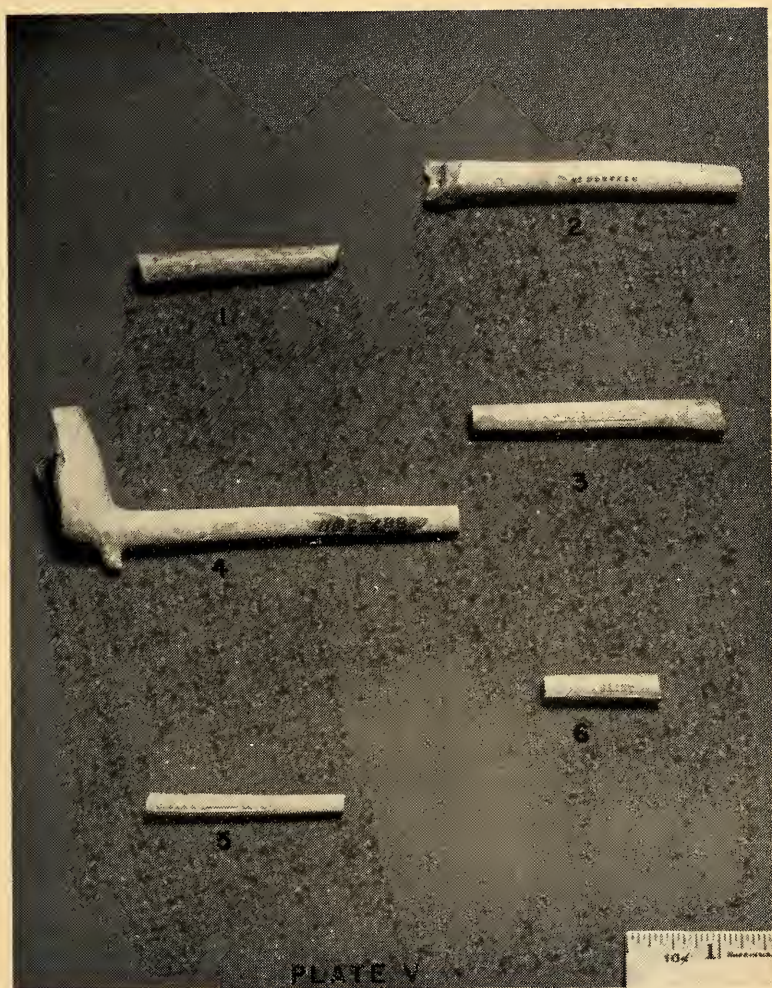
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32. *Ibid.*

33. *Ibid.*

34. I use the term "Dublin" in an arbitrary sense. A pipe with its bowl set at an obtuse angle to a straight stem is known in the trade as a "Dublin" style pipe.

35. Woodward, *op cit.*



*Courtesy Rex L. Wilson*

firm of William Henderson, founded on Colborne Street<sup>36</sup> in 1848. The Canadian company made pipes out of clay found in the immediate vicinity from 1848 to 1854, and in 1855 the business was purchased by James M. Henderson and his son, James M. Henderson, Jr. Between 1855 and 1876 the firm was known as Henderson & Son and was later sold to Robert Bannerman, who

36. Now de Lorimier Street.

had been making pipes since 1858.<sup>37</sup> The Henderson pipe fragments found at Fort Laramie must have been deposited between 1848 and 1876 or shortly thereafter.

Glasgow, Scotland, was one of the most important centers of the tobacco pipe industry during the latter half of the 18th century, and its trade was chiefly abroad. For example, in 1677, 120 "clays" were exchanged for a plot of land in New Jersey, and in the shipping entries of Port Glasgow for 1795, 122 gross of clay pipes were dispatched to the United States. One of the largest and best known of the Scottish factories was that of William White and Sons of the Gallowgate, Glasgow, and, until recently, was the oldest business of its kind in Britain. Originally operated by the Corporation of Tobacco Spinners, in 1805 the pipe-making branch of the concern was handed over to William White, who founded the firm. Another large old pipe-making business was founded in 1810 by a Highlander, Duncan McDougall. The McDougall pipes found at Fort Laramie were probably produced by this firm, and, like other Glasgow-made tobacco pipes produced for export, were nearly always about 7 inches in length.<sup>38</sup>

The manufacture of clay pipes was an old established industry in Glasgow, going back to the 17th century, but changes in smoking customs have caused it largely to die out in recent years. Its most flourishing era was in the middle of the 19th century when many pipes were made both for home use and for export. The celebrated McDougall and White companies have recently gone out of business, the latter in 1954. The following is a list of pipe makers taken from the Glasgow Directory for the years 1845 to 1892.<sup>39</sup>

#### NINETEENTH CENTURY MAKERS OF CLAY PIPES IN GLASGOW 1845-1892

<u>Manufacturer</u>	<u>Active Years</u>
Agnew, John	1853
Arnott, D.	1881
Bannerman, Carrick	1865
Cameron, C.	1873
Christie, John	1865
Christie, William	1865 1873
	1881-92

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37. Muirhead Moffat, Muirhead Moffat & Co., Glasgow, Scotland, personal communication.

38. George C. Emslie, Glasgow, Scotland, personal communication.

39. *Ibid.*

Coghill, Alex.	1845-92
Coghill, David	1865-92
Coghill, George	1853
	1865
Davidson, Thomas, jun. and Co.	1865-92
Feron, E.	1881-92
	1873
Fraser, James	1881
Galbraith, Malcolm	1853
Glasgow Clay Pipe Co., Ltd.	1881
Glasgow Pipe Manufactory	1853-81
	1892
Glasgow Tobacco Clay Pipe Manufactory	1881
Grant, William, jun.	1845
Graven, J.	1881
Hamilton, John	1881
Hanley, Jos.	1873
Lee, James	1845
Liston, J.	1873
McDougall, D.	1853-81
	1892
McIntyre, John	1892
McLanchlan, Thomas	1892
McLuckie and Prentice	1873
Mather and Cochrane	1873
Murray, W. <i>sen.</i> Caledonian Pipe Works	1845
Newton and Rae	1865
Nimmo, John	1865
Nimmo, T.	1845
Percy, Archibald A.	1881-92
Reid, James	1892
Scroggie, J.	1873-81
Shaw, John	1865
Thomas, John M.	1853
Waldie, John	1873-92
Wood, William C.	1865
	1873

One rare specimen (Plate V, No. 5) has the word MANCHES-TER in raised letters along the right side of the stem as it is held in the smoker's mouth, and W. H. PIERCE & Co. appears on the opposite side. It was probably made in Manchester, Lancashire, England, but may possibly have been made in Manchester, New Hampshire. There are no other specimens in the Fort Laramie collection with this marking and nothing of its history is known to the writer. Another rare marking is the word SAINT in raised letters along the left side of a white clay stem and with . . . FIOLET on the right side (Plate V, No. 6). This doubtless

represents a variation in marking of pipes made in St. Omer, France, by the Fiolet Company.

### CONCLUSION

Mr. Fleming declares that a revival of affection for old "clays" will return, that there will be a renaissance. Old champions of the clay pipe steadfastly maintain that on health grounds it is the safest pipe, in that the harmful nicotine is absorbed by the porous clay bowl and stem.<sup>40</sup> In the old days a pipe was associated with the good life and many an old Scot must have sung this little ditty which expressed his fondness for his "clay":

"With a glass in ae' haund, and my pipe in the t'other  
I drink to my neighbour, and friend.  
My cares in a whiff of tobacco I smother  
For life we all know, might quickly end."

*Old Song*<sup>41</sup>

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40. Fleming, *op cit*, p. 239.

41. *Ibid.*

# Wyoming's Frontier Newspapers

By

ELIZABETH KEEN\*

## Introduction

Some study has already been made of territorial newspapers in Wyoming. The standard reference, Douglas C. McMurtrie's *Early Printing in Wyoming and the Black Hills*,<sup>1</sup> surveys the record only through December, 1870. Other accounts have appeared as informal reminiscences, often inaccurate as to dates and personalities concerned. Limited treatments of early journalism are included in state and county histories. Much of the information about early papers and editors is thus fragmentary, scattered, and sometimes contradictory. Furthermore, outside of special studies of a few individual editors, comparatively little attention has been paid to the content of the newspapers themselves.

The present investigation covers the years between 1863, when the first paper was published, and July 10, 1890, the date on which Wyoming was admitted to statehood. It has attempted, first, to identify as accurately as possible territorial newspapers published in what is now the state of Wyoming and to record their names, the dates on which they were established, and their duration. Its second purpose has been to examine available territorial newspapers in an endeavor to determine their significance as historical and human-interest documents. The principal questions raised in this study are: what kind of man wrote, edited and often hand-set the type, what his problems of production were, what pictures of communities and the territory these gray and dusty files reflect, and what part the papers and their editors played in community and territorial development. It is hoped that these questions have been answered, in part at least, in the following pages.

Since newspapers provide valuable source material for the historian, it has seemed of first importance to locate all copies and files of those that have been preserved, and to list in an appendix the papers and places where they may be found today. This information is no doubt still incomplete, as it is probable that copies or files of territorial papers exist in libraries and collections of private individuals. In an attempt to explore all possible sources of information about the location of newspaper copies and files, a query was sent to every newspaper office and library in the state. Archives and other customary depositories of newspaper files were investigated. It was found that the largest collections of bound files and individual copies of such newspapers are in the holdings of the State Archives and Historical Department at Cheyenne and in the Archives of the University of Wyoming. A substantial number of issues have been preserved in libraries and newspaper shops in different parts of Wyoming. Others are preserved in out-of-state collections in the Library of Congress, the Bancroft Library, the Denver Public Library, and even in the library of the University of North Carolina. Microfilm copies of some of these

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\* This article is from Miss Keen's master's thesis, University of Wyoming, 1956.

1. (Hattiesburg, Mississippi: Printed for the Book Farm by the Southworth-Anthoensen Press, Portland, Maine, 1943).

scattered items have been examined in the State Archives and Historical Department and University of Wyoming Archives.

The early decades of Wyoming history saw many newspapers in proportion to the population. If a small town had a Republican newspaper, Democrats tried to establish a rival paper, or *vice versa*. Publication in some instances would be started literally overnight, go on for a few weeks, and then for any of a number of valid reasons, chiefly that of lack of money, newspapers would suspend publication. No copies of many of these evanescent papers exist today, so that this investigation of necessity has had to rely for information about these fleeting journals on what other newspapers said about them at the time.

As wide a sampling of individual newspapers as was possible within the limits imposed by a thesis of this nature was made in an attempt to convey the flavor of early-day reporting in Wyoming. The excerpts included as samples were often chosen to illustrate the refreshing style of the day, for the territorial Wyoming newspaper was an intensely personal publication, distinctly different from today's objectively-written metropolitan newspaper and its smaller brothers, the community dailies and weeklies that strive to imitate this objectivity. If a territorial editor had prejudices, he aired them in the columns of his paper, unrestrained by non-existent laws of libel, undeterred by threats of tarring and feathering, gunshot wounds, or bruises and broken bones. Some of these editors were to become known nationally as Wyoming spokesmen. The importance of personalities in shaping territorial journalism has been recognized in this study by the inclusion of a section dealing with seven of the most colorful and influential territorial editors.

But the importance of the early newspaper as a historical record of community and territorial growth must not be minimized. From the first the Wyoming newspaper mirrored the community which it sought to serve. It shared the uncertainties, the hazards, even the violence of the frontier settlement struggling for existence through various stages of growth: from a scattering of tents, or sod and log houses, to a collection of frame buildings sheltering an exuberant and sometimes lawless population, and much later to a town of sedate homes, tree-shaded streets, and orderly citizens intent upon establishing schools, churches, and other monuments of civic pride and responsibility. One section of the thesis, therefore, is devoted to a discussion of territorial newspapers as reflectors of community and territorial life and development.

Valuable help in completing this study has been given by Wallace R. Biggs, of the University of Wyoming journalism department, by the staffs of the State Archives and Historical Department of Cheyenne, the University of Wyoming Archives, and the Albany County Carnegie Library, Laramie, and especially by Dr. Ruth Hudson, under whose direction this thesis was written.

## "MUSHROOM PAPERS DROOP AND DIE"

In a one-story log house one day in June, 1863, Hiram Brundage, the telegraph operator at Fort Bridger, Utah Territory, began publishing a small, daily newspaper, the first publication of any kind to be printed in territory lying within the present boundaries of Wyoming. He called it the *Daily Telegraph*. No records have been discovered to show what kind of press produced this fledgling, nor for how long it was to live. It was printed on only one

side of a sheet six and one-half by ten and one-half inches.<sup>1</sup> An examination of a facsimile reproduction of the third issue shows two columns of news, one small advertisement concerning job work done at the *Telegraph* office, and a statement that subscription rates were a dollar a month or ten dollars a year, paid "Invariably in Advance." The *Telegraph's* news dealt exclusively with the Civil War. Lee's whole force, said to be advancing into Maryland and Pennsylvania, was reported "within a short distance from Washington." The stories bore New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Memphis datelines, with one "special" to the *New York World*.<sup>2</sup> It is not unreasonable to conjecture here that Brundage, as telegraph operator, had simply copied off the stories as they sped over the two-year-old telegraph line west through Fort Bridger to larger, paying clients on the coast, and had hand-set them for his own use in the *Telegraph*.

More than four years were to elapse before what is now Wyoming had its second newspaper. They were years of intense and bitter conflict between Indians and white men, of increased military intervention, of steady immigration to the West. Prospecting for gold along the Sweetwater, abandoned previously for the more profitable business of putting up hay and delivering telegraph poles to the Overland Stage Company, was resumed in the summer stampede of 1867. Then came the most vital force in the colonization and development of the new country: the Union Pacific Railway built its tracks across the plains and mountains of what later would be called southern Wyoming. And where the railroad ran, towns mushroomed along the right-of-way, and with the towns came newspapers. Some of the new country's first publications appeared in such Union Pacific towns as Cheyenne, Laramie City, Green River City, Bear River City, and Evanston.

Cheyenne, the first of these towns, was laid out in July, 1867, by orders of General Grenville M. Dodge, in charge of building the railroad, four months before the arrival there of the first train. A city of tents, it was later to become the territorial capital and the birthplace of a score or more of newspapers. Some of these lived for a few weeks; others survived for a year or more. Only six of them—three dailies and three weeklies—were publishing when Wyoming was admitted as a state in July, 1890.

### CHEYENNE NEWSPAPERS

Scouting opportunities to be had in the tent city well in advance of the horde of journeymen printers who were later to give the

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1. D. C. McMurtrie, "Pioneer Printing in Wyoming," *Annals of Wyoming*, (Cheyenne, January, 1933), p. 729.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 732.

new country a rash of newspapers, Nathan A. Baker and James E. Gates, driving a team of horses and taking along some printing equipment, left Denver for Cheyenne.<sup>3</sup> On September 19, 1867, three days after their arrival, they gave Wyoming its second newspaper. They called it the *Cheyenne Leader*.<sup>4</sup> W. E. Chaplin, one of Laramie's first newspapermen, says the *Leader* was printed a page at a time on a Gordon job press.<sup>5</sup> The first issue comprised four ten-and-one-half by fifteen-inch pages, each page having four columns of news, clips from exchange newspapers, and advertising. Baker priced his paper at fifteen cents a copy, and sold yearly subscriptions for twelve dollars. He addressed his readers with an optimistic, page-one "salutatory:"

This is an age of speed. Railroads are the motive influence that works changes bewildering to contemplate. An apt and striking illustration of this is presented in the growth of Cheyenne, this infant prodigy, and railroad city of the West. Scarce six weeks ago but two houses indicated the locality of the town, where now between one and two hundred houses stand to attest the vigor with which American people set about important undertakings. All this indicates a confidence which must have a sure basis. Having full convictions of the destined importance of this point, we have come among you to print a newspaper, and we ask, as the pioneer journal, that cordial support which we know will spring from persistent and effective labors for the commercial growth of our city.

Promises as to the course of our paper are hardly necessary, as the best test of capabilities consists in the actual performance of duties pertaining to our position, rather than in words. We come upon no speculative venture, nor from mere curiosity; we mean work, and shall give exclusive attention to our profession. So give us that kind encouragement of the heart as well as of the purse, and our success is assured.

The daily edition of the *Leader*, together with a weekly edition Baker began on January 2, 1869, was to continue publication under a succession of ownerships throughout the territorial period. Baker himself continued as editor and publisher until 1872 when he sold out to Herman Glafcke and moved to Denver.

Meanwhile, other newspapers were being printed in Cheyenne. Possibly the second to appear there was the *Frontier Index*, which called itself the "Press on Wheels." Published and written by Legh R. Freeman and his brother, Fred K. Freeman, the newspaper was put out at the railhead of the Union Pacific as it was

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3. "From [C. G.] Coutant Notes," *Annals of Wyoming*, V, No. 1, p. 37.

4. Although the masthead of the *Cheyenne Leader*, which showed it was printed in Dakota Territory, carried only the name of Baker as "Editor and Proprietor," Gates, later one of the owners of the *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, spoke of his help in establishing the *Leader* in the March 30, 1872, issue of the *Sentinel*.

5. "Some of the Early Newspapers of Wyoming," *Wyoming Historical Society Miscellanies* (Laramie, 1919), p. 7.

being built westward.<sup>6</sup> The *Frontier Index* grew out of the *Herald*, published at Fort Kearney, Nebraska Territory, with which Hiram Brundage, Fort Bridger *Daily Telegraph* publisher, had once been associated.<sup>7</sup> The Freeman brothers had bought the *Herald*, changed its name, loaded their press and supplies on a Union Pacific work-train, and started moving west. Existing copies show that it was published in Julesburg, Colorado, Fort Sanders, Laramie City, Green River, and Bear River City. No copies with a Cheyenne dateline are known, but the *Cheyenne Leader* of November 2, 1867, reported that Legh Freeman was in town and would shortly leave with his press for Fort Sanders.

Cheyenne's third newspaper was the *Argus*, only two copies of which are known to have been saved.<sup>8</sup> But the files of the *Cheyenne Leader* show that the *Argus* began publication October 24, 1867, under the editorship of Lucien L. Bedell.<sup>9</sup> Telegraphic communication with Denver and the East were completed the same day. The *Cheyenne Leader*, which seems to have taken a good deal of pleasure in noting the rapid turnover in the *Argus* staff members, printed items about George Barnett and W. P. Finley as departing associate editors, about Samuel McBride as a "former" *Argus* foreman, later one of the founders of the *Colorado Chieftain* at Pueblo, about Henry Garbanati's leaving the editorship of the *Argus* to engage in the practice of law, and about financial bickerings between Bedell and Julius Silversmith, *Argus* publishers.<sup>10</sup> Bedell, it would seem, won the argument because the *Leader* soon after reported that Silversmith had left the paper to publish the *Northwestern Journal of Commerce*. No copies nor further mention of the latter paper have been found. The *Argus*, meanwhile, became a weekly on January 6, 1869;<sup>11</sup> after one suspension in November, 1869, the paper published briefly, then

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6. Legh Freeman is referred to as "Leigh" by McMurtrie and other historians. A few issues of the *Frontier Index* are in the Bancroft Library at the University of California, Berkeley; microfilm copies are in the University of Wyoming Archives and in the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department at Cheyenne. An examination of these copies shows page-one editorials and travel stories plainly signed "Legh," while Fred K. Freeman frequently in print referred to his brother in this manner. Nowhere in copies of the *Index* examined does Legh Freeman appear as "Leigh."

7. McMurtrie, *Early Printing in Wyoming and the Black Hills*, p. 4.

8. The University of North Carolina Library has the issue of Sept. 8, 1868; the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department has the issue of Nov. 12, 1869.

9. *Cheyenne Leader*, October 26, 1867. H. H. Bancroft, *Bancroft's Works*, Vol. XXV, *History of Nevada, Colorado, and Wyoming, 1540-1888* (San Francisco: History Co., 1890), p. 735, gives the date the *Argus* began publication as October 25, 1867.

10. *Cheyenne Leader*, March 5, June 4, August 12, 1868; June 19, July 16, July 26, 1869.

died. A forced sale of its equipment and supplies "upon foreclosure of mortgage" was advertised in the May 9, 1870, issue of the *Leader*.

The *Daily Rocky Mountain Star* was Cheyenne's next newspaper. Republican in politics, it came out for the first time December 8, 1867, and managed to survive for nineteen months, although during its brief lifetime it switched back and forth from daily to weekly publication.<sup>12</sup> The only issues of the paper known to have been preserved are in the Library of Congress.<sup>13</sup> The *Star*, too, suffered from a rapid turnover in staff; O. T. B. Williams, Charles V. Arnold, J. H. Hayford, later to edit the *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, W. M. Bamberger, and T. J. Webster are among those known to have had a part in its publication.<sup>14</sup> When the *Star* had gone to press for the last time, Baker of the *Leader* bought its equipment, shipped it to South Pass City, then booming, and there began the *South Pass News*, to be treated later.<sup>15</sup>

Cheyenne's fifth newspaper was to survive less than three months. It was the *Commercial Record*, a weekly, and probably served as official organ to the Board of Trade.<sup>16</sup> Apparently no copies of this newspaper have been preserved. The little that can be discovered about the *Record* is in the April 6, 1868, issue of the *Cheyenne Leader*: "A new candidate for public favor bearing the title *Commercial Record* has made its appearance. It is little more than half the size of the *Daily Leader*, and is to be issued weekly. Saltiel and Barnett are the publishers, and we hope they and their paper may flourish like the green bay tree." In its issue of June 24, the *Leader* announced the sale, to take place on the following day, of the *Commercial Record* printing office. It is possible that Emanuel H. Saltiel, the *Record's* publisher, produced at this time another short-lived paper, the *Fast Life*. Although no copies of such a paper have been unearthed, files of the *Cheyenne Leader* make brief mention of it three times.<sup>17</sup> Too, the *Frontier Index*, then being published in Laramie, stated on June 23, 1868: "The *Fast Life*, published at Shian, has fizzled out."

Edward M. Lee, Wyoming's first territorial secretary, put up the money for Samuel A. Bristol and H. A. Pierce to begin publi-

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11. *Ibid.*, January 6, 1869.

12. *Ibid.*, July 8, 1868.

13. They are the issues for May 2, 16, 18, 1869, when the newspaper was a daily; January 13, 27, May 26, June 2, 9, 1869, of the weekly issues. (Recently the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department acquired a copy of the June 13, 1868, issue.—Ed.)

14. McMurtrie, *Early Printing in Wyoming and Black Hills*, pp. 19-20.

15. *Cheyenne Leader*, June 9, 1869.

16. McMurtrie, *Early Printing in Wyoming and Black Hills*, p. 21.

17. June 30, August 4, August 19, 1868.

cation November 20, 1869, of the *Wyoming Tribune*. The *Leader* sourly noted the event by saying: "A new squirt. After much labor, that official of mountainous rottenness, 'Slang' Lee, has brought forth a mouse . . ." <sup>18</sup> Late in the summer of 1871, when it appeared that the *Tribune* had breathed its last, the *Leader* was quick to note: "The printing press and traps of the late *Tribune* have been bought by [George W. Corey] a member of Congress, resident of the Hoosier State. This fellow is the pet aversion of all decent Cheyenne folks, who are always slow to appreciate the peculiar line of greatness in which he excels." <sup>19</sup> The *Tribune* <sup>20</sup> thereupon revived to live on for another sixteen months, when its death notice was recorded by the *Laramie Daily Independent* in its issue of December 28, 1872.

Cheyenne's next newspaper was to last for only two or three months in the summer of 1870. It was the *Wyoming Railroad Advocate*, and as noted by the *Wyoming Tribune* on June 11, 1870, it was a ". . . neat 7-column sheet published . . . by J. M. Searle and Co.—Democratic, and devoted to the Territorial Railroad interests, also mining and general development."

A newspaper that called itself successively the *Wyoming News* and the *Wyoming Daily Morning News* began publication late in the summer of 1870 and lasted through April of the following year. Only a guess can be made as to the date of its first issue since just one copy of the newspaper has been traced. <sup>21</sup> However, it is reasonable to suppose that April 30 is the date of its death, and consequently that the extant copy is the final issue of the newspaper, since the *Cheyenne Leader* for May 1 reported that the rival paper had "breathed its last yesterday morning." Four days later the same newspaper quoted a memorial tribute from the *Laramie Sentinel*:

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,  
Dime by dime the purse runs dry;  
One by one, beyond recall,  
Mushroom papers droop and die.

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18. *Cheyenne Leader*, November 23, 1869.

19. *Cheyenne Leader*, August 18, 1871.

20. The *Tribune* for Nov. 1869-Apr. 1870 is in the files of the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.—Ed.

21. The State Archives and Historical Department at Cheyenne have the issue of April 30, 1871. At this time H. A. Pierce was the publisher of the *Wyoming Daily Morning News*; W. Richardson was the editor. In this issue, Pierce announced his intention of moving to Salt Lake City to publish a daily. He said that Cheyenne had "too many petty cliques and rings for broad and permanent prosperity, and if she would soon take her rightful position as a great commercial capital, she must rid herself of these leeches."

Finally, the *Cheyenne Leader* of June 2, 1871, printed an item that by this time must have had for its readers a familiar sound: "The material of the *Wyoming News* is to be sold on Saturday next to satisfy employes' claims."

Before the demise of the *Wyoming Daily Morning News*, still another newspaper had set up shop in the territorial capital—the *Cheyenne Daily Sun*. A reference is made to it in the *Laramie Daily Sentinel* of October 12, 1870; on February 4, 1871, the *Wyoming Tribune* noted the *Sun's* passing. Since no copy of it can be traced, nothing is known of this short-lived newspaper beyond the fact that it should not be confused with a later *Cheyenne Daily Sun*, owned and edited by Col. E. A. Slack, which appeared in the territorial capital March 3, 1876, after the owner had moved there from Laramie where the newspaper had originally been called the *Laramie Daily Sun*.<sup>22</sup>

For a few years the fever to publish apparently abated in Cheyenne, since the next newspaper to appear was the *Daily News*, which did not begin publication until July 10, 1874.<sup>23</sup> William M. Benton put out the paper "as an advertising sheet, with spicy and interesting locals" until November, 1874, when he sold it to T. Joe Fisher, who thereafter ran it as a "campaign paper" for the Republicans.<sup>24</sup>

Baker of the *Cheyenne Leader* and Fisher of the *Daily News* had the publishing field entirely to themselves until March, 1876, when E. A. Slack, former South Pass and Laramie City publisher, arrived in Cheyenne with equipment and material from the plant of the late *Laramie Daily Sun*, bought out the *Daily News*, and began publication March 6 of the *Cheyenne Daily Sun*, to which he soon added the *Weekly Sun*. Coutant said Slack's newspaper was "destined to exert a great influence, not only in the city but throughout the territory."<sup>25</sup> Baker of the *Leader*, who could be expected to make some kind of wry comment on the advent of a new publication, had this to say:

The *Cheyenne Daily Sun* rises on Monday next. It is not yet decided whether it is to be a morning or evening Sun. It would seem

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22. Chaplin, p. 11. (Issues of the *Laramie Daily Sun* May 6, 1875-Feb. 22, 1876 and *Cheyenne Daily Sun* 1876-1895 are in the files of the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.—Ed.)

23. J. H. Triggs, *History of Cheyenne and Northern Wyoming* (Omaha: Herald Steam Book and Job Printing House, 1876), p. 39. Bancroft, p. 798 n., gives the initial publication date as 1875. However, examination of the Aug. 31, 1874, issue of the *Daily News* preserved in the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department shows it to be Vol. I, No. 43, which would make Triggs' date the correct one. (Three issues, for July 22, 1874, May 12, 1875 and November 20, 1875 are in the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.—Ed.)

24. Triggs, p. 39.

25. *Annals of Wyoming*, XIV, p. 65.

inappropriate, however, to have a Sun-rise in the evening. Speaking of Suns reminds us that this will be the third paper of that name published in Cheyenne. Old timers will remember that the first two had but brief lease of life, and left no monument, save the unpaid bills of their publishers.<sup>26</sup>

The summer of 1877 saw the arrival in Cheyenne of two more Laramie newspapermen: T. J. Webster, who has already been mentioned as having been on the staff of the short-lived *Daily Rocky Mountain Star*, and A. R. Johnson. They brought with them the plant of the late *Laramie Daily Chronicle*, and with it they began publication of the *Cheyenne Daily Gazette*.<sup>27</sup> Historians of the period agree that the *Gazette* did not prosper, and that it was soon moved to Deadwood, but the newspaper must have survived the winter at least, for it is mentioned in the *Daily Advertiser*, another fleeting publication, in its issue of February 20, 1878.<sup>28</sup> This same issue, the twenty-fifth since the *Daily Advertiser* began publication, shows that Willie Crook and C. S. Clark were its editors and publishers.<sup>29</sup>

The *Daily Hornet*, S. W. Hardinge, editor, began publication in Cheyenne Sunday, March 10, 1878, with the warning that the proprietors "will not be responsible for debts incurred by any of its help," and the brash announcement that the new paper had "a larger circulation than all the other daily papers combined."<sup>30</sup> Subsequent issues of the paper show that Hardinge specialized in

26. *Cheyenne Leader*, March 3, 1876. Mention has already been made of a previous *Cheyenne Sun*, but this investigation has failed to discover records of still another newspaper of that name.

27. Chaplin, p. 12. Bancroft, p. 799 n., gives the date as 1876. However, the Nov. 3, 1876, issue of the *Laramie Daily Chronicle*, Vol. I, No. 160, has been preserved in the University of Wyoming Archives, and Chaplin states that the paper continued publication in Laramie City throughout the winter of that year. Unfortunately, this examination has failed to find preserved any copy of the *Gazette*.

28. This item is illustrative of the constant job-shifting that went on among newspaper offices: "The newspaper change to which we referred several days ago will take place tomorrow. Mr. Poulton takes charge of the *Leader* as associate editor; and Mr. Johnson, formerly of the *Gazette*, takes Mr. Poulton's place on the *Sun*. Mr. Wallahan retires, and, perhaps, will go to Dead Wood [sic] and take a place on the *Dead Wood Times*. Or, perchance, go on the *Gazette* of this city."

29. Coutant, *Annals*, XIV, p. 75, states that Crook, "a mere boy but an unusually gifted one," was the editor of *The Hornet* at this time. However, the *Daily Hornet*, about to begin publication, is mentioned in Crook's *Daily Advertiser* as being "Mr. Hardinge's paper." Coutant, p. 75, also has Hardinge, whom he calls "Harding," editing *The Spur*. However, this investigation has failed to disclose the existence or further mention of a newspaper by that name.

30. The Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department has an excellent file of the *Daily Hornet* from its first issue to April 11, 1878, which was probably the last time the paper came out.

gossip, news about women's fashions, and criticism of the *Cheyenne Daily Sun*. And although by March 30 of the same year the *Daily Hornet* had increased its saloon advertising to two full columns, it was forced not long after that to suspend publication.

On November 23, 1883, Asa Shinn Mercer, who had already founded newspapers in Oregon and in Texas, and S. A. Marney began publication of the *Northwestern Livestock Journal*.<sup>31</sup> This was to prove Mercer's "most successful newspaper venture."<sup>32</sup> He continued the weekly, which was devoted to interests of the cattle industry, well beyond the territorial period to which this study is confined, but shortly after the publication in 1894 of his controversial book, *The Banditti of the Plains*, Mercer closed down his publication and eventually he was forced to leave Cheyenne.<sup>33</sup>

Meanwhile, the *Cheyenne Daily Tribune*, established in 1884, had begun a long life under a series of ownerships which were to include that of Judge J. M. Carey, Wyoming's first United States senator. The *Cheyenne Daily Leader* of December 24, 1884, noted that "at a rather late hour last night the first issue of the *Cheyenne Daily Tribune* was distributed about the city. The new candidate for public favor is a six-column, four-page paper of very neat typographical appearance . . . its editor, Mr. C. W. Hobart, says that in politics it will be Republican." Chaplin says that Hobart was backed by F. E. Warren of Cheyenne, "who generally had some surplus money for any printer or publisher in distress," and that Hobart was also backed by Senator Hill of Colorado who owned for many years the *Denver Republican*.<sup>34</sup> This is the same paper that in 1904, under the ownership of a company headed by William C. Deming and James H. Walton, was to become the *Wyoming Tribune*,<sup>35</sup> which appears in Cheyenne today as the *Wyoming State Tribune*.

Another notable event occurred in 1884. On January 19 the *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, which had been Republican in politics, overnight changed its name to the *Democratic Leader* with the announcement that it would be published thereafter "by a corporation composed of a number of gentlemen of the democratic faith

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31. *Cheyenne Democratic Leader*, July 22, 1884.

32. Delphine Henderson, "Asa Shinn Mercer, Northwest Publicity Agent," *Reed College [Portland, Oregon] Bulletin*, XXIII (Jan., 1945), p. 30, n. 37. This brief study gives an excellent account of Mercer's life up to the time he established himself in Cheyenne.

33. Mercer's *Banditti* tells the story of the range wars, and of the invasion of Johnson County by cattle barons of Wyoming and their Texas mercenaries in 1892.

34. P. 16.

35. Agnes Wright Spring, *William Chapin Deming of Wyoming* (Glendale, California: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1944), p. 92.

political, and of party faith triumphal.”<sup>36</sup> On May 23, 1884, the name of John F. Carroll, editor, appeared for the first time on the paper's masthead. On June 12, 1887, the newspaper was published for the last time under the name of the *Democratic Leader*. Tuesday, June 14, it became the *Cheyenne Daily Leader* once more, with Carroll's statement that “we again throw open the editorial throttle, and with a roaring fire of ambition in the furnace resume a career which we sincerely hope will be pleasant and profitable both to our readers and to ourselves.”

By January, 1889, when a one-issue publication called the *Cheyenne Review* made its appearance, the territorial capital had three daily and three weekly newspapers: the daily *Leader*, *Sun*, and *Tribune*, the weekly *Leader*, *Sun*, and *Northwestern Livestock Journal*. They were the newspapers that had shown judgment and equanimity during booms and cheerful fortitude during hard times; they were also the newspapers that would continue publication after the end of the period under investigation, when, on July 10, 1890, Wyoming became a full-fledged state.

### LARAMIE NEWSPAPERS

Meanwhile, as newspapers were taking root in Cheyenne, dailies and weeklies were blossoming forth in other parts of what is now Wyoming in such numbers that more than one newspaper in many a frontier community was commonplace. Laramie City, the next town of any size to grow up along the Union Pacific, was staked out by the railroad agent in March, 1868, just nine months after the first tent went up in Cheyenne. A division point of the railroad, it was to become the hated rival of Cheyenne, with bitter battles fought out in the pages of the towns' respective newspapers. In the territorial days Laramie City was never to have so many newspapers as its neighbor over the mountains, but nine, if not more, dailies and weeklies were to appear in what the Freeman brothers in their *Frontier Index* christened the “Nineveh of the Plains.”<sup>37</sup>

The “Press on Wheels” gave the new town its first newspaper. Between Cheyenne and Laramie the perambulatory newspaper had appeared for three or four months at Fort Sanders, three miles

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36. Some confusion exists concerning the *Democratic Leader*. The Library of Congress in its listings of territorial Wyoming newspapers, states that it was the *Cheyenne Weekly Leader* that had changed to the “weekly” *Democratic Leader*; however, an examination of the file of the *Cheyenne Daily Leader* for January, 1884, preserved in the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department, shows the inclusion therein of the *Democratic Leader*, which continued publication as a daily until its former name was resumed.

37. *Frontier Index*, April 21, 1868.

south of Laramie. Now it was to publish in Laramie between April 12 and July 27, 1868, using for an office a log building at the corner of what is now called Second and Garfield streets.<sup>38</sup> Throughout the few weeks that the *Frontier Index* remained in Laramie, the irrepressible Freeman brothers fired an unrelenting barrage of insults in the direction of Cheyenne, which they always spelled "Shian," and extolled the beauties, commercial advantages, and other virtues of the "Nineveh." But by August 11 the "Press on Wheels" had rolled on and was publishing at Green River City.

Laramie City was without a newspaper then until May 1 of the following year, when N. A. Baker, the man who gave Cheyenne its first permanent newspaper, performed a like task for Laramie. Edited by James H. Hayford, a Republican of strong views and few apparent inhibitions, the *Laramie Daily Sentinel* was a bright newsy sheet.<sup>39</sup> One year later Baker sold the paper to Hayford and J. E. Gates, the old friend who had helped him to found the *Cheyenne Leader*. Hayford and Gates published the *Sentinel* as a daily until the end of 1878, when they changed over to weekly publication. One of the brightest lights of the newspaper was Edgar Wilson Nye, who, as city editor of the *Sentinel* from 1876 until it changed to a weekly, became known all over the nation as Bill Nye, humorist. The weekly *Sentinel* came out regularly until it ceased publication in March, 1895.

In the meantime, up in South Pass City, E. A. Slack had been publishing the *South Pass News*, a newspaper that will be more fully discussed later on. Slack's plant burned late in 1871. Salvaging what equipment and supplies he could, Slack took them to Laramie City, where on December 26, 1871, in partnership with T. J. Webster, he launched the *Laramie Daily Independent*.<sup>40</sup> Webster sold his interest March 12, 1875, to Judge C. W. Bramel, a colorful lawyer compulsively attracted by the business of publishing; the paper then became the *Laramie Daily Sun*, and its politics shifted from "independent" to Democratic.<sup>41</sup> Finally, in March, 1876, Slack bought out Bramel's interest, and, as we have already seen, moved the paper to Cheyenne, where once more there was a change of name and politics, and the paper began publication as the Republican *Cheyenne Daily Sun*.

Judge Bramel, meanwhile, had apparently found the smell of

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38. Chaplin, p. 9. J. H. Triggs, *History and Directory of Laramie City*, (Laramie: *Daily Sentinel*, 1875), p. 44, says "this saucy little sheet . . . continued a daily issue from the rear of the Frontier Hotel . . ."

39. The Albany County Library, Laramie, has excellent files of the *Laramie Daily Sentinel* from May, 1870, to December, 1878, and of the *Laramie Weekly Sentinel* from 1878 to 1890.

40. Files of this paper are located in the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

41. Chaplin, p. 11.

ink irresistible, for, as Chaplin was to recall later, Bramel "cast about and secured an outfit for another paper at Laramie," which he launched as the *Laramie Daily Chronicle* in May, 1876.<sup>42</sup> A small wooden building on First Street between Garfield and Custer housed the new paper for a while, but before long Judge Bramel moved it to the second floor of a building on Second Street. A fervent Democrat, Bramel in his editorial columns strongly supported Samuel J. Tilden, his party's presidential candidate that year, and in so doing incurred the equally fervent Republican wrath of the *Sentinel's* Hayford. Editorial swords were crossed all that summer, and apparently Bramel felt that he came out second best, for he was heard to acknowledge that he was "unable to throw as much mud as Hayford."<sup>43</sup> Hayford, as we shall see later, was not a man to have as an enemy.

When the Democrats lost the election that year, Bramel's *Chronicle* lost a substantial source of revenue: the county's printing was given to the Republican *Sentinel*.<sup>44</sup> About this time Bramel temporarily retired from the active publishing field; three of his employes, T. J. Webster, A. R. Johnson, and George A. Garrett, continued publication in Laramie until the spring of 1877 when the plant was moved to Cheyenne and the paper, as we have seen, came out as the *Cheyenne Daily Gazette*.<sup>45</sup>

Bramel resumed his law practice in Laramie, but not for long. On New Year's Day, 1879, with Judge L. D. Pease, he launched his third paper, the *Laramie Daily Times*.<sup>46</sup> Coincidentally, Bram-

#### OBITUARY

DIED—In Laramie City on the 31st day of December, 1878, the *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, for want of support owing to the lack of confidence on the part of its former patrons.

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42. *Ibid.*, p. 11. The only copy of the *Laramie Daily Chronicle* found is in the University of Wyoming Archives. It is the issue of Nov. 3, 1876, and is No. 160 of Vol. I.

43. *Ibid.*, p. 12.

44. *Ibid.*, p. 12.

45. Confusion exists concerning Bramel's financial interest in the *Sentinel* during its last days. Chaplin, p. 12, states that Bramel "sold" the paper to Webster, Johnson, and Garrett, but "again [took] an interest in the paper" when it resumed publication in Cheyenne. *Progressive Men of the State of Wyoming* (Chicago: A. W. Bowen, 1903), a commercial compendium of biographies published for a price and written by the subjects themselves, p. 162, states Bramel "has at various times been interested in daily and weekly newspapers published at Laramie and also at the city of Cheyenne."

46. Only one copy of the newspaper has been found: the issue of Jan. 1, 1879, Vol. I, No. 1, is in the University of Wyoming Archives. On the flag under the name, *Laramie Daily Times*, in parenthesis is the note, "This is only a temporary heading." Bancroft, p. 794 n., says the *Laramie Times* "came from Salt Lake originally, where it had been a Danish journal. It was moved to Evanston, and thence to Laramie by C. W. Bramel and L. D. Pease. Pease ran it about two years. . . ."

The *Sentinel* for a long time past has been like an old man in his dotage, whose days of usefulness are past, and only suffered to exist till his final summons shall come. The demise of the *Sentinel* has long been predicted for some time, but we thought it might linger with us a little longer, till within the last few days, when we knew its final end was approaching, and it finally went into convulsions and yielded up its *miserable* existence.

The funeral will take place this evening at 6 o'clock . . . and will be accompanied to its final resting place by its former editor and his assistant, wearing the usual badge of mourning, and bearing the following inscription: "We bled the people as long as they would stand it, and now they have bled us."

Peace to its ashes.

el's old enemy, Hayford, was changing over from daily to weekly publication, so the *Times*, after stating that politically it was neither Democratic nor Republican, with noticeable gusto ran the following item:

Historians of the period have given conflicting accounts of the eventual fate of the *Times*.<sup>47</sup> However, on April 2, 1881, the *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, commenting on the fact that two daily newspapers were then being published in Laramie, said that although the phenomenon was not without its benefits still "there is not much to choose between the two. . . . The *Boomerang* gets the latest, but the *Times* the fullest report. Nye gets his by telegraph and Pease his by freight train, and the train brings the largest batch." Again, on March 18, 1882, the *Weekly Sentinel* noted that "our neighbor the *Times* has pooled its issues and is owned and run by a stock company."

But though the end of the *Times* is obscured, its publication, meanwhile, had been so annoying to Laramie Republicans that they had begun their own newspaper, the *Laramie Daily Boomerang*. Bill Nye, the editor and by this time a noted humorist, brought out the first issue March 11, 1881. Chaplin, who was the printing foreman on the new paper, said that the *Boomerang* was printed on a Washington press, "known as a lemon-squeezer," and that the purchase of an "inadequate" press and the renting of an "unsuitable building" above a bakery were Nye's first serious

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47. Bancroft, p. 794 n., states that it was "revived for a short time as the *Missing Link*, and again as the *Tribune*," but he gives no dates. I. S. Bartlett, *History of Wyoming* (Chicago: S. J. Clarke, 1918), I, p. 455, states that the *Times* plant in 1882 "was sold to F. W. Ott, who continued it for several years as a weekly publication, supporting the democratic party." Chaplin fails to mention the end of the *Times*, or the establishment of the *Tribune*, but devotes a paragraph, p. 16, to the founding of the *Missing Link*. The *Laramie Weekly Sentinel* for Feb. 10, 1883 mentions the *Tribune*, stating that "C. W. Bramel takes his place [as editor] on the *Tribune* and can more than fill it." This study has failed to find any copies of the *Missing Link* or of the *Tribune*.

newspaper mistakes.<sup>48</sup> A year later Nye tried to make good his blunders by selling the job office to raise enough money to buy a Prouty press and by moving the *Boomerang* to a location above the Haines livery barn on the corner of Third and Garfield streets.<sup>49</sup> But this, says Chaplin, "was another grave mistake, as the fumes from the livery stable below were almost intolerable. It was in ascending to this office that he [Nye] cheerfully gave the advice to 'twist the gray mule's tail and take the elevator.'"<sup>50</sup> Because of illness, Nye left the *Boomerang* in 1883, but the newspaper has continued on under a succession of owners, and in a consolidated form is being published in Laramie today.

Meanwhile, 1882 had seen the establishment in Laramie of a short-lived Democratic daily, the *Missing Link*. Charles L. Rauener and Charles F. Wilson were the owners.<sup>51</sup> After a few months it became a semi-weekly, but before long it must have suspended publication because a Laramie directory for 1883-84 noted that there were only two newspapers being published that year: the weekly *Sentinel* and the daily and weekly *Boomerang*, at that time edited by M. C. Barrow.<sup>52</sup> Barrow was later to achieve nationwide fame as the editor of *Bill Barlow's Budget* at Douglas.

It is probable that other newspapers, of which there is no record, "drooped and died" in Laramie during the period under investigation.<sup>53</sup> For instance, the *Laramie Daily Sentinel* of July 19, 1870, noted that it had received a call that morning from "... Miss E. Luce, the junior editor of the *Semper Fidelis*, a new rival paper published in this city every Wednesday evening over T. D. Abbot's book store. The present editorial corps is composed of Giovine Santo, a *Homme d'esprit*, and the motto *ora et labora* is a good one, and we believe they try to put it in practice. . . ." However, no copies of the *Semper Fidelis* have so far been discovered.

(Between Cheyenne and Laramie at Sherman, where the Union Pacific Railroad crosses the summit of the Laramie Mountains, a newspaper may have been published in the summer of 1878, for on June 8 of that year the *Laramie Weekly Sentinel* referred to the *Sherman Reporter* as having been launched under the editorship of W. E. Ellsworth of the Summit House [a hotel and saloon].)

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48. P. 13.

49. Chaplin, p. 13, notes that the Prouty was "only a little better than the Washington."

50. *Ibid.*, p. 13.

51. *Ibid.*, p. 16.

52. *Directory of Laramie City, Wyoming, 1883-4* (Laramie: Boomerang Book and Job Printing, 1883), p. 33.

53. The *Laramie Republican*, founded by Chaplin and Thomas L. McKee August 14, 1890, after Wyoming had ceased to be a territory, is for that reason not included in this study.

(However, this investigation has failed to turn up any copies of a newspaper of that name.)

### MIGRATORY PRESSES

Elsewhere in the new territory, as settlements took root and grew into towns, other newspapers were being established. Of these, some were inevitably of the "mushroom" type, others were to publish profitably for many years. And in addition to the newspapers already discussed, Wyoming in the early days had two migratory presses. The first, the *Frontier Index*, whose course, as we have seen, paralleled that of the Union Pacific Railroad during the construction period, continued on its boisterous way during 1869 from Green River City to Bryan, where, on September 29, the Freeman brothers announced:

#### OFF FOR BEAR RIVER

There is a perfect stampede for the railroad crossing of Bear River. Because of Echo tunnel, the divide between Bear River and Weber River with detained track laying all winter, the mouth of Sulphur Creek on Bear River is the place where wholesale houses will locate in the shape of a winter town, the great winter metropolis—the Shian No. 2.

But Bear River City, now shown on maps as Knight, Wyoming, failed to fulfill this optimistic prophecy. When the Freeman brothers arrived with their press, they found the town full of cutthroats, and as was their custom they spoke out forthrightly against the prevailing lawlessness. The *Frontier Index* came out at Bear River City for the last time on November 17. Three days later an angry mob of rioters, enraged by the Freeman crusade against crime, burned the printing shop to the ground. Legh Freeman, who narrowly escaped death, fled to Fort Bridger for help.<sup>54</sup>

Up at South Pass City, in the meantime, another migratory press had found a temporary home. The *Sweetwater Mines*, believed to have been first published at Fort Bridger on February 14, 1868, was in May of that year moved to South Pass City, where its two publishers, J. Edward Warren and Charles J. Hazard, worked hard at creating nationwide interest in the Sweetwater mining region.<sup>55</sup> Hazard, by August the sole editor, took the paper to Bryan, where he published it during the winter of 1868-69, explaining that the name of the paper would not be changed

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54. Elizabeth Arnold Stone, *Uinta County, Its Place in History* (n.p., n.d.), pp. 83-4. J. Cecil Alter, *Early Utah Journalism* (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society, 1938), pp. 155-167, gives an entertaining account of the subsequent publishing adventures of Legh Freeman in Ogden, Utah, and Butte, Montana.

55. McMurtrie, "The Sweetwater Mines, a Pioneer Wyoming Newspaper," *Journalism Quarterly*, XII (June, 1935), pp. 164-165.

because it had a large circulation in the states, territories, and Canada, and had become so well known that a change in its name would be "annoying."<sup>56</sup> Hazard admitted he considered the oddity of the name an advantage since it was unique among newspaper nomenclature.<sup>57</sup> In the following April Hazard took his paper back to South Pass City. There financial troubles overtook him: in the last issue of the paper to be preserved, that of June 19, 1869, and it is not unreasonable to conclude that this was the final issue of the *Sweetwater Mines*, a legal notice was printed summoning him to answer in the District Court the complaint of W. F. Edwards for the sum of \$534.51.

Another newspaper published in South Pass City at this time was the *South Pass News*. Nathan A. Baker, founder of the *Cheyenne Leader*, began it in 1869, later sold it to Judge Church Howe, who, in turn, sold it to C. J. Coles and E. A. Slack. When fire late in 1871 destroyed the print shop, equipment, and supplies, Slack, as previously noted, moved to Laramie, and began publication of the *Laramie Daily Independent*. He could have had few regrets at leaving, however, for by this time there was little reason for an ambitious newspaperman to remain in South Pass City; it had begun to disintegrate into the "ghost town" it was later to become: Sweetwater gold was playing out, miners in large numbers were leaving the area, and empty houses and saloons outnumbered all other buildings.<sup>58</sup>

### EVANSTON PAPERS

Although three years were to elapse following the fiery death of the *Frontier Index* at Bear River City, during which that part of Wyoming which is now Uinta County had no newspaper, eventually it was to have six traceable publications during the territorial period. The first of these, published intermittently during a seven-year period, was the *Evanston Age*, a weekly started in the fall of 1871 by W. L. Vaughn. Apparently the publisher did not prosper, for at the end of a few months he shut up shop and moved away, leaving behind him his press, ink, and newsprint.<sup>59</sup> Two years later William Wheeler arrived in town, took over the plant,

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56. The Bancroft Library at the University of California, Berkeley, has a broken file of the *Sweetwater Mines* for 1868, and four issues of 1869. Microfilm copies of these papers are in the University of Wyoming Library and in the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department. It is of interest to note that Bancroft, p. 732, and Bartlett, p. 456, refer to the newspaper as the *Sweetwater Miner*.

57. *Sweetwater Mines*, Nov. 25, 1868.

58. Charles Lindsay, *The Big Horn Basin* (Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska, 1930), p. 87.

59. Stone, pp. 145-6.

and resumed publication of the *Evanston Age* as a daily, a folio with a fourteen-inch long column. In the fall of 1876 he formed a partnership with William T. Shaffer, who had been a Civil War correspondent and had worked on a Memphis newspaper before seeking his fortune in the West. At the time he joined forces with Wheeler, Shaffer was the publisher at Green River of a paper called the *Rocky Mountain Courier* and of the *Carbon County News* published at Rawlins. Shaffer himself wrote later that the partnership was dissolved in 1878 because the *Age* was "badly in debt to its employes and for stationery and material."<sup>60</sup>

In the spring of 1878, meanwhile, Mark Hopkins had begun publication of the weekly *Uinta County Argus*.<sup>61</sup> He continued the paper through the summer, suspended publication in September, and not very long after that he moved to Laramie.<sup>62</sup>

Again Evanston was without a newspaper until March 15, 1879, when Frank P. Lannon, a New Yorker eager to try his luck in the new country, and Shaffer began publication of the *Uinta County Chieftain*. On November 4, 1879, the newspaper shop and the meat market above which it stood were destroyed by fire.<sup>63</sup> Discouraged, Lannon abandoned publishing for ranching, but Shaffer saw the *Chieftain* through another twelve years of publication.<sup>64</sup>

Another weekly with a brief life was the *Evanston Examiner*. Edited by E. Buchanan, it first appeared October 23, 1885. According to Shaffer, the *Examiner* "got tired and quit" in the fall of the following year, at which time Buchanan took his plant to Park City, Utah.<sup>65</sup>

On June 7, 1888, Austin Decker and Wilson Dillon began publication of the *Evanston News*. Decker lasted only a few months before leaving town; his place was taken by J. F. Loudin, who continued publication of the newspaper for six years before selling out finally to a company that installed J. J. Ryckman as editor.<sup>66</sup>

The last newspaper to be established during territorial days in

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60. William T. Shaffer, "Evanston," *Collection of the Wyoming Historical Society* (Cheyenne, 1897), I, pp. 298-9.

61. The Bancroft Library has a file of the paper from May 9, 1878, the sixth issue, to Sept. 5, 1878. Both Stone and Shaffer speak of the *Evanston Argus*, but the Bancroft files show the correct name to be the *Uinta County Argus*.

62. Shaffer, pp. 298-9.

63. *Ibid.*, pp. 298-9. Shaffer adds that "what material was not damaged by the flames was rendered almost worthless by being thrown upon the floor among charcoal and ashes. The type was all 'pied,' and some of the machinery was broken."

64. Stone, p. 147.

65. Shaffer, pp. 298-9.

66. Stone, p. 147.

Evanston was the *Evanston Register*, a weekly. Joseph U. Allard, a New Englander of French descent, began its publication in 1890. Later he was to become one of western Wyoming's best known newspapermen.<sup>67</sup>

### OTHER PAPERS ALONG THE UNION PACIFIC

Elsewhere across Southern Wyoming newspapers were publishing wherever emigrants had congregated to establish businesses, build their homes, and settle towns. Shaffer, as we have seen, had already established the *Rocky Mountain Courier* at Green River before he moved on to Evanston in 1876. Green River was to have at least two more newspapers during the territorial period: The *Sweetwater Gazette*<sup>68</sup> and the *Daily Press*, an afternoon paper published by Judge C. W. Holden.<sup>69</sup> And in nearby Rock Springs printing was introduced in 1881 by the *Rock Springs Miner*.<sup>70</sup>

In what is now Carbon County, the first newspaper to appear may have been the *Fort Steele Herald*, for, although apparently no copies have been preserved, the *Cheyenne Leader* on March 12, 1869, recorded that a copy of the paper had been received in the newspaper's office. The *Leader* noted that the *Herald* was a weekly put out by "Lowry & Bros.," that it was a half-sheet containing three columns to the page, and that the interesting news it printed included an item about a man who had killed nine hundred antelope and elk during the winter, and one about the prevailing snow blindness at the fort. However, this investigation has failed to disclose the preservation of any copy of the *Herald*.

Rawlins was to have five different newspapers before Wyoming achieved statehood. The *Carbon County News*, after having been printed on the *Courier* Press at Green River, made its bow January 12, 1878, under the ownership of William T. Shaffer and John C. Friend.<sup>71</sup> Apparently the venture was so successful that in April of that year the Green River press was shipped to Rawlins, where it remained until the *News* suspended publication in September, 1878. Not long after the suspension, the press was

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67. *Ibid.*, p. 147.

68. Bancroft, p. 786, n. 7, mentions the *Sweetwater Gazette*, two issues of which, those of Jan. 8, 1885 and Feb. 10, 1887, have been preserved in the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

69. Robert E. Strahorn, *Handbook of Wyoming* (Cheyenne, 1877), p. 147, states that the *Daily Press* was a "sprightly twenty-column paper, having for its field the largest and perhaps richest county in the Territory."

70. McMurtrie, *Annals*, IX, p. 741.

71. John C. Friend, unpublished MS. in Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

shipped back to Green River, where once more it was used by the *Courier*.<sup>72</sup>

E. A. Slack, who, as noted previously, already had published newspapers in South Pass City, Laramie, and Cheyenne, began publication July 19, 1879, of the *Carbon County Journal*. In November of that year Slack, who was still publishing the *Sun* in Cheyenne, sold the *Journal* to John C. Friend, who continued putting out the newspaper for thirteen years.<sup>73</sup>

A syndicate of Republicans established the *Wyoming Tribune* in Rawlins on September 19, 1884. Merris C. Barrow, late of the *Laramie Boomerang*, remained the paper's first editor until the spring of 1886, when he left to start his own newspaper at Fort Fetterman.<sup>74</sup> Several editors followed Barrow, but none stayed "any length of time."<sup>75</sup> Eventually George R. Caldwell bought the plant and in June, 1888, moved it to Saratoga, and started the *Platte Valley Lyre*, to be given fuller treatment later on.

Will Reid gave Rawlins its fourth newspaper, the *Laborette*, on April 8, 1885. A four-column, four-page folio, the paper was devoted to Labor interests. But it did not thrive, according to Friend, and suspended publication December 8, 1887.

The *Rawlins Republican*, which appeared December 20, 1889, was the fifth and last newspaper to be published in Rawlins during the territorial period. H. B. Fetz, the editor and proprietor, had previously published a paper at Bothwell, a "paper town" town on the Sweetwater, but according to Friend he became "disgusted with the townsite people" and subsequently moved his plant to Rawlins," where he successfully conducted the *Republican* until May 1, 1895."<sup>76</sup>

Meanwhile, the *Platte Valley Lyre* had made its initial appearance in Saratoga June 7, 1888. George R. Caldwell, already mentioned as having bought the Rawlins plant of the *Wyoming Tribune*, was the former owner of a Lander newspaper. Because of the tall tales he told, Caldwell had earned the name of "Lurid Liar of Lander,"<sup>77</sup> but whether this fact had anything to do with his naming his new paper the *Lyre* has not been established. In

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72. *Ibid.*

73. *Ibid.*

74. Margaret Prine, Merris C. Barrow, *Sagebrush Philosopher and Journalist* (Laramie: University of Wyoming, 1948), p. 31.

75. Friend, *op. cit.*

76. *Ibid.* There is some confusion as to dates here, for although Friend states the *Republican* came out in 1889, Alfred James Mokler, *History of Natrona County, Wyoming, 1888-1922* (Chicago: The Lakeside Press, 1924) p. 29, states Fetz was printing the *Sweetwater Chieftain* at Bothwell in 1890.

77. Mrs. Laura C. [Huntington] Heath, *Rawlins Daily Times*, April 4, 1952.

the late eighteen-eighties he sold the paper to W. B. Hugus, who in turn disposed of the *Lyre* to Laura C. and Gertrude Huntington in 1890 while Wyoming was still a territory. The Huntington sisters were Wyoming's first women editors. Known as the "Lyre Girls," they set all the paper's type by hand, "for there were no machines in those early days . . ."<sup>78</sup>

### NORTH OF THE RAILROAD

Northern Wyoming's first newspaper was the *Buffalo Echo*, established in 1883.<sup>79</sup> Bancroft notes that it was founded by a company and first edited by T. V. McCandlish.<sup>80</sup> On January 1 of the same year I. C. Wynn began publication of the *Wind River Mountaineer* at Lander.<sup>81</sup> In 1887 the *Wyoming State Journal* began its long life at Lander; today it is one of the few territorial newspapers still being published. The same year saw the establishment of still another Lander newspaper—the *Fremont Clipper*.<sup>82</sup>

Farther east Natrona County was to have four newspapers before the date on which Wyoming became a state, but only one of the four was destined to live for any great length of time. The first paper was the *Casper Weekly Mail*. James A. Casebeer, Casper's third postmaster, and an associate by the name of Lombard began publication of the newspaper November 23, 1888. After his partner's retirement on April 1, 1889, Casebeer continued publication alone until May 16, 1890, when he sold out to Alex T. Butler. The latter brought out the paper for a little more than two years; then, after the issue of January 16, 1891, he suspended publication.<sup>83</sup>

J. Enos Waite, in the meantime, had launched the *Bessemer Journal* late in the year of 1888, but he was to find putting a paper out in this small town was an endless struggle. Waite was the editor and business manager from the beginning to the end—an end which came abruptly in December, 1890, when his plant was seized by creditors.<sup>84</sup>

Of all Natrona newspapers, the *Sweetwater Chieftain* had the shortest life. Published in the town of Bothwell by J. B. Fetz, already mentioned as having started the *Rawlins Republican* either

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78. *Ibid.*

79. McMurtrie, *Annals*, IX, p. 741.

80. P. 792.

81. H. G. Nickerson, "Early History of Fremont County," *Annals*, II (July 15, 1924), p. 21. McMurtrie, *Annals*, IX, p. 741, gives the date as 1884.

82. Nickerson, p. 21.

83. Mokler, pp. 28-29.

84. *Ibid.*, p. 29.

in 1889 or 1890, the *Sweetwater Chieftain* came out in the spring, "blooming forth with the flowers in the Sweetwater valley . . . it also withered and died with those same flowers in the fall of the year."<sup>85</sup> But during its brief lifetime the newspaper urged the removal of the state capital to Bothwell, the building of a railroad through Sweetwater country, the development of gold, silver, and copper mines nearby, the drilling of oil wells in the basin, and the development of adjoining soda lakes.<sup>86</sup>

The fourth Natrona County newspaper to be published during territorial days was the *Wyoming Derrick*. Owned by the Natrona County Publishing company and edited by W. S. Kimball, it began publication in Casper May 21, 1890. Under a succession of owners and managers, the newspaper continued publication for sixteen years, when it went the way of its three predecessors.<sup>87</sup>

In adjoining Converse County at Fort Fetterman, E. H. Kimball on May 26, 1886, had already begun distributing the *Rowdy West*.<sup>88</sup> Kimball told his readers that the composition and press work for the first seven issues had been done in Iowa and the copy itself had been written in Fort Fetterman.<sup>89</sup> Bert Wagner, an early-day reader, later recalled that the *Rowdy West* was "always printed on pink paper similar to the *Police Gazette* but minus the pictures."<sup>90</sup> Kimball, however, was not to have the field to himself for long.

Merris C. Barrow, after remaining in Rawlins on the *Wyoming Tribune* for eighteen months, arrived in Fort Fetterman early in 1886 to give Converse County its second newspaper. He called it *Bill Barlow's Budget*, and brought out the first issue June 9, 1886. The *Budget*, which later was to receive national acclaim, was an eight-page weekly costing three dollars a year or "three hundred years for \$300.00."<sup>91</sup> On August 4, 1886, Barrow moved his paper to a shack in Douglas in anticipation of the arrival there of the Wyoming Central Railroad.<sup>92</sup> Either he was a better newspaperman than his competitors, or his acidulous editorial comment was more telling than theirs, for within a short space of time Barrow put out of circulation, one after another, five rival newspapers. The first to go to the wall, after only a year of publication, was the *Rowdy West*. Next to die, after an even shorter span of

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85. *Ibid.*, p. 29.

86. *Ibid.*, p. 29.

87. *Ibid.*, p. 30.

88. For complete biography see *Progressive Men of Wyoming*, p. 856-858.

89. *Rowdy West*, August 8, 1886.

90. "Reminiscences of the Early Days of Douglas," *Annals*, II (April 15, 1925), p. 65.

91. *Bill Barlow's Budget*, June 23, 1886.

92. *Prine*, pp. 24-25.

life, was the *Douglas Advertiser*. The third, the *Douglas Republican*, folded up after thirteen months of publication. Another Kimball-edited paper, the *Graphic*, published at Glenrock, and the *Converse County News* rapidly passed out of existence.<sup>93</sup> It is impossible to assess the editorial merits of these ephemeral publications since, of them all, only a few copies of the *Rowdy West* are available for examination.<sup>94</sup> A comparison of Kimball's newspaper with Barrow's, however, discloses that Kimball printed only about half as much news as did the *Budget*.

At the time the Converse County newspaper war was raging, still other newspapers were putting down roots. From a tent in the old town of Silver Cliff on May 20, 1886, issued the first number of the *Lusk Herald*. J. K. Calkins was editor and publisher. The Wyoming Central Railroad was being built through the country at this time, so a generous portion of the first issue was devoted to a discussion of how fast the tracklayers were working: "... they lay 60 feet of track to the minute and the iron men cannot work more than two-thirds of the time because the tie men cannot keep ahead of them . . . If not delayed by bridges the locomotives will steam into Lusk about June 20. . . ."<sup>95</sup>

Farther north, the *Stockade Journal*, forerunner of the *Newcastle News-Letter Journal*, began publication about September 1, 1888, at Tubb Town, a boisterous settlement two miles from Newcastle where today only rock steps and foundations remain to show that here once was a town. The printers had only a cigar box of type with which to start their publishing venture.<sup>96</sup> On December 10, 1889, the first lots were sold in Newcastle. Within forty-eight hours Tubb Town was deserted. Since newspapers must have readers, H. C. Hensel and J. L. Stotts, publishers of the *Stockade Journal*, moved to Newcastle with their paper. The following year Judge F. H. Fall began publishing the *Newcastle News*. In 1891 the two newspapers merged.<sup>97</sup>

Nearer the Montana border, Sundance had had a newspaper, the *Gazette*, since 1884. The *Wyoming Farmer* and the *Board of*

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93. *Ibid.*, p. 126. However, the *Graphic* must have been revived at a later date because the Bancroft Library reports a copy of this newspaper published as a weekly at Glenrock for September 13, 1889. This issue is No. 37 of Vol. IV. The Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department has issues for Apr. 13, 1888, and number of scattered issues for 1890, 1891 and 1892.

94. Issues of June 2-23, Aug. 8, 10, 1886, July 10-17, 1887, are in the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

95. Velma Linford, *Wyoming, Frontier State* (Denver: Old West Publishing Co., 1947), p. 188.

96. *Wyoming, a Guide to Its History, Highways, and People* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1952), p. 358.

97. Linford, p. 286.

*Trade Journal* were being published here in 1888.<sup>98</sup> Sheridan's first newspaper, the *Sheridan Post*, put out its first edition in May, 1887, with H. D. Loucks and Thomas M. Cotton as publishers, and Cotton as editor.<sup>99</sup> In the fall of that year T. T. Tynan and Fay Sommers launched the *Sheridan Enterprise*.<sup>100</sup> South of Sheridan the *Big Horn Sentinel*, a forerunner of the present *Buffalo Bulletin*, made its appearance in 1887.<sup>101</sup> Away south in Platte County Ira O. Middaugh settled in Wheatland in 1890 and began publishing the *World*, a weekly which he edited for fourteen years.<sup>102</sup>

Wyoming, as McMurtrie has pointed out, was the next to the last of all the states to receive the benefits of the printing press,<sup>103</sup> yet, once the presses began printing, the number of newspapers that burgeoned forth might be taken to indicate that Wyoming publishers were anxious to compensate for any tardiness on their part in establishing their papers. For a few men the newspaper proved a steady if not lucrative means of livelihood. For others it meant bankruptcy within a few months. Certainly one of the chief forces leading to the founding of so many newspapers, as their columns show, was the heightening of controversy and the heating of emotions in days preceding political elections, although papers which had little more than political comment to offer their readers seldom survived for very long.

This study has verified, either by examination of actual copies or by noting references to their existence in contemporary publications, that seventy-three daily and weekly newspapers were established in what is now Wyoming between 1863 and 1890. How many other newspapers were published in those years, of which no records were kept and of which no copies remain, it is impossible to say.

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98. Copies of all three newspapers have been preserved in the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

99. J. D. Loucks, "[Sheridan] County After It Was Organized," *Annals*, II, p. 37.

100. *Ibid.*, p. 37.

101. Correspondence with Frank Hicks, publisher of the *Buffalo Bulletin*.

102. Spring, p. 94.

103. *Early Printing in Wyoming and Black Hills*, p. 9.

# *Biographical Sketch of James Bridger*

By

MAJ. GEN. GRENVILLE M. DODGE

In answer to numerous requests, articles from early volumes of *Annals of Wyoming* which are no longer available will be reprinted from time to time in current issues. The following one first appeared in *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 1, No. 3, January 15, 1924.

At this late day it is a very difficult undertaking to attempt to write a connected history of a man who spent a long life on the plains and in the mountains, performing deeds and rendering services of inestimable value to this country, but who, withal, was so modest that he has not bequeathed to his descendants one written word concerning the stirring events which filled his active and useful life.

It is both a duty and pleasure to make public such information as I possess and have been able to gather concerning James Bridger, and it is eminently proper and appropriate that this information should be published at the time when his remains are removed to the beautiful spot where they will forever rest, and a simple monument erected that posterity may know something of the remarkable man whose body lies beside it.

James Bridger was born in Richmond, Virginia, March 17, 1804. He was the son of James and Schloe Bridger. The father at one time kept a hotel in Richmond, and also had a large farm in Virginia. In 1812 he emigrated to St. Louis and settled on Six Mile Prairie. He was a surveyor, working in St. Louis and Illinois. His business kept him continually from home, and when his wife died in 1816 he was away from home at the time, and three little children were left alone. One, a son, soon died, the second—a daughter, and the third the subject of this sketch. The father had a sister who took charge of the children and farm. In the fall of 1817 the father died leaving the two children entirely alone with their aunt on the farm. They were of Scotch descent. Their father's sister married John Tyler, who was afterwards President of the United States, and was, therefore, uncle by marriage to James Bridger.

After the death of his father and mother Bridger had to support himself and sister. He got money enough together to buy a

flatboat ferry, and when ten years of age made a living by running that ferry at St. Louis. When he was thirteen years old he was apprenticed to Phil Cromer to learn the blacksmith's trade. Becoming tired of this, in 1822 he hired out to a party of trappers under General Ashley, who were enroute to the mountains. As a boy he was shrewd, had keen faculties of observation, and said when he went with the trappers that the money he earned would go to his sister.

The Rocky Mountain Fur Company was organized by General W. H. Ashley in 1822, and commanded by Andrew Henry. It left St. Louis in April, 1822, and it was with this party that Bridger enlisted.

Andrew Henry moved to the mouth of the Yellowstone, going by the Missouri River. They lost one of their boats which was loaded with goods worth \$10,000 and while his land force was moving up parallel with his boats the Indians, under the guise of friendship, obtained his horses. This forced him to halt and build a fort for the winter at the mouth of the Yellowstone, and they trapped and explored in this locality until the spring of 1823.

Ashley, having returned to St. Louis in the fall of 1822, arrived with his second expedition in front of the Aricara villages on May 10, 1823, where he was defeated in battle by the Indians, losing one-half his men, his horses and baggage. He then sent a courier across country to Henry, who went down the Missouri River with his force, and joined Ashley near the mouth of the Cheyenne. The United States forces under General Atkinson were then coming up the Missouri Valley to quell the Indian troubles and Ashley and Henry expected to remain and meet them, and their party joined this force under Colonel Leavenworth.

After this campaign was over, Henry, with eighty men including Bridger, moved in August, 1823, to his fort at the mouth of the Yellowstone, and in crossing the country lost two men in a fight with the Indians. He arrived at the fort August 23, 1823, and found that 22 of his horses had been stolen by the Indians, he abandoned the fort, and moved by the Yellowstone to near the mouth of the Powder River. Meeting a band of Crows, he purchased 47 horses. He then divided his party, and in the autumn of 1823 despatched the new party under Etienne Prevost, a noted trapper and trader. They moved by the Big Horn and Wind Rivers to Green River. With this party was Bridger, and no doubt it was this party that late in the fall of 1823 discovered the South Pass. The South Pass is the southern end of the Wind River Mountains and all the country there gives down into a level valley until the Medicine Bow Range is reached, some one hundred and fifty miles southeast. It forms a natural depression through the continent, and it is through this depression that the Union Pacific Railroad was built. In those days the pass was known to the trappers in the Wind River Valley as the southern route. This

depression is a basin smaller than Salt Lake, but has no water in it. It is known as the Red Desert, and extends about one hundred miles east and west, and sixty or seventy miles north and south. The east and west rims of this basin make two divides of the continent.

This party trapped on Wind, Green and other rivers, and in 1823 to 1824 wintered in Cache Valley on Bear River. So far as we have any proof, Bridger was the first man positively known to see Salt Lake. It is claimed that a Spanish missionary, Friar Escalante, of Santa Fe, visited the lake in 1776. To settle a wager as to the course of Bear River, Bridger followed the stream to Great Salt Lake and found the water salt. He returned to his party and reported what he had learned, and they concluded it was an arm of the Pacific Ocean. In the spring of 1825 four men in skin boats explored the shore line, and found it had no outlet.

Andrew Henry was in charge of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company until the fall of 1824, when Jedediah S. Smith took the place, and remained Ashley's partner until 1826. Ashley sold the Rocky Mountain Fur Company to Smith, Jackson and Sublette in July, 1826. Bridger trapped in the interest of these men until 1829, Christopher Carson being with him this year. The winter 1829-1830 Bridger spent on Powder River with Smith and Jackson, and in April, 1830, went with Smith by the way of the Yellowstone to the Upper Missouri and to the Judith Basin, and then to the yearly rendezvous on Wind River, near the mouth of the Popo Agie.

Sublette left St. Louis April 10, 1830, with eighty-one men and ten wagons, with five mules to each wagon and these were the first wagons to be used over what was known as the Oregon Trail. They reached the Wind River rendezvous on July 16th.

On August 4, 1830, Smith, Jackson and Sublette sold out the company to Milton G. Sublette, Henry Frack, John B. Gervais and James Bridger. The new firm was called the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and under these people was the only time the company operated under its own name. The trappers divided and occupied different sections of the country. Bridger, with Fitzpatrick and Sublette, took two hundred men, went into the Big Horn Basin, crossed the Yellowstone, then north to the great falls of the Missouri, ascended the Missouri to Three Forks, went by the Jefferson to the divide, then south several hundred miles to Salt Lake, here they obtained the furs collected by Peter Skeen Ogden, of the Hudson Bay Company. They then covered the country to the eastward, and reached the valley of Powder River by the first of winter, traveling in all about 1,200 miles. Here they spent the winter. It is probable that during this trip Bridger first saw Yellowstone Lake and Geysers, and he was probably the first fur trader to make known the wonders of Yellowstone Park. He talked to me a great deal about it in the fifties, and his description of it was of such a nature that it was considered to be

a great exaggeration, but the development of the park in later years shows that he did not exaggerate its beauties and wonders. Bridger was evidently well acquainted with its wonderful features. Captain Chittenden, in his "The Yellowstone National Park," quotes from Gunnison's "History of the Mormons," giving Bridger's description of the park as follows: "A lake, sixty miles long, cold and placid, lies embosomed among big precipitous mountains. On the west side is a sloping plain, several miles wide, with clumps of trees and groves of pines. The ground resounds with the tread of horses. Geysers spout seventy feet high, with a terrific, hissing noise, at regular intervals. Water falls are sparkling, leaping and thundering down the precipices, and collect in the pools below. The river issued from this lake, and for fifteen miles roars through the perpendicular canyon at the outlet, in this section are the "Great Springs," so hot that meat is readily cooked in them, and, as they descend on the successive terraces, afford at length delightful baths. On the other side is an acid spring, which supplies vermillion for the savages in abundance. In this admirable summary we readily discover the Yellowstone Lake, the Grand Canyon, the falls, the geyser basins, the mammoth springs and Cinnebar Mountains."

Bridger talked about the Yellowstone Lake and its surroundings to every one he met, and it was not his fault that the country was not explored and better known until in the sixties. A small lake near the headwaters of the Yellowstone has been named Bridger Lake.

In the spring of 1831 Bridger and Sublette started for the Black-foot country, where they met a band of the Crows who stole all their horses. Bridger led a party of his men in pursuit and recaptured all these horses as well as taking all the ponies of the Crows. Fitzpatrick had gone to St. Louis to bring out the winter supplies. Bridger and Sublette followed nearly their previous year's route in their hunting, and in the fall reached the rendezvous on Green River, where they met Gervais and Frack, who were at the head of another party of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

After leaving St. Louis Fitzpatrick came out with his supplies by the way of Santa Fe, and was so long in reaching the rendezvous on Green River that Sublette returned to the Powder River to winter, and here they first met the competition of the American Fur Company, which finally drove the Rocky Mountain Fur Company out of business. Fitzpatrick and Frack joined Bridger here on Powder River, but becoming disgusted with the movements of the American Fur Company under Vandenburg and Dripps, Fitzpatrick and Bridger with their entire outfit moved west some four hundred miles to Pierre's Hole, near the forks of the Snake River, in the spring of 1832 they moved up Snake to Salt, up that stream and across to John Day River, up that river to its head, and across to Bear River in the Great Salt Lake Basin. Here

they again met the American Fur Company, with Vandenburg and Dripps. They struck off into a different country, and finally rendezvoused again at Pierre's Hole waiting for the surplus from the states being brought out by William L. Sublette. At their rendezvous concentrated this summer the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, the American Fur Company, under Vandenburg and Dripps; Arthur J. Wyeth with a new party coming mostly from the New England States, a large number of free traders and trappers and numerous bands of Indians, and here occurred the celebrated battle of Pierre's Hole, with the Gros Ventre Indians, which was one of the hardest battles fought in an early day on the plains, the losses being very heavy.

The battle of Pierre's Hole, or the Teton Basin, was fought July 13, 1832. Of the different fur companies and free traders there were present some three hundred men and several hundred Indians of the Nez Percés and Flathead tribes. The Gros Ventres, about one hundred and fifty strong, always hostile to the whites, were returning from a visit to their kindred, the Arapahoes. They carried a British flag captured from Hudson Bay Company trappers.

When the Indians saw the band of trappers, who were some eight miles from the main rendezvous at Pierre's Hole, the Indians made signs of peace, but they were known to be so treacherous that no confidence was placed in their signs. However, Antoine Godin, whose father had been killed by this tribe, and a Flathead chief, whose nation had suffered untold wrongs from them, advanced to meet them. The Gros Ventres' chief came forward, and when Godin grasped his hand in friendship the Flathead shot him dead. The Gros Ventres immediately retired to a grove of timber, and commenced piling up logs and intrenching. The trappers sent word to the rendezvous, and when Sublette and Campbell brought reinforcements the battle opened, the trappers charging the Indians, and finally tried to burn them out, but did not succeed. The Gros Ventres, through their interpreter, made the trappers believe that a large portion of their tribe, some 800, were attacking the rendezvous. Upon learning this the trappers immediately left for its defense and found the story was a lie, but by this ruse the Indians were able to escape. The whites lost five killed and six wounded. The loss of the Gros Ventres was never fully known. They left nine killed, with twenty-five horses and all their baggage, and admitted a loss of twenty-six warriors. The Indians escaped during the night and affected a junction with their tribe.

In 1832 the American Fur Company, operated by Vandenburg and Dripps, came into the territory of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, which was under Fitzpatrick and Bridger, and undertook to follow their parties, knowing that their trapping grounds yielded a great many furs. They followed them to the headwaters of the Missouri and down the Jefferson. Fitzpatrick and Bridger

thought they would get rid of them by going right into the Blackfoot nation, which was very hostile. Finally Vandenburg and Dripps located on the Madison Fork on October 14, 1832, and near this place the Blackfeet killed Vandenburg and two of his men and drove his party out. The Blackfeet also attacked Bridger and his party, and in his "American Fur Traders" Chittenden gives this account of the wounding of Bridger:

"One day they saw a body of Blackfeet in the open plain, though near some rocks which could be resorted to in case of need. They made pacific overtures, which were reciprocated by the whites. A few men advanced from each party, a circle was formed and the pipe of peace was smoked. It is related by Irving that while the ceremony was going on a young Mexican named Loretto, a free trapper accompanying Bridger's band, who had previously ransomed from the Crows, a beautiful Blackfoot girl, and made her his wife, was then present looking on. The girl recognized her brother among the Indians. Instantly leaving her infant with the Loretto she rushed into her brother's arms, and was recognized with the greatest warmth and affection.

"Bridger now rode forward to where the peace ceremonies were enacting. His rifle lay across his saddle. The Blackfoot chief came forward to meet him. Through some apparent distrust Bridger cocked his rifle as if about to fire. The chief seized the barrel and pushed it downward so that its contents were discharged into the ground. This precipitated a melee, Bridger received two arrow shots in the back, and the chief felled him to the earth with a blow from the gun, which he had wrenched from Bridger's hand. The chief then leaped into Bridger's saddle, and the whole party made for the cover of the rocks, where a desultory fire was kept up for some time. The Indian girl had been carried along with her people, and in spite of her pitiful entreaties was not allowed to return. Loretto, witnessing her grief, seized the child and ran to her, greatly to the amazement of the Indians. He was cautioned to depart if he wanted to save his life, and at his wife's earnest insistence he did so. Sometime afterwards he closed his account with the Rocky Mountain Fur Company and rejoined his wife among her own people. It is said that he was later employed as an interpreter at the fort below the falls of the Missouri.

"One of the arrowheads which Bridger received in his back on this occasion remained there for nearly three years, or until the middle of August, 1835. At that time Dr. Marcus Whitman was at the rendezvous on Green River enroute to Oregon. Bridger was also there, and Dr. Whitman extracted the arrow from his back. The operation was a difficult one, because the arrow was hooked at the point by striking a large bone, and a cartilaginous substance had grown around it. The Doctor pursued the operation with great self possession and perseverance, and his patient manifested equal firmness. The Indians looked on meantime with

countenances indicating wonder, and in their own peculiar manner expressed great astonishment when it was extracted. The arrow was of iron and about three inches long."

In the early thirties Bridger discovered the "Two Oceans Pass," the most remarkable pass, probably, in the world. It is 8,150 feet above the level of the sea. Its length about one mile, and width nearly the same. From the north a stream comes from the canyon and divides in the pass, part following to the Atlantic waters by the Yellowstone and part to the Pacific by the Snake River, the two minor streams bearing the names of Atlantic and Pacific Creeks. A stream also comes from the south and makes the same divergence. Fish by these streams pass from one water to the other. Bridger used to tell the story of this river and fish passing through it, but no one believed it until in later years it was discovered to be true, and it is now one of the curiosities of Yellowstone Park.

The first great highway across the plains was no doubt developed by Bridger, and his trappers and traders, in their travels, as the most feasible route to obtain wood, water and grass. Its avoidance of mountains and difficult streams to cross was soon made patent to them. It was known in an early day as the Overland Trail, and later on as the Oregon Trail. It was established by the natural formation of the country. It was first used by the wild animals, who followed the present trail very closely in their wanderings, especially the buffalo. Next came the Indians' feasible method of crossing from the Missouri River to the mountains. Following them came the trappers and hunters, then their supply trains, first by pack and later by wagon. The first wheeled vehicle known to have passed over the trail was a six pound cannon taken out by General Ashley to his posts in Utah in the summer of 1826, and the first carts to pass over it were those taken out by the route the name of the Oregon Trail. Next came the Mormons, and following them the great immigration to California from 1849 on.

In his "American Fur Trade" Captain Chittenden gives this description of the Overland Trail:

"As a highway of travel the Oregon Trail is the most remarkable known to history. Considering that it originated with the spontaneous use of travelers; that no transit ever located a foot of it; that no level established its grades; that no engineer sought out the fords or built any bridges, or surveyed the mountain passes; that there was no grading to speak of, nor any attempt at metalling the roadbed, and the general good quality of this two thousand miles of highway will seem most extraordinary. Father DeSmet, who was born in Belgium, the home of good roads, pronounced the Oregon Trail one of the finest highways in the world. At the proper season of the year this was undoubtedly true. Before the prairies became too dry, the natural turf formed the best roadway

for horses to travel on that has probably ever been known. It was amply hard to sustain traffic, yet soft enough to be easier to the feet even than the most perfect asphalt pavement. Over such road, winding ribbonlike through the verdant prairie amid the profusion of spring flowers with grass so plentiful that the animal reveled on its abundance, and game everywhere greeted the hunter's rifle, and, finally, with pure water in the streams the traveler sped his way with a feeling of joy and exhilaration. But not so when the prairies became dry and parched, the road filled with stifling dust, the stream beds dry ravines, or carrying only alkaline waters which could not be used, the game all gone to more hospitable sections and the summer sun pouring down its heat with torrid intensity. It was then that the trail became a highway of desolation, strewn with abandoned property, the skeletons of horses, mules, and oxen, and, alas! too often, with freshly made mounds and headboards that told the pitiful tale of sufferings too great to be endured. If the trail was the scene of romance, adventure, pleasure and excitement, so it was marked in every mile of its course by human misery, tragedy and death.

The immense travel which in later years passed over the trail carved it into a deep furrow, often with several wide parallel tracks, making a total width of a hundred feet or more. It was an astonishing spectacle even to white men when seen for the first time. Captain Reynolds, of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, tells a good story on himself, in this connection. In the fall of 1859 he came south from the Yellowstone River along the eastern base of the Big Horn Mountains and struck the trail somewhere above the first ford of the North Platte. Before reaching it he innocently asked his guide, Bridger, if there was any danger of their crossing the trail "without seeing it." Bridger answered him only with a look of contemptuous amazement.

It may be easily imagined how great an impression the sight of this road must have made upon the minds of the Indians.

Father DeSmet has recorded some interesting observations upon this point. In 1851 he traveled in company with a large number of Indians from the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers to Fort Laramie, where a great council was held in that year to form treaties with the several tribes. Most of these Indians had not been in that section before, and were quite unprepared for what they saw. "Our Indian companions," says Father DeSmet, "who had never seen but the narrow hunting paths by which they transport themselves and their lodges, were filled with admiration on seeing this noble highway, which is as smooth as a bare floor swept by the winds, and not a blade of grass can shoot up on it on account of the continual passing. They conceived a high idea of the "Countless White Nation," as they express it. They fancied that all had gone over the road, and that an immense void must exist in the land of the rising sun. Their countenances testi-

fied evident incredulity when I told them that their exit was in no wise perceived in the land of the whites. They styled the route the "Great Medicine Road of the Whites." From 1883 to 1840 Bridger conducted trapping parties in the interest of the American Fur Company through the country west of the Big Horn River, reaching to the Snake, and had many fights with and hairbreadth escapes from hostile Indians.

In 1840 he was associated with Benito Vasquez in charge of an extensive outfit, which they conducted, in person until 1843, when Bridger and Vasquez built Fort Bridger, which seems to have terminated Bridger's individual trapping, and his experience as the head of trapping outfits.

In 1842 the Cheyennes and other Indians attacked the Shoshones near the site of Bridger's fort and got away with the stock. Bridger at the head of the trappers and Snakes followed them, killing many of the Indians, and recapturing part of the stock. However, the Indians got away with several of the horses. On July 8th, Mr. Preuss, of Fremont's expedition, met Bridger's party on the North Platte near the mouth of the Medicine Bow. Writing of this meeting, he says:

"July 8th, our road today was a solitary one. No game made its appearance—not even a buffalo or stray antelope; and nothing occurred to break the monotony until about 5 o'clock, when the caravan made a sudden halt. There was a galloping in of scout and horsemen from every side—a hurrying to and fro in noisy confusion; rifles were taken from their cover; bullet-pouches examined; in short, there was a cry of "Indians" here again. I had become so accustomed to these alarms that now they made but little impression on me; and before I had time to become excited the newcomers were ascertained to be whites. It was a large party of traders and trappers, conducted by Mr. Bridger, a man well known in the history of the country. As the sun was low, and there was a fine grass patch not far ahead they turned back and encamped for the night with us.

"Mr. Bridger was invited to supper, and after the table-cloth was removed, we listened with eager interest to an account of their adventures. What they had met we would be likely to encounter; the chances which had befallen them would likely happen to us; and we looked upon their life as a picture of our own. He informed us that the condition of the country had become exceedingly dangerous. The Sioux, who had been badly disposed had broken out into open hostility, and in the preceding autumn his party had encountered them in a severe engagement, in which a number of lives had been lost on both sides. United with the Cheyenne and Gros Ventre Indians, they were scouring the upper country in war parties of great force, and were at this time in the neighborhood of the Red Buttes, a famous landmark, which was directly on our path. They had declared war upon

every living thing which should be found westward of the point; though their main object was to attack a large camp of whites and Snake Indians who had a rendezvous in the Sweetwater Valley. Availing himself of his intimate knowledge of the country, he had reached Laramie by an unusual route through the Black Hills and avoided coming in contact with any of the scattered parties.

"This gentleman offered his services to accompany us as far as the head of the Sweetwater, but in the absence of our leader, which was deeply regretted by us all, it was impossible for us to enter upon such an arrangement."

Fort Bridger, located in latitude 41 degrees 18 minutes 12 seconds and longitude 110 degrees 18 minutes 38 seconds, is 1,070 miles west of the Missouri River by wagon road, and 886 miles by railroad. Bridger selected this spot on account of its being on the overland emigrant and Mormon trail, whether by the North or South Platte routes, as both came together at or near Bridger.

The land on which Fort Bridger is located was obtained by Bridger from the Mexican Government before any of the country was ceded by Mexico to the United States. He lived there in undisputed possession until he leased the property in 1857 to the United States by formal written lease signed by Albert Sidney Johnston's quartermaster. The rental value was \$600 per year, which was never paid by the Government. After thirty years the Government finally paid Bridger \$6,000.00 for the improvements on the land but nothing for the land. A bill is now pending in Congress to pay his estate for the value of the land. The improvements on the land, were worth a great deal more money, but after the Government took possession it seemed to have virtually ignored the rights of Bridger.

The fort occupied a space of perhaps two acres, surrounded by a stockade. Timbers were set in the ground and elevated eight or ten feet above the surface. Inside this stockade Bridger had his residence on one side, and his trading post in the corner directly across from it. It had swinging gates in the center of the front, through which teams and cattle could be driven safe from Indians and renegade white thieves. He owned a large number of cattle, horses and mules, and his place was so situated that he enjoyed a large trade with the Mormons, gold hunters, mountaineers, and Indians.

In a letter Bridger wrote to Pierre Chotau, of St. Louis, on December 10, 1843, he says:

"I have established a small fort, with blacksmith shop and a supply of iron in the road of the immigrants on Black Fork of Green River, 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, smith-work, etc. They bring ready cash from the States, and should I receive the goods ordered will have considerable business in that

way with them, and establish trade with the Indians in the neighborhood, who have a good number of beaver among them. The fort is a beautiful location in the Black Fork of Green River, receiving fine, fresh water from the snow on the Uinta range. The streams are alive with mountain trout. It passes through the fort in several channels, each lined with trees, kept alive by the moisture of the soil."

It was a veritable oasis in the desert, and its selection showed good judgment on the part of the founder.

In 1856 Bridger had trouble with the Mormons. They threatened him with death and the confiscation of all his property at Fort Bridger, and he was robbed of all his stock, merchandise, and in fact, of everything he possessed, which he claimed was worth \$100,000. The buildings at the fort were destroyed by fire, and Bridger barely escaped with his life. This brought on what was known as the Utah Expedition under Albert Sidney Johnston. Bridger piloted the army out there, taking it through by what is known as the Southern Route, which he had discovered, which runs by the South Platte, up the Lodge Pole, over Cheyenne Pass, by the old Fort Halleck, and across the continental divide at Bridger's Pass at the head of the Muddy, follows down Bitter Creek to Green River, crosses that river, and then up Black Fork to Fort Bridger.

As the troops had made no arrangements for winter, and shelter for the stock was not to be found in the vicinity of Salt Lake, Bridger tendered to them the use of Fort Bridger and the adjoining property, which offer was accepted by Johnston, who wintered his army there. It was at this time that the government purchased from Bridger his Mexican grant of Fort Bridger but, as heretofore mentioned never paid him for the property, merely paying the rental, and claiming that Bridger's title was not perfect. This was a great injustice to Bridger. His title was one of possession. He had established here a trading post that had been of great benefit to the Government and the overland immigration, and he was entitled to all he claimed. The fort was the rendezvous of all the trade and travel, of the Indians, trappers and voyagers of all that section of the country.

Concerning his claim against the Government, under date of October 27, 1873, Bridger wrote to General B. F. Butler, U. S. Senator, as follows: \*\*\* "You are probably aware that I am one of the earliest and oldest explorers and trappers of the Great West now alive. Many years prior to the Mexican War, the time Fort Bridger and adjoining Territories became the property of the United States, and ten years thereafter (1857) I was in peaceable possession of my old trading post, Fort Bridger, occupied it as such, and resided thereat, a fact well known to the Government, as well as the public in general.

"Shortly before the so-called Utah Expedition, and before the

Government troops under General A. S. Johnston arrived near Salt Lake City, I was robbed and threatened with death by the Mormons, by the direction of Brigham Young, of all my merchandise, stock, in fact everything I possessed, amounting to more than \$100,000 worth—the buildings in the fort practically destroyed by fire, and I barely escaped with my life.

"I was with and piloted the army under said General Johnston out there, and since the approach of winter no convenient shelter for the troops and stock could be found in the vicinity of Salt Lake, I tendered to them my so-called fort (Fort Bridger) with the adjoining shelter, affording rally for winter quarters. My offer being accepted, a written contract was entered into between myself and Captain Dickerson, of the Quartermaster's Department, in behalf of the United States, approved by General A. S. Johnston, and more so signed by various officers on the general's staff such as Major Fitz-john Porter, Drs. Madison, Mills and Bailey; Lieutenant Rich, Colonel Wright, and others a copy of which is now on file in the War Department at Washington. I also was furnished with a copy thereof, which was unfortunately destroyed during the war.

"I am now getting old and feeble and am a poor man, and consequently unable to prosecute my claim as it probably should be done. For that reason I respectfully apply to you with the desire of entrusting the matter into your hands, authorizing you for me to use such means as you may deem proper for the successful prosecution of this claim. I would further state that I have been strictly loyal during the later rebellion, and during the most of the time in the war in the employment of the Government.

"Trusting confidently that you will do me the favor of taking the matter in hand or furnish me with your advice in the matter I have the honor, etc."

On July 4, 1849, Bridger's second wife, a Ute, died. He had been for some time considering the movement of his family to the states, where his children could be educated, intending to devote his own time to the trading post at Fort Bridger. He went to the State in 1850, taking with him his third wife, a Snake woman, and settled upon a little farm near Little Santa Fe, Jackson County, Missouri. Bridger usually spent the summers on the plains and went home winters. In the spring of 1862 Bridger was at his home in Little Santa Fe, when the Government called him onto the plains to guide the troops in the Indian campaigns. I found him there when I took charge of that country in January, 1865, and placed him as guide of the Eleventh Ohio Cavalry in its march from Fort Riley to Fort Laramie. Bridger remained with them in many encounters they had with the Indians and his services to them were invaluable. In the Indian campaign of 1865-6 Bridger guided General Conner's column that marched from Fort Laramie to Tongue River, and took part in the battle on Tongue River.

Captain H. E. Palmer, Eleventh Kansas Cavalry, Acting Assistant Adju. General to General P. E. Conner, gives this description of the Indian camp on Tongue River, August 26, 1865:

"Left Piney Fork at 6:45 A. M., traveled north over a beautiful country until about 8 A. M., when our advance reached the top of the ridge dividing the waters of the Powder from that of the Tongue River. I was riding in the extreme advance in company with Major Bridger. We were 2,000 yards at least ahead of the General and his staff; our Pawnee scouts were there and there was no advance guard immediately in front. As the Major and myself reached the top of the hill we voluntarily halted our steeds. I raised my field glass to my eyes and took in the grandest view that I had ever seen. I could see the north end of the Big Horn range, and away beyond the faint outline of the mountains beyond the Yellowstone. Away to the northeast the Wolf Mountain range was distinctly visible. Immediately before us lay the Valley of Peneau Creek, now called Prairie Dog Creek, and beyond the Little Goose, Big Goose, and Tongue River Valleys, and many other tributary streams. The morning was clear and bright, with not a breath of air stirring. The old Major, sitting upon his horse with his eyes shaded with his hands, had been telling me for an hour or more about his Indian life—his forty years' experience on the plains, telling me how to trail Indians, and distinguish the tracks of different tribes; how every spear of grass, every tree and shrub and stone was a compass to the experienced trapper and hunter—a subject that I had discussed with him nearly every day. During the winter of 1863 I had contributed to help Mrs. Bridger and the rest of the family, all of which facts the Major had been acquainted with, which induced him to treat me as an old-time friend.

"As I lowered my glass the Major said, 'Do you see those ere columns of smoke over yonder?' I replied, 'Where Major?' to which he answered, 'Over there by that ere saddle,' meaning a depression in the hills not unlike the shape of a saddle, pointing at the same time to a point nearly fifty miles away. I again raised my glass to my eyes and took a long, earnest look, and for the life of me could not see any column of smoke, even with a strong field glass. The Major was looking without any artificial help. The atmosphere appeared to be slightly hazy in the long distance, like smoke, but there were no distinct columns of smoke in sight. As soon as the General with his staff arrived I called his attention to Major Bridger's discovery. The General raised his field glass and scanned the horizon closely, after a long look, he remarked that there were no columns of smoke to be seen. The Major quietly mounted his horse and rode on. I asked the General to look again; that the Major was very confident that he could see columns of smoke which, of course indicated an Indian village. The General made another examination and again asserted that

there was no column of smoke. However, to satisfy curiosity and to give our guides no chance to claim that they had shown us an Indian village and we would not attack it, he suggested to Captain Frank North, who was riding with his staff, that he go with seven of his Indians in the direction indicated to reconnoitre and to report to us on Peneau Creek or Tongue River, down which we were to march. I galloped on and overtook the Major, and as I came up to him overheard him remark about "these damn paper collar soldiers" telling him there was no columns of smoke. The old man was very indignant at our doubting his ability to outsee us, with the aid of field glasses even. Just after sunset on August 27 two of the Pawnees who went out with Captain North had discovered an Indian village."

It was this village that Conner captured the next day, the fight being known as the battle of Tongue River.

In May, 1869, Captain Reynolds was assigned to the exploration of the country surrounding Yellowstone Park, and I have no doubt it was from hearing of Bridger's knowledge of that park and its surroundings that caused him to engage Bridger for his guide. Bridger was with him about a year and a half, but they failed on this trip to enter the park, being stopped by the heavy snows in the passes, but they explored and mapped the country surrounding the park.

In 1860 Ned Buntline, the great story romance writer, hunted up Bridger at his home in Weston and Bridger gave him enough adventures to keep him writing the balance of his life. Bridger took a liking to Buntline, and took him across the plains with him on a scouting trip. After a while Buntline returned to the East, and not long afterwards the Jim Bridger stories commenced to be published. One of these was printed every week, and Bridger's companions used to save them up and read them to him. Buntline made Bridger famous, and carried him through more hairbreadth escapes than any man ever had.

Bridger's first wife was the daughter of a Flathead chief. She died in 1846. Her children were Felix and Josephine, both of whom were sent to school in St. Louis. Felix enlisted in the spring of 1863 in Company I, Second Missouri Artillery, under General Totten. He served throughout the Civil War, and later was with Custer in his Indian campaigns in Texas and Indian Territory. He died in 1876 on the farm near Little Santa Fe, Missouri, having returned from Dallas, Texas.

Bridger's second wife was a Ute, who died July 4, 1849, at the birth of her first child, now Mrs. Virginia K. Waschman. Bridger brought this child up on buffalo's milk. When she was five years old she was sent to Robert Campbell in St. Louis, and two years later joined her sister Josephine in the convent.

When Virginia was about 10 years old she obtained from Mrs. Robert Campbell a daguerreotype of her father which was taken

in 1843. She colored or painted his picture, and in 1902 presented it to me, saying: "I am most sure you will be pleased with it as a gift from me, and it will remind you of the great old times that you and father had when you were out in the mountains among the wild Indians. I have often heard my father speak of you, and have wanted to see you and tell you a great many things that happened when I was a child at Fort Bridger. Before my father's death he was very anxious to see you regarding old Fort Bridger, but could not find you."

In 1850 Bridger took as his third wife a Snake woman. He bought a little farm near Santa Fe, Mo., and moved his family there from Fort Bridger that year. Mary was born in 1853. William was born in 1857, and died from consumption in 1892. In 1858 his wife died and [was] buried in Boone cemetery, near Waldo Station, Missouri. Bridger was on the plains at the time of her death, but returned to Missouri in the spring of 1859, soon after he heard of her death, and remained on the farm until 1862. This year he rented the farm to a man named Brooks, and bought the Colonel A. G. Boone house in Westport. He left his family there in charge of a Mr. London and his wife, and on the call of the Government in the spring of 1862 he left for the mountains to guide the troops on the plains. He remained on [the] plains until late in 1869 or 1870. In the spring of 1871 he moved back to his farm near Little Santa Fe.

Of his life from this time until his death, his daughter Mrs. Waschmann, writes me the following:

"In 1873 father's health began to fail him, and his eyes were very bad, so that he could not see good, and the only way that father could distinguish any person was by the sound of their voice, but all who had the privilege of knowing him were aware of his wonderful state of health at that time, but later, in 1874, father's eyesight was leaving him very fast and this worried him so much. He has often-times wished that he could see you. At times father would get very nervous, and wanted to be on the go. I had to watch after him and lead him around to please him, never still one moment.

"I got father a good old gentle horse, so that he could ride around and have something to pass away time, so one day he named his old horse "Ruff." We also had a dog that went with father; he named this old, faithful dog "Sultan." Sometimes father would call me and say: "I wish you would go and saddle old Ruff for me; I feel like riding around the farm," and the faithful old dog would go along. Father could not see very well, but the old faithful horse would guide him along, but at times father would draw the lines wrong, and the horse would go wrong, and they would get lost in the woods. The strange part of it was the old, faithful dog Sultan, would come home and let us know that father was lost. The dog would bark and whine until I would go out

and look for him, and lead him and the old horse home on the main road. Sometimes father wanted to take a walk out to the fields with old Sultan by his side, and cane in hand to guide his way out to the wheat field, would want to know how high the wheat was, and then father would go down on his knees and reach out his hands to feel for the wheat, and that was the way he passed away his time.

"Father at times wished that he could see, and only have his eyesight back again, so that he could go back out to see the mountains, I know he at times would feel lonesome, and long to see some of his old mountain friends, to have a good chat of olden times away back in the fifties.

"Father often spoke of you, and would say, 'I wonder if General Dodge is alive or not; I would give anything in the world if I could see some of the old army officers once more to have a talk with them of olden times, but I know I will not be able to see any of my old-time mountain friends any more. I know that my time is near. I feel that my health is failing me very fast, and see that I am not the same man I used to be.'"

Bridger was 77 years old when he died, and was buried on the Stubbins Watts farm, a mile north of Dallas, not far south of Westport. His two sons, William and Felix, were buried beside him.

On Bridger's grave-stone is the following:

"James Bridger, born March 17, 1804; died July 17, 1881.

We miss thee in the circle around the fireside,

We miss thee in devotion at peaceful eventide.

The memory of your nature so full of truth and love,

Shall lead our thoughts to seek them among the best above".

At the time of his death Bridger's home was a long two-story house, not far from where he is buried with big chimneys at each end. It is now abandoned and dilapidated, with windows all broken. It is about one mile south of Dallas. He had 160 acres of land. No one lived in the house for years. The neighbors say it is haunted, and will not go near it.

One of his wives is buried in a grave-yard several miles east of his grave. I found Bridger a very companionable man.

In person he was over six feet tall, spare, straight as an arrow, agile, rawboned and of powerful frame, eyes gray, hair brown and abundant even in old age, expression mild and manners agreeable. He was hospitable and generous, and always trusted and respected. He possessed in a high degree the confidence of the Indians. He was one of the most noted hunters and trappers on the plains. Naturally shrewd, and possessing keen faculties of observation he carefully studied the habits of all animals, especially the beaver, and, profiting from the knowledge obtained from the Indians, with whom he chiefly associated, and with whom he became a great favorite, he soon became one of the most expert hunters and trap-

pers in the mountains. The beaver at first abounded in every mountain stream in the country, but at length, by being constantly pursued, they began to grow more wary and diminish in numbers, until it became necessary for trappers to extend their researches to more distant streams. Eager to gratify his curiosity, and with a natural fondness for mountain scenery, he traversed the country in every direction, sometimes accompanied by an Indian, but oftener alone. He familiarized himself with every mountain peak, every deep gorge, every hill and every landmark in the country. Having arrived upon the banks of some before undiscovered stream, and finding signs of his favorite game, he would immediately proceed to his traps, and then take his gun and wander over the hills in quest of game, the meat of which formed the only diet of the trapper at that early day. When a stream afforded game it was trapped to its source, and never left as long as beaver could be caught.

While engaged in this thorough system of trapping no object of interest escaped his scrutiny, and when once known it was ever after remembered. He could describe with the minutest accuracy places that perhaps he had visited but once, and that many years before, and he could travel in almost a direct line from one point to another in the greatest distances, with certainty of always making his goal. He pursued his trapping expeditions north to the British possessions, south far into New Mexico and west to the Pacific Ocean, and in this way became acquainted with all the Indian tribes in the country, and by long intercourse with them learned their languages and became familiar with all their signs. He adopted their habits, conformed to their customs, became imbued with all their superstitions, and at length excelled them in strategy. He was a great favorite with the Crow nation, and was one time elected and became their chief.

Bridger was also a great Indian fighter, and I have heard two things said of him by the best plainsmen of his time; that he did not know what fear was, and that he never once lost his bearings, either on the plains or in the mountains.

In those days Bridger was rich. He was at the Head of great trapping parties, and two great fur companies—the Rocky Mountain Fur Company and Northwestern Fur Company. When he became older he spent his winters in Westport, and in the summer was a scout and guide for Government troops getting ten dollars a day in gold.

Unquestionably Bridger's claims to remembrance rest upon the extraordinary part he bore in the explorations of the West. As a guide he was without an equal, and this is the testimony of every one who ever employed him. He was a born topographer; the whole west was mapped out in his mind, and such was his instinctive sense of locality and direction that it use to be said of him that he could smell his way where he could not see it. He was

a complete master of plains and wood craft, equal to any emergency, full of resources to overcome any obstacle, and I came to learn gradually how it was that for months such men could live without food except that the country afforded in that wild region. In a few hours they would put together a bull-boat and put us across any stream. Nothing escaped their vision, the dropping of a stick or breaking of a twig, the turning of the growing grass, all brought knowledge to them, and they could tell who or what had done it. A single horse or Indian could not cross the trail but that they discovered it, and could tell how long since they passed. Their methods of hunting game were perfect, and we were never out of meat. Herbs, roots, berries, bark of trees and everything that was edible they knew. They could minister to the sick, dress wounds—in fact in all my experience I never saw Bridger or the other voyagers of the plains and mountains meet any obstacle they could not overcome.

While Bridger was not an educated man, still any country that he had seen he could fully and intelligently describe, and could make a very correct estimate of the country surrounding it. He could make a map of any country he had traveled over, mark out its streams and mountains and the obstacles in it correctly, so that there was no trouble in following it and fully understanding it. He never claimed knowledge that he did not have of the country, or its history and surroundings, and was positive in his statements in relation to it. He was a good judge of human nature. His comments upon people that he had met and been with were always intelligent and seldom critical. He always spoke of their good parts, and was universally respected by the mountain men and looked upon as a leader, also by all the Indians. He was careful to never give his work without fulfilling it. He understood thoroughly the Indian character, their peculiarities and superstitions. He felt very keenly any loss of confidence in him or his judgment, especially when acting as a guide, and when he struck a country or trail he was not familiar with he would frankly say so, but would often say he could take our party up to the point he wanted to reach. As a guide I do not think he had his equal upon the plains. So remarkable a man should not be lost to history and the country, and his work allowed to be forgotten, and for this reason I have compiled this sketch and raised a simple monument to his memory, reciting upon it briefly the principal facts of his life and work. It bears this inscription:

1804—James Bridger—1881

Celebrated as a hunter, trapper, fur trader and guide. Discovered Great Salt Lake 1824, the South Pass 1827. Visited Yellowstone Lake and Geysers 1830. Founded Fort Bridger 1843. Opened Overland Route by Bridger's Pass to Great Salt Lake. Was guide for U. S. exploring expeditions, Albert Sidney John-

ston's army in 1857 and G. M. Dodge in U. P. surveys and Indian campaigns 1865-1866.

This monument is erected as a tribute to his pioneer work by Major Gen. G. M. Dodge:

### THE ONLY LIFE OF THE FAMOUS TRAPPER

A very important (and scarce) narrative, by his friend, Gen. Dodge. Privately printed and none for sale. Printed for Friends this work has passed entirely away and is today one of the very "Hard" works to find.

## *Our Mountains*

*By*

MARGARET BROCK HANSON

No one should trespass on this ground  
But those who honor ghosts around,  
Those who hear the spirits speak  
From quiet hill to whispering creek;

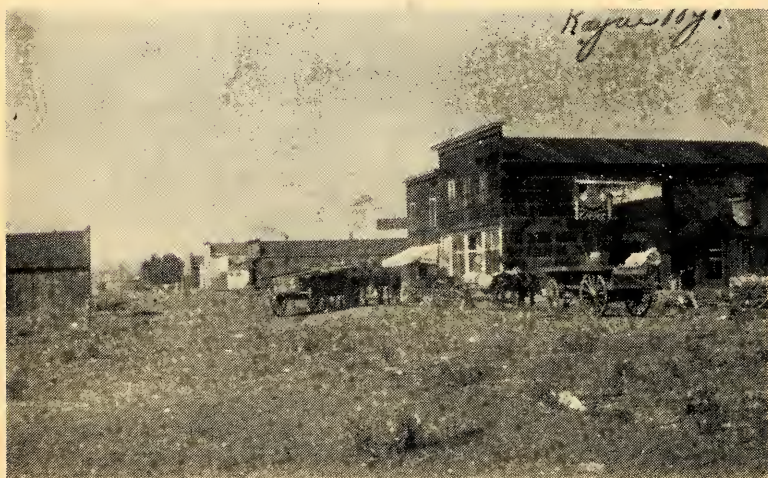
The souls of long departed men  
Who lived and loved and fought to end  
The bitter struggle for food and shelter,  
And the soul's most anguished search for answer

To man's unanswered quest to know  
God's reason for us here below;

No one should dig the graves they find  
Nor mar the writings that may bind  
Us to the long departed men  
Who roamed these hills from now to then!



John Nolan and wife Effie



Left—skating rink  
Right—Parker Blacksmith Shop, Bailey Dance Hall

*Courtesy Thelma G. Condit*



# *The Hole-in-the-Wall*

By

THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT

PART VII - SECTION 3

EARLY DAY DANCES

(Continued)

The little town of Kaycee on the middle fork of Powder River, whose first building was a saloon, came into existence shortly after the Cattleman's Invasion. Ideally located where the north and south traffic crossed Powder River, and where roads led west and east to the Barnum and the Hole-in-the-Wall and the lower Powder River country respectively, Kaycee stood in the middle of the best cow land in Johnson County, and was from the beginning a cowman's town, receiving its name from the K C ranch owned by John Nolan.

In the late '90's Buffalo was the nearest place where merchandise of any kind could be purchased. The post offices at Grigg and Mayoworth and Sussex sold only postal supplies and chewing and smoking tobacco. So the stockmen in the southern part of the country thought it a good thing to do to set up a store in Kaycee where they could buy the bigger share of their ranch supplies without the long trip to Casper or Buffalo. So on September 7th, 1897, the Powder River Commercial Company was formed and incorporated with a stock capital of \$20,000. John and Effie Nolan, husband and wife, deeded a tract of land 420 feet by 210 feet, described by meets and bounds, to the Powder River Commercial Company October 4th, 1897.

The next spring Jesse and Jim Potts were hired to haul logs from the mountains for the building, and Fred and John Winingar (from Ono) who were log carpenters, were hired to put up the store building (which is now the Grange hall). So well and sturdily was it built that even today it is a valuable piece of property. The floor was laid on logs instead of lumber, a thing that made so many of the early day buildings so completely durable and substantial.

"The operations of this company were very successful and highly satisfactory to all concerned—they sold on open accounts, and through the years of operation collected every outstanding account except one, in the amount of \$10.00." This store, from the time of its establishment, was an institution in the community, and many interesting things happened there. Like the time the

U. P. train robbers (in 1899) reached Powder River and made contact with a local citizen for supplies to be purchased at the store and delivered to the outlaws down in the brush below town. The food had been bought and set out ready to be delivered as requested when about forty officers rode into Kaycee. There was plenty of hurrying around to get the supplies out of sight and to hide the bills that had paid for the groceries for it was crumpled and blackened money which had been damaged when the safe was blown up in the express car.

As people round about now began coming to Kaycee for supplies, it was only natural that the place became a focal point for dances and "get-togethers"; and it became more than a drinking place for cowboys and outlaws. More buildings were put up and more businesses sprang up and it became a busy, active little town.

John Nolan, whose K C ranch holdings also lay across the river to the south, was a very community minded man and did much to further the advancement of the town, in spite of the fact that he did carry on rustling and outlaw operations on the side. As an old-timer once said, "There wasn't nothin' old John Nolan wouldn't do for no one, that is, if he liked you." John was a friendly, likeable sort, and a good neighbor, but if you crossed him, folks said, "He could get awful mean."

His mother-in-law, Mrs. Gantz, ran one of the first hotels in Kaycee (location where present Feed Rack is), and it was here that John first held his famous March 17th dances.<sup>1</sup> The hotel lobby and dining room combined provided ample space for the dancing crowd, and Mrs. Gantz prepared the food which was all a free part of the big affair. Everybody got a shamrock and a little white clay Irish pipe for a favor.

There never was any roughhousing at the March 17th dances. Being a husky, broad-shouldered Irishman, John took great pride in these dances and his Irish heritage and wanted everything to be in order and just right. John wasn't so tall, just broad and brawny and quite a fighter when riled. When he took a hand in a disturbance, he put an end to it then and there. And when he hit, he hit, putting an end to a fight right now. He had that lazy kind of a smile—it did not light up his face at all—it merely drew his lips back briefly; it made you a little undecided, if you didn't know him very well, as to whether he was exactly friendly or not. John always wore his pants looped out over the tops of his boots, probably because he liked folks to see the fancy ones he always wore.

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1. After the Bailey Hall was built (see picture) Nolan's dances were held there and the crowd went up to the hotel for the sumptuous free dance supper served at midnight.

Ura Kirtley, who spent much of his life around Kaycee, tells of the first time he saw John Nolan. It was in '97, when he and his brother Lock came to Johnson County to buy a cattle ranch. They came from the town of Kirtley, 20 miles north and east of Lusk, Wyoming. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Kirtley (originally from Missouri) came to Wyoming in '91 in a covered wagon from Oregon and took up a dry-land homestead where they ran a little cow outfit. Following is part of an article written by Ura Kirtley and published in the Lusk Herald, which tells about the early post office named for his parents.

"In the year 1889 or 1890, dry farmers from Iowa, Wisconsin and Missouri settled in what is now known as the Kirtley country. At that time it was known as Pleasant Ridge. In 1895 the community decided to try for a post office. A petition addressed to the proper authorities was sent to Washington and signed by the homesteaders, suggesting the name for the new post office as Pleasant Ridge, and Mrs. Kirtley as postmistress. After some time my mother was notified the post office was allowed and that supplies and equipment consisting of saddle bags, cancelling stamp, ink pad and a few stamps were at the Vorhees post office 14 miles away. I went to Vorhees for the supplies and, opening the package, we found to our surprise, the cancelling stamp printed "Kirtley" instead of "Pleasant Ridge." So with a few wooden boxes the Kirtley post office was born."

Following the trend so characteristic of the times, the Kirtley boys wished to move on to greener pastures, so had started north looking for a better location for a cattle ranch. Toward nightfall they reached the banks of Salt Creek, swollen and muddy and lashing out noisily at its banks. Seeing that it would be utter foolhardiness to cross the creek in its present condition they decided to stop right there, and straightway unsaddled their horses, picketed them out for the much needed food and rest, and set up camp for the night.

They were riding fine horses, purchased from the Vorhees' ranch (where Vorhees raised the splendid horses used on his mail and stage routes), two grays and a sorrel, descendants of a fine Spanish breed, so Mr. Kirtley was told, and outstanding for stamina and high physical energy.

The boys hadn't been camped long when John Nolan came along horseback, driving three loose saddle horses. All the animals were sweaty and lathered and gaunt from hard, fast travel. Seeing the flooded condition of Salt Creek, Nolan asked if he might stay with them until the creek went down. He said he'd come from the Pumpkin Buttes country bringing back the horses someone had swiped from him. He acted pretty nervous and restless as if he were expecting trouble of some kind and kept looking back as if he might be followed. It was the western custom when a stranger came along to roll back your tarp and

let him in, and share with him whatever you had in the way of "grub." So the Kirtleys took him in and found him very nice and sociable. When he learned that they were looking for a ranch he said he had one up on North Fork he'd sell for \$1200.00."

When they crawled out of bed next morning they couldn't see Nolan's horses anywhere. He had just turned them loose, thinking "matter-of-factly" that they'd stay with the Kirtley horses. After considerable searching the men found them, all four, bogged down in the mud around the bend in the creek above camp. Toward morning Salt Creek had gone down and apparently Nolan's animals had decided to cross over and head for home. It took plenty of maneuvering and hard work on the part of the three men and the three Vorhees' horses to get them pulled out of the bog hole, and then plenty of time and effort scraping the mud off one for Nolan to saddle up. That Powder River country mud is vicious stuff, sticking and clinging like grim death.

Nolan thanked the boys for helping him out and invited them to come stay with him when they reached Kaycee; said he'd take them on up to see that ranch on North Fork.

So they did and spread their tarp and bedroll out by the side of his house (just across the river south and a little west of where the present day trailer court is). Tom O'Day was staying at Nolan's then and the Kirtleys found him a most entertaining individual, and they didn't know until years later that John Nolan had had a night strenuous time of it keeping Tom from stealing those Vorhees horses from them. They were such perfect specimens, he just couldn't rightly see how he could possibly afford not to take them for Curry's outlaw trail. But Nolan won out and Tom refrained from his thieving impulse in this particular instance.

While Lock and Ura were staying at Nolans, Charlotte, Nolan's only child was born. They did not see her at that time but knew she was there, for when they went in the house for meals, they could hear the baby crying in the bedroom. John himself was doing the cooking for the men on the ranch. Later his niece, Hilda Bailey from Montana, came and lived with them and helped with the work.

The Kirtleys did not buy Nolan's ranch on North Fork, for about that time Roe Brock (an uncle of Elmer Brock) came along with a big band of sheep which so discouraged them they went back home, thinking if the Powder River country was going to

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2. This was the land Pete Griffin (who came to the Powder River country as gardener for Plunket and Roche at the N H ranch on E K) left John Nolan in his will because he said, "John Nolan was the most successful thief on Powder River." The land is now the lower part of the Johnny Cash ranch.

become sheep country they wanted no part of it. And in '99 their father and mother moved to South Dakota. The amusing part of it all was that Ura later returned to the Kaycee area as a sheepherder, this so he might learn the sheep business from inside out, and then persuade his father to enter the sheep business since cattle raising just wasn't as well paying as they had hoped.

Later and for quite a period Ura clerked in the Powder River Commercial Company store. He claims that at one time the main street of Kaycee belonged to him by virtue of the fact that he and Albert Brock (then a county commissioner) put up the money to have it graded for the first time. Mr. Brock put up one day's labor, amounting to \$4.00 and Kirtley contributed \$40.00, which was one month's salary. Ura said it was a complete disgrace the way folks had to step and jump from rock to rock when the weather was wet and the mud bad. Jesse and Jim Potts had a horse grader and were doing some road work for the county up Mayoworth way and they were hired to do the grading of Kaycee's main street which was wider than it was long, and had never had even a shovel laid to it in way of improvement. Kirtley said, "It sounds mighty queer, but I saved money and spent some, too, in those days at \$40.00 a month. Can't do that today."

And people today can't have the fun folks then had at the community dances, either. They gave themselves wholeheartedly to the business of having a good, wholesome time. When March 17th rolled around all the womenfolk had new, and mostly home-made, dresses for the gala event, and the men who wished to spruce up for the occasion were decked out in new blue serge suits and white vests and gay, colored ties. Now there was one serious drawback to the fancy white vests, the pearl buttons were removable and had to be put back on the vest each time it was worn (or laundered). This presented the problem, most annoying at times, of knowing where the buttons were and, when found, of getting them anchored in place with the little bar through the two buttonholes. Many a man found himself in an embarrassing situation, being "to far under the influence" to do this kind of tricky job with buttons on vests. So someone, anyone, had to come to the rescue. Drinking often began long before the dance started, for people came early and stayed late.

There was a law in the early 1900's that forbade unincorporated towns to have saloons. This included Kaycee which was still not populated enough to be incorporated; but nevertheless whiskey was to be had. At the time Alex Cunningham was running the Powder River store and Kirtley was working there, John Nolan, Tom Gardner, Lou Webb and others had barrels of whiskey in the cellar of the store (whiskey then cost \$2.60 a gallon) and it would be passed out free to the right people. A jugful would

be run off and put in the icebox upstairs, and from it the men filled their half pint leather-covered, hip pocket flasks. Sometimes a real special person would be allowed to take home a whole pint at a time. Alex was a very good store man and a most conscientious, honest employee, "but on occasion would lean toward the excessive use of liquor," it was said. And John Nolan definitely saw to it that all his friends, every one of them, had what they needed in that line; but, as said before, he allowed no one at all to get out of line at his St. Patrick's Day dances. It was very seldom that a man got too drunk in those days. They all liked to dance too much to be incapacitated by too much liquor.

Mrs. Gantz, Effie Nolan's mother, had a "walk-in" icebox in her hotel, about 8 feet high by 4 or 5 feet wide, lined with tin or galvanized iron, with the large ice compartment on top. It took a lot of ice and a strong man to keep it supplied, but it was worth it, for a whole beef could be kept in it. This for a limited time, however, for there was no way to get away from the ever-present dampness and moistness coming from the melting of the ice.

If the hotel business was slack in the dining room, Mrs. Gantz would sell beef to people about town, to dispose of it before the inevitable mold took over and spoilage occurred. It was said that many a rustled steer found his way into the icebox, and paying guests often suspected (but couldn't prove, of course) that they were actually eating their own beef. Whether this were true or not, the beef was delicious and assured an ample supply of good old beef sandwiches for the midnight dance suppers, along with cakes of all kinds and descriptions. At 12 o'clock sharp, the musicians played the "supper waltz" and couples paired off for supper and going home. It was the custom that when a fellow asked for the supper waltz he, as a matter of course, gained the privilege of escorting the young lady home. This was a most exciting time for girls having their first dates. They could hardly wait to see who'd ask them for the supper waltz. Of course, they reserved the right of refusing, if the man did not suit their taste. Married men always got their wives for this dance, no matter how much they neglected them before and after. A wife could be sure of 3 dances with her spouse—the first, the supper and the last one, "Home, Sweet Home." Usually, for the rest of the evening, she was on her own.

It was not uncommon to see Ed Goble, who worked for the Hesse outfit, or some other square dance caller standing on a chair in the doorway between the lobby and dining room hollering out loud and clear, above the music, the changes in the squares. Speaking of Ed brings to mind the time Tom Baker was camped out in the pasture south of the Hesse ranch house (on Crazy Woman Creek). Tom worked for Mr. Zindel as a teamster and

always stopped at Hesse's coming and going from the ranch (now the Eldon Keith ranch) to Buffalo. Tom always brought out several jugs of booze and the cowboys always showed up when he pitched camp to help him empty a jug or two. This particular time they arrived too late and old Tom was sound asleep, drunk asleep, with his bed rolled out under the wagon. He was peacefully and loudly snoring away and the boys hated to disturb his slumbers, so Goble dared a cowboy (just a raw kid) to get his rope and go over horseback and get the jug they'd seen sticking out from under Tom's head. The kid did, "roped the neck of the jug as pretty as you please" and jerked it out from under Tom's head without a bobble. The boys had a big celebration that night in the bunk house, as big as one jug would permit. When they concluded it was time to hit the hay, there was just one nice big drink left in the jug. After due consideration they agreed that the fellow who had the best dream that night would get that last drink first thing next morning. So at sunup next day, while donning their riding gear, it came to pass that only Ed and a fellow called Munk Bridges had had a dream. Munk told his first and when Ed's turn came he said, "By golly, Munk, that sure was a good dream all right, but I had one that'll beat that—you know I had a real humdinger of a dream—I dreamt that I got up in the middle of the night when you fellahs were asleep and drank that whiskey, and by God! that dream came true. I drank every last drop."

Fat Jack Handy was another square dance caller in Kaycee. As to build, he was almost square, a "Mr. 4 by 5", and had round marble eyes and a loud, husky voice. He always wore long red underwear ("union suits" they were called), which invariably showed above his pants. Sometimes the red underwear was his only shirt, relieved by wide suspenders holding up his britches. He'd stand on a soap box out in the middle of the floor and call out the changes, all the while waving his arms like windmill blades and sweating like mad, and "Man, how they'd rock that building." The Bailey hall shook so when a big crowd was dancing that you'd think any minute it would collapse, but it never did and is still standing as staunch and shaky as ever. It was just built that way, it seems.

Not yet having gotten the gay rhythm out of their systems with the square dances, certain male individuals would entertain the crowd (and tax the working arms of the almost exhausted musicians) by dancing jigs to the popular tune, the "Irish Washerwoman." Ed Goble, Hugh Riley (who never danced any other dance) and Bob Taylor were popular jiggers. There seemed to be no limit to their energy—the louder the crowd would clap, the faster and harder they'd go. To those watching for the first time it seemed to be an endurance contest between the fiddler and the "jigger." Could Edgar Simmons play faster than the man

could jig, or could the man jig faster than Edgar could play. Made one think of Pope's couplet,

"Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,  
Made the soul dance upon a jig to Heav'n."

But it always turned out that Edgar could play as fast and as long as the fellow could jig, and the fellow could jig as long as Edgar could play. They invariably came out even; it was a tie.

Bob Taylor, who hailed from around the Lusk country (I think) was an N H cowhand, a handsome fellow and an accomplished, smooth dancer, a fact making him most popular with the female population. He was tall and had that aloof placid, indifferent attitude that women found so irresistible. An old fellow said, "When a ladies choice was called and the smoke cleared away, there was Bob under a pile of women, all fightin' and clawin' at each other to get at Bob first."

If Bob Taylor was popular, another N H cowhand, a Bill somebody, was not. He was a good enough looking fellow, heaven knows, but there was just something about him that did not appeal to the ladies. Everybody is dull, stupid and uninteresting at times, even a genius is ordinary at times, but poor Bill was unfortunate enough to be dull and uninteresting at all times, especially at a dance. Nobody at all would dance with him; but he never gave up trying and faithfully and stupidly made the rounds, only to be flatly and often rudely refused. For one thing, he was a poor dancer, had no sense of rhythm and was also clumsy and awkward; and then, worst of all, he sometimes had a peculiar odor about him which even when it wasn't there made you think of it anyway everytime you laid eyes on him. One old lady years later offered an opinion on the subject. She said, "Bill was definitely a "Saturday-nighter" about bathin', and, weather favorable, just took a hunk of homemade laundry soap and went down to Powder River. He didn't see no sense in goin' to the bother of heatin' up a tubful. You know, that homemade soap would curdle any kind of water. You couldn't expect nothin' in the way of cleanin' to come outta that rancid soap and alkali water, just mixed up body stink, soap stink and alkali water stink." Anyway, whatever it was, it wasn't pleasant, not even a wee whiff. Made you think of an old slimy mud hole, only worse.

One night Bill came to the dance all togged out in a new serge suit, thinking foolishly that maybe "clothes made the man." But new suit and all his luck was even worse than usual, for in the course of the evening he got himself into a fist fight which also went against him and he came out of the fracas with a black eye which soon puffed completely shut. Several young ladies, bolder than most, decided to "job" poor Bill and pretended sweet concern over his damaged face and offered softly to doctor it up for him. Picking up his ears like a cutting horse at these unexpected words,

Bill overeagerly followed the girls into the hotel kitchen, where they propped him back in a chair and told him to close his eyes. Then going to the icebox they took out a nice, round pat of butter about the size of a saucer and placed it carefully over the black eye and then placed a dish towel firmly around his head. They told him to put his hands over his face to keep it in place, which he did, while they quietly slipped out of the kitchen and away to the dance. Soon poor Bill found himself in a "buttery" mess, little greasy trickles running down his neck, into his hair and onto the new serge suit. When he realized what a fool he'd been, he was fighting mad again, which helped neither his eye nor his ruined suit nor his wounded pride. Next morning the bunk house gang asked him how he felt, and grinning sheepishly he said he felt "like a beer keg with 9 'arrer' holes in it."

They laughed uproariously and dubbed him "Butter-eye Bill," a name he carried the rest of his life. It is said that he left the Powder River country years later and went up into Montana where the water ran fresher and the soap was store bought and eventually married a shy little schoolteacher, who thought he was very nice.

Another special feature of the March 17th dances was the prize waltz. Only the very best dancing couples got up and tried for the prize, which never amounted to much, actually. It was the honor of winning it that counted.

When Vivienne Hesse attended a dance she was the "belle of the ball" and the "winner of prizes." She was constantly sought for a partner because she was so very gracious and gayly flirtatious and such an outstandingly beautiful dancer. Often she'd ask Edgar Simmons to play her favorite schottishe and dare him to play faster than she and her partner could dance, but he never could play faster than her tiny feet could fly over the floor. One time, particularly remembered, she was wearing a black velvet dress with white fur around the bottom, her feet never but a few inches off the floor and going so fast it seemed she surely must be mechanically wound on springs, such was her seemingly untouched reserve of energy. She was a small, daintily built, very feminine, very pretty woman (and still is). There were many good dancers in those days, both men and women, but Vivienne excelled them all and was ever the gayest, happiest person in the crowd.

The "2-step," "3-step" and "5-step" were popular dances. Mart Tisdale loved to "5-step" and Edgar had special tunes for all these preferences, like the "Seaside Gallop" and "Dill Pickles" (which his son George still plays). As said before he loved to please the dancing crowd in every little way, and how they loved him for it and how they danced and danced.

Ura Kirtley cut quite a figure, too, in his blue serge suit, white vest and purple tie. He was a dashing figure, good-looking and out for fun. He'd write the names of the girls he was going to

dance with on the wall of the hall and then cross them off as he danced with them. And you can bet that all the girls vied for a chance to have their names on the wall. Ura would also sit in and chord at the piano or organ to spell the regular musician, as did Doc Mitchell when he came to Kaycee.

Doc contributed mightily to the general gaiety, for he was not only a fine musician, but a happy-go-lucky person who was forever laughing, singing and chuckling to himself. He had a fine tenor voice and would break out singing at the least excuse, or no excuse at all. He guarded against gloom by meeting each day with a sense of humor. Could be he'd read Henry Ward Beacher's words that said, "A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs—he is jolted disagreeably by every pebble in the road." Anyway Doc scattered his good spirits around. He spent his happiness and squandered it and shared it, and wherever he went everybody had a good time. He sang "barbershop" songs and classical songs, his favorite one being "The Rosary." He could play "honkytonk" music and good lively dance tunes, most anything you'd want to hear or the occasion demanded.

Doc was built short and round; his head was as bald as a nest egg on top. When he was standing, his arms seemed too long for the rest of him, or else his legs were made too short. He was an oddly built, fleshy-faced little fellow, but rather nice looking in spite of it.

When any prank was to be played on a "greenhorn," or anybody else for that matter, Doc was right in the middle of it. Like one time, a flashy young traveling man came into town and immediately and brazenly demanded, "Tell me where I can find a pretty girl for the night." One fellow replied, "We don't have no pretty girls in this town, man." Then Doc Mitchell and Frank Daniels, a big, husky cowboy, decided to work the man over, he was just too fancy. So very confidentially they told him to come with them and they started walking over across the bridge south toward John Nolan's place. When they came to the willows and bushes along the creek bottom they grabbed him, rolled him roughly on the ground, drug him around awhile by the feet and Doc put his knee on the fellow's head and slipped it off (called "knee-slipping," used often by fellows on roundups). The salesman finally got loose (he was a scrapper himself) and came tearing back across the bridge, fancy garters flapping, shirt torn and hat gone, and hot on his trail came Doc puffing and panting with his six-shooter in a long holster hitting the ground every jump he made. The young man yelled out at the top of his lungs, "My God, ain't there any law in this town?" And somebody yelled back, "No, hardly any."

Doc was quite a drinking man and liked the rough element around Kaycee. He'd rather get drunk and sing than anything else. He was just a rough country doctor, but a good one. All his

hilarity was dropped and he attended strictly to business when sickness was involved. As one man said, "He never came and pushed things at you. He just did what he could and wasn't worried about pay." When serious illness occurred he stayed long hours with his patients and worked hard to save their lives. He would make trip after trip, long miles up or down river to see sick people as long as he could help them.

He had a little old Model T Ford without a top—a "bug" sort of contraption he got around in when condition of weather permitted. He could jump mud puddles and hit cow trails with it. There weren't many roads to follow then. He always wore sheepskin chaps in cold weather to keep himself warm on the long jaunts. If he couldn't get there by Ford, he'd switch to a horse; thus he was always prepared for any weather eventuality.

Doc had two wives while in Kaycee. No one recalls much about the first one, apparently she just "up and left," couldn't take the life there. After awhile Doc went to Cheyenne and came back with a pretty redheaded wife, by whom he had two children, a boy and a girl. They lived in what is now called the "goat house," a little log building on the street back of the present Hole-in-the-Wall Bar.<sup>3</sup>

When Doc's pretty redheaded wife wanted him for anything, she'd step outside and call him with a trill, a real high, sharp trill (like men nowadays call sheep or cattle at feeding time). Seemed as if Doc could always hear her and he'd come a-running.

(Jim Mitchell Johnson, who still lives in the middle fork of Powder River country carrying on the ranching operations of his late father, W. T. Johnson, was named for Doc Mitchell.) Mrs. Johnson, a frail little woman really had no business having a second child, everybody said, for she had a bad heart condition and little enough strength as it was to cope with hard ranch living, without another baby to look after. But she very much wanted another baby and she had all the faith in the world in Doc Mitchell. She just knew he'd bring her through and he did, although she herself never knew how near he came to not pulling her through. It was a long, drawn out labor and only God Himself saw fit to let her live. She was so very delighted with her new son and so very grateful to Doc for his long hours of patient ministering that she called the baby Jim Mitchell Johnson, and so he is still called today. He never was called Jim alone, it has always been Jim Mitchell as his mother wished, as a tribute to a fine doctor, and, needless to say, he was a very spoiled, indulged young man from the very beginning.

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3. In later years the house fell into a tumbled down condition due to disuse and some family kept their goats on the premises, since there was a stout fence around the place. Hence the name "goat house."

Della Eldridge, an old woman still living in Kaycee, tells of the time her sister first came out from Chicago to visit her. She was not very much impressed with our wide open spaces on first sight, either. Rather than have her ride on the stage from Buffalo to Kaycee, Della had a friend of the family, Jimmy Jarrard, bring her out in his new car. At that time an unprogressive, grouchy old codger lived on the west side of North Fork right by the road (across from the old Earl Dawson place). He had no use whatever for these insane, fast moving vehicles and resented their speeding by his house (at 25 or 30 miles an hour), so he decided to put an end to it then and there. He hauled a lot of dirt out on the middle of the road in front of his place and piled it in big humps to make big bumps, so cars would get a good jolt and maybe turn over, he hoped.

As always Jimmie Jarrard had had a few too many drinks and completely forgot about the bumps at North Fork until he'd hit the first one ker-whack. Della's sister, not anticipating such a jolt, flew up out of the seat and hit her head on something, cutting it severely. She was bleeding profusely when they reached Kaycee and Doc Mitchell. Already completely unnerved from the long ride and the accident, the girl took one look at Doc and promptly went into hysterics, screaming and crying and telling him to stay away from her, because he didn't look like any doctor to her and she wasn't going to have any old country quack touching her head. She said she'd rather bleed to death by herself than have him kill her, as she knew he would from the looks of him. But there were plenty of people to hold her down and her head was stitched up and attended to in spite of her foolish fit.

The really surprising thing about the whole incident was that when she returned to Chicago and consulted her own physician he said that whoever had taken the stitches in her head had done an expert job and that he himself could have done no better right in his own hospital. And I might add, the girl grew to love Johnson County and the people on Powder River as she continued to come west on visits.

When the Salt Creek oil field boom started, Doc Mitchell moved to Lavoye and became a staff doctor for an oil company there, which, no doubt, was more profitable professionally. In later years, he died of pneumonia. In those days, pneumonia was almost always fatal to fat people and Doc was fat. After her husband's death, Mrs. Mitchell moved back to Cheyenne to live.

As the years passed and more people arrived, another type of entertainment was enjoyed in Kaycee and that was the popular "stag dinners." They became quite the fad and it seemed the least excuse would be drummed up for having one. There were quite a few bachelors around Kaycee and vicinity and the men liked to get together and eat and drink. These affairs were always invitational (and by no means confined strictly to bach-

elors), but no man who might happen along was ever excluded. He was told to go shave and clean up and join the party. They were held in the Grigg Hotel. Judge Grigg, as noted previously, was an old roundup cook and pretty handy at cooking "man-style," especially meat. He was an excellent supplier of food, would get the very best of everything obtainable, even sent to Denver for out-of-season vegetables and extra food treats to gladden the stomachs of the party makers, knowing full well that, as Thomas Edison once said, "The stomach is the only part of man which can be fully satisfied."

Across the alley back of the hotel was a log cabin where Alex Cunningham, Billy Summers and other bachelors lived. It was "official bachelor headquarters," and after the big dinner, men would go to the cabin for the drinking party that was the "grand finale" of the evening's festivities, the finishing touch to a perfect stag party.

One old fellow recalling these times said, "Now if women had been present, we'd all been conscious of the improper table service, the dirty floor and the crudeness of our surroundings; they would say the Grigg Hotel was not fancy enough for so fine a party, but we men didn't even care about how many forks we had. We just let go and enjoyed the good food and good companionship and ate and drank to our heart's content. Those were good times—good food and good liquor, good friends."

Robert Tisdale and his brother John of the T T T ranch, usually spent the winters in Canada, so before they left in the fall, a party was held in their honor; and when they returned in the spring, their homecoming called for another party, and so it went.

R. E. Taylor, who bought the Zindel saloon, would come down from Buffalo and put on a party, if no one else was in the mood.

At that time Gray Norval, who still lives in Buffalo, with his relative, Nick Babson, and a Mr. E. N. Smith were running sheep on the J—U ranch below Kaycee (just east of the old "'76"). This was formerly the old Ellis ranch. Gray said after he sold out his sheep business and moved to Buffalo, he'd still go back for every stag party held in Kaycee for "they were really something to attend."

The following excerpt from an early newspaper tells of one of the parties:

From *Buffalo Voice* clipping (date not there)

"A love feast will be held at Kaycee next Monday night, and will be given by Robert Tisdale, John May, Alex Cunningham, Ura Kirtley, Chas. Cranston and Judge Grigg, those princes of good fellows, who are royal entertainers, and who expect their guests to enjoy themselves and are disappointed if they do not. A number have been invited from Buffalo to attend this "blow-out," among whom are R. E. Taylor, O. N. Quick, Fred Pettitt and F. G. S. Hesse; and all these gentlemen expect to be present

if it takes the last shingle from the room. They will also take the Italian orchestra along, and while Kaycee gentlemen treat to the best the season affords, they will be treated to some of the best music that can be obtained."

The Italian orchestra mentioned was a 4 piece traveling band. They'd stop and play for their meals and a little silver, and, while quite lively musically, never seemed to settle long in any one place, here today, gone tomorrow.

The first dance remembered at Barnum or the Hole-in-the-Wall country was at the old N H, when Jim Stubbs paid Butch Cassidy \$1500 in gold pieces for the Blue Creek Ranch. Rap Harrell, a Potowatomi Indian, born in Eastern Iowa (some said his father was a squaw man and his mother a full-blooded Sioux) who was then hanging out in the Hole-in-the-Wall, brought the deed to the ranch to Jim Stubbs a few days later since Cassidy, all of a sudden, found it necessary to disappear for a time and was therefore unable to deliver the document himself.

(To Be Continued)

## *Medicine Mountain*

BIGHORNS IV

*By*

HANS KLEIBER

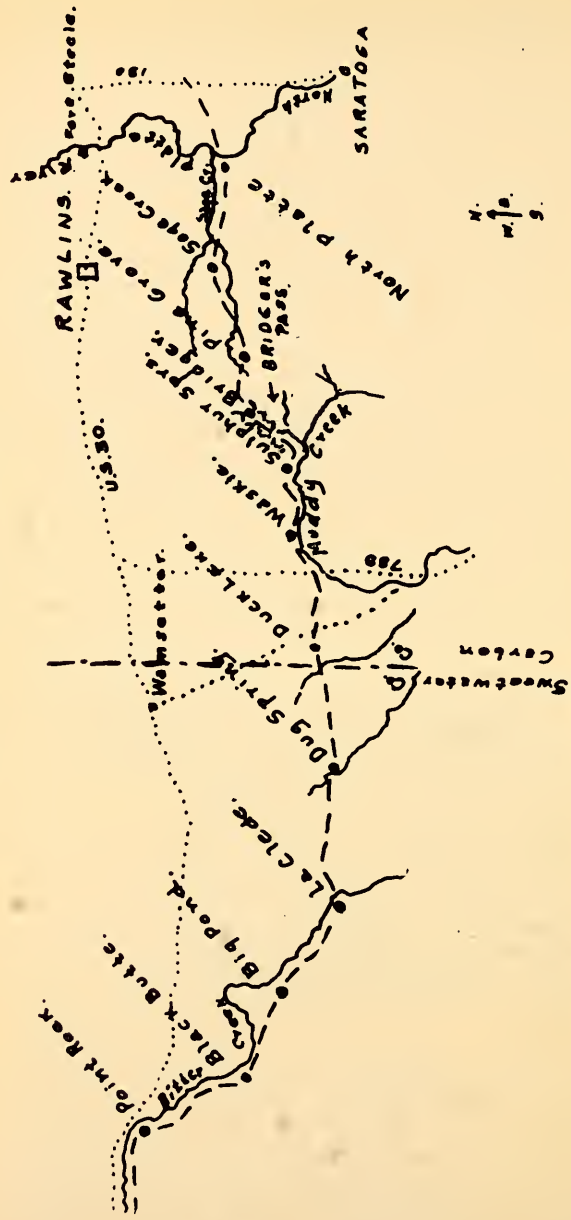
In the north end of the Bighorns,  
Ten thousand feet above the sea,  
On top a flattened, windswept mound,  
A now forgotten race of men  
Have left a wheel of natural stones  
Whose past is wrapped in mystery.  
To east and northward rounded crests  
With timbered valleys in between,  
Lie brooding in the summer sun  
Rimmed with drifts of lingering snow,  
But south and west its sprawling top  
Breaks into cliffs and slopes that fall  
By leaps into the plains below.

The wheel is built haphazardly  
 Of stones as found and gathered from  
 The shale and limestone rims nearby  
 Imbedded loosely, end to end,  
 By time into the alpine sod.  
 Its hub had been a shelter, once,  
 That may have held a man in prayer,  
 Or some lone dreamer of his kin.  
 And from it spokes run to its rim,  
 As rays would from a pictured sun,  
 Uneven, as to length and breadth,  
 Or due regard to cardinal points.

Did ancient men once worship here  
 To supplicate their deities  
 For easement of their lot on Earth?  
 Or try to chart the moon and stars  
 In their celestial courses?  
 Perhaps they pondered life and death,  
 Man's age-old source of hopes and fears  
 Since twilight of primeval dawn.  
 They may remain for all time mute,  
 Except, for scattered artifacts,  
 They left but little to reveal  
 From whence they came, or who they were.

When first the white men found the wheel,  
 They asked the Indians, who then claimed  
 These parts their hunting grounds,  
 What they, by chance, knew of the wheel,  
 And whether they made use of it.  
 But their replies were vacant stares,  
 Except for one old, sightless buck,  
 Who mumbled, "Heap bad Medicine,"  
 And then with sign talk plainly told  
 That he had nothing more to say.  
 And thus, a white old timer claimed  
 How Medicine Mountain got its name.

OVERLAND STAGE TRAIL - TREK NO. 2  
Trek No. 12 of Emigrant Trail Treks



August 5-8, 1961  
P.M. G.

# *Overland Stage Trail-Trek No.2*

Trek No. 12 of the Emigrant Trail Treks

Sponsored by

WYOMING STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Carbon County Historical Society and Sweetwater Historical  
Societies under the direction of  
Paul Henderson, Lyle Hildebrand, Maurine Carley

*Compiled by*

MAURINE CARLEY - *Trek Historian*

August 5-6, 1961

Caravan—22 cars - - - - 68 participants

## OFFICERS

Captain.....	Col. Wm. R. Bradley, head of the Wyoming Highway Patrol
Guide.....	Paul Henderson
Assistant Guides.....	Leeland Grieve, G. A. Willis, Harry Lambert- sen, Vernon Hurd, John Dickson
Wagon Boss.....	Lyle Hildebrand
Assistant Bosses.....	Kleber Hadsell, Adrian Reynolds
Historian.....	Maurine Carley
Topographer.....	H. M. Townsend
Photographers.....	Charles Ritter, Paul Henderson
Registrar.....	Geneva Hildebrand
Cooks.....	Vera Ritter, Elizabeth Hildebrand, Robert Vivian, John Niland

NOTE: *Numbers preceding "M" indicate distances on the Overland Stage Trail northwesterly from Virginia Dale Stage Station.*

## **Saturday - August 5**

8:30 A.M. It was a bright, sunny morning when the crowd assembled at the Pick Ranch turn-off on State Highway 130, seven miles north of Saratoga, Wyoming. Old friendships were renewed and new ones begun.

## A MEMORIAL TO LOREN CLARK BISHOP

By Colonel Archie R. Boyack

As we stand here this beautiful morning, August 5th, 1961, assembled for a day's adventure along the Old Overland Trail of yesteryear, it is fitting that we pay tribute to the one, who, in years past has been our organizer and leader of these historic journeys along famous Old Emigrant Trails of early Wyoming.

The life of the late Loren Clark Bishop was one dedicated to an ideal. He was born at Old Fort Fetterman in 1885, a place located near Douglas, Wyoming, in Converse County, a spot rich in historical lore. In this locale young Loren Clark Bishop caught the spirit and atmosphere of the early West. The love of early Wyoming history dominated his life, especially in his later years.

By profession Mr. Bishop was an engineer. He served his native State, Wyoming, as State Engineer for many years. For his outstanding contributions in his chosen field, he was awarded a Doctor of Laws Degree by the University of Wyoming in 1952.

In the historical field Mr. L. C. Bishop was a charter member of the Wyoming State Historical Society, also an active member in the Wyoming Pioneer Association. His skill at historical map drawing is attested by many hundreds of people. Working through the Wyoming Pioneer Association, his mapping program identified old emigrant trails, stage, express and freight roads across Wyoming. For the Pony Express Centennial alone, he worked two years locating the spots where some thirty-eight (38) Pony Express stations were located, for the historic re-run of 1960.

In his travels over the Trails, Mr. Bishop used a metal detector and was rewarded by finding old bullets and shell cases from four to eight inches under the soil. With this device he located the exact site of the Fetterman Massacre which occurred on December 21st, 1866, a few miles north of the site of Old Fort Phil Kearny in northern Wyoming. Finding this site added to his collection of artifacts, such as buttons from soldiers uniforms, bullets, etc.

On November 16, 1960, on behalf of the American Association for State and Local History of Madison, Wisconsin, a formal presentation was made to L. C. Bishop of a National Award for marking historical sites in Wyoming. In 1954, he also received an historical award from the Wyoming State Historical Society at its annual meeting.

In organizing the many historical treks across Wyoming, Mr. Bishop was a competent leader, understanding and tactful. Because of his efforts on behalf of these history-making events, many hundreds of people have first hand information about Wyoming History.

In his home life Mr. L. C. Bishop was a devoted family man. He is survived by his faithful wife Claire, and four sons and daughters: Colonel Lon E. Bishop, Army Engineer, Ogden, Utah;

Floyd A. Bishop, Civil Engineer, Lander, Wyoming; Mrs. Edward Halsey of Newcastle, Wyoming and Mrs. James Froggatt, of Morro Bay, California. Fourteen grandchildren and one great-grandchild make up his fine family.

In future years, as the people traverse the Old Pioneer Trails of our beloved state, Wyoming, we will find the name of L. C. Bishop written in indelible letters as one who, more than any other person, retraced and mapped that history-making route of our pioneer forebears across the prairies and mountain passes of wonderful Wyoming.

As one of the good and honorable men of the earth, Mr. Bishop has left to his posterity a heritage of integrity and uprightness. And in his passing the sentiments enclosed in those famous lines from Tennyson's "Crossing The Bar", might summarize, in part, this good man's philosophy as death closed his active life. I quote:

### CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning at the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark.

For though from hours bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

9:00 A.M. Promptly at nine o'clock the caravan headed west on a road which wound through a green valley then onto sagebrush flats. To the right the hills looked like a big layer cake with chocolate frosting and behind them was the blue Medicine Bow range.

9:30 A.M. Mr. Leeland Grieve, Mayor of Rawlins, and his son were waiting for us at the Platte River Crossing (127 M). Here Mr. Grieve pointed out the spot, across the river, where the trek ended last year, the location of the upper crossing which was by ferry, and the lower crossing where the pioneers forded the river. Johnson's Island, lush and green, lay before us.

Mr. Henderson stated that the barren hill to our left held the graves of several Indians and that names have been carved into the cliffs on both sides of the river. He also mentioned the numerous Indian forts in the vicinity.

Captain Stansbury camped here September 22, 1850, after travelling a day's journey from Pine Grove Station, 23 miles west. Silas Hooper crossed on the Bennett Ferry May 23, 1863 on his westward journey (toll \$5.00).

## PLATTE RIVER CROSSING

By Leeland Grieve

We are now at the Platte River Crossing. To the left of us is the crossing where Ed Bennett and Boney Ernest owned and operated a ferry which was controlled by cables made out of buffalo hides. The currents from both sides of the island carried the ferry across to the other side without having to be pulled. It is possible to find the mounds of rock on both sides of the river where the cables were anchored. The ferry was operated only during the high water season.

At other times the emigrants forded the river at the lower crossing. In winter they crossed on the ice to Johnson's Island, which we see directly in front of us, then on to the upper crossing. The upper crossing had the advantage of not having to go over the rocky formation about one-half mile to the west.

From William Richardson's diary, written some time during the early spring or summer of 1875, we find that the horses belonging to Richardson, Nixon, Milliken, and Amous swam over to the island and across the east channel to the east side of the river. The camp equipment was ferried to the east branch across to the horses. Their cattle were then sent over. Bennett and Ernest had their camp on the east bank in a small patch of willows close to a rock wall that ran for several hundred yards along the bank of the river.

There is a natural stairway up this east wall which runs from the south to the north. At the top of the stairway there is a large hole beneath a large rock on the left side as you come up, which is the opening into the top of a cave which also has an opening in the bottom just back of the Bennett-Ernest camp. They used this cave for protection against Indians. This cave was supplied with grub, water, and firearms. From the top of the stairway on the right hand side there is a trail leading to the top of a hill where they maintained a lookout and had a view of the surrounding country. From here they could see all camps along the river, all grazing livestock, and at times, watch for Indians. There was a stone enclosure for protection against surprise attacks for the lookout man.

In 1878 Richardson, Bob Jack, Duncan Jack, Edward L.

Swazey, Fred Hee, and several others brought some 4,000 cattle east over this trail. Swazey alone owned 1,700 head. Richardson's diary states that when Tom McArty left them at Green River and went south, he told them that if he ever bought stock again in southern Utah, to come out through Straw Berry, Pleasant Valley, Fort Duchesne, and ford the Green where there was better feed and water all the way. That would bring them through the Brown's Hole country, and it is evident they purchased the cattle south of Cedar City, Utah.

10:00 A.M. In one mile the trails from the two river crossings unite. We had expected to travel on this, but because of a wash-out we had to backtrack several miles to the Bolton road. The old trail crosses and recrosses that road several times.

11:00 A.M. We arrived at Sage Creek Station (141 M) which was set at a slight elevation in a huge valley, perhaps thirty miles square, surrounded by a flat rim of hills. A bright yellow iron post with the inscription SAGE CREEK painted on it and a few rocks to mark the foundation of the buildings are all that remain to show the location of the stage station. Near the station are five graves—two belonging to Ben Holladay's keepers.

## HISTORY OF SAGE CREEK STATION

By Ed Tierney

Sage Creek Station was built May 2, 1861, from aspen and pine logs with a sod roof and an adobe fireplace. It was located fourteen miles west of the North Platte Crossing and placed in a good spot for surveying the surrounding country. Since rocks were not available, this station was not constructed as well as those made from stone.

Shortly after the station was built the Utes killed the attendants, stole the stock and burned the station to the ground. In fact it was burned three times by the Indians.

In 1863 the Indians became so savage in their attempts to stop the white men that military escorts for the mail were necessary. As emigrant trains were too slow the army could not allocate troops to protect them, but there were troops on patrol from May to September.

A typical experience is told in A. E. Stuart's diary which was found at the University of Missouri. Mr. Stuart and his family were in a wagon train on their way to California and had gotten as far as Platte River Crossing when the patrol reported that the Indians had raided the stations west of Duck Lake to Point of Rocks and that large patrols from La Clede and Fort Bridger were out looking for hostiles.

A bit of the diary is related—"The train left the river. As the day passed it rained harder. About an hour before nightfall we

reached a station called Sage Creek and the attendants were overjoyed that we were to spend the night encamped close by.

"During the next few hours I (Mr. Stuart) became very ill with a high fever and vomiting spells. My wife feared for my life so insisted that she take me back to the river in hopes of finding an army doctor. Our light cart was made ready and I was placed in it wrapped in buffalo blankets provided by generous Station people.

"Luckily for me there was an army doctor at the river. His diagnosis was "Desert Fever" which was brought on by sour water. Where the sour water came from and why I was the only one to be so ill was beyond my wife and I.

"As dawn approached I regained my strength and urged my wife to return to the wagons. She received permission from the Captain to travel with the soldiers. As we drew near the stage station (Sage Creek) we could hear the sounds of gun fire and could see a pall of smoke rising in the sky from the general vicinity of the station. A small group of soldiers were dispatched immediately to scout ahead and returned saying that the station and train was under attack by Indians.

"Leaving only three troopers to escort us, the officer in charge ordered the troop forward post haste and arrived at the scene of the fight in time to relieve the besieged wagon train and station. The attendants of the station and several of the train had been killed and more painfully wounded.

"It was later construed that the Indians had attacked as the train had broke night formation and had started on the trail. Scouts that had been sent out that morning had seen no Indians at all according to reports. An investigation by the army proved that this was not just a raiding party of young bucks looking for glory but was an organized party with many braves. It was not known what tribe or tribes had attacked as there were no dead Indians to be found.

"A patrol of troops were sent out to scout while we buried the dead and read services. After examining the livestock and repairing what damage was done, the train once again set out for the west. We knew that when the soldiers left us we would be alone to continue across the desert on our own. Around noon we passed Pine Grove station which had also felt the savagery of the Indians but not to such an extent. They told us that the next seventy miles to Fort La Clede was probably the most dangerous on the trail west of the Platte Crossing. We thanked the people for their warnings and pushed on towards California. —"

11:15 A.M. We left Sage Creek Station travelling on a high bench, back to the Bolton Road then south on the oiled Sage Creek County road out of Rawlins. In two miles the Overland Trail crosses at right angles. The trail is north of the road as we crossed Miller Creek. We turned north on the Pipe Line road up the

ridge road and left on the Overland Trail down to the site of Pine Grove Station (151 M).

Lunch was eaten in the shade of the trees along the creek. Some of the people investigated the ruined foundations of the station directly south of where the trail crossed Pine Grove Creek while others visited the five unmarked graves on the brow of a hill 50 yards north of the crossing.

## PINE GROVE STATION

By Mrs. Walter Lambertsen

(Mrs. Lambertsen showed the group a picture of Pine Grove Station which she took twenty-five years ago.)

(Along the Overland Trail, spaced forty or fifty miles apart, were the Home Stations, also known as Swing Stations.) This is where drivers were changed, where passengers could obtain meals and where sleeping accommodations were available. Pine Grove was designated as a Home Station, and as such needed several buildings. The main building had a number of rooms which included sleeping quarters for women, a kitchen and dining room. Other buildings were the blacksmith shop, a bunkhouse for men, and a barn.

(The summer of '65 was known as the Bloody Year on the Plains. Indians were trying desperately to stop traffic along the Overland Trail and they actually did succeed in causing a serious interruption. Although an attempt to burn Virginia Dale station was thwarted, all the other stations between that point and Bitter Creek headquarters were reduced to charred heaps.)

(The army took over to get the stagecoaches rolling again. It was imperative that the mail would get through. On June 3rd Lieut. James A. Brown of the 11th Ohio Cavalry reported from Ft. Halleck the result of their efforts. The Lieutenant had left Ft. Halleck with a force of thirty men under his command. He was also accompanied by a Captain Lewis and R. I. Spotswood who was division agent of the Overland Stage Lines.

The company found Sage Creek Station deserted. About four miles farther along the road they found the bodies of two emigrants who had been murdered, one of whom had been scalped. They hurried to reach Pine Grove Station, only to find it had been abandoned. Bridger's Pass was deserted—all had fled to Sulphur Springs for protection.)

The next day the party retraced their path to Ft. Halleck with added protection from Sulphur. Five soldiers were left to guard each station. The troops were hardly out of sight of the Sage Creek Station when it was attacked by Indians. In addition to the five soldiers who had been left, there were two citizens and two stock tenders. All nine had good horses, so an attempt was made to outrun the Indians and seek refuge at Pine Grove. In

the flight both of the stock tenders were killed, two cavalymen were injured and a third was wounded and captured. One of the citizens escaped to Pine Grove, the other was never found. The surviving members of the party warned the troops here at Pine Grove and all fled back to Sulphur, picking up the detachment at Bridger's Pass as they went through. The trip along this section of the Trail had become known as "running the gauntlet", and it was living up to its name.

The cemetery on the bleak hill north of the Station once held eight graves that were evident. A number of them were marked



Pine Grove Stage Station

*Courtesy Mrs. W. Lambertsen*



Unknown Graves on left bank of Pine Grove Creek directly north and opposite Pine Grove Station site

Remains of Pine Grove Station on right bank of Pine Grove Station site Old creek crossing directly north

*Courtesy Paul C. Henderson*

and the names could be distinguished, but unfortunately the markers have been removed and no record remains.

As a Stage Station, Pine Grove's history was soon ended but this spot was to be the setting for one more act in the bloody drama of the West.

It was in 1875 that the "town herd" of Rawlins, composed of forty head of saddle and pack horses, was stolen. Hunters and trappers owned the horses which were corralled a mile from town, and Al Farley put in charge of the herd. While he was in Rawlins for lunch, Indians drove off the entire herd. Farley gave the alarm and a posse was immediately formed. Incidentally, one member of the ten-man posse was Tip Vincent who later was ambushed and murdered while trailing Big Nose George's gang—another was Jim Rankin who won fame for his great ride of 160 miles in 24 hours to report the Meeker Massacre.<sup>1</sup>

It was a simple matter to follow the trail of fifty or more horses, and before dark the posse found the Indians camped at Pine Grove with the stolen herd. The men remained out of sight until dawn at which time they charged the Indian camp. Nine Indians were killed in the encounter, the horses were recovered, eleven Indian ponies were taken, and the posse came through the battle without a single casualty.

1:30 P.M. We continued our hot, dry ride as we doubled back on a high ridge just wide enough for a road. The gullies were sandy and the hills steep—one so abrupt that we waited at the top until all cars made the grade.

The old trail was in and out of this graded road as we travelled up to 7,532 feet elevation—the Continental Divide, where waters flow to the east and to the west. It was with difficulty that we realized that Bridger's Pass, a wide, level expanse, is nearly 8,000 feet above sea level or as high as many rugged mountains in our western states. In the pass (155 M) we could plainly see, in a shallow draw, the deep ruts of the Overland Trail which were cut 100 years ago.

There were two roads from Pine Grove to Bridger's Pass over this beautiful country with its level-topped, hogbacks and never ending rolling hills.

2:45 P.M. After feeling the emptiness and loneliness of this vast land we were glad to come to Bridger Station tucked down among trees in a little green ravine. Although the buildings are no longer there, we know there once was a spring which must have been eagerly awaited long ago.

Mr. Bill Daley read a paper on Bridger Pass and Bridger Station in the absence of his father, Mr. Ed Daley.

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1. Other accounts give this as 164 miles in 27½ or 28 hours.

## BRIDGER'S PASS AND BRIDGER STATION

By P. E. Daley

We are now on the Continental Divide. The water to the east flows into some tributary of the North Platte, and thence to the Mississippi. The water to the west flows into the Muddy, to the Little Snake River, and finally into the Colorado River.

This pass is not the lowest in elevation but it is one of the few that offered fairly easy terrain, fuel, livestock feed and abundant wild game. It is not known when Jim Bridger first went through this pass. His knowledge of the country and his extensive explorations are almost beyond belief, as he traveled throughout all the Rocky Mountain area. Indians in general were friendly to him, and they were a source of information and shelter.

From here we look west toward the Muddy and Sulphur Springs. The grassy spots below us were known as the Seven Meadows. Today there are only three or four. This place was a well known stopping point for bullteams, military expeditions, and emigrants. At that time aspens, cedar and pine covered the surrounding hills. A saw mill here supplied much of the material for building the town of Rawlins. A great deal of timber was also cut for the wood burning engines of the U. P.

On March 2, 1861, an arrangement to carry mail under the so-called "Million Dollar Contract" to the Central Overland California and Pikes Peak Express Co. was made to transport the daily mail to Salt Lake. Terms of the contract stated that the mail would run through Denver City and Salt Lake. The mail company favored this trail through Bridger's Pass as it was shorter than the South Pass route. This was agreed to with the proviso that the stations would be built and maintained by the citizens of Denver and Salt Lake.)

(The first mail passed along this route on July 21, 1862.)

There are many graves around here, mostly unmarked, as the time and resources for marking them were limited. In the Muddy Canyon about three miles below here we will see the grave of G. A. Lovesey, drowned June 14, 1860. His gravestone is of sandstone and was expertly carved. It is one of the few that are legible.

3:15 P.M. We left Bridger Station travelling southwest to a yellow steel Overland Trail post where we turned right to follow on the trail which is the present improved road. (There was a group of unmarked graves near the marker.) The scenery was beautiful as we wound through the shallow Muddy Creek Canyon. The hills to our left were fringed with rocks at their crest and large sand dunes towered above them.

A good story about this section of the trail was printed in the Saratoga Sun years ago. In 1865 the Indians were so hostile that all stages were cancelled west of Platte Crossing for three weeks.

Finally so much mail had collected the company decided it should be sent on, so one night three big coaches were piled full of mail sacks. A woman passenger, on her way to her husband in San Francisco, begged so hard to be allowed to go that she was permitted to crawl on top of the sacks in one of the coaches.

At one o'clock, under a full moon, they left Platte Station and silently bowled along over the hard road with Heenan as driver and eight guards. They soon saw shadowy figures to their right and left but nothing happened until they entered Muddy Creek canon when the Indians began their attack from both rims. During the running fight Heenan was shot in the right arm but he managed to get the coaches to the top of the canon.

They quickly made a corral of the coaches and mail and prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Some of the men were killed and their bodies were stacked on the barricade. The brave woman ran back and forth in a shower of arrows and bullets fetching ammunition and ministering to the wounded.

At sundown Heenan ordered them on their way. Again those stealthy, shadowy forms kept pace with the travellers through the night as they drove like the wind toward Sulphur Springs. At daybreak another attack was made but the men at the station heard it and came to their rescue.

4:00 P.M. Sulphur Springs Station (170 M), in a semi-ruined condition, is still used by the present owner. Mr. Morley, the caretaker, invited us into his spic and span house where we saw lovely antique furniture and enjoyed drinks from his cool well.

Mr. John R. Daley, great-uncle of Bill Daley, came from California expressly to make this trek. He made this part of the trail more interesting with his tales of the past as he pointed out Double Crossing, scene of many Indian fights, and also mentioned that Joe Rankin passed this station on his way from the Thornburg Massacre to Rawlins for help.

## THE SULPHUR SPRINGS STATION ON THE OVERLAND TRAIL

By Edward R. McAuslan

The Sulphur Springs Stage Station was built on the new south-erly route of the Overland Trail shortly after July 11, 1862, when the Postmaster General of the United States ordered the mail contractor to move south from the Oregon Trail to Jim Bridger's old route, the one being traveled today by this group. The Sulphur Springs Station is ten miles west of the Bridger's Pass Station, and eleven miles west of the Waskie Station. The buildings were primarily of sandstone, with sod roofs, and the ranch house was the old station before the more recent remodelling. The name of the station was derived from the strong odor emanating from flows of water nearby. This odor still prevails. The station was



Site of ford across North Platte river on Overland Trail looking east



Dug Springs Station



Sulphur Springs Station



Big Pond Station ruins



Waskie Station



Black Butte Station

*Courtesy Paul C. Henderson*

(not only an important spot on the Overland Trail, but also served the travelers on the White River Road, which commenced at Rawlins and thence extended southwesterly to Baggs and northwestern Colorado. During the Meeker Massacre the White River was used by the soldiers from Fort Steele.)

(The First Kansas Volunteers of the United States Army were posted at this Sulphur Springs site, and guarded the mail for some distance west and east. Major R. A. Morrse commanded this troop. These men dug rifle pits on either side of the bluffs overlooking Muddy Creek, and the depression as the result of one of these pits may be seen on the hill southeast of the buildings. A tunnel was dug from the pits down to the springs below, and though this now has caved in, the evidence is clear.)

Ed Tierney, of Rawlins, supplied some interesting material that he gathered from the National Archives. (On a day in August, 1863, soldiers at Sulphur Springs heard shooting to the east, up Muddy Creek. A wagon train, which had halted to fill water casks, was fired into by a group of Indians, and shortly hordes of Indians assaulted the train. The Indians withdrew at the approach of Major Morrse's force. According to the Day Book of the Major, there were 29 white men, women, and children killed; 17 severely wounded; and 10 less critically injured. Later it was estimated that 90 Indians had been shot, and about that same number wounded. Subsequent War Department investigations indicated that the Sioux and Cheyenne took part in the fight. It is believed by some historians that this battle was the first large scale attempt of the Indians to halt the western migration of the whites.)

(On June 16, 1865, one hundred Indians raided Sulphur Springs and made away with the stock.

The graves of persons killed during the Indian uprisings may be seen, in a dilapidated condition, in a small cemetery not far southwest of these buildings. The graves are possibly those of the stationmaster and his family and assistants.)

4:20 P.M. (Although the next station, Waskie, was only eleven miles farther on the trail, it was necessary for us to detour approximately twenty miles to the southwest to the Baggs highway, on which we travelled north eleven miles. Two miles north of the Overland Trail monument we turned right for five miles. This part of the country was very dry and extremely barren. Antelope bounded over the hills. In the gullies sagebrush was higher than the cars and a new road had to be made through Chicken Draw.

5:15 P.M. (We arrived at Waskie (181 M) where a few upright ruins were picturesque in the late afternoon sun. The buildings were made from cut sandstone put together with mortar. The old trail was plainly visible, but the station seemed lonely and desolate in the great expanse of rolling hills.

## WASKIE STATION

By Jerry Felton

One of the most unfortunate things that happen to historians occurs when the interesting events during a person's life are recorded only in his memory. When that person passes on, history is lost to the future. Such has been the case here. Think of the wondrous tales this stone ruin could unfold if we had even a meager record of the experiences which the men and women, involved here, endured and enjoyed.

(A very careful search of all available records has failed to disclose much about our present stop, called Waskie, except that we are 11 miles from our last stop, Sulphur Springs, and 13 miles from the next station, Duck Lake. We do know that, on occasion, troops were stationed here in small numbers and on the hill back of the ruins are a few graves, now nameless and forgotten, as is usually the case along the Overland Trail.)

We have no alternative but to conjecture in our own minds the type of people who were stationed here. We can only imagine the loves and hopes that enriched their lives, and the tragedies they were forced to endure. It is difficult for us with our cars and other conveniences to imagine life in a station like Waskie, however I believe that a good many of the people here today would have welcomed an opportunity to share in one of our nation's finest projects—the winning of the West.

(From here on west to Point of Rocks was one of the worst parts of the trail. It was usually either dry, hot and very dusty or so muddy in wet weather as to be barely passable. As a result, I imagine that Waskie was considered a jumping-off place by the drivers. The next 50 miles was dreaded by all.)

5:45 P.M. We retraced our way a couple miles then turned left to the Henry Baur ranch where many camped for the night. Others went on to Wamsutter and Rawlins.

**Sunday - August 6**

Caravan—20 cars - - - - 50 participants

7:30 A.M. Through the courtesy of Mr. Albert Sims a substantial breakfast of cakes, eggs, bacon and potatoes was served by the cooks to the reassembled crowd. Ice, first aid equipment and a tank of gas were sent out from Rawlins.

9:00 A.M. As soon as the camp was cleaned the trekkers met on the Baggs highway and left for Duck Lake. Mr. Baur stopped the caravan several times to point out the old trail.

(Duck Lake (194 M) proved a disappointment as there were no ducks and no water—only a few stones showed the outline of the station. Long ago it was one of the most anticipated stops on

the trail as the grass was two feet high, several lakes were close by, and there were even springs in the sand dunes.

Stansbury passed through here on his return trip on September 18, 1850 and army engineers laid out the station in 1858 with a railroad in mind.)

10:10 A.M. We departed on a good road. At 202 M. we were surprised to find a lone, immense red rock 120 feet in circumference and 20 feet high standing by itself right by the trail. Among the many names cut on it were those of E. E. White 1852, Fritz Langer 1862, J. H. Jones 1862.

11:00 A.M. Our next stop was Dug Springs (206 M), once beautiful with wild roses, today only crumbling ruins on a dry undulating prairie like ocean swells. In one wall, partially standing, could be seen a small port hole for shooting at Indians.

### DUG SPRINGS

By Zita Winter

(The Dug Springs Station located in Middle Barrel Springs Canyon must have been in a beautiful place with many wild roses as it is also referred to as the Wild Rose Station.

Located approximately thirteen miles east of LaCiede Post on the Overland Stage Trail it was a regular stage and mail stop. The trail passed between the old well and the station.)

Today some walls are half standing, others half torn down as time and wind have been the most constant visitors for many years. Apparently the once flowing spring was dug deeper and wider in order to provide water for man and beast—hence the name Dug Springs.

11:15 A.M. We left Dug Springs on a road which wound around the Mud Flats and eight miles farther on around a large archaeological site. The country was drier and more dreary with no sign of animal life.

11:40 A.M. LaCiede Station (221 M) was set near the north fork of Bitter Creek among surrounding hills. The buildings were of native brown sandstone and are partially standing. The trail passed between the two sets of buildings after having crossed the creek. Not only has wind and weather and time done its part in destroying the old station but an oil company knocked part of it down with a bulldozer to use as a crossing in the creek.

Mr. Tierney related that several years ago he found one of the doors with an arrow still stuck in it.

### LACLEDE STATION

By Ed Tierney

LaCiede was built to protect the trail in this area and was one of the strongest forts. It consisted of barracks, a corral and a

gun tower. Rifle pits were dug in the surrounding knobs and you can still see evidence of them today.

In June 1865 Lt. Wade Thorsen, with Co B, 11th Ohio Cavalry, was engaged in a skirmish about two miles east of the fort. The crafty Indians turned the fight into a running battle with the inexperienced troops pursuing the Indians into an ambush. They probably would all have been annihilated had not Co. D, 11th Ohio Cavalry, and a few civilians back at the fort heard the noise and gone to their aid.

12:00 noon. Mr. Baur led us a couple of miles to a clear, cold spring where we had our lunch. This is the only fresh and good water spring on the upper reaches of Bitter Creek. Wells had to be dug for station use.

1:45 P.M. The sun was shining and the trekkers in high spirits as we rode into the Red Desert country with its fanciful natural formations and colors. After crossing a bridge over Antelope Creek, we took a road north, then turned to our right on a poor side road down a steep hill to Big Pond Station (233 M).

A few walls remain and there is an old well inside the northeast corner of the north room. (Good planning). Another set of ruins is on the opposite side of the road. We traversed the trail as we came down the hill.

### BIG POND STATION

By Mrs. Emilie Hurd

This station is not especially notable as it was merely one of the many way-stations on the Overland Stage line.

The station was erected in 1862 and constructed of rocks which



Ruins LeClède Stage Station

*Courtesy Paul C. Henderson*

F. V. Hayden, U.S. Geologist, reported in his preliminary report of the United States Geological Survey of Wyoming, dated 1872, as being composed of fresh water shells, embedded in sandstone and limestone.

Very few mentions of this stage station have been found. It is reported that, sometime prior to 1868, when the line was abandoned, that the station force and United States Cavalrymen, assigned to Big Pond, were killed by the Indians. We cannot state the total number of persons killed, or any other details. Also it is reported that these people were buried in graves in this vicinity. However, no one has been able to locate their graves.

(J. V. Frederick, in his *Ben Holladay, the Stage Coach King*, says that in the summer of 1865, "Orders were sent to Fort Bridger to distribute troops along the route. Company B, with sixty men from Company C, First Battalion Nevada Cavalry, was sent to Waskie Station. Headquarters was (*sic*) established there, with thirty men on duty and groups of five soldiers each were placed at Rock Springs, Salt Wells, Rock Point, Black Buttes, and Big Pond. . . . By attacking wagon trains, small parties of soldiers, ranches, stations, and coaches, the Indians were rapidly accumulating more arms and supplies. There was a method in this arming. They had resented General Connor's expedition to the Powder River region and early in August, they retaliated by attacking the entire route between Big Laramie and Rock Creek." It appears that similar attacks were also made on the portion of the line we are exploring on this trek.)

(During a trip to Nebraska from California in 1867, William H. Jackson recorded in his diary that he and his party traveled through this vicinity during July. Jackson's entry, dated Friday, July 12th, reads in part, "They all went off & left us alone. Sam came back during the forenoon and told us to go on a little ways where there was feed & wait a while. In p.m. Sam came up again & told us to roll. Jim caught up with us soon after & we went on to "big pond" Sta. where there was a little lake.")

While this area teems with historical events, so far as we can determine very little has been written about it and consequently what would be valuable information has been lost.

2:30 P.M. We didn't tarry long as the sky suddenly became overcast and lightning flashed across the heavens. Soon a heavy rain was falling on the gumbo flats so we hurriedly found the oiled road to Bitter Creek, omitting Black Buttes (247 M) Station.

3:30 P.M. Many of the trekkers left the party at Bitter Creek but eight cars continued on the highway to Point of Rocks where we turned left across the tracks to Rock Point Station (261 M). This station, although nearly ready to fall down, is in the best state of any along the trail. Here Adrian Reynolds spoke on Black Buttes, which we hope to back track and see next year.

## BLACK BUTTES

By Adrian Reynolds

As to the history behind Black Buttes there is not much to add. The background of all the stations along the entire route, of course, is practically the same. So I will refer mainly to my own recollections from my memory of the place in the past 30 years.

It was in 1932 that I first visited this station and photographed it. At that time, the two front rooms, or those nearest the present road, were practically intact and some roof timbers still in place. Like all abandoned buildings out on the range, it had become a refuge for livestock. The trail was untouched and much as it was 70 years before, except of course for the ravages of time. Across the road south of the main station, in 1958 a county trek found the outlines of either a powder house or blockhouse of some kind. Some relics of percussion cap boxes, etc., were found. We also found buttons from army coats at the station and across the road.

Like all of these ruins, the Black Buttes ruins have been steadily deteriorating year by year and will soon be nothing but a heap of rubble. You will note that the compound extended much to the north and that apparently a fair sized installation existed here. Another point of note, to me, is that, west of the Laramie river, this is the first point on the route where stage station and the iron horse greeted each other.

As you go west a short distance further on, you will probably notice the stone foundations of an old coal mine, and also see walls partially standing out on the flat below the mine. This is the remains of the Hall Mine that opened with the coming of the railroad and closed soon after. On the 1958 trek, Bill Bramwell of Green River found an 1868 nickel in the floor of one of the little stone cabins located back of the mine. Several relics, including the wheel of a mine car, and some dated desert glass, came from that trip.

## POINT OF ROCKS

By Adrian Reynolds

As in the case of Black Buttes, I shall refer to my own recollections about this station. A couple of hundred yards west you will find the old cemetery. In the early 1930's headstones and wooden markers still were there—now they are almost entirely gone. If my memory serves me right, the graves carried dates back to 1863.

When this station was first deeded to the state, all walls were intact, some crude furniture was here, and there was a huge bellows in the northeast corner of the middle wing. This was stolen three years ago.

You will note that many names have been carved on the station building and on the stable. These date back to the early travel. Apparently the station buildings straddled the trail.

A place like this gathers many legends. One has to do with Butch Cassidy's gang after the Tipton train robbery. Rador has told me that he can remember, as a boy, that Cassidy rode into this place, then occupied by the Radors, and quietly holed up, after caching the loot on Sand Butte, until all the furore had died down a few days later.

It is this story that furnishes the basis for the story behind the last inhabitant—Jim McKee. McKee was an old range character, who lived his final years here, and who died about 20 years ago. He is alleged to have ridden on the outskirts of the Wild Bunch, and did, to my knowledge, kill one man south of here in 1925 or 1926. McKee is said to have come back to this point to search for loot which he believed Cassidy failed to recover. In the 1930's when the UPRR attempted to evict McKee he met the company representative with an old hog-leg and told the gentlemen to keep moving. For many years, he kept a smallpox sign on the doors to ward off the inquisitive.

The Rador family occupied this building for a generation or so. I had hoped to have the Rador family history, including the dates of occupation, and its connection, if any, with the South Pass stage route, but have not yet been able to obtain the address of Clarence Rador, formerly with the Union Pacific, and now retired. He grew up in this building and in the little town across the creek.

While G. F. Ashby was president of the railroad, I secured from him the grant of this station to the state of Wyoming, and, as you will note on the markers, it is the property of our Historical Department. As you know this station lies directly in the path of the new Interstate highway 80. If steps are not taken soon the whole place will be lost "to progress". Many people think this Point of Rocks Station should be restored and made an island in the four lane highway.

4:15 P.M. Another trek had ended. Next year, perhaps, we can meet at Bitter Creek and follow the part of the trail we were forced to omit because of heavy rain and gumbo roads. All are looking forward to completing the trail to the western border of Wyoming next year.

#### REFERENCES USED BY THE SPEAKERS

Frederick, James Vincent—*Ben Holladay The Stage Coach King*  
Hafen, Leroy—*The Overland Mail*  
Mattes, Merrill—*Indians, Infants and Infantry*  
Perkin, Robert—*The First Hundred Years*  
Wm. Jackson Diaries  
A. E. Stuart's Diary  
Government Records  
Stories from settlers

## 1961 TREKKERS

- Bridgeport, Nebr.  
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Henderson
- Sidney, Nebr.  
Mr. and Mrs. Roy MacAdam
- Wheatridge, Colo.  
Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Townsend  
and boys
- Concord, Calif.  
Mr. and Mrs. Eric Breneman
- San Francisco, Calif.  
Mr. John R. Daley
- Laramie, Wyo.  
Mrs. J. L. Guffey and daughter  
Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Shingleton  
Mrs. Lydia Corthell
- Buford, Wyo.  
Mr. and Mrs. James Boan and son
- Glendo, Wyo.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bretey
- Douglas, Wyo.  
Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Hildebrand  
and children
- Torrington, Wyo.  
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Keenan and  
daughters
- Casper, Wyo.  
Mr. and Mrs. Verne Mokler  
Mr. Richard Eklund
- Green River, Wyo.  
Mr. Vernon Hurd  
Mrs. Emilie Hurd  
Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Reynolds
- Wheatland, Wyo.  
Mr. Earl Flaharty
- Sinclair, Wyo.  
Mr. and Mrs. Gene Breniman
- Rawlins, Wyo.  
Mr. Leeland Grieve and son  
Mr. E. M. Tierney  
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Daley  
Mrs. Anthony Stratton  
Mr. and Mrs. E. R. McAuslan  
Mr. G. A. Willis  
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lambertsen  
Mrs. Robert Lambertson  
Mr. Louis Cassinat
- Cheyenne, Wyo.  
Col. W. R. Bradley  
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ritter and  
niece  
Miss Maurine Carley  
Mrs. Graham Walker  
Mr. Grant H. Willson  
Col. and Mrs. A. R. Boyack  
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Larsen  
Mrs. L. C. Bishop

# *Wyoming Archaeological Notes*

Field work at several archaeological sites in Wyoming has been carried on in recent months, under the direction of the organized chapters of the state archaeological society.

The Sheridan group has continued work at the Trapper Creek site, including additional excavation, which indicates an extended period of intermittent occupation. Further exploratory pits have been made, and the site has been surveyed. A map of the pictographs at the site is to be made, to supplement the photographic record.

More research at the Sisters Hill site, on Bull Creek, eight miles southwest of Buffalo, has been under way, primarily to prepare the site for geologic study by Dr. George Agonino and Vance Hayes. The site was discovered by Eugene Galloway of Buffalo.

Members of the Casper chapter have worked further at the Lee site, north of Midwest. Some twenty-five artifacts have been recovered recently.

The Turk Burial site has yielded further artifacts during the past summer. First reported to Glen Sweem and Don Grey during 1960, it has been re-opened twice by them. Several skulls and artifacts have been removed for study. Due to extensive disturbance of the site, it is not possible to determine if the site is a burial or a reburial. This site is no doubt related to a fortified hill, three miles distant, in which the same type of artifacts were recovered.

A bison trap northeast of Sheridan, in Powder River County, Montana, was excavated in August. This was with the sanction of the Smithsonian Institution which had in its possession a site report dated 1950, and the Montana Archaeological Society. Projectile points, probably Avonlea points, and bones recovered indicate the site was used for slaughtering only, and the campsites were elsewhere. Adequate charcoal samples were obtained with the bones so a date on the culture will be forthcoming.

Work continues at the mammoth site near Rawlins, where a total of twenty-four artifacts have been recovered, all typical of the Clovis or Llano complex. Among recent finds are some bones from an extinct form of giant bison. Presence of these bones along with mammoth bones indicate the site was a frequently used kill site.

# *Wyoming State Historical Society*

**Eighth Annual Meeting**

**September 16-17, 1961**

**Elks Hall, Torrington, Wyoming**

Registration for the Eight Annual Meeting opened at 8:30 A.M. on September 16 in the Elks Hall in Torrington. One hundred thirty-one persons registered.

An interesting program was arranged for the morning session. After community singing, Mr. C. O. Downing related episodes of the early history of the Goshen County area and Mr. Rex L. Wilson, Museum Curator at Fort Laramie National Historical Site, explained his historical archaeological work there.

## **EIGHTH ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING**

The Eighth Annual Meeting of the Wyoming State Historical Society was called to order promptly at 1:30 P. M. in the Elks Hall by the president, Mr. E. A. Littleton. Approximately one hundred members were present.

Rev. Lamar Speier gave the Invocation and Mayor Everette Michel of Torrington welcomed the group. Copies of the minutes of the Seventh Annual Meeting were distributed to the members. These had also been published in the October, 1960, *Annals of Wyoming*. Since there were no objections they were approved. The Secretary read the minutes of the Executive Committee meeting which was held July 8 in Casper. These minutes were approved as read.

## **TREASURER'S REPORT**

**September 24, 1960 - September 16, 1961**

Cash and Investments on hand September 24, 1960		\$ 9,018.54
Receipts and Interest:		
Dues	\$3,143.50	
Charters—Platte, Big Horn	20.00	
Hunton Diaries	171.48	
Bishop Memorial	124.50	
Interest	336.59	3,796.07
		<hr/>
		\$12,814.61
Disbursements 9-24-60--9-16-61		
Annals of Wyoming	\$1,569.00	
7th Annual meeting	216.29	
Office and postage, cards.		
active committees	332.67	
Scholarship: Laramie County	200.00	
		<hr/>
		\$ 2,317.96

## ASSETS

September 16, 1961

Stock Growers National Bank, Cheyenne	\$ 615.01
Federal Building & Loan Ass'n, Cheyenne	7,111.44
Life Memberships, Federal B&L	2,646.20
Bishop Memorial Fund, Cheyenne National Savings	124.50
	<hr/>
	\$10,497.15

Present membership of the State Society:

Life Members .....	32
Joint Life Members .....	20
Annual Members .....	579
Joint Annual Members .....	410

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 1,041

Miss Carley explained that \$685 was paid for the purchase of a quantity of Vols. 1, 2 and 3 of the Hunton Diaries. In 1960 receipts for sale of the diaries were \$221.22, for 1961 receipts were \$171.48, leaving a balance owed the treasury of \$292.30. Books are on hand and available for sale.

The Secretary read a telegram from the Casper Chamber of Commerce inviting the Society to hold its Ninth Annual Meeting in Casper. Mrs. Hord, President of Natrona County Chapter, added a verbal invitation. Mrs. Alice Stevens, President of the Albany County Chapter, then invited the Society to meet in Laramie in 1962. Mr. Littleton thanked the two presidents and said that the place of the next meeting would be decided at the next Executive meeting.

The Auditing Committee composed of Dr. R. H. Burns, Mrs. Emilie Hurd and Miss Clarice Whittenburg reported that the books had been audited and were in excellent condition.

Mrs. Edness Kimball Wilkins read a Memorial to Mr. Bishop which had been written by Col. A. R. Boyack.<sup>1</sup> It was decided to let the Bishop Memorial Fund accumulate a little longer before deciding what should be done with it.

Reports from the Standing Committees were as follows:

(1) Archaeological Committee—Mr. Glenn Sweem, chairman. He announced that the Archaeological Bill had been prepared too late for the 1961 Legislature to act upon it. The committee has indicated the location of the Portuguese Houses. Twenty-one breast works have been located on the Middle Fork of Powder River. These may have been used by the Wilson Price Hunt Expedition in 1811. Efforts have been made to locate the remains of a wagon in the backwaters of the Pathfinder Dam, and the committee is trying to identify an old blade found near old Fort McKinney. They think it may be Spanish.

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1. The full text of the Memorial appears in the *Overland Stage Trail Trek No. 2* in this issue.

(2) Legislative Committee—Dr. Paul Emerson, chairman. His report stated that 650 letters were sent out to members urging them to contact their Representatives and Senators asking them to support the bills in the 1961 Wyoming Legislature which were of interest to the Society. Two bills passed were—Esther Morris Statue Replica and the Purchase of Fort Fetterman.

(3) Scholarship Committee—Dr. T. A. Larson, chairman. He reported that the Laramie County history had been completed by Sydney Spiegel. He also suggested that the opportunity of writing county histories be opened to others not working for an M. A. Degree.

(4) Historic Sites Committee—Although Mr. Bishop has passed away, Miss Homsher said that the work of the committee would be continued. The 1961 Overland Trek was headed by Paul Henderson, Lyle Hildebrand and Maurine Carley.

(5) Historic Markers—Mr. Henry Jones, chairman. Mr. Jones explained that this was a huge undertaking but progress was being made in locating signs in many counties. He suggested that each Chapter add a discussion "Historic Markers" to its regular agenda. Each county can now start plans for a second sign this biennium.

(6) Foundation Fund—Mr. Vernon Hurd, chairman. He stated that he had investigated some 5,000 possible foundations. Of this number he is beginning correspondence with thirty-five of them to see if any Wyoming project could receive financial support from such foundation funds.

The Secretary announced that a good 16mm sound film, authentically documented, can be purchased or rented from the Montana State College in Bozeman, Montana. This would make an excellent program for a meeting.

Very interesting annual reports were given or read by delegates from most of the counties of the state. These included Albany, Big Horn, Campbell, Fremont, Goshen, Laramie, Natrona, Park, Sweetwater, Sheridan, Uinta, Washakie, and Weston counties. These reports were the highlight of the meeting. They are on file in the Executive Headquarters.

Miss Homsher introduced the members of her staff who were present and asked that the secretaries of county chapters address all correspondence to the State Archives and Historical Department during January and February when Miss Carley will be on vacation.

Mr. Littleton announced that the State Archives and Historical Department had received an Award of Merit from the American Association for State and Local History. The citation read as follows:

"The Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department and State Museum, under the leadership of Lola M. Homsher, was honored for the quiet and competent construction, in a period of a

decade, of a carefully thought-out historical and archival agency that serves the people of Wyoming in a broad variety of ways. The department's headquarters are in Cheyenne."

The meeting was adjourned at 4:00 P. M. to reconvene at the Cold Springs Marker on Highway 87 south of Torrington. L. G. "Pat" Flannery read a dedicatory address which is printed at the end of these minutes.

### DINNER MEETING ELKS HALL

In the evening 175 persons attended the annual banquet held in the Elks Hall.

After the Invocation given by Rev. Herbert A. Cies, all enjoyed community singing as they were being served. Each officer was presented with a five pound sack of Holly sugar and numbers were drawn for six additional sacks as door prizes. At each place were favors and a small box of Stover's candy. The Toastmaster, Mr. Irv Larson, made everyone feel at home with his warm friendly introductions and remarks.

Mrs. Nancy Wallace, chairman of the Nominating Committee, announced the results of the election held by ballot through the mail. Officers for 1961-62 are:

President .....	Mrs. Edness Kimball Wilkins, Casper
First Vice President .....	Mr. Vernon Hurd, Green River
Second Vice President .....	Mr. Charles Ritter, Cheyenne
Secretary-Treasurer .....	Miss Maurine Carley, Cheyenne

The office of Executive Secretary as set up by the constitution is not elective and will continue to be filled by Lola M. Homsher, Director of the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

Mr. Vernon Hurd, chairman of the Awards Committee, announced the following awards:

#### Historical Awards:

Lola M. Homsher. Publications: Non-fiction. For her book "South Pass 1868."

Mrs. Vie Willets Garber. Publications: Biography. For sponsoring and editing "Big Horn Pioneers."

Mrs. Doris Shannon Garst. Publications: Juvenile Division. For "Broken Hand Fitzpatrick: Greatest of the Mountain Men."

O. W. Judge. Periodicals, national. For his series of historical articles published in True West and Frontier Times magazines.

Mrs. Edith M. Thompson. Periodicals, Wyoming. For her series of historical articles appearing in annual editions of the Casper Tribune-Herald.

## Historical Awards:

Casper Tribune-Herald. Publications: Newspapers. For its series of outstanding annual Wyoming Editions.

Maurine Carley. Historical Activities. For faithful and devoted service as historian on all Oregon, Mormon and Overland Trail Treks during the past several years.

Albany County Historical Society. Activities: Restoration. For preserving the only remaining buildings of old Ft. Sanders.

Mary Jester Allen. Activities: Museums. For founding and serving as curator of the Buffalo Bill Museum at Cody. (Posthumous)

Mrs. Esther Mockler. Special Fields: Radio. For her series of tape recorded interviews of old-timers regularly used on her "Listen Ladies" program on KOVE, Lander.

Mrs. Peter Keenan. Fine Arts: Painting. For three oil paintings, two of Devil's Tower and one of the Oregon Trail.

Charles Guild. Fine Arts: Photography. For preservation of Wyoming history through the medium of photography.

Russell Thorp. Cumulative Contribution: For his continuing deep interest and selfless contribution to the preservation and recording of Wyoming history.

## Honorable Mention:

Grand Teton Natural History Association. Publications: Non-fiction. "Campfire Tales of Jackson Hole."

Thomas A. Nicholas. Newspaper article. "Platte Bridge and the Oregon Trail in the Civil War Period, 1855-1870."

Prairie Publishing Co. Special Fields: Business firm for sponsoring a series of radio broadcasts over KTWO, Casper, on the Civil War.

Robert T. Helvey. Special Fields: For his series of tape recordings of reminiscences of old-timers.

Merle Prugh. Fine Arts: Music. For various compositions inspired by or using Wyoming historical themes.

Adolph Sphor. Cumulative Contribution: For his series of portraits of well-known Indians and Indian collection on display at the Whitney Art Gallery.

Warren W. Welch. Cumulative Contribution: For the preservation and recording of Indian Culture.

Mrs. Otis Wright, chairman of the Resolutions Committee, read the following resolutions:

WHEREAS the late L. C. Bishop has for many years been one of the most active and valuable members of the Wyoming State

Historical Society, encouraging and documenting the preservation of facts about the early history of the State, and

WHEREAS he spent many hours, both before and after his retirement as State Engineer, in locating and marking authentic sites on the Overland and Oregon trails, and particularly the stations of the Pony Express, so that last year's Centennial could be conducted with complete accuracy, and

WHEREAS he held himself always ready to be present at any meeting of a County Society or any other organization interested in the history of Wyoming and the West, and to give to the members a first hand account of his findings on this or other historical subject, and

WHEREAS he did a great deal of work personally to assure that Pony Express stations were accurately located and suitably marked, and

WHEREAS members of the Wyoming State Historical Society are deeply aware of the loss sustained in his death by all Wyoming citizens who treasure the efforts of such meticulous historians as Dr. Bishop to document our early history before it is too late, therefore,

*Be It Resolved* that the members of the Wyoming State Historical Society take this means of expressing to Mrs. Bishop and other members of his family their regrets over his death, and their gratitude for the work he was able to accomplish, and

*Be It Further Resolved* that copies of this Resolution be placed on the record of this Society and sent to the relatives of the deceased.

(Submitted by the Albany County Historical Society.)

WHEREAS the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department is preserving the historical records, both public and private, and the historical relics of the State of Wyoming, and

WHEREAS the program has in the past several years made great progress, annually serving 60,000 museum visitors, assisting 1,200 persons in historical research and serving 26 state departments as well as a number of municipalities, and has received national recognition and commendation for these services, and

WHEREAS the program must be pursued with vigor at the immediately present time while records and articles are still available and the persons now possessing them can be assured of their proper preservation in an adequate historical and archival agency, and

WHEREAS this cultural and educational program is hindered due to insufficient space for museum displays, storage of records and readily accessible reference materials,

*Therefore, Be It Resolved* that the legislature be petitioned to provide an adequate and functional building for museum, archives

and history, with bombproof vault for security storage, to be built to properly preserve and further develop our Wyoming heritage.

(Submitted by Russell Thorp.)

WHEREAS the Goshen County Chapter of the State Historical Society has been the gracious host to the Eighth Annual Meeting of the Society and,

WHEREAS: the membership of the Goshen County Chapter and the residents of Torrington 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 lovely and very interesting historical exhibits in the show windows of the various stores, the local tours and interesting speakers, and we especially thank Mr. E. A. Littleton, President of the State Historical Society, and Miss Hattie May, President of the Goshen County Historical Society, for her able organization and leadership in directing the program of this meeting, and to all the local committees which worked so hard to make this meeting a success.

Resolutions Committee,  
Mrs. Otis Wright, chairman  
Mr. R. C. Helvey  
Mrs. Wesley Brown

There was a discussion on the Resolution regarding a new building for the State Archives and Historical Department and State Museum. The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Dr. Nolie Mumey gave a very entertaining talk entitled "Excursions into Research in Wyoming History." He mentioned his research on his books about Jim Baker, Sacajawea, Calamity Jane, Bill Hickok and others. He also had an exhibit of pictures, maps, books and relics with which he illustrated his talk. He generously distributed and autographed copies of the story of Sacajawea of which he was the author.

#### SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1961

A caravan of happy historians visited Register Cliff, the site of the Grattan Massacre and Fort Laramie Historical Site under the leadership of Mr. Larry Sandburg and Mr. Irv Larson. At the site of the Grattan Massacre, L. G. "Pat" Flannery read an account of this tragic affair which is reprinted at the end of these minutes.

At noon a home cooked lunch was served in Fort Laramie by the Grange. The food was good, the weather perfect and the plans of the Goshen County Historical Society smoothly executed so everybody had a fine time.

Maurine Carley  
Secretary-Treasurer

## COLD SPRINGS MARKER

By L. G. "Pat" Flannery  
September 16, 1961

Ladies and Gentlemen—Near this spot up until about half a century ago there was a cluster of famous cold springs. No one knows how many hundreds or thousands of years they flowed—but in a semi-arid wilderness such as this country then was, they must have been known far and wide, for nature has no finer, more refreshing gift for both man and beast than a drink of cold, pure water after long hours or days on a hot and dusty trail.

It is therefore not surprising that when the fabulous Pony Express was launched on April 3, 1860, these cold springs became the site of one of its stations. It was one link in a chain of about 150 such stations which stretched more than 1900 miles over a wilderness of mountain, stream and plain from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California. About 100 of these stations extended westward from Cold Springs to Sacramento and some 50 eastward from this place to St. Joseph. The next station to the east was Horse Creek, in what is now Nebraska, a distance of 12 miles. The next stop to the west was 13 miles, the Verdling Ranch site of the old Bordeaux Indian trading post. The average distance between stations was between 12 and 13 miles. Thirty-eight of them were in what is now Wyoming, covering a stretch of about 475 miles.

The ride was made in relays by some 120 young men and 500 horses. They traveled that 1900 miles in about 8 days. Lincoln's Inaugural address was carried from St. Joe to Sacramento in 7 days and 17 hours.

A brief word about those riders, most of them little more than boys in years. They were carefully screened and hand-picked. They of course had to be superb horsemen and also of proven courage and stamina and of excellent character and reputation—for their cargo was priceless and their responsibilities great. In addition, they had to be small, lean and wiry. Few of them weighed over 100 pounds. Each surplus pound of weight was a handicap which might mean the difference between success or failure, or even life and death.

Each rider took an oath, solemnly swearing that while an employee of Russell, Majors and Waddell (owners of the line) he would not use profane language, drink intoxicating liquor, quarrel or fight with any other employee of the firm, and that he would conduct himself honestly and be faithful to his duties, etc.

Each was then armed with a U. S. Navy Colt cap and ball, 36 calibre six shooter, and the horses they rode were the finest and fastest money could buy. But the owners apparently realized that bullets, fine horse flesh and stout hearts alone were not enough—that their men needed something above and beyond

material things to meet the duties and hazards of their task—so they also presented each rider with a Bible to carry with him.

Between stations these young men pushed their horses hard, at speeds of from 8 to 15 miles per hour, depending on the terrain. When a rider galloped into the next station a fresh mount was waiting, saddled and ready. In a matter of seconds his mochila and the attached cantinas containing the mail, was transferred and he was up and away. His pay was from \$50 to \$150 per month.

Twenty pounds of mail was the limit for each rider. Most letters were written on tissue paper and for good reason—the postage rate was \$1 for each one-half ounce or less.

Altho one of the most dramatic and exciting projects in this nation's history, the life of the Pony Express was short—a scant 18 months. It fell a victim to automation and scientific progress, even as so many things today are falling. That new marvel, the telegraph, could carry a message in a few seconds that it took the Pony Express a week to deliver.

But during its short and exciting life the ponies made 308 runs between St. Joseph and Sacramento and its riders galloped 616,000 miles over mountain and plain to deliver a total of 34,753 letters. It was a hazardous job which claimed the lives of a number of men and many horses. But only one mochila of mail was lost—an almost unbelievable record. That meant if you sent a letter by Pony Express the chances were 308 to 1 it would be delivered safely to its destination.

The following quotations from an editorial in the *Sacramento Daily Bee* of October 26, 1861, struck me as worth passing on:

"Farewell Pony . . . farewell and forever thou staunch, wilderness overcoming, swift-footed messenger. For the good thou hast done we praise thee. Having run thy race . . . we can part with thy services because, and only because, in the progress of the age, in the advance of science, thou has been superceded by a more subtle, active, but no more faithful public servant. Thou wert the pioneer of a continent in the rapid transmission of intelligence between its peoples, and have dragged in your train the lightning itself, which, in good time will be followed by steam communication by rail. Your destiny has been fulfilled. . . . Nothing that had blood and sinews was able to overcome you—but a senseless, soulless thing that eats not, sleeps not, tires not, that knows not the difference between a rod of ground and the circumference of the globe itself, has overthrown and routed you. That is no disgrace, for flesh and blood cannot war against the elements. Rest then in peace. Thou has done the work that was given you to do."

Those eloquent and thoughtful words, written one hundred years ago, apply with equal force today. Change never ceases.

The very Springs which gave this place its name were also the victims of progress. When the great irrigation ditches were built which changed this semi-arid desert into a rich, green valley; when the land was leveled and criss-crossed with drainage canals—somewhere along the line the sources of those old Cold Springs were destroyed and even their memory would soon be lost to the minds of men were it not for markers, such as this, and other efforts to preserve the history of yesterday.

It is worth while to keep such memories alive. Only from history and a living past can man gain knowledge and experience to help him meet the unknown future. I do not wish to sound corny or naïve, but may I suggest that we join together in dedicating this marker with the hope that we, too, may face the problems and questions of today and tomorrow with the same courage, confidence and determination shown by our pioneer forefathers in meeting and conquering the hazards and obstacles of their age.



## GRATTAN MASSACRE

By L. G. "Pat" Flannery  
September 17, 1961

One hundred and seven years ago last August this area was crowded with the lodges of numerous bands and tribes of Sioux Indians. They had gathered for their annual handout of goods and supplies, due them from the government under treaty. The date set for distribution was long past. They had been waiting for weeks. Their goods were stored several miles upstream in a warehouse at what was known as the Gratiot Houses, a trading post also called Fort John, a short distance east of Ft. Laramie—but the Indian Agent, Major J. W. Whitfield, had not arrived to make

distribution. Each day the Indians had to drive their ponies a greater distance for grass. Each day their hunters had to range in ever widening circles in search of game for the cooking pots. They were understandably restless and provoked.

Within sight of this spot was the emigrant trail up the Platte, generally known as the Oregon Trail, over which an almost constant stream of covered wagons plodded their weary way westward. This trail was known among the Indians as "The Holy Road" because of the terms of a treaty between the Sioux and the white men made on Horse Creek, near Ft. Laramie, in 1851. This treaty provided that the red men would not attack or molest the white man's wagon trains traveling this trail; that if Indians should steal from the emigrants the chiefs would see that full restitution was made; that if the whites stole from the Indians the government would recompense them for their loss. In return for this safe passage the United States promised to issue the Sioux tribes \$50,000 worth of goods each year—delivery to be made near Fort Laramie. It was a touchy situation, an uneasy truce, marred by some incidents on both sides—but it had worked pretty well; the wagon trains had gotten safely thru, until this lame and half starved old cow came staggering along the afternoon of August 18, 1854.

She belonged to a Mormon wagon train which left her behind when she could no longer keep up. A young Miniconjou brave named High Forehead, on his way to visit the camp of the Brules near by, discovered this cow down, helpless and apparently abandoned. He promptly slaughtered her, summoned some of his Brule friends, and they had a feast. The wagon train proceeded on to Ft. Laramie, the owner of the cow reported her stolen by Indians and demanded compensation.

Conquering Bear, chief of the Brules, also heard of the incident and realizing it might be considered a violation of the treaty, immediately went to Fort Laramie, and offered a pony as restitution for the cow. Old records indicate that a good horse was worth at least two good cows along the trail.

Unfortunately most of the officers and men on duty at Fort Laramie were absent, leaving only a skeleton garrison in the post and Lt. Hugh B. Fleming in temporary command. Lt. Fleming, a young officer, was apparently reluctant to make a decision in the matter and Conquering Bear, unable to get an answer to his offer, returned to his camp and held a night conference with other head men. Early next morning Man Afraid of his Horses—altho some translations say it should be Man Afraid of His Women—a sort of over-chief among the Sioux, returned with a small delegation to the Fort and renewed the offer. Again they could get no decision from Lt. Fleming who left them cooling their heels all morning and into the early afternoon.

Now comes the most amazing and difficult to understand part

of the whole proceedings. Altho refusing to accept full restitution for the cow as the treaty provided, Lt. Fleming instead authorized Lt. John L. Grattan to take a detail to arrest High Forehead, which he had no authority to do, and then washed his hands of the whole affair. Grattan, a green and hot-headed 24-year old, just graduated from West Point, started celebrating his first command with a bottle while assembling his expedition, a wagon, two 12-lb. cannon, a sergeant, 25 privates and 2 band musicians. When Chief Man Afraid and his delegation saw this column cross the Laramie and head toward the Indian encampment about 2 P.M., with Lt. Grattan and Lucian Auguste, an interpreter much hated by the Indians, at its head, they were disturbed and decided to trail along. What they observed was not reassuring. The interpreter was obviously drunk and at least some of the soldiers were nipping from a bottle of their own.

The first stop was at the Gratiot Houses storeroom, where Lt. Grattan told the clerks and few soldiers on guard about his mission, while Interpreter Auguste galloped his horse among the Indians outside, shouting insults and brandishing his pistol. As they came to each band of Indians Grattan issued orders for them to stay in camp which Auguste passed on, embellished with more threats and insults.

The next stop was at Bordeaux' Trading Post, about 300 yards from this place, where Grattan told James Bordeaux to send for Conquering Bear. While they awaited his arrival Auguste continued his campaign of insults and threats among the Indians in the area. Bordeaux, who of course understood the Indian language as well as English, was greatly alarmed and told Grattan the man had to be stopped or trouble was sure to follow. He also told the lieutenant if he would put Auguste inside the post away from the Indians that he, Bordeaux, could settle the whole thing in 30 minutes. Grattan took no action.

When Conquering Bear arrived Grattan demanded that he surrender High Forehead. The Bear told him High Forehead was not a member of his tribe, merely a visitor at his camp and he had no authority over him or to surrender him. The Brule chief also increased his offer of indemnity to several ponies and Bordeaux and other white men present all urged Grattan to delay further action until the Indian Agent arrived.

Lt. Grattan's answer was to march his men right into the Brule Camp, point his cannon at Conquering Bear's lodge, line his men up on both sides, order them to cap their rifles and be ready to fire. He then stepped forward and told the Brule chief he intended to personally search the camp and arrest his man. Bear said that would be a bad thing to do, and offered a mule, worth at least two horses, in addition to the ponies—many times the value of any cow. The pow-wow continued. Auguste's interpreting became more inaccurate and insulting to both sides. Then suddenly High

Forehead stepped from one of the lodges, shouted to Grattan he would not surrender but was not afraid to die and ready to fight him to the death.

Meanwhile, from the roof of his trading post, Bordeaux and several other white men could see that braves from the other tribes had quietly surrounded Grattan on both flanks and the rear. They persuaded Bordeaux to go and replace Auguste as interpreter to prevent a fight. Bordeaux jumped on his horse and started, but he was too late.

Several scattering shots were fired and one Indian fell. The Bear shouted at his Brules to hold their fire, that maybe the white men would now go away. Instead, Grattan stepped back into line, grabbed the lanyard of one cannon and signaled his men to fire. The cannon were pointed a little too high and their balls whistled harmlessly over the tepees, but at the first volley Conquering Bear, who had tried so hard to prevent a clash, fell mortally wounded. The Brules, gathered about their fallen chieftain, responded with a flight of arrows. Lt. Grattan was one of the first to go down—his body carried 24 arrows when recovered. The interpreter and a soldier holding Grattan's horse galloped off toward the Holy Road at the first shot and were next to be killed. Several men piled into the wagon and the driver whipped his horses back over the trail. Indians covering the rear took care of them. The remaining 15 or 20 soldiers retreated over rough ground to the base of a brush covered hill and for a time their fire held most of the warriors beyond arrow range. But when they made a dash from their cover across a flat stretch toward the Holy Road hundreds of mounted warriors charged and hacked them down. Within a few hours after those thirty men had left Fort Laramie, full of high spirits in more ways than one, all were dead.

The now thoroughly enraged warriors spared Bordeaux and his family because he was a brother-in-law of the tribe and long time friend, and failed to find the several white men hidden on his roof. But they rampaged thru the night swearing death to all whites. Next morning they rode up river to the warehouse where their goods were stored—and from which the few soldiers and clerks had discreetly retired—helped themselves to what they wanted and scattered most of the goods—flour, sugar, bacon, etc., from the shelves in a fury of destruction. Then on they went to Ft. Laramie, where some say they made a token attack, others that they contented themselves with circling the Fort on their ponies and driving off all loose stock. On the third day they struck their great camp on the Platte and returned to their various hunting grounds.

So it was not until the fourth day that a civilian and military burial party was able to reach the scene of the massacre. What they found was not pretty. The slain had been mutilated beyond

recognition. Hot August sunshine has done the rest. Only the body of Lt. Grattan was returned to the post for burial. It was identified by a watch he was carrying. The rest were quickly covered in one common, shallow grave. The incident triggered a quarter century of intermittent savage warfare on the plains. It was not until after the Custer massacre of 1876 that our troops finally broke the back of the Sioux Nation.

About 40 years ago the late John Hunton showed me this common grave. It was a depression about 15 feet in diameter and perhaps 3 feet deep in the center. The surrounding land was still brush covered river bottom. He told me it had been a mound when he first came to the country in 1867. The winds of more than a half a century had hollowed it out. Mr. Hunton stepped into the depression and scratched around with his cane. He unearthed a tarnished brass button, a uniform collar insignia and what appeared to be a piece of arm bone and a human tooth. We reburied these evidences of an ancient tragedy in their dusty earth. I had seen enough and we went away from there.

## *Book Reviews*

*History of South Dakota.* By Herbert S. Schell. (Lincoln, The University of Nebraska Press. 1961. Illus. Index. 424 pp. \$5.50.)

Macaulay wrote of Dante that in the Divine Comedy he "gives us the shape, the color, the sound, the smell, the taste; he counts the numbers; he measures the size." And likewise Dr. Schell has compressed into 424 pages a tremendous amount of detail. The comparison must not be pressed too far, for Schell omits emotion and colorful language. His style is matter-of-fact, his treatment of individuals cautious and fair.

On the other hand, while there is no Paradise in this volume there are glimpses of Purgatory and even of the Inferno. One is reminded of these places when he reads about "The Great Dakota Boom, 1878-1887." The countryside was full of money lenders, perjurers, swindlers, and sharp lawyers. Drouth and deflation moved in with their freight of abandoned homesteads and ghost towns.

One is reminded further of Purgatory in reading of the economic distress of the 1920s and 1930s. Almost 70 per cent of the banks closed their doors. The average value of farm land fell from \$71.39 an acre to \$18.65. Dust storms carried off the soil to plow depth.

One is reminded again of Purgatory in the chapter "Reappraisal: The Transformation of the Sioux." While Dr. Schell uses words such as "progress" and "transformation," he tells us enough of the facts about the 30,000 Indians in the state to raise speculation as to his definition of the word "progress."

The reader of state histories looks for the unique and rarely finds it. In the case of South Dakota there is something unusual in the story of state socialism. Republican Governor Peter Norbeck in 1917 took the lead in proposing Constitutional amendments permitting the state to enter various types of business. After the voters approved the amendments the Republican legislature proceeded to put the state into hail insurance, farm loans, coal mining, and cement manufacturing. The Nonpartisan League, with headquarters in North Dakota, tried to take control of South Dakota's state socialism but had to yield to the Republicans. In 1923 the state entered the retail gasoline business, driving down the price of gasoline from 26 to 16 cents a gallon. Eventually the South Dakota Republicans recanted, shed their incongruous socialism, and lived to regret their temporary heresy. The state's rural credit venture eventually cost the taxpayers \$57,000,000.

This is a centennial history in that South Dakota was organized

as a territory in 1861. The state has always been primarily agricultural. Though only about 80% as large as Wyoming, South Dakota has twice the population, twice as many cattle, and six times as many farm and ranch units. It produces far more corn, oats, wheat, and barley. In common with Wyoming, South Dakota lacks industry and has suffered recently from outmigration. Indeed, lacking Wyoming's oil and irrigation South Dakota's ups and downs have been far sharper than Wyoming's.

Dr. Schell, who has taught history at the University of South Dakota since 1925, has done an admirable job, and so has the University of Nebraska Press. This handsome, comprehensive, and authentic volume no doubt will be the standard history of the state for years to come.

*University of Wyoming*

T. A. LARSON

*Pawnee, Blackfoot and Cheyenne - History and Folklore of the Plains* from the writings of George Bird Grinnell. Selected by and with an introduction by Dee Brown. (Mass.: Harvard University Press, xii + 301 pp. \$4.95.)

This book is just what the title says it is.

George Bird Grinnell was founder of the Audubon Society, a naturalist on Gen. Custer's famous Black Hills Expedition in 1874, an early explorer of Glacier National Park, a leader in the National Park Movement and editor of "Forest and Stream" for thirty-five years. Known for all the foregoing and many other accomplishments, Grinnell is best known for his writings about his friends, the Plains Indians.

Grinnell first met the Pawnees in 1870 when he made a grand tour of the West with Prof. O. C. Marsh's geological expedition.

The Blackfeet first gained his interest when he made a hunting and fishing trip to Montana in 1887. The Blackfeet named him Fisher Hat and not only adopted him into the tribe but later made him a head chief.

Grinnell's books on the Cheyenne are a product of a lifelong study of that tribe's way of life before and after the settlement of the West by the white man.

Dee Brown's introduction deals with the life of Grinnell and explains his arrangement of the collection of writings.

The first sections of the book deal with the tribes, Pawnee, Blackfoot and Cheyenne, the last section tells of the Indians' relations with the white man. Each of the first sections begins with an account of Grinnell's own experiences with the tribe, is followed by a tribal history and closes with selections of folklore.

The folklore and hero tales are written as told to the author with no attempt at elaboration. The simple almost childlike language of the tales makes them appealing to readers of all ages.

Very young readers are interested in and amused by tales such as "How the Deer Lost His Gall," etc.

Most of Grinnell's books are long out of print and collectors of Western Americana owe Dee Brown a vote of thanks for making this collection available.

Newcastle, Wyoming

MABEL BROWN

*The Charles Ilfeld Company, A Study of the Rise and Decline of Mercantile Capitalism in New Mexico.* By William J. Parish. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1961. Illus. 431 pp. \$10.00.)

By historical standards, this volume merits attention of every student of western history. For the first time, a detailed, well-documented analysis has been successfully made of the mercantile system on the western frontier.

Covering the period 1865 to 1960, this study describes the evolution of a small-town merchant into a large wholesaler, with exploration of his subsidiary ventures into allied field, particularly barter-banking and sheep industry—sidelines forced upon him by needs of his mercantile business. Pressures of frontier economy which forced him into a barter-banking system illustrate the patterns which similarly forced emergence in western communities of merchants as bankers, wholesalers, warehousemen and political leaders.

Many people made contributions to settling the west. The men who built the basic foundations of every community in our region, however, were small-town merchants whose success in overcoming barriers of transportation, money exchange and fluctuating markets, to build mercantile empires, at last, in this volume, achieve the recognition which is due them. Patterns of research Professor Parish has used are worthy of attention of any historian and are unique contributions in the field of western history. The very complete records of the Charles Ilfeld Company, while a historian's gold mine, undoubtedly presented massive problems in selection and judgment. Parish's success in separating the nucleus which forms his book marks him as a historian of quality.

Regional historical significance, however, is only part of the measure of this book. Its social and economic study of the capitalist system gives a readable and accurate account of decline of mercantile operations in the west and is excellent reflection of larger, national economic forces.

Even before Charles Ilfeld's death in 1929, his career as a mercantile capitalist had been ended by secession of the family corporation, a creature diseased at birth by such limited vision of the significance of emerging urban society that it was foredoomed to disaster. Ultimate absorption by an industrial capitalistic corporation—the modern form of corporate socialist capitalism which

divorces ownership from control—is only a reflection of the rapidly accelerating present economic trend.

The 20th in the series of Harvard University Studies in Business History, this book is a worthy companion of *Great Basin Kingdom, an Economic History of the Latter Day Saints*, issued in 1958 by the same publisher, on shelves of western history.

In view of obvious interest by today's reading public in the drama and intrigue of modern business operations, evidenced by virtually permanent best-seller positions of business management novels, *The Charles Ilfeld Company* might be expected to achieve a wider public than such books ordinarily receive. The same elements of suspense and struggle are present in this intensely interesting and rewarding volume. No library of western history can be considered adequate without the addition of this study of frontier economic life.

*Casper, Wyoming*

FRANK L. BOWRON

*Yesterday's Trails.* By Will H. Spindler. (Gordon Journal Publishing Company, Gordon, Nebraska. 1961. 80 pages. \$1.00.)

These are trails of memory. Along them the author takes his reader to the northern tier of counties in Nebraska where Kid Wade and Doc Middleton once held forth and made local history.

The author and his wife spent thirty years in the Medicine Bow Day School at the village of Potato Creek in the extensive Pine Ridge Indian Reservation of southwest South Dakota.

Each chapter tells a story. Beginning with the early day rustlers the memory trails lead the reader through the open range that used to be, to the first oiled road into the reservation from the Nebraska side. In between are chapters on the Indian beef issue, the severe winters, the war years on the reservation and their effect upon the Indians. Incidents in the history of the various churches on the reservation and some sidelights on the Sioux religion are included.

There is a graphic description of the pioneer blacksmith and his shop. One can almost hear the sounds and smell the odors as he looks down that memory lane. The early day peddler with his wagon of trinkets and wares will bring nostalgic memories to those who have passed the half century mark. The old songs of the cowboy and the range, pioneer weddings, the antics of young cowboys bent on a little deviltry, all these are within the covers of this small volume.

Several interesting photographs are included. Nebraskans and their Wyoming and Dakota neighbors will enjoy *Yesterday's Trails*.

*Bridgeport, Nebraska*

HELEN HENDERSON

*Big Horn Pioneers.* Edited by Vie Willets Garber. (Privately published. 1961. Illus. 115 pp. \$1.50.)

I distinctly remember the first time I met Mrs. Vie Willits Garber, "Aunt Vie", as her friends affectionately call her. It was late in November, 1930, when my future wife and I rode the mile or so separating the Gallatin Ranch from the Garber's home, west of Big Horn. Intermittent flurries of snow swept over the stark countryside and made us bend our heads over the horses' necks. But it was pleasantly warm and cozy in "Aunt Vie's" living room, where we found her sitting at a table covered with plants and books. She greeted us with simple graciousness and presently began to talk of the study she was just then engaged in: Pliny's *Historia Naturalis*, in Latin. I cannot say what impressed me most: her thorough knowledge of the classics or the originality of her interpretation.

Now Mrs. Garber, who for many years taught Latin and history at the Big Horn High School, and is at present the school's librarian, has edited this collection of essays entitled "Big Horn Pioneers." Most of the contributors are Big Horn high school students or ex-students. All are descendants of the original settlers of this, in many ways, unique community. The stories cover the period between the foundation of what, with forgivable hyperbole, is here mentioned as "Big Horn City," and the year 1900. However, as Mrs. Garber puts it, "We trust you (the reader) will encourage youth to continue the record . . . where we have tried to stop, and to write stories of our pristine valley as our grandparents idealized it." To which I can only add, Amen.

*Big Horn Pioneers* has all the nostalgic charm of a daguerreotype of yesteryear. In the simple, yet colorful and often touching words of the members of the younger generation, the figures, the landscape and the customs of the past come strikingly to light. I shall quote a few passages that seem to me singularly interesting because of the authenticity they lend to the persons and places they portray.

There is the story of the dance that was held "in the new hall over the store," when the weather, which had been mild all day, suddenly took a turn for the worse and the snow "piled drifts too deep to risk homeward going for those who had come long distance;" and so they all went on dancing for three nights, while Mr. Chris Hepp played the accordion. And there is the hair-raising account of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson's encounter with the Indians of Sitting Bull, near Cheyenne, when the great chief decided to try "Mrs. Jackson's nerves" and she stood the ordeal with true pioneer courage. There are also a number of character sketches that the reader will not easily forget. I shall only mention that of the teacher, Mr. Spiegel, of whom Mrs. Alva T. Morge-reidge writes: "He lived in a neat little two-room house that faced

ours about a block away. He had a housekeeper who came every day and kept his place immaculate. My lessons were from 9:00 to 10:00 a.m. When I arrived my teacher was waiting for me, neat as a pin but usually in a red silk brocade robe which set off his white hair and beard, if not his pudgy figure. On a few occasions he was 'indisposed' with an ailment he never named but which rumor said was the result of too close association with the bottle . . ."

Of course, all the oldest and most prominent families—the Custis, the Hannas, the Spears, the Wallops, the Moncreiffes, the Martins, the Sacketts and many many others whom I cannot mention for lack of space, are properly remembered.

I would like also to add that the book is richly illustrated with excellent contemporary photographs of Big Horn and of some of its best known citizens.

*Big Horn, Wyoming*

CARLO BEUF

*Horse Wrangler*. By Floyd C. Bard as told to Agnes Wright Spring. (Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1960. 296 pp. \$4.00)

The Western book-of-1960 from where I sit - a little saddle-sore-is *Horse Wrangler*. Sixty Years in the Saddle as told to Agnes Wright Spring. Here is the real West as lived, spoken in plain language by an observant and wise Wyoming bronc-stomper. Floyd Bard grew up in the saddle and gives a true picture of ranch life "on the fringe" of Wyoming as the old West was departing. His entire narrative makes for good reading, and has been told beautifully by Colorado's state historian. No one should omit *The Horse Wrangler* from their book collection. It is an original, not a reworking of other books.

*Cheyenne*

RUTH J. BRADLEY

*Man of the Plains: Recollections of Luther North, 1856-1882*. Edited by Donald F. Danker. With a foreword by George Bird Grinnell. (Lincoln, Neb.: University of Nebraska Press. Being Volume 4, in The Pioneer Heritage Series. 350 pages, including 9 maps, appendixes and index. \$4.75).

Dr. Danker, Archivist of the Nebraska State Historical Society, has done for Luther H. North, but to a greater degree, that which he did for his brother, Frank J. North when he edited *The Journal of an Indian Fighter - The 1869 Diary of Major Frank J. North* which appeared in the June 1958 issue of *Nebraska History*. The Frank North reminiscences covered the period of just one year - that of Luther North covers a 26 year period.

Born in Ohio in 1846, North's family moved to Nebraska ten years later where, as a youth of 13, he carried the mail for his older brother, J. E. North who held the contract for the delivery of mail between Columbus and Monroe. This was the summer of the so-called Pawnee War, his first contact with the tribe with which he and his brother Frank are so closely linked. It is doubtful if there were, at any time, two white men more closely identified with the Pawnee than the two North brothers, Frank and Luther. During the winter of 1861 he worked at the Pawnee Agency hauling logs to the sawmill built on the Reservation by the Government. The following summer he made his first contact with the Sioux who had run off a bunch of horses and mules he had turned out to graze. With the coming of the War Between the States, he enlisted in the 2nd Nebraska Cavalry in the fall of 1862, and in the spring of the following year was in General Alfred Sully's expedition against the Sioux. This was a short term enlistment as he was mustered out of the service early in December 1863.

After this experience, he bought a freighting outfit from Frank who had gone to work for the trader at the Pawnee Agency. During the years 1864 to 1867, Luther continued to freight, had contact with Pawnees and Sioux and led a life no more or less exciting than that of most men living on the frontier. He spent a few months at a business college in Michigan early in 1867. He was then called back by Frank who had been given orders to enlist four companies of Pawnees and to select his own officers. Luther was offered a captaincy in one of the companies. He accepted readily, serving until the end of the year when he stood his second mustering out from the military service. During this period, the Pawnee Scouts were used largely along the Union Pacific railroad right of way guarding the various camps against raids by the Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapaho and getting in plenty of action and excitement in so doing.

In the spring of 1868, Frank was again ordered to enlist the Pawnee as scouts and although Luther wished to join up again, it was not possible for him to do so. However, when in 1869 Frank was once more asked to recruit a company of scouts, Luther went along as Captain. It was from this time on to the end of his service that he saw and participated in much of the action which became the basis of the many accounts he wrote and told of in later years. And it is from these accounts controversies have stemmed.

This book is bound to stir up plenty of heated discussion when students of the history of the West get together. These reminiscences must be read very carefully. It is suggested there be at the right hand of the reader a copy of Don Russell's *The Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill*, George Bird Grinnell's *Two Great Scouts and Their Pawnee Battalion*, as well as Robert Bruce's *The*

*Fighting Norths and Pawnee Scouts* and while you are at it don't overlook George Hyde's *Pawnee Indians* and the Frank North Diary mentioned earlier. This is suggested in all seriousness, if for no other reason than to read a different version of the same incident. And then the decision as to which version is the correct one is left up to you. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

The reader cannot help but feel that Luther has subordinated himself to his brother Frank in a very modest manner, except as Don Russell suggests "when recounting his own exploits." Be that as it may and in spite of the fact that Luther North has told his story a half dozen or more times, this is a book deserving a place on the library shelves of any person interested in the making of the West.

The reader will find the letters Luther wrote to his uncle John Calvin North and to Dr. Richard Tanner especially interesting. It is to be hoped Dr. Danker may see his way clear to edit more of these letters which are in the archives of the Nebraska Historical Society. (And if he does, this reviewer has a suggestion to make: please add the necessary punctuation and paragraphing as was one when the North-Williamson letters were printed in the October-December 1934 issue of NEBRASKA HISTORY MAGAZINE. They were so much easier to read).

Aside from a couple of "typos" noticed: on page 183, "Colonel Fred Grand" for "Colonel Fred Grant" and on page 209, the use of the word "sutter" for "sutler", and lacking the photographs which were promised in the prospectus, the University of Nebraska Press is to be congratulated for the high quality of bookmaking which went into producing this book and the three volumes preceding it.

*Sacramento, Calif.*

MICHAEL HARRISON

*Bits of Silver.* Edited and with an Introduction by Don Ward. (New York: Hastings House, 1961. 306 pp. \$5.95.)

*Bits of Silver* presents a broad panoramic view of the early days of the west, ranging from the Battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876 through the late 1920's, with the final selection from Mari Sandoz' *Old Jules*.

Don Ward, who has compiled and edited these vignettes, has skillfully chosen the excerpts and chapters from the books, in that he has presented selections which are complete and satisfying stories within themselves, although each was an integral part of the book from which it was taken.

The geographic scope is wide, with the selections bringing the

reader the romance and color of the developing west throughout the southwest, the Great Plains, Rocky Mountains and California.

The subject range is equally varied—the Indians and their problems after the white men came to their country, the booming mining towns, the overland stage era, outlaws, homesteaders, and even the animal herds which disappeared with the settling of the land.

As Ward has stated in the introduction of his book, “. . . the frontier presented many faces to those who lived it. For the red men, it changed within a few decades from a burgeoning preserve to a mocking prison. For some white men, it was an open invitation to plunder and exploitation. For others, it was a promise, a chance to grow in living. For some, shining beauty and new beginning. For some, dark sorrow and unsought end.”

Some of the most capable writers in the western field are represented in the book, among them Mari Sandoz, Frazier Hunt, Ellis Lucia, Homer Croy and Carleton Beals.

The title of the book is interesting—“Bits of Silver” a token of the twenty-fifth, or silver, anniversary of the publishing house.

*Cheyenne*

KATHERINE HALVERSON

*The Indian War Of 1864.* By Captain Eugene F. Ware. (A reprint of the original edition published in 1911 by Crane and Company, Topeka, Kansas). St. Martins Press, New York, 1960, \$7.50.

One who is interested in history of the valleys of the Platte at the time of the first settlers will enjoy reading Ware's book. Here we have a straight-forward contemporary story of soldiers at their work. Maintaining telegraph lines to Denver and Ft. Laramie, protecting the settlers and guarding the forts and stage stations on the Platte Valley is their job and they do it.

Winter campaigns, Indians, hard tack, and constant danger do seem to trouble these volunteer soldiers who joined to fight in the Civil War and find themselves fighting Indians instead. And they do a splendid job without benefit of the U. S. O., Information Officers, Special Service Officers, Red Cross, and psychologists.

Ware's book is part of the story of America on the way towards becoming a great nation, uncomplicated by the frills, fringe benefits and frustrations which complicate American life today. I enjoyed reading Ware's book and I think you will, too.

*Cheyenne*

FRANK CLARK, JR.

BISON BOOKS, REPRINTS, UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA  
PRESS

## PAPERBACK EDITIONS:

The University of Nebraska Press is performing a valuable service in the field of Western Americana. Many books on the West have long been out of print, and the reprints through the Bison Books paperback editions are making such materials available now at reasonable prices. The following reprints have a publication date of October 5, 1961.

*Boy Life on the Prairie.* By Hamlin Garland, introduction by B. R. McElderry, Jr. (Originally published by Macmillan Co. in 1899. Also included are an introduction addressed "To My Young Readers" and "Author's Notes" which appeared in the 1926 edition published by Allyn and Bacon.) 435 pp. \$1.40.

*Letters of a Woman Homesteader.* By Elinore Pruitt Stewart with foreword by Jessamyn West. (Reproduced from the edition published in May 1914 by Houghton Mifflin Co.) 282 pp. \$1.25.

*Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales.* By George Bird Grinnell, introduction by Maurice Frink. (Reproduced from the edition published in 1889 by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York.) Index, 417 pp. \$1.65.

*Black Elk Speaks, Being the Life Story of a Holy Man of the Oglala Sioux.* As told through John G. Neihardt. Illus. by Standing Bear. (Reproduced from the 1932 edition published by William Morrow & Co.) 281 pp. \$1.50.

*Them Was the Days, An American Saga of the 'GJ's.* By Martha Ferguson McKeown. Introductory notes by Royce H. Knapp. (Originally published by the Macmillan Co.) 282 pp. \$1.25.

## *Contributors*

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MARGARET BROCK HANSON is a native of Wyoming, having been born in Buffalo, the daughter of J. Elmer Brock and Janie Clare Thom Brock. She received her early education in the Buffalo schools, and later attended Goucher College in Baltimore, Maryland. She worked as a photographer until her marriage in 1943 to Dan Hanson, Kaycee rancher, and photography is still one of her hobbies. She is an active member of the American National Cowbelles. She and her husband have six children, from four to sixteen years of age.

MRS. THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT. See *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 29, No. 1, April 1957, pp. 120-121.

HANS KLEIBER. See *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 33, No. 1, April, 1961, p. 115.

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## WYOMING STATE ARCHIVES AND HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

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