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*April 1966*

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## ANNALS OF WYOMING

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# *Annals of Wyoming*

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NEAL E. MILLER  
*Editor*

KATHERINE HALVERSON  
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*Courtesy of Fort Laramie National Historic Site*

#### FORT LARAMIE, 1858

This is the only photograph of Fort Laramie, as far as can be determined, which shows old Fort John, although some sketches are known. The propped up walls of Fort John are the structure nearest the Laramie River, to the left of Old Bedlam.

# *Military Command at Fort Laramie*

By

JOHN DISHON McDERMOTT

AND

GORDON CHAPPELL

During the forty-one year period that Fort Laramie was a military post, from 1849 to 1890, eighty-two different officers served as its post commander, an average of two per year. Some of these men are familiar figures to those acquainted with Civil War battles and Indian campaigns, for their names and deeds fill the pages of many a book. Others are obscure and forgotten figures, men whose only printed memorial is a line or two in *Army Registers* of the period or such encyclopedic works as William Powell's *List of Officers of the U.S. Army, 1776-1900* and Francis Heitman's two volume *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army*. Whatever their fame, infamy, or obscurity, each deserves a measure of recognition. Some commanded Fort Laramie under incredible handicaps. Some lacked men and supplies. More than a few lacked experience. Yet, considering the circumstances, most of these men performed adequately, and a few brilliantly.

Of these eighty-two commanders, sixty-eight were officers of the Regular Army, while the remaining fourteen were members of Civil War volunteer regiments. Forty-three of the Regulars represented the infantry branch, two the artillery. The other twenty-three were cavalry officers, the term here including one dragoon and two from the Regiment of Mounted Rifles.<sup>1</sup> In rank these officers ranged from second lieutenant to colonel. No general ever served as post commander, though twelve officers of lesser actual rank who did command the post were entitled to be ad-

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1. Major Winslow F. Sanderson and First Lieutenant Washington Lafayette Elliott, both of whom served as post commanders in 1849, represented the Regiment of Mounted Rifles; Captain Samuel Henry Starr, who commanded in 1860, was an officer of the Second Dragoons. By an act of Congress dated August 3, 1861, the Regiment of Mounted Rifles was redesignated as the Third Cavalry, and the Second Dragoons became the Second Cavalry.

dressed as "general" and to sign correspondence with that rank as a result of brevet commissions.<sup>2</sup>

Among the sixty-eight Regular Army officers, only twenty-seven, or roughly forty percent, were graduates of the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York. Two of these ranked as high as fourth in their class, while two others managed to finish last. Their graduating classes ranged in years from 1814 to 1882.

Twenty-one of the Regulars had received direct commissions from civil life with no previous enlisted military service on record. Most of these received their first direct commission in some state volunteer unit when the Civil War broke out, then during or shortly after the war obtained a direct commission in the Regular Army on the basis of the record of their experience as officers in the volunteer service. There were a few, however, who received direct commissions either during the War with Mexico or during peacetime. The creation of two new cavalry regiments in 1855, for example, was the occasion for several direct commissions to fill the new vacancies.<sup>3</sup>

Twenty of the Regular Army officers who commanded Fort Laramie had served as enlisted men at some time prior to becoming commissioned officers. Most had enlisted in Civil War volunteer regiments, and when these units became decimated in battle, enlisted men were commissioned to fill vacancies left by officer casualties. In a few instances the enlisted service was in a Regular Army regiment, again with promotion to fill a vacancy created by a bullet.

Of the fourteen officers of volunteer regiments who commanded Fort Laramie, eleven were cavalry and three were infantry. Colonel Maynadier was one of the latter, and was the only West Point graduate among the volunteer officers who served as post commander. His regiment, the Fifth U.S. Volunteers, was also unique. It was not enlisted under a state quota, thus carried "U.S." in its title; furthermore, it was composed of Confederate prisoners of war

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2. Technically, John Gibbon was an exception, for he was promoted from colonel commanding the 7th Infantry and the post to brigadier general on July 10, 1885, while at Fort Laramie. However his promotion carried with it orders to leave for Fort Vancouver where he was to assume command of the Department of the Columbia, and he immediately relinquished command of the post to Captain Benham.

3. Albert Gallatin Brackett was one such officer. Although appointed a captain in the new Second Cavalry from civilian life, he did have very brief prior service as a Mexican War lieutenant in an Indiana volunteer regiment. Another example of such an appointment was Eugene Wilkinson Crittenden, appointed second lieutenant in the newly-formed First Cavalry on March 3, 1855, with no prior military service.

who found the task of fighting wild Indians in Union blue more to their taste than a Federal military prison.<sup>4</sup>

The Civil War proved a pivotal experience for most of Fort Laramie's post commanders, as indeed it was for the nation itself. Some, such as Major Isaac Lynde who had commanded the post before the war, met only with disgrace.<sup>5</sup> Many others, such as Colonel Albert Brackett, gained fame and promotions. Still others found only death.

Many officers of the Regular Army in ante-bellum years were of Southern origin; many of these naturally fought for the Southern cause. Three Southern gentlemen who commanded the post during the 1850s, Lieutenant Garnett, Captain Dunovant, and Captain Bee, resigned their commissions to become generals in the Confederate States Army. All three lost their lives in uniforms of gray. Richard Brooke Garnett died at the third day of Gettysburg; John Dunovant died in a fight on the Vaughn Road in Virginia in 1864; and Barnard Elliott Bee met death near a Virginia creek known as Bull Run a mere eight months after he had left Fort Laramie in 1860.<sup>6</sup>

Not all of the officers who commanded the post were wise and judicious in their role. Some fell far short of being adequate. Captain Avery Cain, for example, engaged in a petty squabble with the post surgeon over a man detailed from his company as a hospital orderly. The post commander, Colonel Slemmer, upheld the surgeon, but shortly thereafter died of a heart attack one night, which left Captain Cain as his successor. The captain then proceeded to take his revenge on the poor surgeon by making a shambles of hospital routine.<sup>7</sup>

In contrast, many officers were highly experienced and extremely capable. Colonel Brackett had written and had published his

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4. For a detailed history of this unit, see Dee Alexander Brown's *The Galvanized Yankees* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1963).

5. In July, 1861, Major Lynde surrendered Fort Thorn, New Mexico Territory, and its Union garrison to an inferior force of Texan Confederates. Unlike General Twiggs who surrendered his entire department to the Texans and then joined the Confederate Army, Lynde was no traitor and did not join the Rebels. But for his mishandling of the situation at Fort Thorn he was summarily dropped from the United States Army. Following the Civil War, in view of his long previous service, he was reinstated and immediately retired. For a first-hand account of the Fort Thorn affair, see Lydia Spencer Lane's *I Married a Soldier: or Old Days in the Old Army* (Albuquerque: Horn and Wallace, 1964; a reprint of the original 1893 edition).

6. According to unverified local tradition around Fort Laramie, wild mint which grows along the Laramie River is a legacy of Southern officers stationed at the post prior to the Civil War who planted mint in order to have it for their juleps.

7. For a detailed account of this affair, see Gordon Chappell, "Footnotes to Old Fort Laramie; The Trouble with Raising Cain," *The Torrington Telegram* (published biweekly at Torrington, Wyoming) October 2, 1961.



1ST LIEUT. RICHARD BROOKE  
GARNETT



CAPT. JOHN DUNOVANT



CAPT. BARNARD ELLIOTT BEE



COL. JOHN HASKELL KING

*Courtesy of Fort Laramie National Historic Site*

*History of the United States Cavalry* a full decade before he commanded the post. Colonel John Gibbon had commanded the famed "Iron Brigade" during the Civil War and followed that with long, distinguished frontier service before he became Fort Laramie's post commander.<sup>8</sup>

There were also the highly inexperienced, such as Second Lieutenant Hugh Fleming, who in 1854 sent an even less experienced subordinate with highly discretionary orders and in violation of an Indian treaty into a Sioux village with a greatly outnumbered detachment to arrest a brave who allegedly had stolen a cow. Rather than criticize Mr. Fleming, however, one might better condemn those responsible for assigning a mere second lieutenant to so sensitive and important a command as Fort Laramie.<sup>9</sup>

Among the post commanders, one officer filled that position under two different names. Captain John Rziha commanded the post briefly in 1870, and on May 3, 1874, officially changed his name to John Laube de Laubenfels. Later that year he commanded the post under his new name.<sup>10</sup> Another interesting case involved George Drew. As a volunteer major he commanded the post in 1865. Fourteen years later he was again in command for a few hours during his superior's absence as a first lieutenant of Regulars; quite a demotion. To make the affair more confusing, he had been promoted to captain a few weeks before, but neither he nor anyone else in the garrison was aware of it.<sup>11</sup>

Oddly enough, West Point, generally credited with producing the cream of the officer corps, provided Fort Laramie with not only some of its finest but also some of its poorest commandants. A comparison of the records of the West Point graduates with the records of those who had either come up from the ranks or received direct commissions from civilian life indicates that the West Pointers were, as a whole, neither better nor worse than those officers who had never seen that bluff on the Hudson River.<sup>12</sup>

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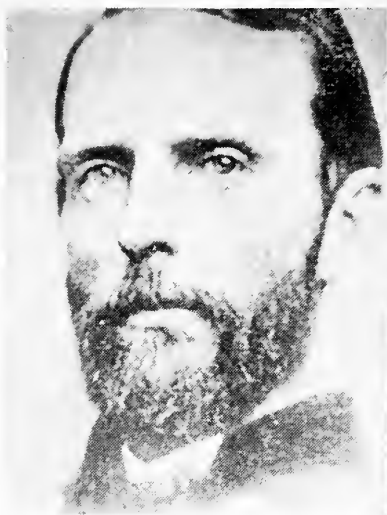
8. Gibbon had commanded one of the three major columns in the Sioux War of 1876, and the following year was severely wounded in the Battle of the Big Hole against the Nez Perce. He was certainly one of the army's most capable officers.

9. See Lloyd E. McCann's "The Grattan Massacre," *Nebraska History*, Vol. XXXVII, No. 1, March 1956), pp. 1-25.

10. de Laubenfels, a Pole, was for some reason dismissed from the service on December 31, 1875.

11. Drew commanded the post on June 8, 1879 for only one day and possibly for less than a day. He had been promoted captain on March 20, 1879, but had not yet been informed of the promotion.

12. For a comparison of officers records, consult the biographical section of the manuscript "Military Command at Fort Laramie," by Gordon Chappell, in the research files at Fort Laramie National Historic Site.



LT. COL. CUVIER GROVER



COL. WESLEY MERRITT

*Courtesy of Fort Laramie National Historic Site*

Thus in its forty-one years as America's most famous frontier military post, Fort Laramie was commanded by an extremely diverse range of individuals—men of widely varied background, education, and experience. Nevertheless each one who served in this capacity, regardless of ability and all questions of competence aside, earned at least a small place in the history of the American West.

#### I. CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF FORT LARAMIE POST COMMANDERS

Immediately below the name of the commander appears information concerning the reasons that officer assumed or relinquished command, if such information was reflected in the records. The words "beginning" and "ending" are abbreviated "B" and "E". In a few instances there is an additional entry preceded by the letter "R", signifying remarks. Such remarks concern a particularly important event which occurred during that officer's tenure.



Commanding Officers		Rank	Full Name	Regiment
Beginning	Ending			
<b>1849</b>				
June 16	Dec. 31	Major	Winslow F. Sanderson (B) Arrived June 16, 1849 (R) FL Purchased June 26, 1849	Mounted Rifles
<b>1850</b>				
Jan. 1	Sept. 4	Major	Winslow F. Sanderson (E) on lv. for 6 mo. per S.O. # 33 H.Q. Army, April 15th, Extended to 10 mo. per S.O. # 11 H.Q. Army, Dec. 16th.	Mounted Rifles
Sept. 4	Oct. 4	Captain	William Scott Ketchum (B) G.O. # 119 FL (E) To Fort Kearny to serve on GCM per O. # 20th, 6th Military Dept., July 12, 1850.	Sixth Infantry
Oct. 4	Oct. 30	1st. Lt.	Washington Lafayette Elliott (B) CO per G.O. # 131	Mounted Rifles
Oct. 30	Dec. 31	Captain	William Scott Ketchum (B) Returned from Fort Kearny to resume command (G.O. # 134 FL states Ketchum resumes com- mand Oct. 31, but post returns clearly state he resumed command on Oct. 30th.)	Sixth Infantry
<b>1851</b>				
Jan. 1	Dec. 31	Captain	William Scott Ketchum	Sixth Infantry

Commanding Officers		Rank	Full Name	Regiment
Beginning	Ending			
<b>1852</b>				
Jan. 1	July 19	Captain	William Scott Ketchum (E) Left post on 19th per G.O. # 11, H.Q. Army, Mar. 17, 1852 & R.O. # 16, H.Q. Inf., April 26, 1852 on general re- cruiting service.	Sixth Infantry
July 19	Dec. 31	1st. Lt.	Richard Brooke Garnett (B) G.O. # 13 FL	Sixth Infantry
<b>1853</b>				
Jan. 1	Dec. 31	1st. Lt.	Richard Brooke Garnett	Sixth Infantry
<b>1854</b>				
Jan. 1	May 18	1st. Lt.	Richard Brooke Garnett (E) On general recruiting service per G.O. # 2, H.Q. Army, March 13, 1854 & R.O. # 9, 6th Inf. Apr. 20, 1854.	Sixth Infantry
May 18	Nov. 12	2nd Lt.	Hugh Brady Fleming (B) per G.O. # 10 FL (E) Left post on Nov. 27, 1854 in command of guard over public animals per O. # 34, F.L., Nov. 23, 1854. (R) Fleming continued to be AAQM & AACS until June 1, 1854 when he gives the duties to Bvt. 2nd Lt. John Grattan.	Sixth Infantry

Nov. 12	Dec. 31	Major	William Hoffman (Bvt. Lt. Col.) (B) Trans. from Jefferson Barracks, Mo.	Sixth Infantry
<b>1855</b>				
Jan. 1	Dec. 31	Major	William Hoffman	Sixth Infantry
<b>1856</b>				
Jan. 1.	Dec. 31	Major	William Hoffman	Sixth Infantry
<b>1857</b>				
Jan. 1	Oct. 31	Major	William Hoffman	Sixth Infantry
Oct. 31	Dec. 31	Major	Isaac Lynde	Seventh Infantry
<b>1858</b>				
Jan. 1	Aug. 2	Major	Isaac Lynde	Seventh Infantry
Aug. 2	Dec. 31	Lt. Col.	John Munroe	Fourth Artillery
<b>1859</b>				
Jan. 1	June 13	Lt. Col.	John Munroe (E) Left post June 13th enroute to Ft. Randall per G.O. #2, H.Q. Army, May 16, 1859.	Fourth Artillery
June 13	Aug. 15	Captain	Francis Newman Clarke (E) Trans. to Utah per G.O. #2, H.Q. Army, May 16, 1859.	Fourth Artillery
Aug. 15	Sept. 4	Captain	Christopher S. Lovell	Second Infantry

Commanding Officers		Rank	Full Name	Regiment
Beginning	Ending			
Sept. 4	Dec. 31	Major	Hannibal Day (E) Trans. from Ft. Leavenworth on 3rd to relieve Lovell on Sept. 4th.	Second Infantry
<b>1860</b>				
Jan. 1	May 15	Major	Hannibal Day (E) Left post on May 15th enroute to Ft. Abercrombie per S.O. # 3, H.Q. Dept. of the West, April 3, 1860.	Second Infantry
May 15	June 19	Captain	Samuel Henry Starr	Second Dragoons
June 19	July 16	Captain	John Dunovant	Tenth Infantry
July 16	Sept. 18	Colonel	Edmund Brooke Alexander (E) Left post on Sept. 18th on d.s. as president of a GCM per S.O. # 165, A.G.O., Aug. 13th, to Camp Floyd	Tenth Infantry
Sept. 18	Oct. 22	Captain	Barnard Elliott Bee	Tenth Infantry
Oct. 22	Dec. 31	Colonel	Edmund Brooke Alexander (B) Returned from Camp Floyd and resumed command	Tenth Infantry
<b>1861</b>				
Jan. 1	May 7	Colonel	Edmund Brooke Alexander (E) Relinquishes command of post to assume command of Dept. of the West per S.O. # 10, May 7, 1861, HQFL.	Tenth Infantry

May 7	May 21	Captain	Louis Henry Marshall (E) On lv. for 60 days per S.O. # 67, Dept. of the West, March 30th.	Tenth Infantry
May 21	June 10	1st. Lt.	John McNab	Tenth Infantry
June 10	Dec. 31	Colonel	Edmund Brooke Alexander (B) Returned to assume command per G.O. # 16, HQFL	Tenth Infantry
<b>1862</b>				
Jan. 1	June 27	Colonel	Edmund Brooke Alexander (E) Trans. to Fort Kearny June 3rd.	Tenth Infantry
June 27	July 18	Captain	Asaph Allen (E) Left for the new Over- land Mail Route	Ninth Kansas Vol.
July 18	Aug. 31	Captain	Nicholas Harrington (E) In Arrest	Eighth Kansas Vol.
Aug. 31	Dec. 31	Captain	John A. Thompson	Fourth U.S. Cav.
<b>1863</b>				
Jan. 1	April 23	Captain	John A. Thompson (E) Trans. to the Army of Tennessee. Left April 23rd	Fourth U.S. Cav.
April 23	Oct. 13	Major	Thomas L. Mackey (B) Joined from casualty at post. (E) Trans. to Ft. Halleck, I.T. Left Oct. 18, 1863.	Eleventh Ohio Vol. Cav.
Oct. 13	Dec. 31	Lt. Col.	William O. Collins	Eleventh Ohio Vol. Cav.

Commanding Officers		Rank	Full Name	Regiment
Beginning	Ending			
<b>1864</b>				
Jan. 1	Aug. 2	Lt. Col.	William O. Collins (E) On d.s. on Overland Mail Route per G.O. # 14, Dist. of Nebr., July 28th	Eleventh Ohio Vol. Cav.
Aug. 2	Dec. 28	Major	John S. Wood (B) G.O. # 14 (Eugene F. Ware in <i>Indian War of 1864</i> says Major Wood placed in command by General Mitchell on July 27th.) (E) Relinquishes command to Mackey on 28th per G.O. # 298 FL	Seventh Iowa Cavalry
Dec. 28	Dec. 29	Major	Thomas L. Mackey (B) G.O. # 298, FL (E) Detailed as member of GCM, Dec. 29th	Eleventh Ohio Cavalry
Dec. 29	Dec. 31	Captain	William D. Fouts (B) G.O. # 301, FL	Seventh Iowa Cavalry
<b>1865</b>				
Jan. 1	Jan. 10	Captain	William D. Fouts (E) Mackey returned	Seventh Iowa Cavalry
Jan. 10	April 28	Major	Thomas L. Mackey (B) S.O. # 32, H.Q. Western Sub-district Nebraska and G.O. # 32, FL (E) Became ill.	Eleventh Ohio Cavalry

April 28	May 1	Captain	Thomas J. Majors (B) G.O. # 405, FL (temp. com.) April 28th (E) Left post on May 2 per S.O. # 3 North Sub-district of Plains. Sent to Fort Kearny.	1st Nebraska Cavalry
May 1	July 18	Major	Thomas L. Mackey (B) Returns from illness	Eleventh Ohio Cavalry
July 18	Sept. 22	Colonel	W. R. Davis (B) S.O. # 47, Dist. of Nebr. (E) Relieved of command per S.O. # 3, Dist. of Nebr.	16th Kansas Cavalry
Sept. 22	Oct. 11	Major	George Augustus Drew (B) S.O. # 3, W.S.D.N. (E) Leaves post per S.O. # 18, Western Sub-district of Nebr. to be mustered out, his term of service having nearly expired.	6th Michigan Cavalry
Oct. 11	Dec. 31	Colonel	Henry Eveleth Maynardier (B) S.O. # 18, H.Q.W.S.D.N.	Fifth U.S. Vol.
1866 Jan. 1	Jan. 2	Colonel	Henry Eveleth Maynardier (E) Remains at post, but as commander of the West Sub- district of Nebraska.	Fifth U.S. Vol.
Jan. 2	March 3	Major	A. J. Hughes (B) S.O. # 1, H.Q.W.S.D.N. Arr. at post per S.O. # 47, Dist. of Nebr., dated Dec. 12, 1865. (E) Left per telegram from H.Q. Division of Nebraska	Twelfth Missouri Cav.

Commanding Officers		Rank	Full Name	Regiment
Beginning	Ending			
March 3	March 22	Major	George Morgan O'Brien (B) S.O. # 26, W.S.D.N.	Seventh Iowa Cavalry
March 22	March 26	Captain	Jacob Lee Humfreville (B) S.O. # 32, W.S.D.N., March 22nd (E) Humfreville remains at post.	Eleventh Ohio Cavalry
March 26	June 12	Major	William H. Evans (B) S.O. # 33, H.Q. W.S.D.N. (E) Left June 15th for Fort Leavenworth for muster out of service.	Eleventh Ohio Cavalry
June 12	Dec. 7	Major	James Van Voast (B) S.O. # 33, March 10, 1866, Dept. of the Missouri	Eighteenth Infantry
Dec. 7	Dec. 31	Lt. Col.	Innis Newton Palmer (B) S.O. # 112, Dept. of Platte, Nov. 24, & G.O. # 34, FL	Second Cavalry
<b>1867</b>				
Jan. 1	Aug. 8	Lt. Col.	Innis Newton Palmer (E) On leave of absence for 20 days per S.O. # 13, D.of P.	Second Cavalry
Aug. 8	Nov. 18	Major	George Washington Howland (E) Ordered to Fort D. A. Russell per S.O. # 229 Dept. of the Platte, Nov. 3, 1867.	Second Cavalry
Nov. 18	Nov. 22		Uncertain	



Nov. 22	Dec. 2	Lt. Col.	Innis Newton Palmer (B) Returns to assume command (E) Trans. to Fort McPherson per S.O. # 299, Dept. of the Platte, Nov. 23, 1867	Second Cavalry
Dec. 2	Dec. 31	Lt. Col.	Adam Jacoby Slemmer	Fourth Infantry
<b>1868</b>				
Jan. 1	May 5	Lt. Col.	Adam Jacoby Slemmer	Fourth Infantry
May 5	May 12	Major	William McEntire Dye (B) G.O. # 36 FL (temp. com.) (E) Left post May 19 for d.s. at Fort Fetterman	Fourth Infantry
May 12	June 7	Lt. Col.	Adam Jacoby Slemmer	Fourth Infantry
June 7	June 22	Captain	Robert Pebbles McKibbin (B) G.O. # 44 FL	Fourth Infantry
June 22	June 23		Uncertain	
June 24	July 20	Lt. Col.	Adam Jacoby Slemmer (E) Lvs. post for Fort D. A. Russell as member of GCM	Fourth Infantry
July 20	Aug. 3	Captain	Avery Billings Cain (B) Joined post by trans. from Fort Sedgwick per S.F.O. # 10, D. of P.	Fourth Infantry
Aug. 3	Oct. 7	Lt. Col.	Adam Jacoby Slemmer (B) Resumes command (E) Dies of heart attack in early morning of Oct. 7th.	Fourth Infantry

Commanding Officers		Rank	Full Name	Regiment
Beginning	Ending			
Oct. 7	Oct. 27	Captain	Avery Billings Cain	Fourth Infantry
Oct. 27	Nov. 6	Major	William McEntire Dye (B) Joins post on Oct. 25th and assumes command per S.O. # 181, H.Q.D. of P., Oct. 16, 1868. (Although he didn't officially assume command until the 27th, as per above, he apparently assumed command on the 26th.	Fourth Infantry
Nov. 6	Nov. 18	Captain	Avery Billings Cain (B) G.O. # 88 FL (Temp. Com.)	Fourth Infantry
Nov. 19	Dec. 31	Major	William McEntire Dye	Fourth Infantry
1869				
Jan. 1	April 28	Major	William McEntire Dye (E) On detached service. Relieved of command of post per G.O. # 14 FL.	Fourth Infantry
April 28	Sept. 23	Colonel	Franklin Foster Flint (B) S.O. # 72 D. of P. (E) Leaves post on 30 days leave with permission to apply for 10 days per S.O. # 166 D. of P.	Fourth Infantry
Sept. 23	Oct. 28	Captain	Avery Billings Cain (B) G.O. # 39 FL (Ret'd on Sept. 11th from escort with surveyors to the boundary line of Nebraska.	Fourth Infantry

Oct. 28	Dec. 31	Colonel	Franklin Foster Flint (B) Returns and assumes command	Fourth Infantry
<b>1870</b>				
Jan. 1	Jan. 4	Colonel	Franklin Foster Flint (E) On d.s. to Fort D. A. Russell GCM per S.O. # 249, D.of P.	Fourth Infantry
Jan. 4	Jan. 26	Captain	Avery Billings Cain (B) S.O. # 3 FL	Fourth Infantry
Jan. 26	Sept. 3	Colonel	Franklin Foster Flint (B) Returned from d.s. and assumed command on the 26th. (Cain was also in command on that date.) CO per G.O. # 7 FL (Flint evidently returned to the post late on the 26th.) (E) On lv. by permission granted in a letter from D. of P. dated Aug. 18th.	Fourth Infantry
Sept. 3	Sept. 16	Captain	John Rziha (R) Changed his name to John Laube de Laubenfels on May 3, 1874.	Fourth Infantry
Sept. 16	Dec. 31	Colonel	Franklin Foster Flint (E) Returned from leave.	Fourth Infantry
<b>1871</b>				
Jan. 1	March 16	Colonel	Franklin Foster Flint (E) Flint & command leave for Louisville, Kentucky on the 16th.	Fourth Infantry

Commanding Officers		Rank	Full Name	Regiment
Beginning	Ending			
March 16	April 29	Colonel	John Eugene Smith (B) S.O. # 37, D.of P. March 7, 1871. Arr. on March 15th from Fort Sedgwick. (E) On ds. per telegraphic instructions from D.of P, April 29th.	Fourteenth Infantry
April 29	June 2	Major	Matthew Marsh Blunt (E) on ds. to command Fort Columbus, New York per S.O. # 191, A.G.O.	Fourteenth Infantry
June 2	July 8	Colonel	John Eugene Smith (B) Ret'd. from ds. and resumed command. (E) On lv. of absence for 30 days. per S.O. # 119, D.of P.	Fourteenth Infantry
July 8	Aug. 14	Major	Eugene Wilkinson Crittenden (B) CO per S.O. # 88, D.of P, May 1, 1871 (temp. com.)	Fifth Cavalry
Aug. 14	Nov. 11	Colonel	John Eugene Smith (B) Ret'd. from leave and resumed command. (E) To Red Cloud Agency as temp. Special Agent per telegraphic instructions of Nov. 1, 1871, A.G.O. (J. W. Wham, Ind. Agt., relieved of his duties and Smith appointed to act temp. in his place).	Fourteenth Infantry

Nov. 11 <b>1872</b>	Dec. 31	Captain	Guido Ilges	Fourteenth Infantry
Jan. 1	Jan. 20	Captain	Guido Ilges	Fourteenth Infantry
Jan. 20	Feb. 10	Colonel	John Eugene Smith (B) Ret'd. from ds. and resumed command. (E) On ds. in vicinity of Republican river (to visit Spotted Tail) per telegram dated A.G.O., Jan. 24th.	Fourteenth Infantry
Feb. 10	March 6	Captain	Guido Ilges	Fourteenth Infantry
March 6	July 6	Colonel	John Eugene Smith (B) Ret'd. from ds. and resumed command. (E) To Washington on July 13th per telegraphic instructions, HQ D.of P., July 5th.	Fourteenth Infantry
July 6	Aug. 26	Lt. Col.	Cuvier Grover (B) CO per S.O. #116, HQ D.of P. (temp. com.) (E) Leaves post to rejoin his proper command. John Eugene Smith	Third Cavalry
Aug. 26	Oct. 18	Colonel	Uncertain	Fourteenth Infantry
Oct. 18	Oct. 20			
Oct. 20	Oct. 23	Captain	Guido Ilges	Fourteenth Infantry
Oct. 23	Nov. 20	Colonel	John Eugene Smith (E) on lv. per telegram dated HQ of Mo., Nov. 16, 1872.	Fourteenth Infantry

Commanding Officers		Rank	Full Name	Regiment
Beginning	Ending			
Nov. 20	Dec. 18	Captain	Augustus Hudson Bainbridge (B) CO per Circular dated HQFL, Nov. 20th, (temp. com.)	Fourteenth Infantry
Dec. 18	Dec. 31	Colonel	John Eugene Smith (B) Ret'd from lv. and resumed command.	Fourteenth Infantry
<b>1873</b>				
Jan. 1	Aug. 1	Colonel	John Eugene Smith	Fourteenth Infantry
Aug. 2	Aug. 3	Major	Matthew Marsh Blunt	Fourteenth Infantry
Aug. 3	Aug. 4	Colonel	John Eugene Smith	Fourteenth Infantry
Aug. 4	Aug. 11	Major	Matthew Marsh Blunt	Fourteenth Infantry
Aug. 11	Sept. 12	Colonel	John Eugene Smith	Fourteenth Infantry
Sept. 13	Dec. 31	Major	Matthew Marsh Blunt	Fourteenth Infantry
<b>1874</b>				
Jan. 1	Feb. 28	Colonel	John Eugene Smith	Fourteenth Infantry
March 1	Aug. 18	Major	Matthew Marsh Blunt	Fourteenth Infantry
Aug. 19	Aug. 29	Colonel	John Haskell King (E) on lv. on 29th to locate new camp at Spotted Tail	Ninth Infantry
Aug. 30	Sept. 14	Captain	John Laube de Laubenfels (R) Changed his name from John Rziha on May 3, 1874.	Fourth Infantry

Sept. 14	Sept. 19	Colonel	John Haskell King (E) On recruiting service at New York City per G.O. # 106, A.G.O.	Ninth Infantry
Sept. 19	Sept. 20	Lt. Col.	Luther Prentice Bradley (B) G.O. # 51 FL & S.O. # 132, D.of P.	Ninth Infantry
Sept. 20	Sept. 27	Major	Eugene Mortimer Baker	Second Cavalry
Sept. 27	Nov. 7	Lt. Col.	Luther Prentice Bradley	Ninth Infantry
Nov. 7	Nov. 19	Captain	John L. de Laubenfels	Fourth Infantry
Nov. 19	Dec. 31	Lt. Col.	Luther Prentice Bradley	Ninth Infantry
<b>1875</b>				
Jan. 1	Dec. 31	Lt. Col.	Luther Prentice Bradley	Ninth Infantry
<b>1876</b>				
Jan. 1	Jan. 2	Lt. Col.	Luther Prentice Bradley (E) On lv. for one month.	Ninth Infantry
Jan. 2	Feb. 16	Major	Edwin Franklin Townsend	Ninth Infantry
Feb. 16	April 27	Lt. Col.	Luther Prentice Bradley (B) Ret'd. and assumed command (E) On ds. in connection with the International Exhibition at Philadelphia	Ninth Infantry
April 27	May 5	Captain	Thomas Bredin Burrows (B) CO per G.O. # 29, HQFL, April 27th. (E) Lvs. on May 22nd with company as a part of Big Horn Expedition.	Ninth Infantry

Commanding Officers		Rank	Full Name	Regiment
Beginning	Ending			
May 5	Nov. 1	Major	Edwin Franklin Townsend (E) Trans. to Sidney Barracks, Nebr. per S.O. # 194, D of P., Nov. 3, 1876 he left post.	Ninth Infantry
Nov. 1	Dec. 31	Major	Andrew Wallace Evans (B) CO per G.O. # 56, HQFL.	Third Cavalry
<b>1877</b>				
Jan. 1	Feb. 9	Major	Andrew Wallace Evans (E) On ds. at Cheyenne as president of GCM.	Third Cavalry
Feb. 9	Feb. 13	Captain	Samuel Munson (E) Became ill	Ninth Infantry
Feb. 13	Feb. 17	Captain	Alexander Moore	Third Cavalry
Feb. 17	April 26	Major	Andrew Wallace Evans (E) Ill April 26 and 27	Third Cavalry
April 26	April 27	Major	Julius Wilmot Mason	Third Cavalry
April 27	May 26	Major	Andrew Wallace Evans (B) Ret'd. and assumed command (E) On ds. as member of GCM at Camp Robinson, Nebraska	Third Cavalry
May 26	May 31 9:00 a.m.	Captain	Samuel Munson	Ninth Infantry
May 31 9:00 a.m.	May 31 3:00 p.m.	Major	Julius Wilmot Mason (B) Ret'd. from ds. as member of GCM at Sidney Barracks and assumed command.	Third Cavalry



May 31 3:00 p.m.	July 15 10:00 p.m.	Major	Andrew Wallace Evans (B) Ret'd. to post and assumed command. (E) On lv. per S.O. # 165, par. 1 HQFL	Third Cavalry
July 15 10:00 p.m.	July 19 3:55 p.m.	Major	Julius Wilmot Mason	Third Cavalry
July 19 3:55 p.m.	Aug. 18 7:30 a.m.	Major	Andrew Wallace Evans (B) Ret'd. and assumed command (E) On lv. per S.O. # 103, D of P.	Third Cavalry
Aug. 18 7:30 a.m.	Aug. 27	Captain	Samuel Munson	Ninth Infantry
Aug. 27 11:15 a.m.	Dec. 7	Major	Andrew Wallace Evans (B) Ret'd. and assumed command (E) Lvs. post in command of Third Cavalry Battalion on Dec. 13th, per S.O. # 268, FL	Third Cavalry
Dec. 7	Dec. 31	Colonel	Thomas Casimer Devin	Third Cavalry
1878 Jan. 1	Feb. 14	Colonel	Thomas Casimer Devin (E) Lvs. post on 14th on ds. per S.O. # 157, D of P. On lv. for 1 month since Feb. 18 per S.O. # 16, D.of P. (Had to re- linquish command due to his health.) (R) Died April 22nd.	Third Cavalry
Feb. 14	Feb. 22	Major	Andrew Wallace Evans (E) On 2 mo. lv. per S.O. # 13, Hq Div. of Mo.	Third Cavalry

Commanding Officers		Rank	Full Name	Regiment
Beginning	Ending			
Feb. 22	Mar. 19	Major	Julius Wilmot Mason (E) On ds. per S.O. # 37 on March 19th.	Third Cavalry
March 19	March 23	Captain	Gerald Russell	Third Cavalry
March 23	March 26	Major	Julius Wilmot Mason (B) Ret'd. and assumed command (E) On ds. per S.O. # 47, HQFL	
March 26	March 27	Captain	Gerald Russell	Third Cavalry
March 27	April 4	Major	Julius Wilmot Mason (B) Ret'd. and assumed command (E) On ds. per S.O. # 38, HQFL	Third Cavalry
April 4	April 7	1st. Lt.	John Burgess Johnson	Third Cavalry
April 7	April 25	Major	Julius Wilmot Mason (B) Ret'd. and assumed command (E) On ds. per S.O. # 60, HQFL	Third Cavalry
April 25	April 27	1st. Lt.	John Burgess Johnson	Third Cavalry
April 27	August 28	Major	Julius Wilmot Mason (B) Ret'd. and assumed command (E) Left Aug. 28th on lv. for 6 mo. per S.O. # 157, A.G.O., July 15 (P.O. Added until further notice TOWANDA BRADFORD CNTY. PA.)	Third Cavalry
Aug. 28	Oct. 21	Captain	Avery Billings Cain	Fourth Infantry

Oct. 21	Dec. 31	Major	Andrew Wallace Evans (B) Joined from lv. of absence on Oct. 20th, and assumed command on Oct. 21st per G.O. #42, par. 2, HQFL	Third Cavalry
<b>1879</b>				
Jan. 1	Jan. 19	Major	Andrew Wallace Evans (E) On ds. in the field per telegraphic instructions from HQ D of P. (Presided over board of officers convened at Fort Robinson on Jan. 25th to investigate the Cheyenne outbreak.)	Third Cavalry
Jan. 19	Feb. 9	Captain	Avery Billings Cain (B) CO per G.O. #6, HQFL	Fourth Infantry
Feb. 9	June 9	Major	Andrew Wallace Evans (B) Ret'd. and assumed command (E) To Fort McKinney for duty on GCM per S.O. #48, D of P.	Third Cavalry
June 9	June 23	Captain	William S. Collier (B) CO per G.O. #41, FL	Fourth Infantry
June 23	July 24	Major	Andrew Wallace Evans (B) Ret'd. and resumed command	Third Cavalry
July 24	Aug. 11	Colonel	Albert Gallatin Brackett (B) CO per G.O. #49, FL, arr. on 23rd. (E) To Cheyenne for GCM per S.O. #67, D of P.	Third Cavalry

Commanding Officers		Rank	Full Name	Regiment
Beginning	Ending			
Aug. 11	Aug. 20	Captain	William S. Collier	Fourth Infantry
Aug. 20	Sept. 21	Colonel	Albert Gallatin Brackett (B) Ret'd. and resumed command (E) On ds. as a member of court Inquiry convened at Fort Robinson per S.O. # 80, D.of P.	Third Cavalry
Sept. 21	Sept. 26	Captain	William S. Collier (B) CO per G.O. # 61, FL	Fourth Infantry
Sept. 27	Oct. 7	Colonel	Albert Gallatin Brackett (B) Ret'd. and resumed command (E) On ds. in field (Ute Expedition per telegraphic instructions from HQ D.of P., Oct. 6, and S.O. # 173, HQFL.)	Third Cavalry
Oct. 7	Dec. 4	Captain	William S. Collier (B) CO per G.O. # 64, FL	Fourth Infantry
Dec. 4	Dec. 31	Colonel	Albert Gallatin Brackett (B) Ret'd. and resumed command.	Third Cavalry
<b>1880</b>				
Jan. 1	Jan. 13	Colonel	Albert Gallatin Brackett (E) On ds. for GCM in Cheyenne per S.O. # 4, HQ D.of P.	Third Cavalry
Jan. 13	Jan. 26	Captain	William S. Collier (B) CO per G.O. # 3 FL	Fourth Infantry

Jan. 26	Feb. 26	Colonel	Albert Gallatin Brackett (B) Ret'd. and resumed command per G.O. # 7 FL (E) On ds. to Fort Robinson as special inspector per S.O. # 15 D. of P.	Third Cavalry
Feb. 26	March 1	Captain	William S. Collier (B) CO per G.O. # 16 HQFL (On March 28th ordered to appear before a retiring board at Fort Leavenworth per S.O. # 41 Hq of Army.)	Fourth Infantry
March 1	March 29	Colonel	Albert Gallatin Brackett (B) Ret'd. and resumed command (E) On ds. as witness before retiring board convened at Fort Leavenworth per S.O. # 27, par. 3, D. of P.	Third Cavalry
March 29	April 15	Captain	Henry Walton Wessells, Jr.	Third Cavalry
April 15	April 16		Uncertain	
April 17	April 22	Captain	Gerald Russell	Third Cavalry
April 22	April 23	Colonel	Albert Gallatin Brackett (B) Ret'd. on 21st and resumed command on 22nd.	Third Cavalry
April 23	April 26	Captain	Gerald Russell (E) Trans. to Fort Washakie April 26th per S.O. # 35, D. of P.	
April 26	May 3	Captain	John Wilson Rubb (B) CO per G.O. # 32 FL	Fourth Infantry

Commanding Officers		Rank	Full Name	Regiment
Beginning	Ending			
May 3	May 16	Colonel	Wesley Merritt (B) From Fort D. A. Russell to assume command. (E) On ds. per summons from Presi- dent for a Court of Inquiry in NYC.	Fifth Cavalry
May 16	July 1	Major	Verling Kersey Hart	Fifth Cavalry
July 1	Sept. 25	Colonel	Wesley Merritt (B) Ret'd. and resumed command (E) Lvs. post on Sept. 25th for New York, witness before Warren Court of Inquiry on Oct. 2. Sanford Cobb Kellogg	Fifth Cavalry
Sept. 25	Sept. 29	Captain	Verling Kersey Hart	Fifth Cavalry
Sept. 29	Oct. 2	Major	Sanford Cobb Kellogg	Fifth Cavalry
Oct. 2	Oct. 6	Captain	Uncertain	Fifth Cavalry
Oct. 7 (?)				
Oct. 8	Nov. 3	Colonel	Wesley Merritt	Fifth Cavalry
Nov. 3	Nov. 3	Major	Verling Kersey Hart	Fifth Cavalry
Nov. 3	Dec. 31	Colonel	Wesley Merritt	Fifth Cavalry
<b>1881</b>				
Jan. 1	Oct. 22	Colonel	Wesley Merritt (E) On ds. to Omaha (on 22nd) as member of a board to retire dis- abled officers, per. S.O. # 230, par. 17, A.G.O., Oct. 11th.	Fifth Cavalry

Oct. 23	Nov. 9	Major	Verling Kersey Hart (E) On ds. since Nov. 10th at Fort McKinney for GCM per S.O. # 111, D.of P.	Fifth Cavalry
Nov. 10	Nov. 17	Captain	Edward Mortimer Hayes	Fifth Cavalry
Nov. 17	Dec. 10	Captain	Sanford Cobb Kellogg	Fifth Cavalry
Dec. 10	Dec. 31	Major	Verling Kersey Hart (B) Ret'd. and resumed command.	Fifth Cavalry
<b>1882</b>				
Jan. 1	Jan. 16	Major	Verling Kersey Hart	Fifth Cavalry
Jan. 16	Feb. 4	Colonel	Wesley Merritt (E) On ds. for GCM at Rock Creek, Wyoming	Fifth Cavalry
Feb. 4	Feb. 12	Captain	Sanford Cobb Kellogg	Fifth Cavalry
Feb. 12	Feb. 19	Colonel	Wesley Merritt (E) On ds. for GCM, Rock Creek, Wyoming	Fifth Cavalry
Feb. 19	Feb. 23	Captain	Edward M. Hayes	Fifth Cavalry
Feb. 23	April 17	Colonel	Wesley Merritt (E) On ds. for GCM to Fort Fred Steele per S.O. # 36 D of P	Fifth Cavalry
April 17	April 20	Captain	Albert Emmett Woodson	Fifth Cavalry
April 20	May 10	Major	Verling Kersey Hart	Fifth Cavalry

Commanding Officers		Rank	Full Name	Regiment
Beginning	Ending			
May 10	Aug. 4	Colonel	Wesley Merritt (B) Ret'd. and resumed command (E) Leaves Aug. 5th per G.O. # 14, D of P pursuant to par. 1, O. # 78, A.G.O. to take command of military academy at West Point.	Fifth Cavalry
Aug. 4	Nov. 23	Captain	Albert Emmett Woodson (R) Woodson's son, Guy, Age, 15, died of consumption on Oct. 7th.	Fifth Cavalry
Nov. 23	Nov. 29	Captain	Charles Cotesworth Rawn (B) Arr. on Nov. 21st with 5th. Co. of the 5th. Cavalry in com- pliance with G.O. # 11, HQ Military Division of Missouri	Seventh Infantry
Nov. 29	Dec. 31	Colonel	John Gibbon (B) CO per G.O. # 193, FL	Seventh Infantry
<b>1883</b>				
Jan. 1	April 1	Colonel	John Gibbon (E) Confined to quarters due to illness.	Seventh Infantry
April 1	April 4	Captain	Charles Cotesworth Rawn	Seventh Infantry
April 4	May 5	Colonel	John Gibbon (B) Ret'd. and resumed command. (E) On lv. for 1 month with permission to apply for ex- tension per S.O. # 38, D of P.	Seventh Infantry



May 5	May 26	Captain	Charles Cotesworth Rawn (E) On ds. near Laramie Peak under written authority from HQ D of P. dated June 11th & Circular 105 dated FL June 15th.	Seventh Infantry
May 26	May 30	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham	Seventh Infantry
May 30	June 16	Captain	Charles Cotesworth Rawn (E) On ds. near Laramie Peak	Seventh Infantry
June 16	June 28	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham (B) CO per Order # 105 FL (E) Sick in quarters	Seventh Infantry
June 28	July 3	Captain	Richard Comba	Seventh Infantry
July 3	July 6		Uncertain	
July 6	July 16	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham (B) Ret'd. and resumed command.	Seventh Infantry
July 16	July 21	Captain	Charles Cotesworth Rawn (B) Ret'd. from ds. at Laramie Peak and resumed command. (E) On lv. per O. # 63, D of P.	Seventh Infantry
July 21	Aug. 4	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham	Seventh Infantry
Aug. 4	Oct. 22	Colonel	John Gibbon (E) On ds.	Seventh Infantry
Oct. 22	Nov. 6	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham	Seventh Infantry
Nov. 6	Dec. 31	Colonel	John Gibbon (B) Ret'd. and resumed command.	Seventh Infantry

Commanding Officers		Rank	Full Name	Regiment
Beginning	Ending			
<b>1884</b>				
Jan. 1	March 4	Colonel	John Gibbon (E) On ds. since March 6th per S.O. # 46, A.G.O. to assume temp. com. of D. of P.	Seventh Infantry
March 4	April 9	Captain	Charles Cotesworth Rawn	Seventh Infantry
April 9	April 10	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham	Seventh Infantry
April 10	April 11	Captain	Charles Cotesworth Rawn	Seventh Infantry
April 12	April 13	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham (R) In arrest April 15th to May 26th.	Seventh Infantry
April 14	May 28	Captain	Charles Cotesworth Rawn (E) Promoted to Major and transferred per Order # 110, A.G.O. Left post on May 29th.	Seventh Infantry
May 28	Nov. 13	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham	Seventh Infantry
Nov. 13	Dec. 31	Colonel	John Gibbon (B) Ret'd. and resumed command.	Seventh Infantry
<b>1885</b>				
Jan. 1	Feb. 22	Colonel	John Gibbon (E) On ds. per S.O. # 10, par. 5, for duty on a Court of Inquiry to convene at Fort Omaha on Feb. 25th.	Seventh Infantry

Feb. 22	March 31	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham	Seventh Infantry
April 1	May 4	Colonel	John Gibbon (B) Ret'd. and resumed command. (Arr. on the 30th of March ill.) (E) On ds. to Fort Fred Steele per S.O. # 37, D.of P., May 2.	Seventh Infantry
May 4	May 16	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham	Seventh Infantry
May 16	July 10	Colonel	John Gibbon (E) Promoted to Brig. Gen. Hq. Army to date, July 10. Leaves for Fort Vancouver to assume new position as commander of the Dept. of the Columbia.	Seventh Infantry
July 10	July 22	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham	Seventh Infantry
July 23	July 23	Captain	James Madison Johnson Sanno	Seventh Infantry
July 24	Aug. 17	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham	Seventh Infantry
Aug. 17	Sept. 23	Colonel	Henry Clay Merriam (E) On ds. to Omaha	Seventh Infantry
Sept. 23	Sept. 27	Captain	Richard Comba	Seventh Infantry
Sept. 27	Nov. 22	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham (B) Ret'd. from ds. at Pine Bluffs and resumed command. (E) Subpoenaed by Dist. Court in Cheyenne, Nov. 22 & 29.	Seventh Infantry
Nov. 22	Nov. 29	Captain	Richard Comba	Seventh Infantry

Commanding Officers		Rank	Full Name	Regiment
Beginning	Ending			
Nov. 29	Dec. 3	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham (B) Ret'd. and resumed command (E) Attending Subpoena by Dist. Court in Cheyenne Dec. 3 to 8.	Seventh Infantry
Dec. 3	Dec. 8	Captain	Richard Comba	Seventh Infantry
Dec. 8	Dec. 31	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham (B) Ret'd. and resumed command.	Seventh Infantry
1886				
Jan. 1	Jan. 24	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham (E) On ds. to Silver Cliff, Wyo. per par. 3, Order # 13 FL from Jan. 24 to 26th.	Seventh Infantry
Jan. 24	Jan. 26	Captain	Richard Comba	Seventh Infantry
Jan. 26	Feb. 18	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham (B) Ret'd. and resumed command.	Seventh Infantry
Feb. 18	Oct. 3	Colonel	Henry Clay Merriam (B) Ret'd. and resumed command (E) On lv. per S.O. # 122, D of P	Seventh Infantry
Oct. 4	Oct. 8	Captain	Richard Comba	Seventh Infantry
Oct. 8	Oct. 18	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham (B) Ret'd. from ds. and resumed command. (E) Leaves for Fort McKinney on Oct. 19th.	Seventh Infantry
Oct. 19	Oct. 30	Captain	Richard Comba	Seventh Infantry

Oct. 30	Dec. 31	Colonel	Henry Clay Merriam (B) Ret'd. and resumed command	Seventh Infantry
<b>1887</b>				
Jan. 1	Jan. 25	Colonel	Henry Clay Merriam (E) Left per S.O. #2, D of P, for GCM duty at Fort Duchesne, Utah.	Seventh Infantry
Jan. 25	March 6	Captain	Richard Comba	Seventh Infantry
March 6	March 28	Colonel	Henry Clay Merriam (B) Ret'd. and resumed command (E) On ds. to Omaha.	Seventh Infantry
March 28	July 6	Lt. Col.	Edward Collins (B) Joined post per par. 3 S.O. #27, D of P. (E) On ds. at Fort D. A. Russell per par. 3, S.O. #58, D of P.	Seventh Infantry
July 6	July 11	Captain	Constant Williams	Seventh Infantry
July 11	Oct. 15	Colonel	Henry Clay Merriam (B) Ret'd. and resumed command (E) On ds. to Fort D. A. Russell (R) Mrs. Merriam gave birth to a daughter on April 29th.	Seventh Infantry
Oct. 15	Oct. 18	Lt. Col.	Edward Collins	Seventh Infantry
Oct. 18	Dec. 31	Colonel	Henry Clay Merriam (B) Ret'd. and resumed command	Seventh Infantry

Commanding Officers		Rank	Full Name	Regiment
Beginning	Ending			
1888				
Jan. 1	June 29	Colonel	Henry Clay Merriam (E) On ds. to Fort Casper per instructions from D.of P. dated June 19th.	Seventh Infantry
June 29	June 30	Lt. Col.	Andrew Sheridan Burt	Seventh Infantry
June 30	Aug. 23	Colonel	Henry Clay Merriam (B) Ret'd. and resumed command (E) Merriam and most of officers on ds. to Fort Casper (to camp near old Fort Casper for maneuvers)	Seventh Infantry
Aug. 23	Oct. 5	Captain	Daniel Webster Benham	Seventh Infantry
Oct. 5	Dec. 31	Colonel	Henry Clay Merriam (B) Ret'd. and resumed command.	Seventh Infantry
1889				
Jan. 1	July 13	Colonel	Henry Clay Merriam (E) On leave for 1 mo. per S.O. #63, D of P.	Seventh Infantry
July 13	Aug. 2	Captain	Thaddeus Sandford Kirtland	Seventh Infantry
Aug. 2	Aug. 13	Colonel	Henry Clay Merriam (B) Ret'd. and resumed command (E) Enroute since Aug. 13 to Camp George Crook.	Seventh Infantry
Aug. 13	Sept. 1	Captain	Thaddeus Sandford Kirtland	Seventh Infantry

Sept. 1	Oct. 17	Colonel	Henry Clay Merriam (B) Ret'd. and resumed command (E) To Fort Logan, Colo., per G.O. # 8, Div. of Mo. (Going to see if construction is far enough along to allow the transfer of part of his regiment before winter.)	Seventh Infantry
Oct. 17	Nov. 23	Captain	Daniel Robinson (E) Ordered to his home to await retirement per S.O. #268, A.G.O.	Seventh Infantry
Nov. 23	Dec. 31	Captain	Levi Frank Burnett	Seventh Infantry
<b>1890</b>				
Jan. 1	March 2	Captain	Levi Frank Burnett (E) To Fort Logan per S.O. # 14, D of P	Seventh Infantry
March 2	April 17	1st. Lt.	George Wilcox McIver	Seventh Infantry
April 8	April 9		Uncertain	
April 10	April 20	1st. Lt.	Charles William Taylor (E) Buildings sold at public auction on April 19, 1890.	Ninth Cavalry

## II. ALPHABETICAL LIST OF FORT LARAMIE POST COMMANDERS

Rank and Name	Year (s)
Colonel Edmund Brooke Alexander	1860-1862
Captain Asaph Allen	1862
Captain Augustus Hudson Bainbridge	1872
Major Eugene Mortimer Baker	1874
Captain Barnard Elliott Bee	1860
Captain Daniel Webster Benham	1883-1886, 1888
Major Matthew Marsh Blunt	1871-1874
Colonel Albert Gallatin Brackett	1879-1880
Lt. Colonel Luther Prentice Bradley	1874-1876
Captain John Wilson Bubb	1880
Captain Levi Frank Burnett	1889-1890
Captain Thomas Bredin Burrows	1876
Lt. Colonel Andrew Sheridan Burt	1888
Captain Avery Billings Cain	1868-1869, 1878-1879
Captain Francis Newman Clarke	1859
Captain William S. Collier	1879-1880
Lt. Colonel Edward Collins	1887
Lt. Colonel William Oliver Collins	1863-1864
Captain Richard Comba	1883, 1885-1887
Major Eugene Wilkinson Crittenden	1871
Colonel W. R. Davis	1865
Major Hannibal Day	1859-1860
Captain John Laube De Laubenfels*	1874
Colonel Thomas Casimer Devin	1877-1878
Major George Augustus Drew	1865
Captain John Dunovant	1860
Major William McEntire Dye	1868-1869
1st Lieutenant Washington Lafayette Elliott	1850
Major Andrew Wallace Evans	1876, 1878-1879
Major William H. Evans	1866
2nd Lieutenant Hugh Brady Fleming	1854
Colonel Franklin Foster Flint	1869-1871
Captain William D. Fouts	1864
1st Lieutenant Richard Brooke Garnett	1852-1854
Colonel John Gibbon	1882-1885
Lt. Colonel Cuvier Grover	1872
Captain Nicholas Harrington	1862
Major Verling Kersey Hart	1880-1882
Captain Edward Mortimer Hayes	1881-1882
Major William Hoffman	1854-1857
Major George Washington Howland	1866
Major A. J. Hughes	1866
Captain Jacob Lee Humfreville	1866



Captain Guido Ilges	1871-1872
1st Lieutenant John Burgess Johnson	1878
Captain Sanford Cobb Kellogg	1880-1882
Captain William Scott Ketchum	1850-1852
Colonel John Haskell King	1874
Captain Thaddeus Sandford Kirtland	1889
Captain Christopher S. Lovell	1859
Major Isaac Lynde	1857-1858
Major Thomas L. Mackey	1863-1865
Captain Thomas J. Majors	1865
Captain Louis Henry Marshall	1861
Major Julius Wilmot Mason	1877-1878
Colonel Henry Eveleth Maynadier	1865
1st Lieutenant George Wilcox McIver	1890
Captain Robert Peebles McKibbin	1868
1st Lieutenant John McNab	1861
Colonel Henry Clay Merriam	1885-1889
Colonel Wesley Merritt	1880-1882
Captain Alexander Moore	1877
Lt. Colonel John Munroe	1858-1859
Captain Samuel Munson	1877
Major George Morgan O'Brien	1866
Lt. Colonel Innis Newton Palmer	1866-1867
Captain Charles Cotesworth Rawn	1882-1884
Captain Daniel Robinson	1889
Captain Gerald Russell	1878, 1880
Captain John Rziha *	1870, 1874
Major Winslow F. Sanderson	1849-1850
Captain James Madison Johnson Sanno	1885
Lt. Colonel Adam Jacoby Slemmer	1867-1868
Colonel John Eugene Smith	1871-1874
Captain Samuel Henry Starr	1860
1st Lieutenant Charles William Taylor	1890
Captain John A. Thompson	1862-1863
Major Edwin Franklin Townsend	1876
Major James Van Voast	1866
Captain Henry Walton Wessells, Jr.	1880
Captain Constant Williams	1887
Major John S. Wood	1864
Captain Albert Emmett Woodson	1882

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\* Captain Rziha changed his name in 1874 to John Laube de Laubenfels, and commanded Fort Laramie that year under the latter name. He is listed alphabetically under both names.

For one or more reasons, the officers listed below were entitled to be addressed as "general" at the time they commanded Fort Laramie. With one exception, none were paid or commanded troops in that actual rank while post commander. Below each officer's name and actual rank while he commanded Fort Laramie are listed one or more reasons he could be addressed as "general"; any single reason was sufficient justification. If an officer had actually commanded volunteer troops during the Civil War with the rank of general, even though he served at a reduced rank in the Regular Army after the war it was common courtesy to address him as a general officer. Likewise, it was common courtesy, and for awhile it was mandatory, to address an officer by his highest brevet rank if it exceeded his actual rank. In most cases, an officer who had been a general of volunteers held one or more brevets to the rank of general also.

1. Brigadier General of Volunteers, July 30, 1864.
2. Brevet Brigadier General (Regulars), March 2, 1867.

1. Brevet Brigadier General (Volunteers), Aug. 15, 1864.
2. Brigadier General of Volunteers, October 19, 1864.
3. Brevet Major General (Volunteers), March 13, 1865.
4. Brevet Brigadier General (Regulars), March 2, 1867.

1. Brevet Brigadier General (Volunteers), March 13, 1865.

1. Brigadier General of Volunteers, May 2, 1862.
2. Major General of Volunteers, June 7, 1864.
3. Brevet Brigadier General (Regulars), March 13, 1865.
4. Brevet Major General (Regulars), March 13, 1865.
5. Brigadier General of Regulars, July 10, 1885.

1. Brigadier General of Volunteers, April 14, 1862.
2. Brevet Major General (Volunteers), October 19, 1864.
3. Brevet Brigadier General (Regulars), March 13, 1865.
4. Brevet Major General (Regulars), March 13, 1865.

\* Gibbon's promotion from colonel to brigadier general came through while he was Fort Laramie post commander, and he then relinquished command. He might technically be considered the only general officer (actual rank) who commanded the post, though that is stretching the point.

- King, John Haskell                      Colonel  
1. Brigadier General of Volunteers, November 29, 1862.  
2. Brevet Brigadier General (Regulars), March 13, 1865.  
3. Brevet Major General (Regulars), March 13, 1865.  
4. Brevet Major General (Volunteers), May 13, 1865.
- Maynadier, Henry Eveleth              Colonel  
1. Brevet Brigadier General (Volunteers), March 13, 1865.  
2. Brevet Major General (Volunteers), March 13, 1865.
- Merritt, Wesley                      Colonel  
1. Brigadier General of Volunteers, June 29, 1863.  
2. Brevet Major General (Volunteers), October 19, 1864.  
3. Brevet Brigadier General (Regulars), March 13, 1865.  
4. Brevet Major General (Regulars), March 13, 1865.  
5. Major General of Volunteers, April 1, 1865.
- O'Brien, George Morgan              Major  
1. Brevet Brigadier General (Volunteers), March 13, 1865.
- Palmer, Innis Newton              Lieutenant Colonel  
1. Brigadier General of Volunteers, September 23, 1861.  
2. Brevet Brigadier General (Regulars), March 13, 1865.  
3. Brevet Major General (Volunteers), March 13, 1865.
- Slemmer, Adam Jacoby              Lieutenant Colonel  
1. Brigadier General of Volunteers, November 29, 1862.  
2. Brevet Brigadier General (Regulars), March 13, 1865.
- Smith, John Eugene                      Colonel  
1. Brigadier General of Volunteers, November 29, 1862.  
2. Brevet Major General (Volunteers), January 12, 1865.  
3. Brevet Brigadier General (Regulars), March 2, 1867.  
4. Brevet Major General (Regulars), March 2, 1867.

### BREVET RANK OF COMMANDING OFFICERS

This list contains the names of those officers who held a brevet (honorary) rank at least one grade above their actual rank but below the brevet of general—with one exception which is noted. These officers were entitled to sign correspondence and to be addressed according to the brevet rank shown, a practice which has hopelessly confused many competent historians and myriad novelists. In some cases a Regular officer held brevet rank in both the Regulars and the Volunteers. If commanding the post as a Regular, he was entitled to be addressed only according to his Regular brevet, even if the Volunteer brevet was the higher. Volunteer unit officers, of course, were entitled to be addressed according to their Volunteer brevet.

One officer commanded Fort Laramie once as a Volunteer and once as a Regular, and held brevets in both services. In each case, the brevet in the particular service applied.

Alphabetically Arranged	Actual Rank	Brevet Rank
Baker, Eugene Mortimer	Major	Colonel (Regulars)
Benham, Daniel Webster	Captain	Major (Regulars)
Blunt, Matthew Marsh	Lt. Colonel	Colonel (Regulars)
Burrows, Thomas Bredin	Captain	Major (Regulars)
Cain, Avery Billings	Captain	Major (Regulars)
Collier, William S.	Captain	Major (Regulars)
Comba, Richard	Captain	Major (Regulars)
De Laubenfels, John Laube	Captain	Major (Regulars)
Drew, George Augustus *	Major (Volunteers)	Col. (Volunteers)
Dye, William McEntire **	1st. Lt. (Regs)	Captain (Regulars)
Evans, Andrew Wallace	Major	Colonel (Regulars)
Hart, Verling Kersey	Major	Colonel (Regulars)
Hoffman, William	Major	Lt. Colonel (Regulars)
Ilges, Guido	Captain	Lt. Colonel (Regulars)
Kellogg, Sanford Cobb	Captain	Lt. Colonel (Regulars)
Mason, Julius Wilmot	Major	Lt. Colonel (Regulars)
McKibbin, Robert Peebles	Captain	Lt. Colonel (Regulars)
Moore, Alexander	Captain	Major (Regulars)
Munroe, John	Lt. Colonel	Colonel (Regulars)
Townsend, Edwin Franklin	Major	Lt. Colonel (Regulars)

\* Drew commanded Fort Laramie twice, though the second occasion, on June 8, 1879, was so brief it does not appear in the preceding chronological list.

\*\* Dye held a higher brevet in the volunteer service which was not used by him in signing orders. Rather than use his volunteer brevet to general, he signed as "Brevet Colonel, U.S.A."

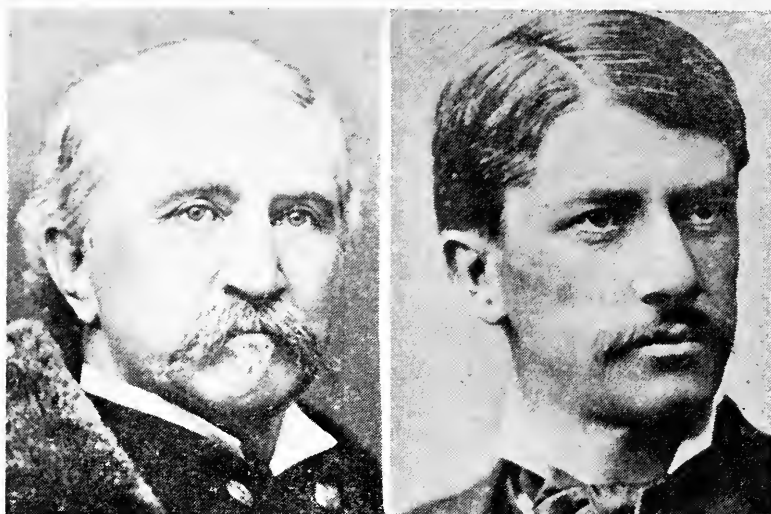
IV. WEST POINT GRADUATES AMONG FORT LARAMIE  
POST COMMANDERS

Alphabetically Arranged	Class	Standing in class
Alexander, Edmund Brooke	1823	33rd of 35
Baker, Eugene Mortimer	1859	12th of 22
Bee, Barnard Elliott	1845	33rd of 41
Blunt, Matthew Marsh	1853	8th of 52
Clarke, Francis Newman	1840	11th of 42
Day, Hannibal	1823	23rd of 45
Dye, William McEntire	1853	32nd of 52
Evans, Andrew Wallace	1852	26th of 43
Fleming, Hugh Brady	1852	29th of 43
Flint, Franklin Foster	1841	35th of 52
Garnett, Richard Brooke	1841	29th of 52
Gibbon, John	1847	20th of 38
Grover, Cuvier	1850	4th of 44
Hoffman, William	1829	18th of 46
Howland, George Washington	1848	38th of 38
Ketchum, William Scott	1834	32nd of 36
Lynde, Isaac	1827	32nd of 38
Marshall, Louis Henry	1848	41st of 43
Maynadier, Henry Eveleth	1851	17th of 42
McIver, George Wilcox	1882	19th of 37
Merritt, Wesley	1860	22nd of 41
Munroe, John	1814	4th of 30
Palmer, Innis Newton	1846	38th of 59
Slemmer, Adam Jacoby	1850	12th of 44
Taylor, Charles William	1879	60th of 67
Townsend, Edwin Franklin	1854	28th of 46
Van Voast, James	1852	8th of 43
AVERAGE		25th of 43

## A NOTE ON SOURCES

The principal source for information on post commanders is the file of Post Returns in the National Archives in Washington, D.C., xerox copies of which are on file at Fort Laramie National Historic Site. Only the year 1873 is missing from these records.

Additional sources are the Letters Sent File, Orders, Circulars, Endorsements, the Medical History of the Post, Quartermaster Records, and the like. These supplied information which supplemented that in the Post Returns, particularly information concerning the reasons commanders left the post or relinquished their commands. In certain instances these supplementary materials showed that the Post Returns did not accurately list the officer in command, and that the absence of a commander during a given month did not appear on the return. This was a consequence of



LT. COL. LUTHER PRENTICE  
BRADLEY

LT. COL. ANDREW SHERIDAN  
BURT

*Courtesy of Fort Laramie National Historic Site*

the fact that the Post Returns showed only those commanders who were *assigned* as commanders, and did not list officers who were *acting* commanders during a temporary absence of the assigned commander. As the present list is concerned with who was in actual command, adjustments were made as indicated by the supplementary source material.

In those cases where information relative to the exact beginning or ending of a commander's period of service was incomplete, the present list reflects the uncertainty.

# *The Architecture of H. H. Richardson in Wyoming*

A NEW LOOK AT THE AMES MONUMENT

By

H. R. DIETERICH, JR.

The sixty-foot granite pyramid near the site of the old town of Sherman in southeast Wyoming holds a minor but colorful place in the history of the region. Erected to the memory of Oakes Ames and Oliver Ames, Jr., by the creature of their own financial genius, the Union Pacific Railroad, the monument stands at what was once the highest point on the Union Pacific line, some 8,247 feet above sea level. Since the monument was completed in 1882 the rail lines have been twice moved to the south, leaving the site isolated from all but the venturesome automobile traveler. The granite pile, decorated only by a simple inscription, "In Memory of Oakes Ames and Oliver Ames" and by two sculptured medallions, still symbolizes the union of a family, a railroad and the West.<sup>1</sup>

The monument itself figures in the anecdotal history of both Laramie and Cheyenne. There was the episode in which an imaginative and enterprising frontier justice of the peace from Laramie discovered that the monument had inadvertently been erected not on land owned by the railroad, but on a section of the public domain. The financial possibilities in this situation were glowingly evident to the Laramie entrepreneur, who hustled to Cheyenne and filed a land claim on the tract that held the monument. His scheme was to sell advertising space on the side of his monument, at least until he made other arrangements for its disposition.

Here the story suddenly goes flat; having acquired apparent legal title, the would-be operator lost his nerve. After modest negotiations a staff of Union Pacific attorneys out of Omaha convinced the Laramie man that he should relinquish his claim to the

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1. "The Ames Monument," ANNALS OF WYOMING II (January, 1925), 50-52.

monument and that he would be unwise indeed to tangle with the railroad, and the matter was dropped.<sup>2</sup>

Along with such lore, a host of minor facts attend the monument: some eighty-five men were more or less continuously employed over a two-year period in its construction; the granite used in the monument was cut from a huge outcrop nearby and was skidded by horse and derrick to the site; the cost of the monument finally amounted to approximately sixty-four thousand dollars. In 1901 the main line of the railroad was moved several miles to the south; fifteen years later the railroad considered the possibility of moving the monument to track-side again, but nothing came of this. And so the stories go.<sup>3</sup>

But the significance of the monument transcends considerably these matters of essentially local interest. Few are aware of it, but the monument is a representative example of the work of Henry Hobson Richardson, one of the greatest of American architects and a figure whose importance has long been recognized by students of American architecture and by American cultural historians generally.<sup>4</sup> The Ames monument was one of some half-dozen projects he did under commission to the Ames family in the late 1870's and 1880's. In a relatively short career (he died in 1886 in his 48th year) Richardson established for himself a place in American architecture equalled only by Louis Sullivan (pioneer developer of the skyscraper) and, in our time, Frank Lloyd Wright. The monument at Sherman, Wyoming, was Richardson's only commission west of St. Louis and is one of the handful of his works that may still be seen today. Moreover, the granite plaques that carry the likenesses of the Ames brothers on the east and west sides of the monument near the top are the work of one of the most talented of American artists, the sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens, a man who equalled in his own field the importance of Richardson himself.<sup>5</sup>

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2. This particular story is recounted in detail in W. O. Owen, "The Great Ames Monument Plot," *The Railroad Man's Magazine* XXXVII (September, 1918), 1-10. Owen had been at the time the County Surveyor of Albany County and his article forms the basis for an account of the episode that appeared in the *Laramie Republican*, November 19, 1918.

3. "Ames Monument" folder, Hebard Collection, Western History Archives in the University of Wyoming Library. Material in the folder is limited to newspaper and magazine clippings, various random notes and letters that pertain to the monument.

4. The two standard works on Richardson and his architecture are Marianna Guilder Van Rensselaer, *Henry Hobson Richardson and His Works* (Boston, 1888), and Henry Russell Hitchcock, *The Architecture of H. H. Richardson and His Times* (New York, 1936).

5. Hitchcock, 197; Van Rensselaer, 72; Wayne Andrews, *Architecture, Ambition and Americans* (New York, Glencoe Free Press paperback, 1964), 163. A curious aspect of the sculptured plaques on the Ames Monument is that Saint-Gaudens identified each likeness with only a simple monogram of



Those who have written about the monument in the context of western history have not mentioned these facts, although in some specialized studies of American architecture and of the architect himself the commission is discussed at length.<sup>6</sup> Richardson's name nowhere appears in early accounts of the monument and its construction. It was apparently assumed that the design came directly from the firm of Norcross Brothers of Worcester, Massachusetts, the contractors who built the monument.<sup>7</sup> The stark simplicity of the design helps to explain this curious situation; then, as now, it seemed difficult to view as "art" a plain granite pyramid, even one that towered sixty feet from its base. The *Cheyenne Leader* must have expressed a common and continuing reaction when it noted shortly after the monument had been completed that it lacked the "grand appearance that so much money ought to buy" and that it seemed overshadowed by the natural heaps of granite nearby.<sup>8</sup> A certain obscurity seemed to mark the work, according to the *Leader*: the visibility of both the inscription and the medallions was much inferior to that of the advertisements for various commercial products that paint and business enterprise had left on other boulders along the right-of-way. The frontier environment fostered little interest in the aesthetics of architecture. It was the railroad that was important, not the name of an eastern architect who designed a western monument to its promoters.

But H. H. Richardson was more than just another eastern architect; in the 1870's and 1880's he was unquestionably the leading figure in his profession in America. His influence was so pervasive that critics today speak of "Richardson Romanesque" as a distinct movement in the evolution of American architecture. Richardson owed much to the architectural tradition of Renaissance Europe—he had been trained in the School of Fine Arts in Paris, but the vigor and originality of his talent transmuted these ideas into an original style, unmistakable and impressive. An acknowledged master in the use of stone, brick and timber (he worked before the

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the initials "OA" and with the year of birth and death. Oakes (1804-1873) appears on the east side, Oliver (1807-1877) on the west. Regrettably, the plaques have been seriously damaged by the rifle fire of vandals unaware, we may assume, of the artistic importance of the sculpture.

6. As for example in both the Van Rensselaer and Hitchcock volumes.

7. Comment to the effect that the contracting firm also designed the monument was common. See for example Charles Fitz, "Tales from Old-Timers," *The Union Pacific Magazine* (May, 1924), p. 30, a copy of which is in the "Ames Monument" folder in the Hebard Collection. The Norcross firm executed most of Richardson's commissions, including his best known one, Trinity Church in Boston. Van Rensselaer, pp. 29, 143.

8. October 3, 1882. But the *Leader* estimated badly the total cost of the monument when it mentioned the figure of two hundred thousand dollars. As noted earlier in this essay, the monument cost something over sixty-four thousand dollars.

development of structural glass and steel), Richardson designed buildings marked by richly contrasting natural materials, low-slung massive archways and boldly simplified lines.

For Richardson each commission was a unique problem, the solution to which evolved out of the context of the problem itself—the purpose of the structure, the materials at hand and the creative genius of the architect. The unity of idea and form that Richardson imposed on his materials contrasted sharply with the imported hodgepodge of architectural ideas that so often characterized the American scene in the Gilded Age. Befitting an age of opulence and monumental self-assurance, the Richardsonian style was expensive, heavy, dramatic and uncompromising in its architectural and artistic integrity. Trinity Church in Boston was his greatest achievement—it was completed in 1877, and it remains one of the landmarks in American architecture.

Against this backdrop, the monument at Sherman, Wyoming, takes on added significance. The commission was one of a number that came to Richardson at least in part through his personal friendship with the Ames family. Frederick Lothrop Ames, a director of the U.P. and son of Oliver Ames, Jr., was in Richardson's immediate circle of friends in the Boston area where the architect moved easily among the financial elite of New England.<sup>9</sup> In the years 1877-79 Richardson designed both a town hall and public library for the town of North Easton, Massachusetts, memorials to Oliver and Oakes Ames respectively. These were followed in 1879 by the monument at Sherman. Between 1880 and 1886 he completed five more commissions for Frederick Lothrop Ames, including three commercial buildings in Boston and two buildings on the Ames estate in North Easton—one a gatelodge, the other a cottage. His work for the Ames family comprised but a small portion of the commissions he handled during these years, but it represented some of his best building, stamped not only by the architect's genius but by his esteem for the Ames dynasty as well.<sup>10</sup>

Richardson's most recent biographer has stated as much, terming the monument in Wyoming "perhaps the finest memorial in America . . . one of Richardson's least known and most perfect works."<sup>11</sup> The two-step pyramid, fitted together of great random blocks of native red granite, is an artistic *tour de force*, more nearly the work of a sculptor than an architect in its elemental simplicity, its boldly massive form. The design is entirely original—no hackneyed Victorian statue of brothers Oakes and Oliver

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9. Hitchcock, 197.

10. Van Rensselaer, 139-140, includes a listing by year of Richardson's commissions, compiled from his office records.

11. Hitchcock, 197.

alongside a Union Pacific engine—and uniquely fitting for a family and a railroad that were impressively successful in an era of rugged self-assertion. Against the background of the Rockies, the pyramid is like an abstract mountain itself, a dramatic statement in granite about the persistence and vigor of a pair of industrial movers.

The monument also says something about the extraordinary power and character of its architect. It is the work of a man neither timid nor doubtful about the spirit of his time. Talent and self-assurance on a grand scale are clearly evident in a design that relies simply upon the fundamentals of solid masonry mass and fine sculpture. For the low-relief granite medallions that carry the likenesses of the brothers Ames, Richardson called on the best sculptor of his day, a young artist who had worked with him earlier on the Trinity Church commission. Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the architect knew, could be counted on to produce sculptured portraiture as uncompromising in its artistic integrity as Richardson's own work.<sup>12</sup>

It is altogether possible that the significance of the monument for us stems from the fact that we see the architect and his work as one. In retrospect we know that H. H. Richardson was one of the great precursors of modern architecture, a genius whose work embodied the strongest and most lasting aspects of his era, the Gilded Age, and the monument holds our attention in this light. But this does the monument itself an injustice; it is a success in its own right. A contemporary of Richardson's was Frederick Law Olmstead, a distinguished and famous landscape architect and the designer of Central Park in New York City. He saw the monument shortly after it was completed, and Olmstead was greatly impressed. "I never saw a monument so well befitting its situation or a situation so well befitting the special character of a particular monument," he wrote.<sup>13</sup> At the peak of a great hill among other great hills, the monument was not often seen by the public, Olmstead admitted, but its appropriateness for the site was striking. And striking as well was the wind across the summit, blowing cinders from along the right-of-way. Olmstead concluded: "It is a most tempestuous place, and at times the monument is under a hot fire of little missiles driven by the wind. But I think they will only improve it." And he was probably right.

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12. Richardson used the talents of Saint-Gaudens on a number of his commissions. Each man held the other in the highest regard. See Homer Saint-Gaudens, ed., *The Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens* (2 vols., New York, 1913), I, 328-331.

13. Quoted in Van Rensselaer, 72.

# *A Philosophy of History for the Small Museum*

By

PAUL M. EDWARDS

It is the plight of the small history museum that it tends to grow haphazardly. This is generally the case for two reasons; first its collections are based on what is given rather than what is wanted, and secondly it lacks a general plan that is usually so obvious in the museums that boast large staffs. The first of these conditions results from the fact that needing so much, the small museum ends up taking everything. The collections grow because the donors are cleaning the attic. It is hard, especially in those areas where the community is closely tied, to refuse such gifts. However, most of them have little or no relation to the needs of the history museum and a selective "no" is a vital factor in controlling the confusion.

The second condition, and the one to which I wish to turn my attention, exists because the goal of the museum, never really thought out or defined, is ever at the mercy of the whims of either the donor or the curator. Many have inherited museums whose artifacts are stacked into cases nearly as old and in need of cleaning and repair as the artifacts they house. This sort of collection and the confusion it represents comes from three characteristic failures of the small museum. (1) The curator has never assumed a position as to the character of the present. He has never understood, or at least agreed upon, where he stands, what his museum is supposed to be, and what it is to represent. (2) The curator has never limited his museum to a selected area of historical preservation and display. He tries to be all things to all people which is no more successful in museum work than it is in politics. (3) The curator has never defined history to his own satisfaction. That is, he has never come to any conclusions as to what history is, or what it means. He has never tried to deal with it in the general terms of an abstraction, or the particular terms of an influence or a force. Far too many curators are collectors rather than historians. Yet in the final analysis the curator is an interpreter of history. He is an historian, and the museum is his vehicle of expression. He will either express his views well, or his lack of views will leave history voiceless.

His museum is rightfully devoted to an interpretation of the world of men by materials selectively designed to appeal through direct experience. It is concerned with the formation of an idea

about the past and the resulting ideas of the future that come from this interpretation. Thus, if the museum is to be effective in carrying out its role, it is necessary for the curator to have given serious consideration to the nature of history—to have a philosophy of history.

## PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY

This term tends to be frightening if it is not understood from the beginning that it is one way of expressing a theory of historical significance. It is really a systematic interpretation of a universal history in which events have some ultimate meaning.

Sir Lewis Namier has said that the historian is a painter rather than a photographer. That is to say that the historian is a creative artist rather than either a scientist or a narrator. The truth of this is seen when we recognize that the life and thinking of the historian is a part of the history he interprets; thus history as he sees it is "creatively" different than the view of others. The thing that separates the antiquarian from the historian is that while the first is concerned with collecting old things, the second is concerned with the value of things. And value is a personal, created attitude. For values are intuitive; that is, they are based on a process that goes beyond reasoning. Thus our first step is the understanding that historic values are personal and are a part of the contribution of any interpreter of history.

Theories of history are as numerous as the events they unify. Some see history as the progressive unfolding of God's revealing plan. Others suggest that history is the overview of life cycles, either for men or civilizations, that re-occur as they move through the episodes of growth and decay. Still another view is that history is the obvious outcome of the presence of certain imminent laws. In a scientific sense once the conditions are known the historic outcome is inevitable. It works the other way also, suggesting that once the historical outcome is understood man can go back and introduce the causes that brought it about. Another suggestion is that history is the influence of one factor such as the economic interpretation of history: the suggestion that the history is the record of the struggle of the classes for predominance and control of the resources of the world.

While I am neither suggesting that the above are wrong or that they are not significant in man's struggle to understand himself, I wish to offer a suggestion as to a philosophy of history that associates itself with the museum curator.

History is individual and thus it is at best the record of man in time. This does not discount the divine theory or, for that matter, the economic theory. Instead it is designed to particularize history—to bring into our discussion the realization that man is history and that history is to be recorded by recording man in a

single space and at a single time, in an infinite number of cases. It never repeats itself because the fact that it follows the previous experience makes it different. The knowledge of the rise and fall of earlier civilizations makes the citizen of this civilization different from the Greeks.

History is a value, not a thing. It is an attitude that can be traced back through the ideas and the actions of men, not objects. It is carried on by human beings whose singleness of character grants it a uniqueness, and whose sharing of the triumph and tragedy of the time and space they occupy, is the story that the historian is called first to tell and later to be committed to. While history is more than the sum of the facts, it is what ties them together.

But what does this mean to the development of a philosophy of history? It means that when the curator begins to think of the story of man he needs to be concerned with the men and women of the past, not the objects they held, or the chairs they sat in. This is not a plea for the end of museums, it is instead a plea that objects of the museum be considered and dealt with for what they are. For they are the symbols of human dreams, they are the outcomes of human effort, they are the remains of human folly, they are the manifestations of men and women living in an era that challenged them. The role of the curator is to live with the objects as if they were the canvas, the paints, the brushes with which to paint a picture which will pull men from the vast generality of the past to a given time and given space: to give to those who come to view the displays, a human scene, that they might feel akin to the struggles of man living in his world.

The past is known by the overlapping of the years. Your son's link with the past is your life which overlaps his grandfather's and his own experience. The thing which gives us the edge over the animals is that we have been able to begin where our father left off rather than starting anew. Man is the key—the historical conductor who needs to be involved both in understanding the past and in living in the future in order for the present to have some real meaning.

The carefully-developed museum is the point at which the ever fleeting present has been captured. Yet this "present" must be fitted into the flow of history, indicating to us the full impact of what was happening and why man was so motivated. If the artifacts are to contribute to the story then they must be displayed in recognition of the fuller influence they had. If they are scattered everywhere, with no unity, with no relationship to past or future then history is seen by the visitor as being scattered and isolated and the events and the items of history are lost in the confusing maze of the "yesteryear".

Series of displays that indicate the duration of history, yet stop the moments to be seen by the contemporary visitor, will serve still

another purpose. For it is the historian who is called to express the unity of man. In this age of specialization the role of the whole man, involved in past and future, involved in economics and religion, involved in fun and in work, involved in fear and happiness, needs to be presented. A responsible representation can view man in no other way. This is not a thing of the past, but is contemporary in the realization that the past has been lived by those who lived as whole men. It carries with it something of the realization that it is man's duty to know and to inquire into every area of man's multiple concerns.

In the final analysis it is the human situation that the museum seeks to describe. And only when it does so will it be a significant contribution to the community it seeks to serve. Your exhibits are reflective of your interpretation and depend on your philosophy—a philosophy which needs to be developed, not adopted. If your displays are cluttered and disassociated, history will be interpreted as cluttered and disassociated. If your displays are dull and drab and dead, history will be interpreted as being dull and drab and dead. The exhibit then must present, to the most casual visitor, a clear picture of the story you want to portray.

Communications is the key to the effort. Clarity is essential. Well planned simple displays will assure the visitor the attitude of history without the presentation of more facts than he can handle. If your museum is unselective, if it is a depository for any and all who would preserve their names on a donor card, it becomes a labyrinth of history to which the visitor has no key and in the long run will seek no entrance.

The exhibits must present a flow by which the visitor can become involved in the duration of history and can move along with it, learning, growing, as he stands in the presence of the manifestations of such development. It must merge the local character with national character, the local citizen with the world, not by having artifacts from the world over, but by not isolating the fact that we live in a complex and multiple society and that for most of us, our locale is but a moment in the migration of millions.

It needs to be remembered that if history is individualistic and illustrative of an attitude, the visitor is a character in the historic pageant. When he walks among the props of previous acts, he is still a member of the cast. He is involved, and the lure of the museum is the lure of personal participation. The past is not dead for the visitor who finds there a breadth to his experience, a depth to his values, and a reason for making his present significant. It will have meaning to him if it is presented in such a way that it lives, and moves in such a way that he can identify his human emotions and concerns with those of the past that found their solutions in the creation and the use of the artifacts on display.

What I wish to emphasize is that value is created at the cost of human effort and it costs human experience to make man aware of

the values of his present position. The museum is the place where the attitude of history—which is value in man—can be portrayed in such a way as to give significance to those who wander in for a taste of the past.

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# *The United States Army in the Aftermath of the Johnson County Invasion*

April through November, 1892

By

ROBERT A. MURRAY

The Johnson County Invasion has been a highly controversial subject for nearly seventy-five years. We are aware that exception may be taken to elements of this article. To the best of our knowledge, the records of the Adjutant General of the United States and the Fort McKinney military records, upon which this article is based, have not been used previously as a research source on the subject. The following article, as a result, has unique historical value and interest among the published writings on the Johnson County Invasion. Ed.

The year 1892 stands about midpoint in the decade and a half in which Northern Wyoming's livestock industry evolved from the transitory open-range phase toward a land-use pattern essentially like that of today.

The army ended effective Indian occupation of this region in the decisive campaigns of 1876-77, and settled down to slow-paced years of intermittent police action against tribal fragments straying from the reservation. The vast grazing land attracted first and briefly, the buffalo hunter,<sup>1</sup> then the cattlemen who had already filled the range of southern Wyoming and adjacent states.<sup>2</sup>

Open-range cattle ranching found its basis in the idea that a stockman could use public owned grazing lands free of charge and up to the full extent that he could stock them. A belt of such open-range stockmen formed one of the westward-moving layers of the frontier from the American Revolution on. These stockmen followed the hunter and the soldier and occupied any given tract only until the land began to fill with legitimate settlers, and then moved

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1. The story of Wyoming's buffalo-hunters has never been brought together in one place, but is mentioned and dated in John Barsotti's fine article "Freund & Bro., Gunmakers on the Frontier," in the 1957 *Gun Digest*, John T. Amber, editor, Gun Digest Publishing Co., Chicago.

2. Walter von Richtofen, *Cattle Raising on the Plains of North America*, University of Oklahoma Press, reprint, 1964.

on to new pastures. Conflicts over land use did not ordinarily arise, since land law and tradition were clearly on the side of the settler, and since more and better grazing land lay ahead to the west.<sup>3</sup>

The southern end of this stock raising belt thrust into Texas in the 1830's and there, under favorable circumstances, flourished ahead of the slowly developing agriculture of the state. The stockmen of Texas found a new market as rails thrust westward into the plains in the late 1860's. They also discovered the potential of a vast belt of grassland extending on to the great continental forest of Canada. Every advancing railhead a ready market, an abundance of stock cattle, cheap labor, all led the southern cattlemen to expand their operations northward as fast as expulsion of the Indians could be achieved. Other sizeable stocks of cattle lay available in the prairie belt of the upper midwest, and in the mountain valleys of the great northwest.

Widely-publicized instances of high profits lured speculative investment capital into the industry and a cattle boom was on. The year 1885 saw much of the plains region effectively occupied by herds owned by large corporate cattle companies. The speculative bubble burst when the severe winter storms of the mid-eighties dealt a heavy blow directly, and indirectly exposed a wealth of "blue sky" capitalization, book-count herds and other shaky management practices. Surviving corporate cattle firms worked in straitened circumstances. Foreign and eastern capital was less available. Credit was hard to find and more costly. The free use of public lands was increasingly criticized. Heavily stocked ranges held beef prices down. Diffusing knowledge of irrigation techniques, barbed wire fencing, windmills, and an expanding railroad network made it easier for the individual rancher to carve out a workable owned-unit from the public domain by purchase and by homesteading. Mavericking and assorted other sharp practices that were stock in trade with the corporation men were taken up by others.

Corporate cattlemen reacted in various ways. They all complained about the demise of the "old days". The more realistic and progressive tightened their organizational belts and tried to adapt management practices and ranching techniques to the changing conditions. Some others of them reacted defensively and violently. They glorified open range practices as "rights" and rose to defend them.<sup>4</sup>

Northern Wyoming may have appeared ideal test ground to this

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3. Paul C. Henlein, *The Cattle Kingdom in the Ohio Valley, 1783-1860*, University of Kentucky Press, Lexington, 1958.

4. Edward E. Dale, *The Range Cattle Industry*, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1930.

faction. There were sizeable corporate holdings there. Better watered than much of the state, it had attracted small owner-operator ranchmen and farmers early, and by 1892 there were several thousand residents in this region.

During the winter of 1892, belligerent defenders of "free grass" organized and planned a raid into Johnson County. Ostensibly this was to be a punitive expedition against "rustlers" of cattle from corporate herds. This approach gained them the sympathy and in some cases the financial support of men and corporations not willing to participate directly. The size and the extra-legal nature of the expedition belie the assertion that the few "rustlers" of the region were their goal. It seems equally unrealistic to assume that they planned a complete reign of terror. Rather it appears they aimed to do in a number of alleged "rustlers" plus enough of the "guilty-by-association" (or rather by lack of association with the corporate interests!) to discourage not only rustling, but any influx of small landholders into the region. The expedition failed miserably to achieve its objective. The general facts and many details of the "Invasion" and subsequent events have been widely publicized.<sup>5</sup> The role of the U.S. government in general, and in particular that of the U.S. Regular Army have not. Federal correspondence on the topic is particularly valuable in that it contains the largest surviving volume of continuous contemporary correspondence on the subject. Most of it, too, is the writing of persons who were not among the contenders, but who had the uncomfortable and difficult role of peace-keepers in those tense times.

The army had fairly substantial forces scattered through the northern plains in 1892, largely because of the recent Ghost Dance trouble on the northern reservations in 1890-91.<sup>6</sup> Fort D. A. Russell, with eight companies from the 7th and 17th Infantry Regiments, stood just outside Cheyenne.<sup>7</sup> Near Buffalo was Fort McKinney, with Headquarters and three companies of the 8th Infantry and three companies of the 6th Cavalry.<sup>8</sup> Fort Custer, Montana, and Fort Robinson, Nebraska, were but a short distance from the state's boundaries.

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5. The classic exposition of the so-called "Johnson County War," is of course Asa S. Mercer's *Banditti of the Plains*, most readily available in the University of Oklahoma Press reprint of 1954. Other useful collections of fact and opinion are:

Daisy F. Baber-*The Longest Rope*, Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, 1959.  
 Frank M. Canton, *Frontier Trails*, N. Y. 1930

Robert B. David, *Malcolm Campbell, Sheriff*, Casper, Wyo., 1932.

Bohlen and Tisdale, *An Era of Violence*, Cheyenne, 1963.

6. Robert M. Utley, *Last Days of the Sioux Nation*, Yale University Press, 1964.

7. Letter, Major H. C. Egbert, 17th Infantry to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, April 23, 1892.

8. Fort McKinney, Wyoming, Post Return for April, 1892.

There was little real legal reason for federal intervention in Wyoming's cattle troubles. The "Invasion" was planned and executed in violation of Wyoming law. The Invaders on April 9th, killed Nathan D. Champion and Nick Ray and burned the KC Ranch. Sheriff W. G. Angus soon assembled a legally-constituted posse and surrounded the invading party some 13 miles from Buffalo. That numerous members of Wyoming's state government sympathized with the Invaders has been abundantly proven by other writers, whose contentions are borne out by subsequent justice department investigations some months later.<sup>9</sup>

Colonel J. J. Van Horn on April 11, 1892 sent the first official news of trouble in Johnson County, for the information of the commanding general, Department of the Platte:

I have the honor to report the following in regard to the disturbances now taking place in this county, so far as I am able to learn from citizens in this vicinity and from my guide (Grouard) viz: It appears that a body of about fifty armed men known here as "white caps" and supposed to be in the employ of the large cattle owners left in the vicinity of Casper about the 6th instant and proceeded to a point on the North Fork of Powder River sixty miles from post, known as K. C. Ranch, where they killed two men (Nate Champion and one other man) and burned the ranch. One body was so badly burned that it was hardly recognizable, this on the 9th instant. The "white caps" are now at the T. A. Ranch situated about sixteen miles from the post on the North Fork of Crazy Woman where they are strongly entrenched, and defending themselves against a posse comitatus of citizens (about 80) from Buffalo and vicinity who have them surrounded.

It is more than possible that quite a number of lives will be lost before the "white caps" can be captured by the civil authorities. The telegraph line is in bad working order at present, and has been down for several days until yesterday. I have a repair party out now, which will not be in for ten days.

I will endeavor to keep the Department Commander informed as to the facts and true state of affairs in this county, with reference to the present disturbances as often as I am put in possession of accurate information. The people are greatly excited and I have been entreated for help, which of course, I declined to give.

My course is plainly defined by statute.<sup>10</sup>

Van Horn made further report on the morning of April 12th:

I have the honor to report the following in addition to my report of yesterday, viz: Sheriff Angus was seen last night on his return from the T. A. Ranch. He talked very sensibly regarding the situation and says he is bound to arrest all of those concerned in the killing of Ray and Champion and for that purpose has sworn in a large posse to act as deputies. Should the so-called regulators resist arrest, he cannot be answerable for their lives. The wagons owned by the outfit have been captured and the teamsters and cooks taken. One of the latter

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9. Report of Examiner F. B. Crossthwaite, Department of Justice, to the Attorney General of the United States, November 2, 1892.

10. Telegram, Colonel J. J. Van Horn to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, April 11, 1892.

has divulged the names of the regulators, says the expedition is offered by a Major Wolcott, a large cattle owner, lieutenants are Frank Canton, now out on bail charged with killing an alleged "rustler" last year, and Fred Hesse, a prominent cattle owner of this county. Other well known residents of Johnson County are said to be with the party. The entire country is aroused by the news of the killing at K. C. Ranch and some of the best citizens are enlisted in the Sheriff's posse, determined to bring the regulators to justice.

The County Commissioners were seen last night and talked very feelingly. They resent the many slurs cast upon their county by the cattle barons who are trying to drive the smaller stockmen off the range. They admit there are some rustlers or cattle thieves in the county, but claim the big owners are just as bad, if not worse than the men they are seeking to exterminate. All express deep horror at the recent outrageous murders, but are satisfied to let the law take its course. Governor Barber has ordered Co. "C" Wyoming National Guards to be in readiness for protection of life and city property at Buffalo. Will give you all reliable information as to the state of affairs in this vicinity as soon as known.<sup>11</sup>

Other wires were busy on April 12th. Acting Governor Barber telegraphed Brigadier General John R. Brooke, commanding general, Department of the Platte, in Omaha, to apprise him of the situation.<sup>12</sup> Barber next telegraphed the president, certifying a "state of insurrection" to exist, and calling for federal aid to suppress it.<sup>13</sup> He further telegraphed the secretary of war requesting an issue of arms and ammunition to Company G, 1st Wyoming National Guard Infantry at Sheridan, to be used in suppressing "insurrection."<sup>14</sup> It is interesting to note that while he had called Company C of this unit at Buffalo to duty, this company had no official supply of arms and ammunition, and he made no effort to arm them during this period.<sup>15</sup> Major General Schofield, commanding the army, had Brooke alert the troops at Fort McKinney to await a presidential decision.<sup>16</sup>

The Invaders had a party out to cut the telegraph wire on their way up country.<sup>17</sup> Fortunately for them, however, a prolonged

11. Telegram, Colonel J. J. Van Horn to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, April 12, 1892.

12. Telegram, Brigadier General John R. Brooke to Major General Schofield, Commanding the Army, Washington D. C., April 12, 1892, quoting a telegram he had just received from Acting Governor Barber of Wyoming.

13. Telegram, Acting Governor Barber, Cheyenne, to the President of the United States, Washington, D. C., April 12, 1892.

14. Telegram, Acting Governor Barber to Secretary of War Elkins, April 12, 1892.

15. The arms of this company of the Wyoming National Guard had been routinely turned in for replacement during the winter, and were not yet replaced. There is abundant correspondence in the Fort McKinney letters-received file on this point.

16. Telegram, General Schofield to General Brooke, April 12, 1892. Two telegrams, Brooke to Schofield April 12, 1892.

17. See Mercer, pp. 50-51, and others on this point.

break was not achieved until just before 1:00 a.m. on April 13th. Telegraphic instructions from General Brooke, conveying the president's orders reached Colonel Van Horn at Fort McKinney at 12:05 a.m. Van Horn's own report of the next twelve hours is especially interesting:

I have the honor to submit the following report of my action under telegraphic instructions from the Department Commander, directing me to carry out the orders of the President of the United States, dates April 12, these orders were, in substance, to send a sufficient force "to cooperate with the Governor of Wyoming, and suppress disorder and protect the state against domestic violence, to prevent conflict between the opposing parties, to act with prudence and discretion, but with firmness so as to preserve the peace." In connection with my dispositions to secure the results desired, I received on April 13th a telegram from Governor Amos W. Barber of Wyoming in which he suggests "that a competent representative of the state be at the place for purpose of cooperation, C. H. Parmelee of Buffalo, my aide-de-camp, has been my representative at that place. The situation at Buffalo is of such character as to suggest that he may be acting under coercion, and not voluntarily. I request that you secure the presence of Captain Parmelee at Fort McKinney at once and satisfy yourself whether he is in a position to act independently and without fear. If you are satisfied that he is in a position to represent me, I then request that you confer with him and take such immediate steps as may be necessary and advise me. It is very important that all hostilities be stopped at once, and that no violence be permitted to any of the persons concerned. Considering the excitement in the vicinity it seems advisable that the people who are now besieged should be given protection at Fort McKinney until time can be had for further action."

The orders of the president as transmitted by the Department Commander were received at 12:05 a.m. 13th inst., and at 2:00 a.m., I left the post for the scene of disorder, viz: the T. A. Ranch on North Fork of Crazy Woman with the following officers and men: Major E. G. Fechet, 6th Cavalry, 1st Lieut. R. H. Wilson, Adjutant 8th Infantry; Troop H 6th Cavalry, Capt. W. M. Wallace, 1st Lt. C. B. Gatewood and 2nd Lieut. Alonzo Gray; Troop C 6th Cavalry, Captain William Stanton, and 1st Lieut. R. B. Paddock, 8th Cav.; Troop D., 6th Cavalry, Capt. G. L. Scott, 1st Lieut. J. A. Cole and 2nd Lt. Elmer Lindsley, a total number of 11 officers and 96 enlisted men. The command was accompanied by Sheriff Angus of Johnson County, and three other citizens who rendered valuable service in finding the road. While passing through the city of Buffalo, Captain C. H. Parmelee, A.D.C. to Governor Barber, joined the command and remained with it during the day.

Following the Casper road, the T. A. Ranch 13 miles from the post was reached at 6:45 a.m., while still several miles distant, my approach was discovered by both of the hostile parties, and the besiegers from that time kept up an almost continuous fire upon the buildings occupied by their opponents.

Upon arriving at about 800 yards from the ranch, I halted behind a hill. The situation was found to be as follows: the house and barn of the T. A. Ranch had been occupied by the regulators and arranged for defensive purposes. The house which was made of sawed beams 8 inches thick, was occupied by the main body, the horses were kept in the stable which was also garrisoned. On a slight rise about 100 yards west of the barn, a small redoubt had been constructed by excavating a ditch about 2 feet wide and deep and placing upon the parapet beams from the house for head logs, the whole forming a very

efficient field work, occupied by about 12 men. The buildings and c. are shown in the accompanying sketch. The beseigers were dispersed in parties so as to completely surround the regulators and at a distance of not less than 500 yards. Firing had been going on by day and night for several days. Immediately after halting as stated, I requested Sheriff Angus to cause the beseiging party to cease firing. This was soon effected, and as soon as it was evident that the firing had ceased, the squadron was formed in line, moved forward to a point about 300 yards west of the redoubt, and halted, after waiting here a moment I rode forward toward the redoubt, accompanied by several officers, sheriff Angus and the guidons. A white flag being displayed it was immediately responded to by the men in the redoubt, and the men stationed in it came out to meet me.

The commander of the Regulators, Major Wolcott, in reply to my demand that he should surrender his party to me, replied that he would do so if it should be understood that he should be given protection by the military and taken to Fort McKinney. He said that he and his party would rather die than surrender to Sheriff Angus. His conditions having been accepted, he at once surrendered his party and turned over the arms and horses and his men to an officer designated for the purpose. A list of names and owners of each weapon being taken at this time.

The names of the men surrendered are: [here follows the same list of 45 names reproduced in Mercer and elsewhere]

The arms surrendered comprise 45 rifles, 50 revolvers and 5,000 rounds of cartridges. Upon examining the house a man whose name was afterwards found to be Alexander Louthier was found seriously wounded. An ambulance was provided and he was taken to the post hospital for treatment. The surrender and turning over of arms occupied about two hours and was all accomplished without any difficulty. During its operation the beseigers collected in a large party of about 200 horsemen and observed the proceedings very attentively, coming as close as the cordon of troops would permit. The arms being turned over, and loaded into a wagon and the regulators formed in a column on the road, a party of cavalry was placed at their head, and each side and a guard in the rear of all.

The return march was begun at 8:45 a.m. The beseiging party took up a position on the hillside near the road but without any attempt at disturbing or molesting the movements. In fact their conduct so far as relates to their intercourse with the troops was extremely moderate and creditable to themselves. The return march was accomplished without incident. Another road was taken so as to avoid passing through the city of Buffalo and the post was reached at 12:15 p.m. The prisoners were placed in quarters under a strong guard and their horses were turned over to the post quartermaster. A wagon, four horses and harness, belonging to the regulators was brought to the post by the troops. During the conflict at the ranch no lives were lost and the only casualty that occurred as far as I can learn was the wounding of the regulator, Alexander Louthier by the accidental discharge of his own revolver. Five horses belonging to the regulators were killed and several others wounded.<sup>18</sup>

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18. Letter, Col. Van Horn to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, April 13, 1892.

Acting Governor Barber during this time first planned to go to Buffalo himself and requested a cavalry escort from Gillette to Buffalo. Brooke and Schofield approved his request, but he apparently changed his mind on finding that the Invaders were safe at Fort McKinney.<sup>19</sup> The first outline of Van Horn's action reached Washington, D. C., on April 14, along with news of Barber's decision to have the prisoners escorted to Douglas.<sup>20</sup> Secretary of War S. B. Elkins forwarded this news to Senators Francis E. Warren and Joseph M. Carey the same day.<sup>21</sup>

Sheriff W. G. Angus went to Ft. McKinney on April 14, and there served a writ on Colonel Van Horn for delivery of the prisoners to civil authority. Van Horn refused to deliver the prisoners, stating that they were held pending receipt of instructions from the president through channels.<sup>22</sup> Angus then telegraphed a demand for their release to the president.<sup>23</sup> On the 15th, Van Horn summarized events of the previous day, mentioned the considerable excitement of the public and the interest in the Champion and Ray funeral to be held that day. He also stated that the telegraph was again out of order and that the "rustlers" were interfering with traffic to the post.<sup>24</sup>

The federal government ignored Angus' request, since that same day orders were sent out to turn the prisoners over to the governor of Wyoming,<sup>25</sup> and Acting Governor Barber was informed of this action.<sup>26</sup> General Brooke made the following report that day:

I report as follows: my last information from Colonel Van Horn stated his arrival at the post with the 46 surrendered men. They are now there. The line has since been down and direct communication by wire not possible until this evening. I expect his report in full by mail about the twentieth. At this moment the telegraph company report that my order to Col. Van Horn of today to send the prisoners to Douglas in compliance with request of Gov. Barber has been delivered. The Governor has directed the Sheriff of Johnson County to deliver to Col. Van Horn four of the Wolcott party arrested by the Sheriff when he captured Wolcott's wagons prior to the surrender of

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19. Three successive telegrams, General Brooke to General Schofield, April 13, 1892.

20. Telegram, General Brooke to General Schofield, April 14, 1892.

21. Telegram, Secretary of War Elkins to Senator Francis E. Warren, April 14, 1892, and duplicate of same date to Senator J. M. Carey.

22. Endorsement by Van Horn on writ presented by Johnson County, April 14, 1892. also: letter Colonel Van Horn to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, April 15, 1892.

23. Telegram, Sheriff W. G. Angus to President Benjamin Harrison, April 15, 1892.

24. Letter, Colonel Van Horn to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, April 15, 1892.

25. Telegram, Secretary of War Elkins to General Brooke, April 15, 1892.

26. Telegram, Secretary of War Elkins to Governor Barber, April 15, 1892.



Wolcott to Col. Van Horn. The Governor desires me to obtain possession of the four men in the hands of the Sheriff by force if necessary. I have asked the Gov. to state to me whether taking them by military force is necessary to protect life and preserve the peace. The question about these four prisoners will remain in abeyance until he answers my question. On the surrender of Major Wolcott's party, I directed Col. Van Horn to hold them till he received order from me. I am confident he has done so.<sup>27</sup>

He supplemented this report on the 16th, stating that the Governor had certified the taking of the prisoners necessary to protect their lives, and wished them to be taken by force if necessary. He stated that Colonel Van Horn found that only two prisoners were in jail, the cooks and teamsters having been released on bail. Brooke gave Van Horn instructions to obtain these men, using prudence and discretion.<sup>28</sup> Secretary of War Elkins replied:

You can have the Wolcott party taken to Fort D. A. Russell, as requested by the Governor, and deliver them to him there. You will not allow Colonel Van Horn or the military to take parties held in custody of the sheriff from the sheriff by force; but the military authorities may, upon request of the Governor, protect parties held in custody of the Sheriff from violence.<sup>29</sup>

Brooke informed both Van Horn and the governor of these instructions.<sup>30</sup> Van Horn then issued orders for the escort of the prisoners to Douglas leaving the next day.<sup>31</sup> After this party got under way, Van Horn reported that he had secured one prisoner, R. M. Allen, from the sheriff on the 16th, and that the others were free in Buffalo, and reported to Major Kellog that they felt themselves in no danger.<sup>32</sup> The escort, commanded by Major E. G. Fechet, 6th Cavalry, consisted of companies C, D, and H of the 6th Cavalry, along with a small detail of infantry serving as crew for a 1.65 inch Hotchkiss gun, an ambulance and medical personnel, and a special telegraph operator. Despite muddy roads, snow drifts and general foul weather, they reached the site of old Fort Fetterman on the 23d of April.<sup>33</sup>

Major H. C. Egbert, 17th Infantry, came by train to the Fort Fetterman site with nine officers and 108 enlisted men of the 17th and the 7th Infantry. They received the prisoners and returned to

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27. Telegram, General Brooke to Secretary of War Elkins, April 15, 1892.

28. Telegram, General Brooke to Secretary of War Elkins, April 16, 1892.

29. Telegram, Secretary of War Elkins to General Brooke, April 16, 1892.

30. Telegram, General Brooke to Elkins, 9 p.m., April 16, 1892.

31. Orders #57, Headquarters, Ft. McKinney, April 16, 1892.

32. Letter, Col. Van Horn to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, April 17, 1892.

33. Letter, Major E. G. Fechet, 6th Cavalry to Post Adjutant, Fort McKinney, May 2, 1892.

Fort D. A. Russell without incident, finding that the governor had requested the prisoners held there.<sup>34</sup> The specific orders under which the prisoners were held at Fort D. A. Russell were:

Replying to your message transmitting dispatch of Governor Barber to you about holding Wolcott party, it is the desire of the President and you are instructed to hold the party as suggested at Fort D. A. Russell in vacant barracks; only temporarily, however, and until they can be turned over to the Governor and civil authorities, and on the condition that the military authorities are holding them at the request of and subject to the orders of the civil authorities, and to be released only to them; and while they are so held the expense of their subsistence shall be borne by the civil authorities or by the prisoners. It is believed that the Governor and civil authorities should, without unnecessary delay take charge of the prisoners. There will be no objection, for the time being, to the party occupying the vacant barracks even after they are in charge of the civil officers if desired.<sup>35</sup>

Action for a time shifted to the political. On April 23d, representatives of nine large cattle companies sent a long plea to Senator C. F. Manderson of Nebraska, soliciting his support for the efforts of Senators Warren and Carey on behalf of the Wolcott party.<sup>36</sup> Manderson sent this on to the secretary of war with a strong endorsement.<sup>37</sup> That same day (May 9th) Governor Barber requested General Brooke to continue to hold the prisoners at Fort D. A. Russell, stating:

If the prisoners are delivered to the civil authorities at this time I will have to turn them over to the officers of Johnson County, as the only authority authorized to receive them from me, and in their custody I believe there would be so much danger of violence to the men that I would be unable to protect them. After the place of trial has been fixed the proper civil authorization to receive them from me would then be the sheriff of the county where the prisoners are to be tried, and the state will then be ready to relieve the military authorities and take charge of the prisoners.<sup>38</sup>

A counter proposal in the form of a petition to the president requested the immediate return of the prisoners to Johnson County for trial. This document came from Big Horn, in Sheridan County, and bore the signatures of 171 citizens of that area. The names

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34. Letter, Major H. C. Egbert, 17th Infantry, to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, April 25, 1892. also: telegram, General Brooke to General Schofield, April 21, 1892.

35. Telegram, Secretary of War Elkins to General Brooke, April 21, 1892.

36. Letter, Henry J. Windsor, John A. McShane, Patrick Bros., Converse Cattle Co., H. S. Manville, Gen. Mgr.; M. A. Paxton, Oglalla Land and Cattle Co., Pratt & Ferris Cattle Co., Henry A. Blair, Clay and Forrest, to Senator C. F. Manderson, dated at Omaha, April 23, 1892.

37. Letter, Senator Charles F. Manderson to Secretary of War Elkins, May 9, 1892.

38. Letter, Governor Barber to General Brooke, May 9, 1892.

on this petition are not those of "rustlers" but rather read like a charter list of "first families" of northern Wyoming, substantial individual ranchers, homesteaders, doctors, ministers, miners, all of whom supported the views of their Johnson County neighbors.<sup>39</sup>

About this time, Senator Carey secured copies of all the War Department correspondence on the subject of the Invasion, and traveled to Cheyenne in time for the pre-trial conferences between county and state authorities and representatives of the prosecution and the defense.<sup>40</sup> Following the initial conference Barber telegraphed the Secretary of War:

The attorneys for the prosecution and the defense in relation to the Wolcott party now at Ft. D. A. Russell have today held a full conference at my office with the Judge of the district court and with the authorities of Johnson County and with my approval it has been virtually agreed that you should be respectfully requested to so modify your order relating to the custody of the Wolcott party that an officer of Johnson county be admitted whenever necessary for the purpose of serving warrants and that the Wolcott party be further held in the same manner as heretofore but to be delivered to the civil authorities from time to time as the Judge of the district court may request. I am assured by the prosecution and the defense and by the District Judge that these cases will be brought to trial and disposed of as soon as possible. I therefore earnestly request that the modification suggested be made.<sup>41</sup>

Senator Carey strongly endorsed this course,<sup>42</sup> but Elkins, apparently somewhat impatient by this time replied:

Replying to your message of the 21st instant, I desire to say that the Department considers that the prisoners are now in your custody and under your control, subject to your orders and your disposition and are held only at your request and that of the civil authorities. That their being held at Fort D. A. Russell was upon your statement and others that the civil power was unable to protect them from violence. You can make any arrangements that you see fit about them and how you surrender them to the civil authorities for trial, the sooner the better, however. I have no objection to the occupation of vacant barracks at Fort D. A. Russell temporarily, but as soon as you can do so, it is the desire of the Department that you not only have the full charge and control of the prisoners, but that you give them the protection you now seek and have from the military authorities.<sup>43</sup>

Finally, on July 5, 1892, the Wolcott party was formally turned over to representatives of the state and taken from Fort D. A. Russell and General Schofield instructed that they not be received

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39. Petition from Citizens of town of Big Horn, and Sheridan County Wyoming to the President of the United States, April 1892.

40. Letter, Secretary of War Elkins to Senator Carey, May 13, 1892.

41. Telegram, Governor Barber to Secretary of War Elkins, May 21, 1892.

42. Telegram, Senator Carey to Secretary of War Elkins, May 21, 1892.

43. Telegram, Secretary of War Elkins to Governor Barber, May 23, 1892.

back without orders from the War Department.<sup>44</sup> Thus ended one phase of army involvement in the Wyoming troubles.

Meanwhile several events occurred to lend support to the cattlemen's assertions of lawlessness in northern Wyoming. On May 12, 1892, the remains of Deputy U. S. Marshal George Wellman were brought to Buffalo.<sup>45</sup> The death of Wellman complicated the local situation. He was a foreman at the Hoe ranch, whose employers had been involved in the Invasion. He was, however, well thought of personally in Buffalo. His funeral took place in St. Luke's Church on May 13th and was attended by members of the local Masonic lodge.<sup>46</sup> There are widely divergent theories about Wellman's death, some seeing it as a cattleman's plot to discredit Johnson County,<sup>47</sup> others holding that "rustlers" were responsible.<sup>48</sup> Whatever the truth, the incident did create dissension in Johnson County and was used as argument by the cattle companies in seeking martial law for the region.<sup>49</sup>

The second incident occurred May 18th, when a disastrous fire destroyed the post exchange and several barracks at Fort McKinney. A second smaller fire several days later was of definite incendiary origin and it was generally supposed that both were.<sup>50</sup>

Now the Invaders and their supporters struck a new political blow. They sent the following demand to Senator Carey in a telegram on June 1st:

We want changes of troops made as follows: Headquarters of eighth infantry and three companies of that regiment now at Fort McKinney ordered to Sidney. Major Egbert and 17th Infantry and three companies of that regiment ordered from Russell to McKinney. This gives us commanding officer. We want cool level headed man whose sympathy is with us. Order Major Fechet and the two companies of the Sixth Cavalry from McKinney to Niobrara, anywhere else out of that country. He and his men have relations with the sheriff and his gang that make the whole command very undesirable for us. Send six companies of Ninth Cavalry from Robinson to McKinney. The colored troops will have no sympathy for Texan thieves, and these are the troops we want. See General Manderson who understands situation and will assist in carrying out this plan. It is important that action should be taken at once. We urge that time is everything. This is preliminary to declaration of martial law. Advise us when order is made.<sup>51</sup>

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44. Telegram, General Brooke to Adjutant General, Washington, D. C., July 5, 1892. also: endorsement, Schofield to Brooke, July 7, 1892.

45. Letter, Col. Van Horn to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, May 12, 1892.

46. Lillian H. Baker, *The History of St. Luke's Episcopal Church*, privately printed, Buffalo, Wyoming, 1949, p. 7.

47. Mercer, *Banditti of the Plains*, pp. 112-114.

48. Baker, op. cit.

49. Telegram, Senator Warren to Senator Carey, June 1, 1892.

50. "Report of a board of officers," May 22, 1892 at Fort McKinney.

51. Telegram, Wolcott, Hay, Baxter, Blair, Clay and VanDevanter to Senator Joseph M. Carey, Washington, D. C., June 1, 1892.

Senator Warren sent a telegram from Cheyenne to Senator Carey the same day, stating:

Declaration of martial law seems inevitable. Please direct attention Department to depredations at Ft. McKinney. Facts show and Flagg's *People's Voice* 21st instant acknowledge twenty carbines stolen from cavalry and incendiary fire at post buildings attempted by rustlers. Very latest information I saw matters Chicago, Burlington officials Omaha, late letters from Mayor Burritt, Buffalo, also merchant Munkres, banker Thom, editor Bouton, manager Winterling, all asserting in the most positive terms that nothing less than immediate drastic measures from the authorities outside and above county officials can reduce present state of almost if not complete anarchy Johnson County. Parties writing send letters in private hands over part of route, asserting mails tampered with at small intervening offices. Northern letters implore martial law. Perry Organ tonight emphatically urges martial law. Exhibit, but do not file this dispatch because I am only permitted to use northern names Secretary, they fearing destruction of their property and assassination if publicity given their names and views.<sup>52</sup>

Carey forwarded these on June 2nd to Secretary of War Elkins, with this comment:

I enclose you copies of dispatches which I desire you to read and hand back to Mr. Morris, as it is not well to file them at present.

I had a very satisfactory talk with the President yesterday, and also with General Schofield. I dislike to leave here; but I cannot well do otherwise, so I go to Minneapolis.

General Schofield believes in concentrating troops in the disturbed district in Wyoming immediately. This would be a good move, and would be carrying out the plans heretofore adopted at the army headquarters with reference to summer encampments.<sup>53</sup>

General Schofield asked General Brooke's opinion on June 3, 1892,<sup>54</sup> and received this reply:

Replying to your telegram of today I would say that a cavalry camp can be established near where the Burlington and Missouri Railroad will cross Powder River-the cavalry from Robinson and Niobrara to be sent there. From present information and to accomplish the purpose referred to, I think it would be better to establish two camps-one to be between Douglas and Casper, at such point as may be found best. In this case, the cavalry from Robinson should be at Powder River Crossing and that from Niobrara at the other place. The troops to be moved as circumstances may require. The garrison at McKinney should not be disturbed. Rail transportation should be used as far as practicable owing to the heavy rains having made the country very difficult.<sup>55</sup>

Schofield approved Brooke's suggestion,<sup>56</sup> and the troops were

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52. Telegram, Senator Warren to Senator Carey, June 1, 1892.

53. Letter, Senator Carey to Secretary of War Elkins, June 2, 1892.

54. Telegram, General Schofield to General Brooke, June 3, 1892.

55. Telegram, General Brooke to General Schofield, June 3, 1892.

56. Telegram, General Schofield to General Brooke, June 4, 1892.

in motion by June 7th,<sup>57</sup> six troops of the 9th Cavalry going into camp near the point where the Burlington Railroad was to cross Powder River, and six troops of the 6th Cavalry camping near old Fort Fetterman northwest of Douglas.<sup>58</sup>

Major C. S. Ilsley, commanding the contingent of the 9th Cavalry found the small but typical end-of-track town of Suggs occupying his projected camp site. He preferred to go on to Clear Fork, to find better campgrounds and to avoid contact between his colored troops and the citizens of this hard-looking little town. His orders seemed to preclude crossing Powder River, so he moved the column upstream some four miles and went into camp.<sup>59</sup> This "camp-of-instruction" was designated Camp P. A. Bettens.<sup>60</sup>

Conditions at Suggs were ready made for trouble. There were a number of saloons in the town. Troops of Ilsley's command were colored regulars, steady and well-proven in combat, but sometimes inclined to be a bit turbulent in camp.<sup>61</sup> Citizens in the town were generally resentful of the presence of troops. Some, especially the businessmen, were at least civil to the troops. Others, a collection of miscellaneous drifters, unemployed cowboys and the like, were belligerent and insulting to white officers and colored enlisted men alike when these were in town on business.

The command had as a civilian guide one Philip du Fran, who had been sent to Major Ilsley by General Brooke, and represented as one who knew the Powder River country thoroughly. This was the same Phil du Fran captured as a member of the Invaders at the TA Ranch, and at this time was supposed to be in confinement at Fort D. A. Russell awaiting trial. Du Fran's presence led the citizens to believe the troops would be used in a federally sanctioned raid on the region. Du Fran himself said that when "his friends in Cheyenne" were free, he would come back with a commission as a deputy U. S. Marshall with warrants for over 40 citizens of the Powder River country, and a regiment to back him up. He agitated among the soldiers and openly aired his views to junior officers.

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57. Telegram, Adjutant General, Department of the Platte to Commanding Officer, Fort McKinney, June 8, 1892. also: telegram, General Brooke to Adjutant General, Washington D. C., June 8, 1892.

58. *Ibid.*

59. "The Affair at Suggs," a report by Major C. S. Ilsley, 9th Cavalry, to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, June 19, 1892.

60. Presumably named for 1st Lt. Philip Augustus Bettens, one-time officer of the 9th Cavalry, who died in March, 1892.

61. The combat records of the 9th and 10th Cavalry regiments and the post records of several posts where they were stationed seem to bear out this statement.

Just one spark was needed and a lady of easy virtue supplied this on June 16th. The unnamed woman had formerly lived at Crawford, Nebraska, near Fort Robinson, and at other points down-track, and with other girls also now in Suggs "had been in the habit heretofore of dispensing their favors regardless of color." Private Champ, of G troop, in town without permission, somehow found the girl was in town and went to call on her. She, now living with a white man, styled a "rustler", refused to let Champ in the house. After a few ineffective kicks at the door he drifted down town to a bar, and was joined there by Private Smith of E company, in town on an official errand. Moments later, the "lady's" white lover stalked in, pointed a cocked revolver at Champ and cursed him unprintably. Private Smith drew his service revolver and covered the "rustler." Bystanders in turn drew their revolvers and covered Private Smith. The bartender intervened, got all to holster their guns, and showed the soldiers a good route out of town. As they rode out, mounted double on Smith's horse, a fusillade burst from a house behind them, one bullet passing through Smith's hat. They returned the fire with their revolvers and sped off to camp.

Their arrival created great excitement, but prompt action by Ilsley and his officers and N.C.O.'s prevented a mass foray to the town. Anticipating trouble the next night, the 17th, Ilsley doubled the guard around camp and ordered two nighttime check roll calls. Even so, during the nearly evening hours, Privates Smith, Champ and eighteen others slipped out of camp, armed, and assembled near the town.

They moved in a body to near the stage station and fired a volley into the air to attract attention, then commenced firing at stores, houses, and at a saloon they called "rustler headquarters". Towns-men swarmed out and opened a heavy fire with their repeating rifles and a general melee ensued. Women and children rushed out in their night clothes and headed out the other end of town to hide in the sagebrush. The soldiers retreated toward camp under a brisk fire from the town, leaving Private Willis Johnston dead in the street, and bringing their wounded, Privates Champ and Thompkins with them. One citizen received a slight wound in this foray.

When officers in camp heard the firing, they formed up the command. Captain Johnathan Guilfoyle and companies I and A were sent to town to investigate. On the way they met and arrested the absentees straggling back to camp. Guilfoyle threw a picket screen around the town to protect it, and spent the night calming the citizens and conferring with officials and prominent citizens to restore the peace.

A series of investigations followed. Du Fran's role exposed, he was escorted to Gillette by a company of cavalry. Investigating officers thought Private Willis Johnston might have been killed by

the fire of his comrades. The army was extremely embarrassed over the entire affair.<sup>62</sup>

General Schofield instructed the adjutant general to issue the following order:

“ . . . . your troops should be kept out of the town and away from the people. The military commander has no functions whatever to perform there respecting the civil authorities, and no duty in respect to the preservation of the peace. Under the present state of feeling the troops should be kept in their camps and entirely separated from those who may entertain hostile feelings.”<sup>63</sup>

Thus ended the direct involvement of the army in Wyoming's affairs. The troops at Camp Bettens and Camp Elkins continued their field training and were withdrawn to their respective posts early in November.<sup>64</sup>

Through that summer and fall, other federal intervention tapered off. A presidential proclamation at the end of July pleased the cattlemen and reassured some of Johnson county's worried citizens. Behind the scenes, U. S. Marshall Rankin, once assured of the support of the assistant U. S. Attorney and the federal district judge, calmly let Johnson County simmer down, without provoking further incidents, and with confidence restored, sent in three good men to arrest and/or run off the mere handful of actual outlaws believed

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62. This account of the Affair at Suggs is carefully drawn from the following:

“Report of a Board of Officers,” Camp Bettens, Wyo., June 18, 1892

Report—“The Affair at Suggs” Major C. S. Ilsley, 9th Cavalry, to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, June 19, 1892

Letter, 1st Lt. G. S. Bingham, 9th Cavalry, to Major C. S. Ilsley, commanding the Camp P. A. Bettens, June 18, 1892.

“Report” Capt. Jno. F. Guilfoyle, 9th Cavalry to Camp Adjutant, Camp Bettens, Wyoming, June 18, 1892.

“Proceedings of a Board of Officers Which Convened at Camp Bettens, Wyoming, near the Town of Suggs, Wyoming, pursuant to Camp Orders No. 3, June 18, 1892.”

“Report on the Trouble at Suggs, Wyoming on June 16th and 17th, 1892” by Major Jno. M. Bacon, 7th Cavalry, Acting Inspector General, Department of the Platte, to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, June 28, 1892.

Telegram, General John Brooke, Department of the Platte to Adjutant General, Washington, D. C., June 19, 1892.

Letter, General John Brooke, Department of the Platte, to Adjutant General, Washington, D. C., July 21, 1892.

63. Memorandum, General Schofield to the Adjutant General, Washington, D. C., June 20, 1892.

64. Telegram, General Schofield to General Brooke, November 12, 1892. also: telegram, General Brooke to General Schofield, November 13, 1892.



to be in Johnson County's back country.<sup>65</sup> A justice department investigation upheld Rankin, sharply criticized the role of U. S. Commissioner Churchill, and of certain state officials, and stated that the federal government should never have intervened in the situation at all.<sup>66</sup>

Through the closing months of 1892 at the state level, the Invaders politicked their way to freedom, having lost their "battle" and their "war" and infinitely complicated Wyoming politics for many years.

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65. The "three good men" were: Frank Grouard, Post Guide of Fort McKinney, Baptiste "Little Bat" Garnier, Guide at Fort Robinson and a Pinkerton Agency detective. This data from reports of Marshal Rankin, accompanying the Crossthwaite report of 2 November 1892.

66. Comments on the activities of Marshal Rankin and other U. S. Civil authorities are based on: Special File 6316-92—"Letters Received and Sent relating to the 'Johnson County War' in 1892 in Wyoming," found in the Records of the Department of Justice, RG 60, National Archives. (Microfilm copies on file in the Western History section of the Library at the University of Wyoming, Laramie)

*Note on military sources:* All the military correspondence cited above will be found in one of the following:

"A. G. Document File 29763, PRD 1892" Records of the Adjutant Generals Office, RG 94

Post Records Fort McKinney, Wyoming; Post Records Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming; Records of the Department of the Platte; all RG98, "Records of U. S. Army Commands" National Archives, Washington, D. C. (microfilm copies have been placed on file with the State Archives and Historical Dept.)



*Courtesy of W. R. Bandy*

The Tunnel crew at the entrance of No. 2 Tunnel. W. R. Bandy, and his assistant, Mr. Beryl, are at the right.



*Courtesy of W. R. Bandy*

Headquarters office buildings at No. 2 Tunnel. Mr. Bandy's office was the second building from the left.

# *Ghosts Took Over the Tunnel*

By

W. R. BANDY

The west has lots of ghost towns, many well known. But how about ghost tunnels—some old abandoned irrigation tunnels such as the Wiley Project in Wyoming's Big Horn Basin?

These could well be favorite haunts of a whole flock of ghosts—the dynamiters, the muckers, the loaders, even the horses that worked along the sage-covered slope of Carter Mountain's foothills.

Once those diggings were the scene of beehive activity. Now, just a few who roamed the Basin at the turn of the century still have vivid recollections of seeing groups of overall-clad workmen, armed with picks and shovels, darting like ants in and out of those holes in the hillside.

Back of that activity was a scheme devised by S. L. Wiley, public-spirited resident of the Basin, to irrigate and develop large tracts of desert lands in the Dry Creek valley.

The general plan was to bring water from the South Fork of the Shoshone River by means of a 60-foot canal for a distance of more than 30 miles to the Oregon Basin. There it would be spread upon the land. Along this long canal were to be four tunnels cutting through high boulder-strewn spurs and ridges. Work on that canal and the four tunnels was just getting under way when I arrived on the scene in the fall of 1907.

Now, on my occasional visits to Cody, the old familiar scars on the foothills to the south remind me of days long ago when as a young surveyor I had the good fortune of playing a small part in the construction of those tunnels.

This was my first job on tunnel work. I was on my own, with major responsibilities.

I stumbled onto this job through George W. Zorn, then chief engineer for the Wiley outfit. The company was officially known as the Big Horn Basin Development Company, with headquarters at the Wiley Ranch on Sage Creek south of Cody. My duties included doing survey work on the tunnels during construction. My headquarters were at the main camp at the east end of No. 2 Tunnel. To reach the camp from Cody I caught a ride on the freight wagon. The long and dusty road led southwest across Irma Flat and wound up over the hills at camp. The trip of about 15 miles took most of the afternoon. The camp was approached by going down a steep grade on the east side of a ridge to the head of a gulch. I still remember the grade because we often had to push

Wiley's automobile up the grade a few chugs at a time to get him started off for Cody.

My first view of camp, which was to be my home for two years, was from that ridge. It was a thrilling sight to see new buildings spread out on the sagebrush slopes below. The fact that they were constructed of rough, undressed lumber covered with tar paper failed to dampen my enthusiasm, as they were such an improvement over the flapping, dusty tents that had been my shelter the past summers in the desert. The camp structures were grouped around the two main buildings, the combined cookshack and dining room and the office and commissary. The stables and powerhouse were situated down the coulee.

I was gratified to learn I would have a 12 x 16-foot shack all to myself for an office and living quarters. In it were a homemade table, two stools, a flat-topped coal stove, with bench and water bucket close by. After putting up my cot and rolling out my bed-roll I had all the comforts of home, luxurious in comparison with the dirt-floored tent and sagebrush stove I had been sharing with two other boys on the survey. Electric lights replacing the tallow candles were added blessings.

A. L. Phillips, the superintendent, was a dynamic person with forceful personality. He understood all phases of the work and ran a very efficient camp. William B. Edwards, a likeable young fellow from Chicago, was chief clerk, and was in charge of the commissary. Billy, as he was affectionately called, has remained a close friend of mine over the years.

The tunnel excavation was carried on 24 hours a day at each of six headings. We worked three eight-hour shifts. At the height of activities an average of 250 men were employed at the various camps. In addition to the tunnel camps, other camps were maintained at a coal mine on Sage Creek, a sawmill on Carter Mountain, near a ditch crew on Sage Creek and a steam shovel on South Fork.

During winter months the camps buzzed with activity. Carpenters busy with ax and saw lined the tunnel excavation with timbers to hold back slacking shale and rock.

Clank-clank of blacksmiths could be heard as they sharpened drillers' steel. A steady stream of muck, shale and rock poured from the tunnel mouths in horse-drawn dump cars. Arriving daily were freight teams drawing wagons laden with supplies from Cody, lumber from the saw mill, coal from the company's mines on Sage Creek.

Electric wire was continuously extended as tunnel headings advanced with 200 sweating miners working around the clock blasting their way through the mountains. In addition to the crews, each camp had its quota of cooks and flunkies, as well as a stable boss, camp-tender, time-keeper, and "crumb boss" who looked after the muckers' bunk houses.

Compressed-air drills and dynamite were used in the tunnel

excavation. Mucking and loading the dump cars was done by hand. The tunnels were horse-shoe shaped in cross section. The finished inside diameter was 12 by 13 feet, making it necessary to excavate a hole about 16x17 feet. The grade was a drop of three inches per 100 feet. Two of the tunnels were approximately one-half mile in length, while the other two were a little over 400 feet long. The two long tunnels had curves at each end so one could not see out after the first 400 or 500 feet under the ground.

By mid-winter three of the tunnel crews were working beyond the sharp curves, thus placing the entire dependence of alignment upon proper calculations by trigonometric formulas.

This first experience with underground work caused me some sleepless nights, with much turning and tossing in bed as I reviewed my procedures. I was well aware that a misplaced decimal point might prove disastrous, not only to my reputation, but also to my employer.

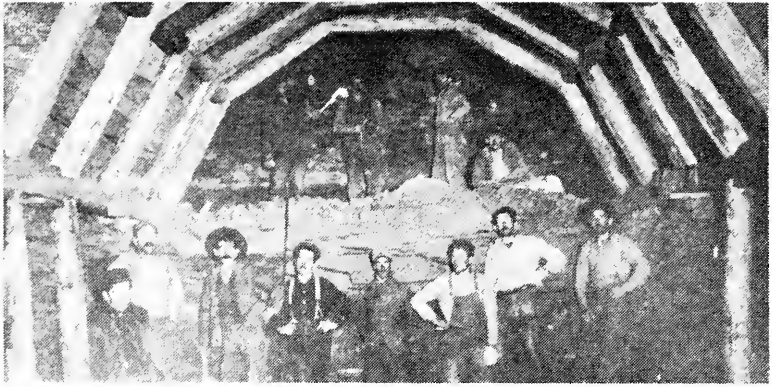
To make matters worse for me, when the two opposite headings began to approach each other within 200 feet or so, and the sound of blasting on the opposite side seemed to come from the side of the tunnel instead of directly ahead, there was some good-natured ribbing from the crews and the suggestion that the other crew might be bypassing us. I put up a brave front. But when the breakthrough did occur, I revealed my true feelings or lack of complete faith by being the first one to look through the hole, although it meant staying up all night on the graveyard shift.

Before the break-through occurred at No. 2 Tunnel, preparations were begun for lining the tunnel with concrete. Suitable concrete aggregates were found in deposits of gravel on top of the bench above the west end of the tunnel. A mixing plant was built where the material could be screened and placed in bins on the edge of the bench. Then it could be moved by gravity, as needed, down chutes to the mixer at the mouth of the tunnel below. Concrete forms were made by bending dump-car rails to the desired shape. Placing the freshly mixed concrete behind the forms in the top segment of the tunnel roof was accomplished by hand shoveling, a rather crude arrangement in comparison with modern methods.

The breakthrough on No. 2 Tunnel finally came the morning of April 12, 1908. For a month the drilling crews had been hearing the shooting on the opposite side. They knew they were getting closer and closer together. But the tension did not get high until I told them on April 11 that the crews were only 12 feet apart. From then on they raced to see who could be the first to break through. The night of the eleventh I stayed up with the crew on the east side, thinking they would break through when they dynamited an hour before midnight.

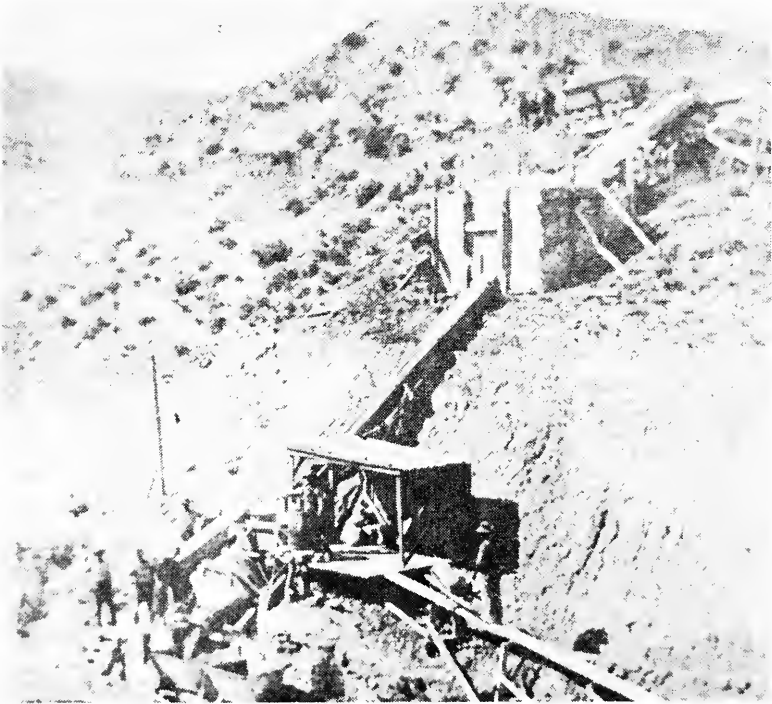
However, they failed to break through. So, I decided to stay on with the graveyard shift until they shot at 7 a.m.

Mike Flannery, a big Irishman, was boss on the graveyard shift.



*Courtesy of W. R. Bandy*

The heading of No. 2 Tunnel, showing the upper half of the tunnel, always kept ten feet ahead of the "bench." Note the curled fuses in the heading, ready for blasting. Members of the work crew are not identified.



*Courtesy of W. R. Bandy*

The gravel chute and storage bins for delivering gravel from the pit at the top of the "bench" to the tunnel entrance where concrete was mixed. Horse-drawn dump cars are shown at the top of the picture.

About 25 to 30 holes were drilled in the heading and bench of the face of the tunnel during each shift, and each was loaded with a heavy charge of dynamite. It was set off by an exploding cap placed on the end of the old-fashioned fuse and stuck into the charge of dynamite. The fuses were lit by hand. They were cut long enough to allow time to light all of the 25 or 30 and run to safety before the first explosion.

I helped Mike ignite 28 fuses for the shot at 7 a.m. Hand lighting so many fuses takes considerable time, even with two working at it. The first ones continue to spew sparks and smoke around one's feet while he is lighting the remainder.

It was hard work for me to keep my mind on my business with a dozen or more fuses spewing around my feet. I was ready to run for it when Mike said "That's all!" and started to yell, "Fire! Fire!"

Running down the tunnel out of range of flying rocks we crouched behind some posts and counted the shots as they exploded. Finally Mike said that was all. We rushed back into the smoke and gas to see if we had broken through.

We had missed count!

Just as we approached the heading, another charge exploded in front of us. Fortunately, it was a lifter down deep in the muck and did not throw rocks on us.

Waiting a few moments, we climbed over the loose rock. We could hear voices ahead. We knew the breakthrough had occurred. By that time we were choking on smoke and gas. We stuck our noses down into fresh air pouring through a small opening in the face of the tunnel.

A few questions put to the opposite crew assured me that we had struck head-on. My worries were over.

Through the winter and spring of 1907-08 all phases of the work progressed satisfactorily.

Accidents were few and minor, with the exception of one fatality among the ditch crew working Sage Creek. When they were cutting through a 20-foot ledge of sandstone, using hand steel and black powder an accident occurred. While they were loading a 20-foot drill hole by pouring powder into it, the powder clogged in the hole part way down.

A workman picked up a steel drill instead of a wooden stick to clear the hole. A spark touched off the powder sending a piece of sandstone weighing several tons rolling over the man.

Occasionally, personal altercations between workmen enlivened the camp. One morning the fat Chinese cook and the big white flunky got into a fight over who should fill the hot water tank on the back of the range. One used a cleaver and the other a heavy iron dipper, and they made quite a mess.

The fight broke up when the cook bit a chunk out of the flunky's leg. The cook came running toward the office with his bloody apron wrapped around his head and neck. At first glance it looked

like his head had been cut off. To top it off, our pet coyote, sensing something wrong, set up an awful howl.

Another time a chainman flipped a steel tape against the wet trouser leg of the electrician while the electrician was standing on a wooden box for insulation while holding two hot wires. Fortunately, the electrician's wild leap when the shock hit him broke the contact, without serious results.

Cody was booming during the winter and spring of 1907-08, as a result of the many men employed on different public works projects in the area.

In addition to the Wiley Project were the Shoshone Dam above Cody, the Corbett Tunnel and the Shoshone Project irrigation canals. Among Cody's principal stores were the Cody Trading Company, managed by Jake Schwoob, and Dave Jones' store, the "Outfitter for Men and Boys."

Seven saloons on Main Street supplied refreshments while Etta Feeley's night club provided entertainment.

Things were flying high during the summer of 1908 until hard times struck. Money for public works became tight. The management of Wiley Project decided to try to raise more money to continue the work by advertising a big land opening to prospective farmers.

Special trains brought hundreds to view the lands. To carry the visitors over the area and to make a showing of prosperity, the company imported six big, red touring cars from Chicago. They were about the first cars of that size to hit the Basin.

The young drivers of the cars, also imported from Chicago, had a lot of fun before the crowds arrived by racing the cars over dusty roads, scaring teams and killing farmers' chickens that wondered into their paths.

The prospective settlers from the east looked over the sagebrush and salt-sage flats, dry as a bone and with promised water ditches far from complete. They shook their heads and returned home with their money in their pockets. The big land sale was a complete flop.

Shortly after that all work on the irrigation project stopped. Creditors swarmed in, and by means of mechanic liens, salvaged what they could from the equipment.

The workmen scattered to seek their fortunes elsewhere. Being footloose and free, I departed for my old home in Missouri for an extended vacation and to look over the new crop of girls.

It was more than 50 years later when I again visited the old abandoned construction sites. That was in 1959 with one of those Missouri girls as my wife.

Picking up Billy Edwards and his wife, Alice, at their Emblem, Wyoming home, we drove up to the old Wiley Project, tramped around the old campsites and tunnel mouths.

With mixed emotions we viewed the old caved-in tunnels we had



at one time been so proud of. Thoughts of bygone days haunted us as we viewed familiar landscape.

What changes had taken place.

The most impressive factor to indicate the lapse of time were six-inch pine trees growing in the bottom of the old canal! Nature had done its best to heal the scars by grassing over most of the slopes. But the ragged banks of the tunnel portals could not be healed so easily. Broken and rotten timbers hung from tunnel tops, piles of slacked shale all but blocked the tunnels once so spick and span.

Bats and wild animals now shared the dark caverns with the tunnel ghosts. From the ridge above the camp, familiar land marks were pointed out to our wives. South, on the north face of Carter Mountain, I could spot where I had felled my first buck as he bounded across open sliderock. Northeasterly were the reddish, pink badlands of McCulloch Peaks bringing memories of thirst, sweat and toil as I surveyed that waste land. Northward was the dark grove of timber on the tip of Hart Mountain, pinpointing the spot where in 1911 I established an iron post section corner for the U.S. General Land Office.

Leaving the tunnels and their ghostly inhabitants to their accustomed peace we drove to Cody where the hustle and bustle was a welcome change.

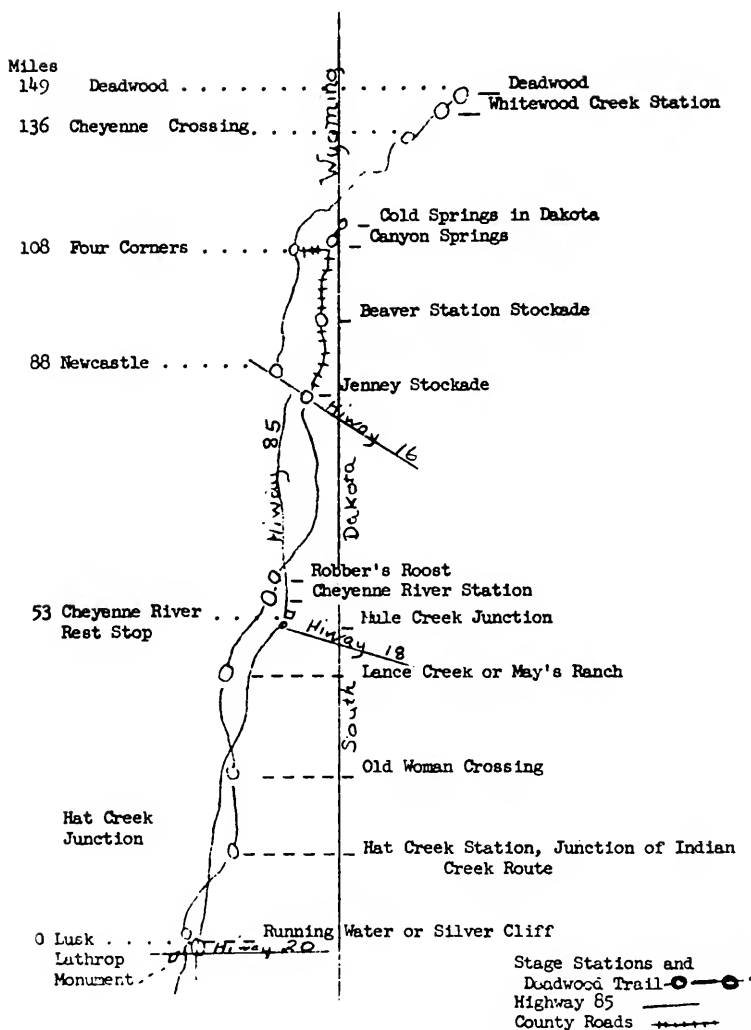
Gone from the streets, however, were the 10-horse freight outfits with their jerk-line drivers, heading for such faraway places as Meetetse, Thermopolis, or perhaps the Kirwin mines up on the shoulder of Frank's Peak. Gone were Tex Holm's four-horse Yellowstone Park stages. Missing also was the prancing buggy team sometimes seen in front of the Irma Hotel impatiently waiting to take Colonel W. F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody to his plush TE Ranch at the close of a show season.

At end of our visit, Bill and I both agreed our experiences on the Wiley Project had been a valuable part of our education, and added to our stock of tall stories to tell our children and grandchildren.

## TREK NO. 16

## LUCK TO DEADWOOD VIA JENNEY STOCKADE

July 16 - 18, 1965



CHEYENNE TO DEADWOOD STAGE ROUTE, 1867-1887

# *Cheyenne-Deadwood Trail Trek*

Trek No. 16 of the Historical Trail Treks

Sponsored by

WYOMING STATE ARCHIVES AND HISTORICAL  
DEPARTMENT

WYOMING STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Weston County Chapter, Wyoming State Historical Society  
in cooperation with

Society of Black Hill's Pioneers, Deadwood Chamber of  
Commerce, Lead Chamber of Commerce and the South Dakota  
Historical Society

under the direction of

Dick Eklund, Lyle Hildebrand, Paul Henderson and  
Maurine Carley

Compiled by

MAURINE CARLEY - Trek Historian  
July 16-18, 1965

Caravan - 60 cars - 135 participants

## OFFICERS

Captain.....	Sergeant Carey, Wyoming Highway Patrol, Lusk
Wagon Boss.....	Paul Henderson
Announcer.....	Bill Dubois
Guides.....	Dick Eklund, Lyle Hildebrand, Ed Cook, Jim Griffith, Stanford Brewster, Lewis Darrow, Fred Sweet
Historian.....	Maurine Carley
Topographer.....	H. M. "Doc" Townsend, U.S. Geological Survey, Denver
Photographers.....	Pete LaBonte, Helen Henderson, Marguerite Martin
Press.....	<i>The Lusk Herald,</i> <i>The Newcastle News Letter-Journal</i>
Registrars.....	Meda Walker, Jane Houston
Tickets.....	Fran Boan
Top Hand in Dakota.....	Nell Perrigoue



*Courtesy of Pierre LaBonte*  
Trekking at the start of the trek, at the George Lathrop monument, two miles west of Lusk.

NOTE: Mileage will continue from Running Water Station (133.07M.)

This trek completed the Cheyenne—Deadwood trail north from Lusk to Deadwood. So many changes were made in the stage route north from Running Water that it is impossible to follow one direct trail to Deadwood. One route crossed Sage Creek and Horse Head Creek and entered the Black Hills through Red Canyon; another went to Custer City by way of Indian Creek; another included Inyan Kara, Sundance and Spearfish. One interesting story tells that after the long, dusty trip from Cheyenne fresh, clean, light gray horses waited in Whitewood ready to make a spectacular dash into Deadwood. We followed the trail north from Hat Creek via Jenney Stockade. An account of Trek No. 15, covering the first half of the Cheyenne—Deadwood route, can be found in *Annals of Wyoming*, April, 1965.

### Friday - July 16, 1965

The trek began Friday evening at 6:30 with registration and a picnic at the Pioneer Court Motel in Lusk. The rest of the evening was spent in the Lusk Opery House, an open air structure built by the actors, who had also written their own parts. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the clever Meller Drammer, "Woman Suffrage (Wyoming Style.)" A trio, comedy singers, can-can girls and folk songs rounded out the program. Gaity and hilarity abounded. Lusk will long be remembered for its generous hospitality.

### Saturday - July 17

Guides: Dick Eklund, Jim Griffith, Stanford Brewster.

7:30 A.M. The group assembled rather promptly at the Lathrop Monument two miles west of Lusk on U.S. Highway 20. After introductions, Jim Griffith briefly told about George Lathrop, the last stage driver on the Cheyenne-Deadwood run. (His full account of George Lathrop is in the April, 1965, *Annals of Wyoming*).

8:10 A.M. The long motorcade traveled from Lusk on Highway 85 for four miles then turned east on a county road for about three miles and got on a branch of the old trail which passed through pine-covered hills topped by castle-like formations of sandstone. Suddenly we were stopped for a real treat when a group of road agents held up a south-bound stage in a very realistic manner for our benefit. Ed Cook, son of a driver once in the same predicament, was the driver. The people of Lusk added this enactment of an historic incident to our trek.

8:55 A.M. Reluctantly we departed from the exciting scene of the hold-up on our way through the breaks. Hat Rock could be seen in the distance to the left. It may have been that Hat Creek Stage Station (149.8 M.) received its name from this rock.

## HAT CREEK STAGE STATION

By Mae Urbanek

Ninety years ago it was prairie wilderness where we now stand. Only trails of buffalo and Indians bent the grasses of these meadows. Change came in 1875 when soldiers built a fort here. Fort Hat Creek, as it was called, was a mistake that made history.

First a few words of background events. After gold was discovered in the Black Hills of South Dakota in 1874, Captain Egan with a force of cavalry was sent out from Ft. Laramie to establish a fort on Hat Creek in Nebraska. His expedition met Indian opposition and wandered in the unmarked wilderness. When they came to a stream that answered the description of Hat Creek, they decided they had traveled far enough. On a bend of the creek, close to wood and water, they built Fort Hat Creek, a barrack of logs chinked with mud, having a dirt roof and floor. A horse corral of logs was a part of the building. A tunnel roofed with logs was built from the fort down to the creek, so in case of siege by Indians, the garrison could still obtain water. Later it was discovered that the fort was not built on Hat Creek in Nebraska, but on Sage Creek in Wyoming Territory. By coincidence a wind-carved, sandstone hill to the southwest resembles a hat and is locally known as Hat Rock.

Stages loaded with passengers and mail were rolling north from Cheyenne in early spring of 1876. Where we now stand was the last outpost of safety—beyond to the north was the most dangerous section of the entire route from Cheyenne to Deadwood; first infested with roving bands of hostile Indians; later with road



*Courtesy of Lusk Herald*

Hold-up of a southbound Cheyenne-Deadwood coach, staged in the breaks area near Lusk.

agents, often disguised as Indians, who made a practice of holding up the stages, robbing them of gold being transported to Cheyenne. Among the thousands of passengers were New York promoters in tall silk hats, miners, prospectors, missionaries, gamblers, Chinese laborers, wives, mothers, adventurers, soldiers, Wild Bill Hickok, and not the least in notoriety—Calamity Jane disguised as a teamster. Rumor has it that at Hat Creek she got drunk and was fired. A book could be written about the hundreds of incidents akin to the best in western movies.

In the early 1880's John Storrie and Tom Swan erected this two-story building by which we now stand. Later they sold to Andrew Falconer, whose granddaughters, Katherine and Rosalie Fields, are the present owners. Present occupants are Mr. and Mrs. Durl Holtz.

I am going to close by reading a few lines from *Songs of The Sage* by Mae Urbanek.

Change must come—it is a part of time.  
No red man's arrows and no dashing rain  
Can stop this surging drive of life, fighting  
To fill all vacancy—to build and wreck  
And build again, and dream of something better  
Beyond the blue-black hills that curtain off  
From view tomorrow's path.

Now buildings stand and white man's children play  
Where herds of buffalo once had their day.  
Yet, every age of men who come and go  
Would like to mold all life and leave it so—  
Frozen in that pattern. But life is free!  
And pioneers will always live to say  
Tomorrow is another, different day.

9:30 A.M. We left Hat Creek Station on the trail, then went two miles west to Hat Creek Store where we turned north on the pavement. At 163 M. we could see the trail again. At 170 M. it crossed to the west side of the highway. This was a pleasant ride in Old Woman Valley with Sage Creek to our right and Lance Creek off to the left. Fields of sun flowers and yellow sweet clover added to the beauty, with low hills in the background.

10:15 A.M. We arrived at Mule Creek Junction (183 M.) where we caught the first glimpse of the Black Hills in the distance. Since we were unable to get to the next two stations—Old Woman Creek Station (148 M.) and May's Ranch (176.54 M.)—the two papers were read at the Junction.

#### OLD WOMAN CREEK STATION-

By Mrs. George Christian

Read by Albert DeGering

The north route of the Cheyenne-Black Hills stage route ran along the fork of Old Woman's Creek toward Jenney Stockade.

Old Woman's Creek was so named because the ghost of an Indian squaw was supposed to be seen dancing in the moonlight on a rimrock above the creek. A road ranch was built on Old Woman's Creek in 1877 and Sourdough Dick was the stock tender.

Since the stage carried mail, the Post Office Department deputized Scott Davis, D. Boone May and eight others and equipped them with good horses and ammunition to protect the stage. These men were paid \$5 a day plus \$200 bonus for every road agent they captured dead or alive.

On September 13, 1878, six men robbed the mail on a north-bound coach about 11 o'clock at night at Old Woman's fork. After taking \$10 from a passenger named Goldworthy, they returned it because he said he was a laboring man. They did not molest the other passenger, a woman.

The coach went on and soon met the south bound coach and warned its driver that robbers were in the vicinity of Old Woman's fork. Boone May and John Zimmerman, who were riding about 200 yards in the rear of the coach, dropped farther back and kept out of sight. When the coach reached the vicinity of Old Woman's fork and the recent robbery, it was stopped by a command from the outlaws.

As soon as the robbers had "gone through" the passengers, they put the mail sacks on the ground. Suddenly they realized that the shotgun messengers were closing in on them. The outlaws opened fire. May and Zimmerman returned the fire instantly. A robber, afterwards identified as Frank Towle (or Toll) fell, fatally wounded. According to Boone May, he recognized one of the robbers as Frank James, alias Tom Reed.

"Get in the coach and drive on," the robbers shouted to the passengers as they began to retreat. They kept up a steady fire in the direction of May and Zimmerman. Since these two men soon realized they could not dislodge so many outlaws, they mounted their horses and joined the retreating coach. The mail was left in the road near the body of the fallen robber. The next morning when the mail was recovered, there was a pool of blood in the road beside the rifled sacks. C. H. Brown, of Denver, a coach passenger, who was robbed of \$10 and a satchel, praised the guards very highly for the way they conducted themselves during the attack.

## MAY'S RANCH OR LANCE CREEK STAGE STATION

By Pauline Marchant

In June of 1877 a new cutoff was opened on the Cheyenne-Deadwood Stage Route, which went north from Hat Creek. About 28 miles north was May's ranch on Lance Creek, known as the Lance Creek Station. Here Jim May was stock tender and station keeper. The official survey made by Captain W. A. Stanton and



his assistants was finished on August 25, 1877, and showed that Lance Creek Station was 176.54 miles from Cheyenne.

About November 1, 1877, Dunc Blackburn and James Wall stole eight horses from the Lance Creek Station. Scott Davis, a messenger, who was just recovered from a wound in his leg, asked authority to go after these thieves. With a detail of four men and a non-commissioned officer from Fort Laramie, Davis started out. They headed westward. Heavy snows had fallen and the soldiers refused to go on when they got to Sweetwater valley. Davis, thoroughly disgusted with the men, pushed on alone. When his horse gave out he exchanged it for another, found in a ranchman's barn one night. He traveled on to South Pass and left his horse, took his saddle and guns and boarded the south bound stage for Green River. He got off at Alkali stage station and inquired as to whether they had seen two men with eight horses. He found the men sleeping in a haystack. Shooting started and James Wall went down wounded in both legs but Blackburn escaped without his coat, shoes or hat. Wall was turned over to Charles Brown, a Deputy from Green River. Davis found the eight horses and headed for Green River. That night Blackburn also came into town to buy some clothes and he was arrested. When the Overland Express of the Union Pacific thundered into Cheyenne, November 23, 1877, it carried Davis, the two road agents and the eight recovered stage horses. A large crowd came to get a look at the man who had nerve enough to capture two road agents.

When the soldiers came back to Fort Laramie they were court-martialed for neglect of duty and it is said they were sent to the Federal penitentiary in Leavenworth, Kansas.

George Draper, a member of the Wyoming legislature, then in session, introduced a resolution of thanks that was adopted by the lawmakers. It read: "Resolved by the Council, the House of Representatives concurring, that the untiring efforts and signal bravery displayed by Mr. Scott Davis in his recent capture of the notorious 'road agents' Dunc Blackburn and James Wall, deserves recognition by the Fifth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, and that the thanks of the Assembly are hereby tendered him for his services in bringing these marauders to justice.

"Resolved, that the Honorable G. W. French, Secretary of the Territory of Wyoming, be requested to furnish Mr. Scott Davis with a copy of this resolution."

On January 12, 1878, Davis received \$400 for the arrest and conviction of Blackburn and Wall.

The coach that left Deadwood for Cheyenne on July 23, 1877, was detained at Jenney Stockade because of high water, making it arrive at Lance Creek late, about 2 o'clock in the morning. At Lance Creek it was held up by six masked men. Only one passenger, Rev. J. W. Picket, was on board. They did not molest him or the driver but robbed the mailsacks of registered letters and other

valuable material. They broke open the treasure boxes but found them empty. After about half an hour they ordered the driver to go on. This was the first time on the Cheyenne to Deadwood route that the United States mails were robbed.

In the latter part of August, 1877, a northbound coach was stopped between Cheyenne River and Lance Creek by three agents. After compelling the passengers to throw up their hands the robbers went through their pockets, took two watches and a small amount of money. They cut open the mail sacks and took the registered letters and left the balance of the mail strewn on the ground. After this, Postmaster General Key ordered that registered mail going up to Deadwood should be carried only on the treasure coach.

On September 10, 1878, three armed men stopped a southbound coach near Lance Creek. They robbed the four passengers and plundered the mail. Just then the northbound coach arrived. They stopped it, robbed the passengers, cut open the mail sacks and broke the treasure boxes and took their contents. One of these thieves wore no mask and was thought to be William Wallace (Lengthy) Johnson. When he was captured and taken in he was released because of lack of evidence.

One time when Mrs. Charles Partridge, wife of the telegraph operator at the Hat Creek Station, was a coach passenger enroute from Deadwood to Hat Creek, the stage was held up by a lone road agent at the second crossing on Lance Creek, which was about one mile north of the Lance Creek Stage Station. The bandit made the driver cut the team loose. He then dynamited the safe and obtained one gold brick. The stage started off again, and as they were crossing Lance Creek near the station they saw the road agent watering his horse. The driver shot and killed him, but the gold brick had disappeared. It was presumed to have been buried or hidden somewhere between the two crossings. It is my understanding that much hunting has been done for this gold brick.

My grandfather, Henry Thompson, was a freighter between Cheyenne and the Black Hills in 1876, '77 and '78. He made one trip in 1878 over this Cheyenne-Deadwood trail, but the rest of the trips were made farther to the east of here. How I wish I had been older and could remember more of the stories he told of his trips as a freighter.

In 1895, my husband's grandfather, John T. Hogg, and his family came from West Virginia, following a son, Will, who had come to Wyoming in 1888. They built the HOG ranch on Lance Creek, within a hundred yards of where the Lance Creek stage station stood. In 1896, while fencing the yard, Will uncovered a set of heavy white dishes, four plates, three cups, saucers, vegetable dish and pitcher, which had been buried many years before, as the ground was well packed around them. There are many supposi-

tions as to what might have happened when these dishes were buried.

10:45 A.M. Ed Cook and Lewis Darrow led us to the Cheyenne River Rest Area, a shady spot on the Cheyenne River. It was impracticable to get to Robber's Roost Station (193 M.) so Mose Cooksey, owner of the site, gave its history while Mrs. Cooksey showed rocks with fossils embedded in them, cartridges and other relics found there. It is believed that watches were burned in a Dutch oven at Robber's Roost during the trail days, but these have never been found. In fact all fossils and artifacts are now under the grass.

### ROBBER'S ROOST STAGE STATION

By C. R. (Mose) Cooksey

Robber's Roost Station was located about three miles south of what was known as Robber's Roost Crossing where the Cheyenne-Deadwood stages crossed the creek on their many and dangerous trips. This bridge over the creek was one of the spots most dreaded by the stage drivers in those days.

The bluffs to the west and south afforded fine lookout posts for the road agents as they waited for the stages to come down from Deadwood or north from Cheyenne. The agents could see the stages on the trail for miles and still have time to hide under the bridge before the driver and guards could see them.

The first time I was at the Crossing was in 1903 and all that was left of the old bridge were two pilings. These were carved with the names and initials of many of the early-day settlers.

Now, what is left of Robber's Roost Station or Burnt Station, as some call it, is on my land down close to Cheyenne River. Its exact location is N.W., N.W; S. 29, 40, 61. While I was visiting with Fred Sullivan in Lusk about 20 years ago, he told me that Robber's Roost Station was located three miles south of the Roost bridge because they had to get down close to Cheyenne River in order to get a water well. A depression in the earth still marks the place where this well was located. Only a pile of rocks was found where the fireplace must have fallen when the station burned. Rumor tells us it was burned by the Indians in 1886, so it was in use by the stage line for only about nine or ten years.

Chris Holly was another of the old stage drivers. He and a friend came back to the Robber's Roost country about 20 years ago in search of a treasure that Big Nose George Parrot had taken from one of the stage coaches. He was supposed to have buried it on Sheep Creek. Holly carried a map supposedly made by Big Nose George at the time he buried the gold, but the treasure was never found. Metal detectors have since been used and still no treasure has been located.

The only road agent I ever knew was Doc Middleton, whose

right name was James Riley. When I knew Doc he had settled down considerably and was a law-abiding citizen. He ran a saloon at Ardmore. When he made trips to Edgemont in the '90s he drove a team and stabled it at the livery barn. Several other small boys and I spent a lot of time at the livery barn listening to the exciting tales Doc told of his adventures on the old trail.

It was in that barn that I first learned of Robber's Roost Bridge, the Creek and Station, and heard the story of the station being burned by the Indians in 1886. Little did I think that someday I would live so near this historic spot. I think a marker should be placed on the highway giving the history of this historic station.

11:25 A.M. A short distance from Cheyenne River an old gnarled tree was pointed out. From its branches a road agent once hung. We continued on the highway to Newcastle where lunch was eaten on the lawn near the Chamber of Commerce which was built from the logs brought in from Jenney Stockade. Coffee and cold drinks were provided by the Weston County Historical Society, while the group rested under the trees and listened to the history of Jenney Stockade.

## JENNEY STOCKADE

By Marie Graham

According to history, a topographical engineering party, headed by Lt. G. K. Warren in company with Dr. F. V. Hayden, geologist, were the first to stop at the site of the Jenney Stockade. They camped on the east bank of Stockade Beaver Creek. After they built a log corral about 300 feet east of the present ranch house of the LAK Ranch they explored the Hills for gold, oil and minerals.

Eighteen years later, on May 17, 1875, 75 geologists and miners headed by Professor Walter P. Jenney, left Cheyenne City (Cheyenne, Wyoming) for the Black Hills. At Fort Laramie they were joined by 432 soldiers under the command of Lt. Col. Richard Irving Dodge. Two ambulances also came along. They arrived at the Warren camp site June 3 and started building a log fort the next day.

Construction was delayed because Henry Keets, the first boot-legger in the Black Hills, came driving up with his team of ponies hitched to a two-wheeled cart. He sold whiskey at fifty cents a cup but was soon escorted back to Fort Laramie.

The building at Camp Jenney was finally completed in ten days. It was used as a supply depot for all the camps throughout the Hills. The men worked all summer from this camp but returned to Fort Laramie and Cheyenne on October 5. They left a supply of provisions with one man in charge.

About this same time a man by the name of Keise was shot through the head by his partner. He is buried about two miles

northeast of the LAK on the road going to Stonewall City, better known as Custer.

Camp Jenney, later known as Jenney Stockade, was used as a stage coach station for several years. The Cheyenne-Deadwood stage coaches made regular stops here. Besides gold, salt was mined from the salt springs located about ten miles above the camp, near the Flying V Ranch. This salt was sold to the people of the Black Hills as late as 1884. The first oil locations were made about two miles above the Stockade. Soon about 100 oil wells were located.

On June 22, 1877, the land on which the Stockade was located became the property of Florida, Burrougs (Burrows) and Spencer. That winter, Spencer secured Florida's interest and organized the LAK Cattle Company. (Lake, Allerton and Spencer).

The stockade building, in the shape of a large "L", served in turn as a stockade, stage station, hostlery, dwelling house, store house and blacksmith shop. For fifty years it served thus but when the modern buildings of the LAK were built it became necessary to move the old stockade. The Twentieth Century Club of Newcastle decided to salvage at least part of it. Three men, Ben Hilton, Frank Hilton and Jack Cross, dismantled it log by log and numbered each one so they could be reassembled properly. It was erected on the Court House lawn and is now used as the Chamber of Commerce office in Newcastle. This building still has the original port holes.

1:10 P.M. We left Newcastle on Highway 16 for the site of Jenney Stockade (221 M.) where we stopped to read the marker:

#### JENNEY STOCKADE

1/2 miles east of this spot was a supply depot for army units conveying the Professor W. P. Jenney party, which in 1875, surveyed mineral and other resources of the Black Hills for the United States. In 1876 it was a station of the Cheyenne-Deadwood Stage Line.

One reference mentions that in February, 1878, an early thaw melted the snow in the gulches and the sleighs had to be taken off the run between Jenney Stockade and Deadwood, the coaches travelling hub-deep in water-filled ruts, but they were put on again during a five-day blizzard early in March.

On September 26, 1878, Beaver Station played a minor role in the well-known Canyon Springs treasure coach robbery. Jesse Brown, Boone May and Billy Sample, three of the regular "shotgun messenger" guards, waited there to be ready to pick up the loaded coach on its down journey and to accompany it on horseback from Beaver Station to Hat Creek. When the coach didn't arrive on schedule the three started up the road to look for it and thus met Scott Davis, who had escaped the bandits and was headed for Beaver Station on a horse he had obtained at the Eager ranch.

Other than this, there was apparently no excitement at this station during the time it was in use.

The next month, October, 1878, the route was changed to avoid the hilly roads north of Jenney Stockade and Beaver Station was abandoned after 16 months.

When the Edward Thomson family arrived on Beaver Creek in September, 1886, they moved into the only available building on the Creek—abandoned stage station on the Eager ranch. They lived there during the winter of 1886-87. At that time the Thomas P. Sweets were the only other family on the Creek.

Today all that remains to mark the place where the station stood is a deep depression in the grassy slope of the west side of the valley where the cellar was. A few stones still imbedded in the ground indicate the position of the fireplace. Down the valley a few hundred feet a faint trail can be seen as it comes over a hill between scattered boulders.

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*Last Grass Frontier*

Sponsored by South Dakota Stockgrowers Assoc.

Black Hills Publishers, Inc.

Sturgie, So. Dak. 1964

Copyrighted by S. D. Stockgrowers Assoc.

Spring, Agnes Wright

*The Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage and Express Routes*

Glendale, Calif., The Arthur H. Clark Co., 1949

Interview with Sarah Thomson McCoy, pioneer.

2:00 P.M. We returned to Newcastle with its winding, hilly streets and immediately entered the Black Hills. Soon we passed a red butte with a flat top called Fanny's Peak. Mrs. Graham said that this peak was used by both Indians and whites as a lookout. In the 1850's, Sir George Gore, of Iligo, Ireland and 75 men slaughtered a large number of buffalo near here. He is the one who named the peak for his friend, the astronomer, W. A. F. Fitzwilliams. A large telescope was mounted there to study and observe the stars.

2:15 P.M. We continued to the crossroad from Four Corners to Mallo Camp Ground. Since it was impossible to turn such a long motorcade around at Canyon Springs (241 M.) we stopped at the marker.

#### CANYON SPRINGS

By Mabel Brown

We cannot see the location of the old Canyon Springs Station from here, but if we were to go on down the road about three and

one half miles to the east, we could see it back there in the timber. It was located on upper Beaver Creek, about 37 miles south of Deadwood and 20 miles north of Jenney Stockade, on the Wyoming side of the line. Old maps place it a short distance southeast of the present Four Corners store.

The old station was built of logs, with quarters for the stock tender in one end, and a stable and feed storage in the other. It was known as a relay station, where teams were changed quickly before going on to the next stop. The structure was torn down many years ago.

Perhaps we would never have heard of Canyon Springs Station had it not been the site of the daring robbery of the bullet-proof treasure coach, the Monitor. This coach had steel-plated walls, a chest bolted to the floor and a combination safe lock. The builders claimed that it was robber-proof for twenty-four hours. Holdups along the Cheyenne-Deadwood trail occurred so frequently that Hills residents paid them little heed but their attention was caught that 25th day of September in 1878.

Scott Davis, Galen Hill and Cap Smith were riding shotgun on the treasure coach. Gene Barnett was driving and, contrary to the rules, Hugh Campbell was a passenger. He was a telegraph operator on his way to a job at Camp Jenney. The Superintendent, W. H. Ward, had started out with the coach but for some unexplained reason had turned back after the noon stop at Cold Springs, three miles north.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the treasure coach pulled up in front of the Canyon Springs Station. Things seemed pretty much the same as usual except that Bill Miner, the stock-tender, was nowhere in sight. Hill yelled for the tender, then jumped down and put a chock block under the wheel of the coach. As he raised up he was met by gunfire from the stable. Although badly injured, he managed to wound one of the road agents but received another bullet through the arm. He fell, but dragged himself out of range into the edge of the brush. One of the bullets in the barrage hit Campbell, who died almost instantly.

Cap Smith was hit by a splinter from the top of the coach and knocked unconscious. Scott Davis thought that Smith was killed and realizing he must do something mighty fast, jumped out on the opposite side of the coach from the robber's position and made a run for a big pine tree. He signaled Barnett to whip up the horses and get out of there. Barnett had remained in his place as he was supposed to do and tried to carry out Davis' orders but one of the outlaws grabbed the horses. Davis dropped the outlaw. Another agent had maneuvered his way to the barn where he could catch Davis in a cross fire and drive him out. Hill, half-dazed by pain, was able to raise his gun and fire. The robber fell dead.

The leader of the gang ordered Barnett down from the coach and used him as a shield as he advanced toward Davis, shouting for

him to surrender. Davis told the bandit if he came an inch closer he would shoot. He probably would have done so but saw that he would also kill Barnett. Davis leaped back into the deep brush and managed to get away. He proceeded down Beaver Creek where he met Jesse Brown, Boone May and Billy Sample coming to see what had delayed the coach. Less than two hours later when the men arrived at Canyon Springs, the treasure box had been broken open and the valuables taken. The gang had divided the loot and split up to make their escape.

Eventually most of the treasure was recovered but a portion of it was never found and is believed to be buried somewhere in the vicinity. Youngsters and oldsters alike have searched for the buried loot, but all in vain.

I recently heard a tale which may account for the gold remaining undiscovered. A long-time resident of the Canyon Springs prairie told me that he had heard of a man who was believed to have found the gold. The man lived near Red Butte. One day as he was digging potatoes in the field near where the treasure was supposedly cached, he suddenly picked up something, dumped the potatoes, threw the sack over his shoulder and walked out of the field, out of the country and out of the lives of his family. He has never been heard from since.

The Canyon Springs Station continued but a short time after the robbery. It was abandoned when a new route out of the timber was established.

## COLD SPRINGS STATION

By Joe Koller

In 1964 Will Robinson, South Dakota State Historian, Sam Hooks and I made a field trip to locate the site of Cold Springs Stage Station on the Cheyenne-Deadwood line. Sam had been raised in that area, and he knew where the station had been located from what the old timers told him as a boy.

He led off the highway, in a left turn, a short distance south from the South Dakota—Wyoming highway marker on U. S. 85. We drove up a little grassy draw in a southeasterly direction and soon came to a good flowing stream of clear water, Cold Springs Creek. We followed up the creek and came to the old log stage barn that Sam said was built and used after the old Cold Springs facility had been destroyed by fire.

Presently the draw bent to the south and jack pine timber crowded the hilltops. The creek seemed to grow narrower and shallower and soon there was no creek at all. In a washed gully centering the grassy draw we found a group of springs that boiled out of the ground and gave the creek its flow. A guess as to the distance traveled from the take off point on the highway to the springs area might be two miles, more or less. A survey stake with an engraved



brass cap on it was found near the springs site. Mr. Robinson took its number and information and upon examining topographic maps declared that the Cold Springs were located on Section 8 and 9, Township 2, North; Range 1, East. The station site was about an eighth of a mile farther up this gulch. The location was near the state line, perhaps on the Wyoming side.

Sam Hooks led on foot up the draw and after examining the surroundings, pointed to a scattering of limestone rock on the east side of the draw, near its grassed-over bottom, and said that was the original location of Cold Springs Stage Station. There was no evidence of a building ever having been there. Jack pines surround the area now and grass covers the region. Hooks and Robinson scouted over hill tops for some sign of the old trail but could not locate it. After 86 years, time has erased such route markings.

Before coming to the log barn Sam pointed out a ridge along a flanking hillside to our north and said it was the old ditch that miners had dug in early days in an effort to run the Cold Springs water from the creek across the hills country to Tinton District, south of Spearfish Canyon, for sluicing purposes. The project failed because too much water was lost enroute by seepage and flumes.

Cold Spring Stage Station was located on Charley W. Snow's 1878 ranch, according to historical research, and was likely built of logs. It was an important station on the Deadwood—Cheyenne line because it was the only junction station in the northern Black Hills on the system. South of Cold Springs lay Canyon Springs Station in the forested hills. Northward the line advanced toward Deadwood via Ten Mile, Cheyenne Crossing and the Whitewood Gulch route. A branch line ran east from Cold Springs Station to Mountain City (now Deerfield) where it forked; its upper branch leading on to the Rochford mines, and its lower branch proceeding to Tigerville and Hill City where it connected with the Telegraph Road to Custer.

These feeder lines brought traffic to Cold Springs. It was a station of services. The treasure coach that left Deadwood in the morning made Cold Springs its dinner stop while the teams were changed for the run south. Here in September, 1878, it is said, William Ward, the stage line's superintendent at Deadwood, who was supposed to ride the treasure coach all the way to Hat Creek Station that day, gave his seat in the Monitor to Hugh Campbell, a passenger, and taking a company horse rode back to Deadwood the fateful day of the robbery.

Cold Springs was used as a station only a few months. After the treasure coach robbery a new route was laid out that kept more in the open, and both the forest-bound Cold Springs and Canyon Springs stations were abandoned. Later the facility was somehow destroyed by fire. That is when the big log barn was built farther down the draw for stage line use. It is one of the few buildings

left that were once associated with the coach travel era. From the barn, the trail, so Hooks pointed out, headed straight east keeping to high ground in its routing on to the head of Whitewood Canyon and Deadwood.

Highway 85 crosses Cold Springs Creek so anyone trying to find the barn and station site can do so by following the creek up to its source and beyond to the white rocks designated as the old station's site.

3:00 P.M. At the Canyon Springs stop we were delighted to meet the South Dakotans who had come to welcome us to their state. They were Fred Borsch, president of the Society of Black Hill's Pioneers, Mr. and Mrs. Cushman Clark and Mrs. Margaret Furois. At the border of Wyoming our patrolman turned us over to Earl Engebretson, Deputy Sheriff of Lawrence County. He led us over Oneill Pass (6700 ft.) and down beautiful Spearfish Canyon. The canyons were shrouded in clouds. From 256 M. Highway 85 followed the stage road to Deadwood.

4:00 P.M. We stopped at Cheyenne Crossing (270 M.) where the Deadwood trail crossed Spearfish Creek. Here Mr. Walter Daniels, president of the Lead Chamber of Commerce, and Mrs. Daniels welcomed us. John Moody distributed an attractive booklet of *The Homestake Story* and we listened to a paper in the mist.

## CHEYENNE CROSSING STATION

By Cushman Clark

The Cheyenne Crossing Station on the Cheyenne-Deadwood route had probably the shortest life - about 12 months - of any major station on the system. According to Agnes Wright Spring's book on the stage lines, a new route was started in June, '77, bypassing Custer and avoiding Red Canyon, a worrisome spot along the early run. This new location was through Jenney Stockade and Cold Springs and came from there to Deadwood via Whitewood Creek, as did the earlier route from Custer. Coaches came into Deadwood from Pluma and crossed the Lee Street bridge to get to the stage station on Main Street.

It was in the fall of 1877 that the route was changed to come in from Cold Springs by way of Spearfish and Ice Box Canyons, evidently a shorter or easier location, and it is at the juncture of the two canyons that this Cheyenne Crossing Station was located. After going up Ice Box Canyon, the road goes down what we now call Aztec Hill (or it may have been in the adjoining gully to the south), then to Whitetail, Lead, Poorman Gulch to Deadwood Creek (location of the richest placer deposits) and then through Central City to Deadwood, coming in on upper Main Street.

Two weeks after the Monitor treasure coach was robbed at Canyon Springs in late September '78, the route was drastically

changed, to come into Deadwood on the east side of the Hills, by way of Buffalo Gap and Rapid City. This change had been under consideration for some time, and the robbery no doubt hurried the change-over along. This new way exposed the coaches to the fewest steep grades and densely-forested roads, and was in open country, allowing few chances for road agents to take cover.

For some time, Sidney, Nebraska, gained at the expense of Cheyenne, for the new route was shorter to that point on the railroad. Thus, Cheyenne Crossing had about a year's exciting life on the early bandit-infested run from the gold camps to the railhead.

When he was nine years old, my father, Horace Clark, came in on this route with his parents on July 4th, 1878, and distinctly remembers Spearfish Canyon and Cheyenne Crossing. My mother, Charlotte Clark, came in with her family when she was three. From what her mother often told her, she remembers that they came in on the run from the east. It was in late October, 1878, probably after the October 10th change in the stage route. Her memory is that they came directly into Deadwood down a steep hill, which would have been the Spearfish Hill run from Crook City.

5:00 P.M. Ice Box Canyon seemed appropriately named as we traveled up, only to go down Aztec Hill. In Lead we stopped for a moment to see the huge scar in the mountain cut away by miners at the famous Homestake Mine.

5:30 P.M. We arrived in Deadwood (282 M.).

### MINER'S DINNER

6:30 P.M. Nell Perrigoue, the very capable secretary for the Deadwood Chamber of Commerce, had arranged a Miner's Dinner at the Franklin Hotel. The tables were gay with red plaid tablecloths and candles in beer bottles. The food, served family style, was huge platters of corned beef, cabbage, boiled potatoes with the skins on, beans, corn bread with syrup and gingerbread.

Mr. George Hunter, the past president of the Society of Black Hill's Pioneers, was the toastmaster and raconteur of lively tales of historic Deadwood. Greetings from Wyoming's Governor Cliff Hansen were read:

Howdy, neighbors!

Our Wyoming travelers carry greetings from us to you history buffs of South Dakota. Your hospitable reception is warmly appreciated.

These treks across the very spots where history was made bring our great Western heritage clearly to life. All of you are to be congratulated for taking part in reliving a bit of our two states' exciting past.

I know our Wyoming people will welcome the opportunity, especially during this Diamond Jubilee year, to return the fine

hospitality of South Dakota. In the meantime, accept our thanks for making their trip more pleasant and interesting.

With best wishes, Sincerely, Cliff Hansen

### EVENING IN DEADWOOD

8:00 P.M. We all went out on the street to see the capture of Jack McCall, then followed to see "The Trial of Jack McCall for the Killing of Wild Bill Hickok". Two members of our party, Verne Mokler and Robert Larson, served capably on the jury.

### Sunday - July 18

After breakfast our group toured the Wax Museum and the Adams Museum. The patrol then escorted us to the cemetery where Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane are buried, and onto Highway 385 which led us toward home. This road roughly follows one of the other trails used by the stages. It wound through beautiful hills covered with aspens and pines.

We passed the site of Sheridan Stage Station, now completely submerged under sixteen feet of water. We saw in the distance the mountain where the statue of Crazy Horse is being carved, then drove through Custer where once stood a stage station.

Mr. Carey, our Wyoming patrolman, was waiting for us at the Wyoming line. He escorted us safely back to Lusk where Trek No. 16 ended.

### TREKKERS ON THE CHEYENNE-DEADWOOD TRAIL - 1965

#### BUFFALO

Howard S. Watts

#### BURNS

Mrs. T. Wesley Bastian

Mr. and Mrs. H. Fletcher Youtz

#### CASPER

Richard A. Eklund

Marian Haseas

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Jones

Hazel M. McGinley

Mr. and Mrs. Verne Mokler

Mrs. Irene Patterson

Joseph P. Snowden

Edness Kimball Wilkins

#### CHEYENNE

Rosalind Bealey

Winifred S. Bergren

Mr. and Mrs. James Boan and  
Kelley

Maurine Carley

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Carlile

Virginia Carlisle

William Dubois

Paul Edwards

Jane Houston

Mary Hutchinson

Robert Larson

Marguerite Martin

Vera Ritter

Dorris Sander

Loretta Strande

Meda Walker

Grant Willson

#### DOUGLAS

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Carson

Lyle Hildebrand

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Stevens

#### FORT LARAMIE

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stout

#### GREEN RIVER

Louis Hellervell

## HAT CREEK

Mr. and Mrs. Albert DeGering  
Leonard DeGering

## HILLSDALE

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Towns

## LARAMIE

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Kundz

## LINGLE

Grace Vandel

## LUSK

L. E. Carey  
Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Cook  
Mr. and Mrs. Jim Griffith  
M. C. Kaan  
Nick Kaan  
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kuhn  
Jerry Urbanek  
Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Watson  
Mr. and Mrs. Glen Willson  
Dale Windom

## MULE CREEK

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Spencer

## NEWCASTLE

Mable E. Brown  
Julie Clark  
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Cooksey  
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Darrow  
Debbie Dumbrell  
Mr. and Mrs. James Fletcher  
Mrs. Hugh Graham  
Judge and Mrs. Rodney Guthrie  
Pauline Marchant  
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Mikesell  
Elizabeth Thorpe and Stacy

## PINE BLUFFS

Mildred W. Fann  
Mrs. Esther Schacher

## TORRINGTON

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Hertzler  
Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Peterson  
Mr. and Mrs. Warren Russell

## ARIZONA

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. LeMay

## CALIFORNIA

Sidney Miller  
Ruth Petty

## COLORADO

H. M. Townsend

## MASSACHUSETTS

Pierre LaBonte

## MISSOURI

Christine Williams

## NEBRASKA

H. H. Dodd  
Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Enlow  
Mr. and Mrs. George Ellis  
Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Heady  
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Henderson  
Mr. and Mrs. William Lenley  
John Mador  
Vance Nelson  
Mr. and Mrs. John Waitman

## SOUTH DAKOTA

Harry Anderson  
Fred Borsch  
Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Brigham  
Mr. and Mrs. Cushman Clark  
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Eklund  
Margaret Furois  
Will Robinson  
Cawille Yuill  
WISCONSIN  
Marilyn Schenk

## AUSTRALIA

David Geddes  
Richard Peters

# *Pony Express*

By

LEELAND U. GRIEVE

Last night as I stood dreaming  
All alone in a hotel door  
An aeroplane flew over me  
With that humming drumming roar.

Like an eagle in the sky it was  
So strong, so light, so frail  
It was headed toward the setting sun  
And carrying the western mail.

Let's turn back a page in history  
To another age and day  
It's still a tale of carrying the mail  
But it's told in another way.

Across a bleak and bare prairie  
A calm and lonely wilderness  
They ruled alone on a galloping throne  
And they called it the Pony Express.

There was a kind of lonely silence  
In this silent, lonely land  
Where success hung on the trigger  
And the staff of life was sand.

They rode a half-breed mustang  
Of a true and tried-out breed  
They sacrificed the comfort  
And put it all in speed.

For they could not stop to argue  
The subject pro or con  
The mail must be delivered  
The rider must go on.

The horse is long forgotten  
Their guns have turned to rust  
The riders in the grave yards  
Have moldered into dust.

That sight tonight was progress  
It proves that they were right  
Their spirits may be flying  
With that drumming plane tonight.

# *Wyoming State Historical Society*

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

*By*

VIOLET HORD

In 1953 a little news note came out in Wyoming newspapers stating that all interested persons were invited to meet in Casper for the purpose of forming an historical society. Many came from all over the state and a society was started.

Miss Lola Homsher, director of the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department, felt people throughout the State could be very helpful in collecting history and took this means of bringing them together.

In looking back at the annual state meetings many interesting and delightful occasions are brought to mind.

Casper held the first meeting and the group visited old Fort Caspar but most of the time was devoted to organization.

Lander hosted the next meeting and the group laid more plans and toured historical sites.

Everyone who attended well remembers the Gillette meeting and the trip to Devils Tower, where the members had arranged a buffalo and beef barbecue. Several thousand people attended on that day. Passing tourists saw cars and people and came down and joined them. Many members were strangers to each other and the tourists just mingled with the crowd, probably thinking that Wyoming people were most hospitable—which they are.

There was the meeting in Cody where the John Colter pageant was presented—and the luncheon at Valley Ranch given by Larry Larome. I hope he knows how much it was enjoyed.

Many had never heard of the Grand Canyon of Southeastern Wyoming until the convention in Cheyenne. There the group stood on the rim of the canyon and looked far south—down to the smoke rising from Fort Collins—many miles away. Cheyenne members cooked and served the breakfast in a Cheyenne park on Sunday morning while the costumed Cheyenne Ki-Ann Indian dancers performed authentic Indian dances.

At the annual meeting in Rawlins the breakfast was held on the river by old Fort Steele. Mr. A. H. MacDougall, president of the State Society at that time, had killed the antelope that supplied the sausage for the breakfast. He said it was the last time he would ever go hunting.

In some ways the Sunday morning breakfasts are the most friendly time of the meeting. Everyone circulates around and gets acquainted.

In Buffalo trips were made to many points of historical interest. Members breakfasted on the beautiful lawn of the Wyoming State Soldiers and Sailors Home, west of Buffalo, with the residents of the home. Here in the fresh fall air, with the Big Horn Mountains in the background, a group performed Basque dances much to the enjoyment of the visitors.

Torrington has many historical sites. The group visited old Fort Laramie—now being restored and well worth the trip to see it. They viewed Register Cliff with its hundreds of pioneer names carved on its surface. The old wagon trails cut deep down into solid rock and the paths worn by the feet of the drivers beside the ruts are a moving sight. The late Pat Flannery spoke at the site of the Grattan Massacre.

The members toured the many beautiful new buildings at the University of Wyoming in Laramie. On Sunday morning the group visited the site of old Fort Sanders. One of the buildings has been moved into Laramie and is being restored for a Community Center by the Albany County Chapter.

In Sheridan the Sheridan Inn was of special interest. On Sunday morning there was a trek to Custer Battlefield with many stops along the way at historic sites.

There was Rawlins in 1964 with breakfast at old Fort Steele again. A fine trip was held later to the Platte River Crossing on the Overland Stage Trail. Here Mr. Edward McAuslan read a paper on that historic spot. The trip ended here with lunch served by the efficient cooks.

The Cody meeting was last year. The Irma Hotel, Buffalo Bill Museum and the Whitney Gallery of Western Art were special attractions. Hours can be spent looking at the Museum and Gallery exhibits.

These are just the highlights of the social side of the meetings. Of most importance are the business meetings and the speakers.

Members and interested persons are urged to attend these Annual meetings. In 1966 Fremont County will host the society in Riverton. There is no nicer way to meet people and see different sections of the state.

## **TWELFTH ANNUAL MEETING**

**Cody, Wyoming**

**September 11-12, 1965**

As the members of the Wyoming State Historical Society registered in the Cody Auditorium on Friday evening, they greeted old friends and enjoyed the display of beautiful paintings by Nick Eggenhofer, Cody artist.

At 9:45 on Saturday morning, President Neal Miller introduced Dr. Harold McCracken, Director of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center and the Whitney Museum of Western Art, who gave an



illuminating and instructive talk on archaeology in the Cody area.

By means of a chart showing excavations made in Mummy Cave, he paralleled the 16 culture layers found there with events in history which made clearer the times involved. Twenty-one radio carbon datings have been made which show cultures back to 9,000 B.C. For centuries Mummy Cave had been preserved under fantastically ideal conditions with no seepage. "Mummy Joe" and over 25,000 artifacts have been taken from this cave. This is the first time anyone has been able to see what a cave man in the Rockies looked like. Speculation is that he came up to the mountains sometime during the tropical period which lasted 3,000 years.

Dr. McCracken asked the Society to help stop the vandalizing of important sites and discoveries. He stated it was much more important to gather the information that could be obtained by proper methods of digging than to merely collect artifacts.

After the Auditing Committee, composed of Rev. Stuart Frazier, Gene Brown and Robert Larson, was appointed, time was taken for a coffee break.

Paul Edwards, Chief, Museum Division, State Archives and Historical Department, spoke on "Setting Up and Maintaining Small Museums." He stated there is no history that is not local history. A local museum has a job to perform in interpreting the local story which a state museum cannot do. He offered several suggestions for operating a successful small museum: (1) Decide first of all what is to be portrayed; then preserve only significant historical items which contribute to the desired interpretation. (2) Have revolving displays. Storage space and "think" space are also essential. (3) One good article well displayed means more than a filled case. (4) People who direct museums should have a fundamental knowledge of history. (5) Remember that artifacts are living, tangible evidences of living people. (6) Don't forget the objective and stay within it. Be honest.

Katherine Halverson, Chief, Historical Division, State Archives and Historical Department, spoke on "Oral Interviews and Tape Techniques." She stressed several points: (1) Less-known people are sources of authentic and valuable information, often more so than well-known people. (2) Do not edit or polish up tapes. The real value is often lost by so doing. (3) The person conducting the interview should have some knowledge of the subject. (4) Relationship between both parties should be informal and friendly. Better interviews often result if they know each other. (5) Pioneer contributions are completely irreplaceable. (6) Tapes are invaluable and unique research tools.

At eleven o'clock, following the workshop, President Miller called the meeting to order and began the first phase of the annual business meeting, requesting the annual reports of county chapters. The reports were enjoyed by all members, and have been filed with the Executive Secretary at the Wyoming State Archives and His-

torical Department. Only thumbnail sketches of unusual activities are given here.

*Fremont County* (read by Mrs. Emma Martin) The Chapter celebrated its eleventh birthday on November 8, 1964. Interesting papers presented included one on the work accomplished under each of the past presidents and another on "Christmas in Wyoming Around the Turn of the Century."

*Campbell County* - No report.

*Goshen County* - No report.

*Laramie County* (read by William Dubois) Members have repaired the monument on the grave of Portugee Phillips, entertained the Pioneer Club at a tea, made preparations to move an old country schoolhouse into Cheyenne, and arranged to place a plaque at the site of the old Cheyenne Club.

*Albany County* (read by Mr. B. W. Marston) The group has worked hard to re-establish the Albany County Museum. The Junior Historical Society contributed \$11 to the special museum fund. Gowns in the Museum collection were modeled at one meeting by the daughters of Laramie pioneers. A handsomely illustrated volume, *Book of the American West*, was presented to the Albany County Carnegie Library as the Chapter's memorial to their late president, Henry Jones.

*Natrona County* (read by Mrs. Charles Hord) \$20 was donated to help the Wind River Mountain Men go to Washington, D.C., for the inauguration of President L. B. Johnson. One meeting was devoted to "Personal Experiences" of members of the Chapter. At another Robert Evans displayed his sculptured articles and lectured on the art.

*Carbon County* (report mailed in) Letters of appreciation and thanks regarding the state meeting held in Rawlins in 1964 were read at one meeting. Two new cases were purchased for the Carbon County Museum. Most meetings followed carry-in dinners. A goal of 125 members for 1965 was set.

*Johnson County* (read by Rev. Stuart Frazier) Members saved lids and bands from coffee cans and secured a coffee maker for their social hour. New attractive stationery has been printed for the chapter. Students from the new Big Horn School were invited guests at one meeting.

*Washakie County* - No report.

*Park County* (read by Mrs. Lucille Patrick) The chapter has spent most of its time planning and preparing for the 12th Annual Meeting. Reports of past presidents were entertaining. A scrap-book has been begun which will be invaluable to future officers.

Members hope to encourage more Powell neighbors to join the Park Chapter.

*Sweetwater County* (read by Henry Chadey) Two interesting treks were taken and a dinner celebrating the ninth birthday of the chapter was held. Terms of officers have been extended to two years. One hold-over officer always serves. The members are working to save Point of Rocks Stage Station, and they had a pioneer grave moved from the route of the new Interstate Highway 80.

*Uinta County* - No report.

*Sheridan County* (read by Florence J. Hamm) Orman Pratt, winner of the state seal contest last year, was honored by presentation of a special certificate from the Wyoming State Historical Society. The chapter instigated the organization of the corporation, Sheridan Inn, Inc., the purpose of which is to purchase the historic Sheridan Inn and be responsible for its preservation and use. \$8,000 has been raised. A marker in memory of the Sawyer Expedition was dedicated.

*Weston County* - No report.

*Platte County* (read by George Grant) Members are continuing their writer's sessions at which they contribute papers on local history. The chapter sponsored a historical display at the county fair.

*Big Horn County* - No report.

*Teton County* - This chapter was organized in May and made no report.

The meeting was recessed from 12:00 noon to 1:30 p.m.

## ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING

Mr. Miller called the annual business meeting to order and asked the members to observe a short period of silence as a tribute to the members of the State Society who had passed away during the year.

Mr. Miller announced that only paid members would have the privilege of voting during this meeting. He then asked members present to stand by counties. Laramie County and Park County had the largest representations.

It was moved by Rev. Frazier to dispense with the reading of the minutes of the Eleventh Annual Meeting since they were printed in the *Annals of Wyoming*. The motion was seconded and carried. However, portions of the minutes of two Executive Committee meetings were read and approved. These executive minutes had previously been sent to all county chapters.

The Treasurer gave the following report:

## TREASURER'S REPORT

September 12, 1964-September 11, 1965

Cash and investments on hand September 12, 1964		\$15,740.42
Receipts		
Dues	\$3,770.00	
Hunton Diaries	315.50	
Cheyenne Sun	742.30	
Gifts	20.00	
Teton Charter	10.00	
Interest	620.72	5,478.52
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$5,478.52	\$21,218.94
Disbursements:		
Annals of Wyoming	\$1,935.00	
Eleventh Annual Meeting	225.00	
Officers' Expenses	267.50	
Phone	22.52	
Printing	89.92	
Postage	123.38	
Handbooks	97.35	
Bond and Secretary of State	6.00	
Seal	40.29	
Historic Trek	16.49	
Committees: Standing	34.43	
Awards: Scholarship	200.00	
Grant-in-Aid	300.00	
Junior Historians	80.09	
For Resale: Hunton Diaries	270.00	
Cheyenne Sun	595.13	
Pinettes	717.82	5,020.92
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$5,020.92	\$16,198.02

## ASSETS

September 11, 1965

First National Bank and Trust Company, Cheyenne	\$ 1,756.74
Federal Building and Loan Association, Cheyenne	9,409.55
Cheyenne Federal Savings and Loan	1,303.03
Federal Building and Loan, Life Memberships	3,423.25
Federal Building and Loan, Bishop Memorial Fund	305.45
	<hr/>
	\$16,198.02

## REPORT OF PRESIDENT

By

Neal E. Miller

I wish to thank the membership for permitting me to continue in office a second year. In the course of this second year most of our accomplishments have been administrative and they are not mine alone but the result of a joint effort by your other officers, the State Archives and Historical Department, and others.

We completed the Chapter Handbook. We sincerely hope you will consult its pages for the answers to your questions and for ideas and pass it on to your successor. As a contribution to the 75th

Anniversary of Wyoming's Statehood, we sold almost all of our order of 5,000 of the facsimile copies of the July 24, 1890, *Cheyenne Daily Sun*. We ordered and have for distribution membership or recognition pins which I am sure you will be proud to have and wear.

We had only two Executive Committee meetings this year and attempted to settle other matters by means of correspondence to save both travel time and costs. I have visited two chapters and had invitations to two others which unfortunately conflicted with previous plans. I attended a museum discussion meeting in Laramie to assist in planning for an Albany County Museum.

Thank you again for permitting me to serve as your Society president for two most interesting and rewarding years.

## REPORT OF FIRST VICE PRESIDENT

By

Mrs. Charles Hord

Reporting on the Projects Committee, of which the first vice president is Chairman, two markers are in the process of being finished and set up, one for the original Boysen Dam and the other for the city of Casper. There are others which have also been furnished by the Archives and Historical Department that did not go through the Projects Committee.

Some method of raising money for projects will be discussed in the coming year.

The committee is attempting to increase interest in the State Archives and Historical Department and State Museum Building needed in Cheyenne.

Encouraging young people to become members in a Junior Society is always an aim of the Projects Committee.

## REPORT OF SECOND VICE PRESIDENT

By

Glenn E. Sweem

The second vice president is chairman of the Historical Awards Committee. I submit the following report and, in addition, several recommendations for consideration at the next Executive meeting:

The Historical Awards Committee composed of Mrs. Howard Bundy, of Gillette, John Banks, of Cody, Mrs. Elsa Spear Byron, of Sheridan, and Glenn Sweem, Chairman, of Sheridan, met on August 9, 1965, at Sheridan and selected eight awards winners and one honorable mention from 19 nominations. Awards will be presented at the annual banquet this evening and will be announced at that time.

The Historical Awards Committee makes the following recom-

mendations to be taken under consideration at the next Executive Committee meeting:

Through Executive Committee action or through an appointed committee that the following additions or changes be incorporated into the rules of the Historical Awards Program:

#### CATEGORY:

Books - Page 15

Procedure: Under this subtitle it is thought that a book review, book report, or book outline, would help the Awards Committee to make a more intelligent award selection, as some of the nominations for awards are on books that none of the committee had read. Therefore, it is recommended that a book report or review be submitted with the nomination.

Special Fields - Page 18

Archaeology: Under this category we believe some specific rules should be made, so that not every one who is a collector of artifacts, or the infamous "pothunter," can qualify under this category. Therefore, we recommend that this subtitle rule read thus: An individual or group making outstanding contributions in the field of archaeology to Wyoming history, by preserving the artifacts, and/or presenting a completed scientific paper or report acceptable to the Department of Anthropology, University of Wyoming, or any other recognized authority in the science of anthropology, to the Awards Committee. Judging will be contingent upon the completed work, no matter how long the work was in progress.

Paleontology: Rule same as written above, only substituting the word paleontology for the word archaeology.

Photography: Substitute in place of last sentence: To be eligible, copies of photographs should be made available for the files of the Executive Headquarters by submitting copyable pictures if they so desire and request same.

### REPORT OF SECRETARY-TREASURER

By

Miss Maurine Carley

The duties of the Secretary-Treasurer of this organization are varied. The minutes of each annual meeting are written, filed and read at the following meeting. The minutes of the Executive Committee meetings are mailed to the State Officers and to presidents and secretaries of each of the 17 organized chapters of the Society.

Each year income tax reports are filed with the Internal Revenue Department and an incorporation annual report with one dollar is sent to the Secretary of State. Monies for dues sent into the

Archives and Historical Department office are deposited in the checking account or in the proper savings. Records of sale of Hunton Diaries are kept, as well as payments made to people taking advantage of our Scholarship and Grant-in-Aid programs. This year a separate record was also kept of sales of the *Cheyenne Daily Sun* newspaper reprints.

For several years I have been responsible for planning the trek which is sponsored by the State Archives and Historical Department and the State Historical Society. This year we successfully completed the Cheyenne-Deadwood Trail with the fine cooperation of the Weston County Chapter and South Dakota historical organizations. This trek was especially a fun one because of the many extras such as the "Meller Drammer" and stage holdup arranged by the Lusk people, the coffee and cold drinks donated by Weston County members, and exciting entertainment in Deadwood.

Questions arise constantly which require conferences at the Archives and Historical Department which is Executive Headquarters of the Society. An elaborate set of books is kept showing the receipts and disbursements in their proper place. President Miller set up these books and I invite you to look at them. Bills are paid and letters written.

#### *1964-65 Members*

37 Life
16 Joint Life
714 Annual
426 Joint Annual
<hr/>
1193

#### *Top Five Counties*

Laramie	138
Carbon	102
Goshen	92
Sheridan	71
Sweetwater	59

## REPORT OF EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

By

Lola M. Homsher

Mention has already been made by other officers of activities in which the office of the Executive Secretary and the Archives and Historical Department also participated, such as the sponsoring of the historic trek and the compilation, editing, organizing, printing and mailing of the Handbook of the State Historical Society, a tool which should become of great value to all officers on both the state and county levels. Since the Handbooks were mailed, additions and corrections to the Handbook have also been mailed.

My office and staff have worked with the various committees of the Society requesting aid; have edited, published and issued the *Annals of Wyoming* and "History News" to all members; have continued maintaining membership listings and issuing receipts for memberships paid; have had an official stamp made of the newly-

adopted state seal of the Society for use on documents, and have had cuts of two sizes made of the seal for uses which may arise for it, samples of which are found in the Chapter Handbook. These latter items were paid for by the Society.

The Executive Secretary has called upon the chapters in counties through which the Pony Express ran to work with the department in placing some Pony Express plaques which can be obtained for the State.

A conference was held with Dr. Cecil Shaw, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and members of his staff regarding cooperation in the awards program, particularly in the junior historians area and Teacher-of-the-Year Award. Dr. Paul Graves, newly-appointed head of the Division of Social Studies of the Department of Education, is attending the meeting today, and we welcome him here. A conference was also held with Karl Winchell, editor of the *Wyoming Educational Association Journal*, who will publicize the program in that bulletin.

The price of the *Annals of Wyoming* is to be raised through action of the State Library, Archives and Historical Board, under which the *Annals* is published. To cover costs of printing and



*Courtesy of John Banks*

Members of the Albany County Junior Historical Society visiting with Dr. Harold McCracken, Director of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center and the Whitney Museum of Western Art. Left to right are Sheila McCoy, Jim Nottage, Dr. McCracken, Mike Corsberg and Bari Benson.



mailing, the price starting January 1, 1966, will be \$1.25 to the Society, raised from \$1.00 each. The Board further ruled that single copies of the *Annals* will be priced at \$1.50 each, and that subscriptions to the *Annals of Wyoming* will be discontinued. In the future, memberships to the State Historical Society will replace such subscriptions, which are, in general, used only by institutions such as libraries throughout the country. This membership will entitle them to the "History News" as well as the *Annals of Wyoming* and simplify record-keeping in the Department.

In view of the present financial standing of the Society, no recommendation is made at this time regarding an increase in dues. If, in the future, the Society finds this increase in the charge for the magazine a drain on finances, a raise in dues can be considered.

The Archives and Historical Department aided the counties and the state 75th Anniversary Commission in the celebration of 75 years of statehood in all ways possible and whenever called upon.

The Executive Secretary, as a member of the Grant-in-Aid and Scholarship Awards Committees, assisted in these areas of activity by accepting applications, circulating them to the membership of the committees, and obtaining the approval of the committee of the manuscript submitted by Gerald Nelson, and of the Executive Committee of the State Historical Society for the final payment of the Grant-in-Aid which he held for 1964-65. Two copies of this work were received and properly placed, one in the permanent file of the archives of the Wyoming State Historical Society and one in the Historical Division of the Department.

In regard to the proposed building to house the State Archives and Historical Department and State Museum, the Legislative Committee of the Society worked with the members of the legislature to secure their consideration of the proposal. The final plan, copies of which were sent to all chapters, called for an expenditure of \$2 million dollars, which was introduced in the House of Representatives but was never reported out of the Ways and Means Committee. A brief act, however, was passed which requires that the Capitol Building Commission look into the needs of the Archives and Historical Department and State Museum, as well as of other departments of state, and report back with recommendations to the legislature in 1967. Meanwhile, resolutions for the building, in addition to that passed by this Society, have also been passed by the Wyoming Press Association, the Wyoming Federation of Womens Clubs and the Wyoming Motel Association.

Membership in the Society since its founding in 1953 has steadily increased. I am happy to report that this year for the first time it has exceeded 1200. This number slightly exceeds that given by the Secretary-Treasurer since some memberships have been received in the Department since the books were closed for this annual meeting.

## REPORT OF SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE

By

Dr. T. A. Larson

William Barnhart is presently writing on Carbon County under the 1964-65 Scholarship grant. To date he has received the initial payment of \$200. Several prospective applicants are considering applying, one to write on the history of Platte County and one on Natrona County.

Robert Murray, who is writing under the Society's Grant-in-Aid program on a two-year basis, reported that he has about 80% of his documented material now and hopes to complete his project by the due date in March.

## GENERAL BUSINESS MEETING

Rev. Frazier reported that the treasurer's books were found in good order and correct.

A few small donations have been given to the Society as memorials. Mr. Chadey moved that with such gifts the Society purchase books or manuscripts to be placed in the Archives and Historical Department's permanent historical library and that they be marked by using special bookplates made for the purpose, selection of books to be made by the Historical Division personnel. The motion was seconded and carried.

Robert Murray suggested that the Legislative Committee should keep alive the interest in legislation during non-legislative years. Mr. Frost stated that \$863,000 is now available for outdoor recreation work including historic sites in Wyoming. The state must match this and use it in two years or it will be lost to Wyoming.

The postage on "History News" has been paid by the Archives and Historical Department in the past. Since the Society now has adequate funds it was proposed that the Society pay this postage. Mr. Marchant moved that the Society pay the postage, roughly \$218, on the six yearly issues. The motion was seconded and carried.

Mrs. Adolph Spohr of Cody suggested that several changes be made on the registration forms for the Annual Meeting. These suggestions will be sent to the Executive Headquarters office so they can be considered for 1966.

Rev. Frazier moved that the following resolution be placed in the minutes of the meeting:

WHEREAS the Park County Chapter has extended fine hospitality to the Wyoming State Historical Society, in recognition of their efforts,

BE IT THEN RESOLVED: that we give the members of said chapter a standing vote of thanks.

William Dubois, president of Laramie County Chapter, invited

the Society to hold the 1967 state meeting in Cheyenne, the year in which the city will be observing its centennial.

Mr. Sweem suggested that a committee be appointed to study the advisability of collecting funds to match federal funds given to the State.

The meeting was adjourned at 4:30 p. m.

### BANQUET

At seven o'clock on Saturday evening a banquet was enjoyed in the Cody Auditorium. Gay 1890 costumes worn by many men and women made the affair quite festive.

President Miller introduced the past presidents who were in attendance, Mrs. Edness Kimball Wilkins and Dr. T. A. Larson.

### AWARDS

Junior Historians. Mr. Miller presented checks to winners in the Junior Historical Essay Contest, all of whom were present. They were: Senior High School: First Award, \$25, Billie Cooper, Worland. Junior High School: First Award, \$25, Sheila McCoy, Laramie; Second Award, \$10, Joann Hinkel, Worland, Third Award, book, *The Shoshonis: Sentinels of the Rockies*, Mike Corserg, Laramie. Their teachers, Gene Brown from Laramie and Hattie Burnstad and Virginia D. Lovelady from Worland, were introduced and thanked for their interest and cooperation.

General Awards. Mr. Sweem, Chairman of the Awards Committee presented the following awards:

Maurine Carley and Virginia Cole Trenholm. For *The Shoshonis: Sentinels of the Rockies*.

John G. Langen. For authoring outstanding historical articles in Wyoming newspapers.

Mabel E. Brown. For historical magazine, "Bits and Pieces."

Robert Edgar. For discovery and preservation of Mummy Cave.

Payroll Development Committee, Casper Chamber of Commerce. For television series called "Wyoming History Series" and "See and Know Wyoming."

Elizabeth Thorpe and Mabel Brown. For historical production, "Coals of Newcastle."

Nick Eggenhofer. For recording the historical West through documentary painting.

Jack Richard. For recording the history of Wyoming in photographs.

Francis Crossfield. Honorable Mention. For historical ballet, "Red Deer Ballet."

J. K. Moore. Cumulative Awards (Posthumous) For his continued effort to preserve the history of Wyoming. Received by his daughter, Mrs. Ronald Bell.

Mr. Chadey, chairman of the Nominating Committee, announced that the following officers had been elected for the coming year:

President .....	Mrs. Charles Hord
First Vice President .....	Glenn Sweem
Second Vice President .....	John Banks
Secretary-Treasurer .....	Miss Maurine Carley

Mr. Miller turned over the gavel to Mrs. Hord with wishes for a successful year.

The speaker of the evening, Dr. William T. Alderson, Director of the American Association for State and Local History, Nashville, Tennessee, gave a most informative talk entitled, "Local History—The Feeder Roots," in which he stressed the importance of the individual and local historical organizations. There are now 3,000 historical societies in the United States - 200 more than two years ago. He said that our responsibility is to take care of these roots,



*Courtesy of John Banks*

Officers of the Wyoming State Historical Society for 1965-1966. From left to right they are Glenn Sweem, Sheridan, first vice president; John Banks, Cody, second vice-president; Miss Lola M. Homsher, Cheyenne, former executive secretary; Mrs. Charles Hord, Casper, president; Miss Maurine Carley, Cheyenne, secretary-treasurer.

but we must have knowledge and methods for doing it the right way.

He listed several factors which help make a successful historical society. (1) Motivation. (2) Preservation of history by means of tape, photos, films. (3) Active selling of history to "non-believers." (4) Having fun through tours, treks, dressing in costume on occasion, social hours. (5) Persuading people to participate through good leadership. (6) Planning a strong and varied program. (7) Exchanging ideas with other societies and other states. (8) Dedication to the importance of history. Take care of it and pass it on to the next generation unchanged.

Rev. Stuart Frazier gave the benediction.

### SUNDAY - SEPTEMBER 12

After a breakfast at the Canyon Cafeteria the members visited the Whitney Gallery of Western Art and the Buffalo Bill Museum, where time seemed all too short.

Everyone declared this was a fine annual meeting and they sincerely thank the Park County Chapter for two interesting days.

MAURINE CARLEY  
Secretary-Treasurer

## *Book Reviews*

*History of Wyoming.* By T. A. Larson (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1965. Illus., Index. 619 pp. \$6.95.)

Wyoming has lacked a good one-volume adult history of the state, and Dr. Larson has ably filled this gap. For the first time here is a comprehensive critical history of Wyoming written in a professional manner. It is not a text book for school use but a history for all interested in Wyoming.

Dr. Larson has brought into perspective Wyoming's origins and growth, and into focus the forces which have formed the state into its present political, economic and social structure. An analysis of his presentation brings an understanding of the weaknesses and strength of the state and its people and the possibilities of what can lie ahead, provided the lessons of history are understood and heeded.

Because Wyoming is one of the last "frontier states" and because so much legend has grown up surrounding a few events—enlarged upon by fiction and more recently by T. V.—too much attention has been concentrated upon the lurid and spectacular. Dr. Larson is not concerned with these elements but deals with the fundamentals, and focus is on the men and women and events which shaped the history of the state during the past century: from 1865 when the name Wyoming was first proposed for a new territory then under consideration (and which became an actuality by act of Congress in 1868) through 1965, the state's 75th Anniversary of Statehood.

Since much has been written on the period of the fur trade and the Indians, the author deals with these only briefly in the first two chapters. In the remaining sixteen chapters he concentrates on the significant developments which occurred and shaped the state's destiny.

The main thread of the history is carried by the actions and messages of the governors and the various legislatures. Interwoven with the progression of time through political action are the other aspects of the history and events in the State, and touching on national affairs when they had special impact on Wyoming. Although packed with facts, the book is not dull reading, but is an interesting, continually moving story interspersed with humor through the use of quotations and by the author's own occasional spicy comments.

Dr. Larson has researched extensively in newspapers of Wyoming, in private papers, state and federal governmental publications, unpublished theses and, in addition to his searches in Wyo-

ming, he has also used the resources of other libraries outside Wyoming such as the Bancroft, Henry E. Huntington and New York Public libraries, the Library of Congress and the National Archives.

Because Wyoming is a young state and has only in recent years lost her earliest pioneers, and because daily problems occupied first place in the minds of her citizens, Wyoming's history has been too much a part of daily life and not viewed as real history. The past decade and a half have changed this outlook. Dr. Larson's book points further the way to numerous studies which need to be made. To go into greater depth into some of the facets of Wyoming's story, one will want to follow up with additional reading of many of the books and sources noted in his source notes at the end of the book.

For anyone interested in Wyoming history, this book should be required reading. The serious writer needs it as a background, and Wyoming citizens should peruse it for a better understanding of the state, of its past and present economic, social and political problems, and of its future prospects. It should be in the home as well as in all libraries.

The book is especially recommended for all persons who are planning for the future of the State. Whether working in the political, economic or social fields, they cannot ignore it in good conscience.

*Cheyenne*

LOLA M. HOMSHER

*Old Jules Country*, By Mari Sandoz. (New York: Hastings House, Publishers, 1965. 316 pp. \$4.95)

To commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of the original publication of *Old Jules*, Hastings House honored Mari Sandoz by issuing a volume of selections which represent the best of her non-fiction writing to date.

If, like this reviewer, you have read everything available from the pen of Miss Sandoz, yet found yourself returning, over and over, to her biography of her father, your heart will leap when first you see the dust jacket on this new book, *Old Jules Country*.

New, did we say? Actually, only two brief selections—"Snakes" and "Coyotes and Eagles"—were hitherto unpublished. The backbone of the volume consists of samplings from all six books included in the Sandoz Great Plains series—*Old Jules* (1935), *Crazy Horse* (1942), *Cheyenne Autumn* (1953), *The Buffalo Hunters* (1954), *The Cattlemen* (1958) and *The Beaver Men* (1964)—plus excerpts from her incisive study entitled, *These Were the Sioux* (1961).

But that is not all! Also included are two essays concerning

"The Lost Sitting Bull" and "The Homestead in Perspective," as well as one version of the poignant "Evening Song," chanted daily by a Southern Cheyenne chief imprisoned at old Fort Marion, Florida, during the winter of 1876-77. Each evening he faced westward toward the setting sun as he stood in chains on the highest wall.

For all newcomers to the Sandoz reading circle, this book will provide, through a long-range lens, a broad panoramic view of life on the Great Plains long before and immediately following the turn of this century.

This is not a dull narration of familiar dramatic happenings in the lives of the Indians, the mountain men, the hide hunters, the cavalrymen, the cattlemen and the homesteaders. Instead, the material here is new, as well as old. It could be written only by an author who is acquainted with her subject at firsthand, as well as vicariously; who is willing to spend long innumerable hours in visiting specific locales and in doing supplemental research; who is not averse to writing painstakingly, and re-writing, then writing again.

Her imagery is superb. One experiences, with her, events and scenes which remain etched on one's memory long after the book has been laid aside. Sights—such as "the vapor rising from the breath of the buffalo" in the morning sun; sounds—such as moccasins which are just "a whisper on the buffalo grass" or the Indian women's "keening for a strong man dying." The author speaks of the wild young warriors who "went away like dogs caught at the meat racks, some looking back;" of "the little Frenchman" (Bordeaux), who shouted, "sputtering like wet buffalo fat thrown on the fire;" of the interpreter (Wyuse), who "called out insulting words as though they were green buffalo chips he was throwing at them."

The reader may feel not only acute discomfort, but even inward grief and sheer pain, because of the broken promises the white men made, "thin as the morning fog along the creek bottoms, gone with one look from the sun."

Mari Sandoz always has championed the underdog, whether a band of Northern Cheyennes, humiliated by being thrust upon the bounty of their faraway, albeit gracious, southern relatives whose own subsistence had dwindled, or a group of struggling homesteaders in cattlemen's country.

Naturally, many of her books are controversial in nature and they sometimes incite cries of "Prejudice! Narrow prejudice!" One wonders, however, how many of her critics can look back on a childhood as bleak as hers, or upon experiences involving gunfire in the lives of immediate relatives.

Old Jules denied her many pleasures most children of every generation take for granted and he never failed to spare the rod, but he gave her a lasting heritage—an appreciation for nature's



gifts and a philosophy which has served her well during long years of adversity.

At a writers convention in Portland, Oregon two years ago, this reviewer remarked to Miss Sandoz, "I've read *Old Jules* again and again, trying to discover how any daughter could write about her father as objectively as you did!" She answered simply, "It took five years."

Invaluable to any reader of *Old Jules Country*, is the complete bibliography of Miss Sandoz' writings to date, fiction and non-fiction.

Sadly lacking is a map which could pinpoint for the reader, new or old, the exact locales of many dramatic episodes, described in detail, but scattered over a wide expanse of the Great Plains. Ham's Fork, Wind River, Grattan Massacre, Beecher Island, Fort Robinson, just to name a few!

*Laramie*

CLARICE WHITTENBURG

*The Nez Perce Indians and the Opening of the Northwest.* By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. (Yale University Press, 1965. Illus. Index. 705 pp. \$12.50)

Mr. Josephy opens this important and comprehensive historical study of the Nez Perce tribe with a current description of the "Inland Empire of the Northwest" and a commentary on how its Indian inhabitants now live. The innocence, the fortitude, the opposing forces influencing the tribe, and the ultimate tragedy of this much-admired people are super-imposed on this magnificent geographical setting.

The highly detailed narrative begins with the visit of the Lewis and Clark expedition in 1805, recounts the many contacts of the tribe with non-Indians, and ends with the war of 1877. A moving epilogue on Chief Joseph closes the story.

In a footnote to the fur trade chapter, the author indicates that additional research might prove rewarding on the travels of John Colter, the implication being that he did not travel alone on his journey through Idaho, Wyoming and Montana.

The narrative contains sections of interest to Wyoming readers relative to the fur trade, the passage through the state of missionaries, emigrants, and pathfinders but only as they relate ultimately to the Nez Perce. The author disclaims that this work is an anthropological study but the careful reader will learn much of the ethnology of the Nez Perce and related tribes.

Extensive chapter notes, an excellent bibliography, and eleven sketch maps assist the reader immeasurably. This is Volume 10 in the Yale Western Americana Series.

*Cheyenne*

NEAL E. MILLER

*The Valley of the Upper Yellowstone.* By Charles W. Cook, David E. Folsom, and William Peterson. Edited and with an introduction by Aubrey L. Haines. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. Illus. Index. 70 pp. \$3.75)

Aubrey Haines performs a real service to the Western History student in bringing together this fine account of the first definitive exploration of the Yellowstone Region. He has skilfully woven the assortment of narratives, narrative fragments and reminiscences of the 1869 Cook, Folsom, Peterson party into a coherent chronological account of the trip.

Charles W. Cook, David E. Folsom and William Peterson in 1869 were men skilled in assorted frontier occupations, through experiences ranging from wagon trains and the high seas to the mining camps of Montana. They were also literate men, with a good general understanding of scientific phenomena for their day. None of them took their surroundings for granted as did many westerners of the period. Thus their accounts are focused on the country, the natural phenomena and their reactions to these things, rather than on the minor mishaps the more romantic might have swelled into "adventure," as so frequently happened in western writing of the period.

Throughout the narrative Haines preserves the identity of sources for each passage. His introduction sets the expedition in historic context. An abundance of good explanatory footnotes identify places and explain changes in phenomena occurring since the expedition. Biographical sketches and a useful bibliography complete this fine account.

Mr. Haines is well schooled for the work undertaken in preparing the accounts for publication. A long-time resident of Yellowstone National Park, a trained and experienced engineer and historian, and an active associate of historians and historical groups in the region, he understands the country and the source materials as well as the general history of the period.

Students of Wyoming, Montana and the West will welcome this useful addition to their libraries. Visitors to the park will find that this book will sharpen their interest and perception, and markedly enhance their appreciation of the geography, natural phenomena and rich human history that are Yellowstone National Park.

*Fort Laramie National Historic Site*

ROBERT A. MURRAY

*Old Forts of the Far West.* By Herbert M. Hart. (Seattle, Superior Publishing Co., 1963. Index. Illus., 192 pp. \$12.50)

Closely following the style of the preceding two volumes, *Old Forts of the Far West* continues the series with pictures and com-

ments of posts that developed as America pushed for final occupancy and control of the west. Major Herbert M. Hart deals with some sixty forts, cantonments, camps, and headquarters areas ranging from the very primitive White River Cantonment in Colorado to the sophisticated establishment at Presidio, San Francisco. His book is organized into topics as: The Texas Line, the Civil War in the West, California Trails, Defensive Establishment for San Francisco, the Road Across the Mojave, The Mild Mister Meeker, Pathfinders and Settlers of the Far West, and Campaigning with Crook.

Everyone to whom the old west has an appeal will find themselves drawn by this work as the ghosts of old adventures, and the symbols of old glories are revisited. Yet the author-photographer manages to capture something of the nature of the forts, as well as the remains of them, and one feels something of the dirt, isolation and the hardships that was life at these posts. Like the captain of a ship, local commanders at these military establishments stood as the arbitrator of comfort or hardship, life or death, and the life of the trooper was less than glamorous.

In this day of global strategy it is sometimes hard to realize that posts of the American west, which seem to be haphazardly placed, were located as part of a general plan of protection and occupancy, or as the base for further penetration. The Texas line was developed for the protection of the American settlers from marauding Mexicans and Indians that sought refuge across the border. But these forts were later, perhaps not all by coincidence, to provide protection and supplies for the movement of troops to the Mexican War. The Civil War, fought in the east and middle west, is often considered to have been little more than a political exercise in the far west. But this is not true, for the preservation of the West for the union was a matter of considerable concern and required the creation and manning of numerous outposts. California figured predominantly in this "cold war" effort and both the area itself and the routes linking it with the states, needed to be guarded.

Major Hart has done a good job in providing an illustrative survey of the far west through his projection of the military, but he has also provided an excellent guide book for those who would prefer to do their reminiscing of an earlier day in person. In many areas all that can be pictured is the ground that once housed the post, for time and weather has not been kind and all that remains is the memory that half-crumpled walls and crushed adobe once rose to house and protect fighting men of an earlier era.

It would be most difficult to pick a particular set of photographs and pronounce them as the best. However, Hart's photographic treatment of Fort Point, California is very impressive. Fort Point, built in 1878 to stand lookout over San Francisco Bay, rests on the site of old Castilillo de San Joaquin which was built in 1794. Fort Point was a massive structure considered impregnable in its time.

The pictures indicate a feeling of power remaining, though it would not stand momentarily against the weapons of today. Hart's pictures give you a fascinating introduction to the area, and like all his accounts, lure the reader from his chair to the open road that he, too, might walk where once trod the soldier of the west.

*Cheyenne*

PAUL W. EDWARDS

*Newspapering in the Old West—A Pictorial History of Journalism and Printing on the Frontier.* Robert F. Karolevitz. (Seattle: Superior Publishing Co. Illus. Index. 191 pp. \$12.95)

The men with printer's ink in their veins, and a seeming compulsion to publish newspapers, in spite of every kind of handicap, were a significant part of America's western frontier population of a century ago.

Their story is told in this account of early western journalism in seventeen states from Kansas to the Pacific coast. While this profusely illustrated volume might have been only another album of interesting pictures with good, descriptive cutlines, it actually is considerably more. The author has interpreted the story of the individual publishers and their journals in relation to each state's history, and the unique circumstances in which these early newspapers either flourished or ceased to exist.

The impetus behind the publication of the papers varied as greatly as the personalities of the editors and publishers themselves. Some devoted their energies mostly to local or national political issues, others chose to crusade for assorted favorite causes, while a good many apparently edited newspapers for the sheer joy of indulging in self expression. In an era when libel laws to inhibit an editor were few, personal journalism was at an all-time high, and many a paper was characterized by its colorful and vitriolic attacks on rival editors, community leaders and politicians as well as any other appealing target.

Wyoming is well represented, with good coverage of numerous publications and their editors from Hiram Brundage, who brought forth Wyoming's first newspaper at Fort Bridger; the famous Frontier Index—the "press on wheels" published from the end-of-track railroad towns across the present state, from Laramie to Bear River City, where the plant was destroyed in a riot brought on by Freeman's rousing editorials, through Nathan Baker; Bill Nye; Asa Mercer; Bill Barlow; Grant Jones; George Caldwell, the "Lurid Liar of Lander"; and E. A. Slack.

The illustrations are excellent, and depict every phase of the profession. They include editors, their staffs or helpers, shops and offices, sketches and photographs of early equipment, and reproductions of dozens of early day newspaper front pages.

In addition the general index, an especially useful additional index lists the papers published within each state covered in the book.

*Cheyenne*

KATHERINE HALVERSON

*Photographer on an Army Mule.* By Maurice Frink and Casey Barthelmess. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. Illus., Index. 150 pp. \$6.95.)

This volume contains more than 100 photographs, part of the life work of Christian Barthelmess, a naturalized German, who experienced 30 years service, in the frontier army. Shortly after immigrating to this country, he enlisted in the 6th U. S. Cavalry in 1876, and continued his service, reenlisting in the 13th, 22nd and 2nd regiments of infantry, even serving in Cuba (1898-99) and the Philippines (1900-03).

While Christian Barthelmess was a fine soldier, an accomplished musician and well read, his chief interest was devoted to photography. He probably produced over a thousand pictures, some of which would class him with the greatest of the famed photographers of frontier days. The pictures in the book cover all phases of army life, such as family pictures, officers' wives skating on the parade ground at Fort Keogh, church services and social events, as well as close-up pictures of famous Indians, mostly Cheyennes, who played outstanding roles in the history of Wyoming and Montana. He opened a studio at Fort Keogh, to augment his soldier pay, which the beneficent government, at the time, set at thirteen dollars monthly.

He was a great admirer of Lieutenant E. W. Casey, who organized and commanded the first Cheyenne Indian scouts at Fort Keogh, Montana. He named his son, Casey, after this famed officer, who was killed by a Sioux, Plenty Horses, during the ghost dance troubles. The son, Casey, is one of the authors. Fort Keogh, the birthplace of the son, where he spent his boyhood, was established by General Nelson A. Miles, in 1877, and was named after one of Custer's officers who was killed at the battle of the Big Horn. Casey knew personally many of the enlisted men, officers and Indians who were frontier characters, and was able to identify many of the likenesses pictured in the book.

The text was written by Maurice Frink, formerly director of the Colorado Historical Society, and a newspaper man of long standing. It is well written and interesting. Both of the authors did an outstanding bit of research, traveled many miles, and made great efforts to authenticate all of the statements made. Documentation

is ample. Practically all of the individuals pictured are now gone to greener fields.

There is an error in the description accompanying an illustration of four Cheyenne Indian women and their babies. While the picture itself is of no little interest, it is evident that the caption belongs with some other photo.

The typography throughout is very well done and makes for easy reading. History buffs will value the book as an adjunct to their frontier libraries. The portrayal of costumes of the period, the uniforms, and particularly the ladies' dresses is historic. There is an extensive bibliography and the work is well indexed. It is unfortunate that the publisher could not use more of Christian Barthelmess' photographs, as there were many more illustrations of equal value and interest.

*Sheridan*

F. H. SINCLAIR

*Wild Bill and Deadwood.* By Mildred Fielder. (Seattle: Superior Publishing Company, 1965. Illus. Index. 190 pp. \$12.95)

Mildred Fielder took a pair of old topics and produced good western literature.

Living in the Black Hills and researching the gulches in which Dakota's history was cradled, the authoress spent dedicated years gathering and verifying material on Wild Bill and Deadwood.

Her album, a hard-back book of conventional size, contains 160 pages of condensed reading matter elaborately illustrated by 31 pictures of Wild Bill (James Butler Hickok), 20 views of the Hickok family and home scenes, 65 prints of frontier and military characters linked with the Wild Bill career, and 87 assorted scenes of life and activities in early day Deadwood Gulch. If the album contained only the collection of pictures with their informative captions, many of which are copies of rare originals, the book would be worth the money. The Wild Bill and Deadwood story, being added interest, makes the Fielder album a source of historic reference.

She treated Wild Bill objectively. To most boys raised on the Illinois frontier, as he was, the Indian-fighting and buffalo-hunting West offered promise of adventure. Bill experienced slave-freeing hazards before the issue came to war. The story is condensed but well done in eight chapters titled as follows: "Young Wild Bill", "The War Years", "Peace Officer and Showman", "Wild Bill's Wedding", "Wild Bill in Deadwood", "The Trial of Jack McCall", "They Buried Wild Bill", and "Wild Bill Turns to Stone".

The pictorial pages give chapters provocative appeal. The captions, references, and documentations are commendable. Young readers, the generation of fact-questioning urge, will compare Fielder's book with other published matter being revived to exploit Wild Bill. It invites questions: How many men did Wild Bill kill? Was he a war spy? Did he shoot his deputy? What about Calamity Jane?

Fielder gives accepted versions and supports them with references, as well as versions to the contrary.

Wild Bill's clashes might be open to question but not his appearance. He was a much photographed personality of the West. His pictures fixed his appearance and established his identity.

The story elaborates on Bill's romantic moments. He wooed and won the circus queen and of this marriage there is evidence. No doubt there were other affairs. Bill was handsome, well garbed, and could act the gentleman as well as the gunman and gambler. Fielder discounts the charmless Jane as one of his "amours."

The book's title is a natural. All the fame Wild Bill had when he reached the Black Hills camp was superceded by his dastardly assassination. Death wedded Wild Bill to Deadwood for all time to come. Here he was killed, buried, and turned to stone.

Pictures tell the story of Deadwood's struggle from a lawless camp in isolated Indian country to its peak as the largest city in Dakota Territory. Like Wild Bill, the Trial of Jack McCall, that defeated justice, has become a part of Deadwood's glamorous past.

*Belle Fourche, South Dakota*

JOE KOLLER

*Photographers of the Frontier West.* By Ralph W. Andrews. (Seattle: Superior Publishing Co. 1965. Illus. Index. 184 pp. \$12.95)

This is the second volume by this author of the story of the lives and work of the early-day photographers during the 1875 to 1910 era.

A brief biographical sketch of each photographer is given. Over 240 excellent photographs enhance the volume, depicting the fine ability of ten different photographers.

For example, 28 pages are devoted to a pioneer Colorado photographer, Thomas M. McKee, and his very early pictures of historic Mesa Verde, the San Juan region during the mining boom, and Ute Indian scenes. Many photographs taken by Frank H. Nowell in the Yukon country of Alaska present interesting views of a land with which we are not so familiar.

Many other fine photographs are included in this book, from

magnificent views of the early logging camps in the Pacific Northwest and California, glaciers in British Columbia, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, San Francisco during its tragic earthquake and fire, the fabulous Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915 to quaint old Chinatown long before it became commercialized. Also in this unique collection are scenes of sailing vessels, railroads, Indians and desperados.

The book contains reproductions of high quality photographs, and many of the originals are, no doubt, the only ones in existence. The layout of the pages is good, no pictures appear to be cropped, and the text is quite informative and interesting.

It is too bad that even more photographs could not have been added to this book for the coverage of each photographer is brief and I feel that more pictures, showing some of their other work, would better have done justice to them. Also there were many other photographers active during this same period of time who merit coverage in a volume such as this.

*Cheyenne*

JAMES L. EHERNBERGER

*Wyoming Wonderland.* By Mae Urbanek. (Denver, Sage Books. Illus. Index. 120 pp. \$3.00)

This most recent publication of Wyoming writer Mae Urbanek is a small historical handbook planned primarily as an inexpensive, easily available guide to the state, and is one of a series of state histories published by Sage Books, the others being on Colorado and New Mexico. The numerous pictures are reduced to a minimum size to be accommodated in the digest-size volume. It should be especially useful to travelers in the state.



## *Contributors*

JOHN DISHON McDERMOTT. See *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 34, No. 2, October, 1962, pp. 261-262. Mr. McDermott is now assigned to the Division of Historical Studies, National Park Service, Washington, D. C.

GORDON CHAPPELL. See *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 34, No. 2, October, 1962, p. 261. Mr. Chappell is currently attending the University of Colorado graduate school, at Boulder, Colorado.

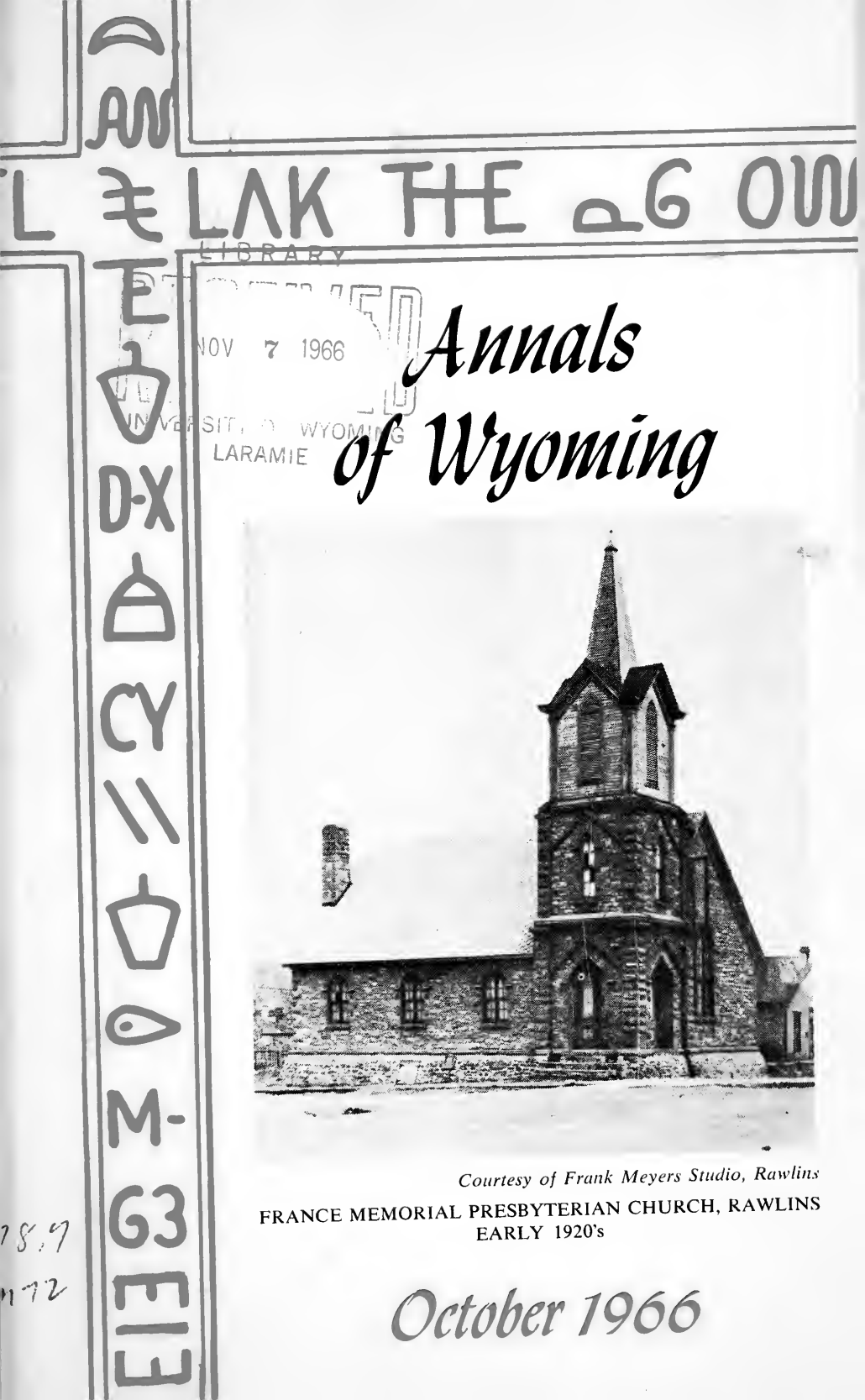
HERBERT R. DIETERICH, JR., professor of history and American studies at the University of Wyoming since 1958, has previously taught at Adams State College, Alamosa, Colorado. He earned his B.A. and M.A. degrees at the University of Kansas, and his Ph.D. at the University of New Mexico. His teaching and research interests are in 19th century American history, particularly in the areas of intellectual and cultural history. Dr. Dieterich and his family live in Laramie.

PAUL M. EDWARDS, Chief, Museum Division, Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department, came to Wyoming last June from Graceland College, Iowa, where he was assistant professor of history and philosophy since 1960. He holds a bachelor's degree from Washburn University and a master's degree from the University of South Dakota. He has served as museum assistant with the Kansas Historical Society. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and their two children make their home in Cheyenne.

ROBERT A. MURRAY. See *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 36, No. 1, April, 1964, p. 124.

WILLIAM R. BANDY for many years was an engineer and surveyor in Montana and Wyoming. Upon his retirement in 1954, when he terminated nearly 44 years of continuous service with the Department of the Interior, he was awarded a citation for distinguished service in recognition of his valuable contributions in the field of cadastral survey for nearly a half century. He is now a practicing consultant engineer in Helena. Mr. Bandy has written many of his experiences as an engineer for publication in newspapers in Montana and Wyoming.





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# *Annals of Wyoming*



*Courtesy of Frank Meyers Studio, Rawlins*  
FRANCE MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, RAWLINS  
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## ANNALS OF WYOMING

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# *Annals of Wyoming*

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Number 2



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*"The Days  
That Are  
No More..."*



SHERIDAN INN, 1902

Sheridan Inn, one of the most historically significant structures in Wyoming, was opened in July, 1893. It has been the social center of the area throughout its history, and has been host to famous guests from all over the world. In January, 1965, it was designated a National Registered Historic Landmark by the National Park Service. This photograph was taken during a carnival held on July 3, 4 and 5, 1902. An Indian band is playing in the depot yard and Crow Indians are among the spectators in the street in front of Sheridan Inn.

*Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department*



# *The Long Walk of Sergeants Grant and Graham*

By

ROBERT A. MURRAY

Many problems faced veteran Lt. Col. Henry W. Wessells, 18th U. S. Infantry, when he took command of Fort Philip Kearny, and of the Mountain District, Department of the Platte at his brevet rank (Brigadier General) on January 18, 1867.<sup>1</sup> Food supplies were short, forage nearly exhausted, and morale low. He found an unfinished post and a nearly untrained garrison. Among his many immediate problems was the need to reopen communications with Fort C. F. Smith, about ninety miles away.

No word had come from that post in over a month, nor had any communications been sent there.<sup>2</sup> The Montana Road (Bozeman Trail) from Fort Philip Kearny to Fort C. F. Smith crossed the principal streams of the region not far above favorite winter camp sites of many hostile Sioux and Cheyenne bands, whose warriors had recently wiped out the Fetterman command. To the east of the Indian wintering country lay a land of few trails, and badly drifted snow. To the west of the trail lay the forested foothills and spurs of the Big Horns, difficult to traverse, and deep with snow. Wessells sent out a total of five parties along the road in the next three weeks. The largest ones were one led by Captain D. S. Gordon, Company D, 2d U. S. Cavalry on January 23d; and the one led by Major James Van Voast, 18th U. S. Infantry on January 29th. All turned back due to the weather, the presence of numerous Indians, or both.<sup>3</sup>

Wessells then tried to recruit couriers from the many citizens residing at Fort Philip Kearny, including such proven messengers as Post Guide Robert Bailey, and mail carriers Montgomery Van Valzah and John "Portugee" Phillips. These worthies, who regu-

---

1. General Order #4, Headquarters, Fort Philip Kearny, January 18, 1867.

2. Post Records, both posts for the period; also: letter, Wessells to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, February 14, 1867.

3. Special Order # 17, Headquarters, Fort Philip Kearny, January 22, 1867. Special Order # 22, Headquarters, Fort Philip Kearny, January 28, 1867. "Record of Events," *Post Return*, Fort Philip Kearny, February, 1867; letter, Wessells to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, February 14, 1867.

larly made the trip to Fort Reno, Bridger's Ferry, and Horseshoe Station for \$10 per day, wanted no part of the Fort C. F. Smith trip, and refused to go for less than \$1,000 each!<sup>4</sup> At length, two soldiers, Sergeant George Grant of Company E, 18th U. S. Infantry, and Sergeant Joseph Graham of Company G, 18th U. S. Infantry, volunteered to make the trip.<sup>5</sup>

Grant and Graham set out about sunrise on the morning of February 4, 1867.<sup>6</sup> They rode on mules as far as the Pinery, accompanied by two men who took the mules back to the post.<sup>7</sup> From this point, they struck out along the foot of the Big Horn on snowshoes.<sup>8</sup> By noon they reached the north end of what Sergeant Grant called the "Burial Mountains," and he estimated that they had traveled some 20 miles over deep snow since leaving the post.<sup>9</sup>

Here they came upon a stretch of country with little snow, so they walked on all night, going due north until first light, thence northeast to strike the "Government Road," (Bozeman Trail) at sunrise. After a cold breakfast of hard bread and lard, they traveled along the road all day, wading many creeks, and crossing the Little Horn early in the afternoon. By 3:00 p.m. they again found the road badly drifted, so they sought the shelter of a deep ravine, and made a cold camp for their first night's rest.<sup>10</sup>

The sergeants took to the road again on the morning of the 6th, and again traveled along it all day. Sleet and snow began to fall heavily by 4:00 p.m. Grant and Graham pushed on through the storm until they lost the road about 8:00 p.m. They camped that night on the open prairie without a fire.<sup>11</sup>

Starting early the morning of the 7th, they stopped at 6:00 a.m.

---

4. Letter, Wessells to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, February 14, 1867. *Post Return*, Fort Philip Kearny, for January, February and March, 1867. Special Orders # 28, Headquarters, Fort Philip Kearny, February 5, 1867.

5. Letter, Wessells to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, February 14, 1867.

6. Letter, Sergeant George Grant to 1st Lieutenant Thomas L. Brent, Commanding Company E, 18th U. S. Infantry (both at Fort Philip Kearny), February 14, 1867.

7. F. M. Fessenden, "Personal Experiences in and Around Fort Philip Kearny," *The Bozeman Trail*, Grace R. Hebard and E. A. Brininstool, Arthur H. Clark Co., Vol. II, p. 106.

8. Letter, Wessells to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, February 14, 1867. William Murphy, "The Forgotten Battalion," *Annals of Wyoming*, Volume 7, No. 2; letter of 1st Lt. Thomas L. Brent to unidentified officer, February 16, 1867, printed anonymously in *The History of the United States Army*, by William A. Ganoe, Appleton, N. Y., 1932, pp. 315-316.

9. Letter Sergeant Grant to Lt. Brent, February 14, 1867.

10. Ibid; also: their rations are identified in the Brent letter of February 16, 1867, reprinted in Ganoe.

11. Letter, Grant to Brent, February 14, 1867.

and built a fire for the first time.<sup>12</sup> This was probably near the Big Horn River, some ten miles below Fort C. F. Smith.<sup>13</sup> They arrived at Fort C. F. Smith about 4:00 p.m. that same day, and were "warmly welcomed . . ."<sup>14</sup> They brought the first official news of the Fetterman Fight of December 21, 1866, though Crow Indians visiting the post had been reporting the disaster in varying tales for some time.<sup>15</sup>

Grant and Graham rested that night and on through the 8th and 9th, of February, while the Post Headquarters prepared its first outgoing official mail in nearly two months.<sup>16</sup>

For the return trip, they were given horses to ride, along with two pack mules to carry mail and forage. The well-known half-breed guide Mich Bouyer accompanied them, and the commanding officer of Fort C. F. Smith placed him in charge of the party.<sup>17</sup> They left Fort C. F. Smith at tattoo (about 9:00 p.m.) on the 9th of February, and traveled until 4:00 a.m. on the 10th. They rested for about five hours. Traveling briskly from about 9:00 a.m. until 1:00 p.m., they reached the Little Horn about four miles North of its Bozeman Trail crossing, their horses quite tired.<sup>18</sup>

Here they found a fresh-killed buffalo, sure Indian sign.<sup>19</sup> Grant proposed that they make for the timber along the foothills of the Big Horns. At this Bouyer stripped his own horse and the pack mules of their saddles and loads, and rode up on a hill to scout the country. There were Indians in view, pursuing the couriers. The three struck out southwest directly for the mountains, and ran their horses for fifteen miles without interruption.<sup>20</sup>

The fifteen pursuing Indians were closing the gap fast by 3:30 p.m. when Grant's horse gave out. He quickly fell behind and took refuge on a ledge in a partially snow-covered ravine, while most of the Indians continued on in pursuit of Graham and Bouyer. Soon two of the Indians discovered Grant's hiding place. Grant quickly killed one with his Spencer carbine, and retrieved the Indian's Henry rifle which fell near him. As the second Indian came in

12. Ibid.

13. E. S. Topping, *Chronicles of the Yellowstone*, St. Paul, Minnesota: 1888, p. 56.

14. Letter, Grant to Brent, February 14, 1867; also: "Record of Events," *Post Return*, Fort C. F. Smith, February 1867.

15. Topping, *Chronicles of the Yellowstone*, p. 56.

16. Letter, Grant to Brent, February 14, 1867. "Record of Events," *Post Return*, Fort C. F. Smith, February, 1867; letters sent and letters received, Fort C. F. Smith, January and February, 1867.

17. Letter, Grant to Brent, February 14, 1867. Brent letter of February 16, 1867, in Ganoe, *History of the United States Army*, pp. 315-316.

18. Letter, Grant to Brent, February 14, 1867.

19. Brent letter of February 16, 1867, in Ganoe, pp. 315-316.

20. Letter, Grant to Brent, February 14, 1867.

view, Grant killed him also, and this Indian fell down the ravine, landing in the branches of a pine tree.<sup>21</sup>

A fog soon settled over the area, and Grant slipped out under its cover and traveled on all night. By morning on the 11th, his moccasins gave out from wading icy creeks, and he threw them away. He then found a dry brush patch, made a bed of bushes, and slept until sundown.<sup>22</sup> Then Grant replaced his moccasins with strips torn from his overcoat<sup>23</sup> and traveled all night and all day the 12th. At midnight on the 12th, he stopped and slept in a snowdrift until morning.<sup>24</sup>

Sergeant Graham and Mich Bouyer in the meantime eluded their Indian pursuers, abandoned their worn-out horses and trudged on in to Fort Philip Kearny early on February 13th.<sup>25</sup>

Around mid-afternoon on the 13th, Sergeant Grant reached the shore of Lake De Smet. Recognizing his surroundings, he made straight for the Fort, arriving there about 8:30 p.m., still carrying his own arms and his captured Henry rifle.<sup>26</sup> He was at once placed in the hospital, suffering from exposure, exhaustion and pleuresy, but nonetheless wrote his report on the trip the next day.<sup>27</sup>

Brevet Brigadier General Wessells wrote a strong commendation of these men to the Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, and they were cited for the feat in General Orders # 26, Headquarters, Department of the Platte on May 25, 1867. They did not, however, receive the "liberal compensation in money," which Wessells had suggested they be awarded.<sup>28</sup>

Sergeant Graham distinguished himself several times in combat against hostile Indians around Fort Reno later that same year.<sup>29</sup> Sergeant Grant remained in the service many years, serving in a cavalry regiment in the 1870's. He tried to reopen the issue of a monetary compensation for the Fort Philip Kearny-to-Fort C. F.

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21. Ibid.

22. Ibid.

23. Brent letter of February 16, 1867, in Ganoe, pp. 315-316.

24. Letter, Grant to Brent, February 14, 1867.

25. Brent letter of February 16, 1867, in Ganoe, pp. 315-316; letter. Wessells to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, February 14, 1867.

26. Brent letter of February 16, 1867, in Ganoe, pp. 315-316.

27. Letter, Grant to Brent, February 14, 1867; Brent letter of February 16, 1867, in Ganoe, pp. 315-316; letter, Wessells to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, February 14, 1867.

28. Letter, Wessells to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, February 14, 1867; General Order #36, Headquarters, Fort Reno, December 25, 1867; General Order #26, Headquarters, Department of the Platte, May 25, 1867.

29. General Order #36, Headquarters, Fort Reno, December 25, 1867; also: other correspondence and orders at Fort Reno indicating the frequency with which Graham was placed in charge of important parties, and describing their skirmishes.

Smith walk in 1871, but instead of money, he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.<sup>30</sup>

Two good soldiers, then, certainly deserve remembrance in Wyoming and the nation as the centennial of their long, cold, harrowing walk draws near.

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30. Medal of Honor File, 1871, Adjutant General's Office, Record Group 94; also: W. F. Beyer and O. F. Keydel, *Deeds of Valor*, Perrien-Keydel Company, Detroit, 1905, Volume 2, p. 133.

Note on sources:

Books are fully cited above. Government documents cited will be found in the post records of Fort C. F. Smith and Fort Philip Kearny, in Record Group 98 National Archives, as will the records of the Department of the Platte. The records of the Adjutant Generals office are in Record Group 94 of that office.

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The photograph of the Sheridan Inn on page 136 of this issue of the *Annals of Wyoming* under the heading "The Days That Are No More . . ." is the first in a series. Each future issue of the *Annals* will include an historic picture or other pictorial material from the files of the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

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Our regular fall installments of terrific wind storms have begun their arrival. Last night very high winds prevailed hereabouts to the infinite discomfort of timid folk in frail tenements. We urge upon our people attention to the oft repeated caution to look out for fires. One commencing upon such a night as last night could hardly fail to destroy a large portion of our town. Let all be on the watch of the stoves, pipes, ashes &c., resolving ourselves into a sort of general fire warden committee of the whole for mutual safety.

*Cheyenne Daily Leader, October 17, 1868.*



*Courtesy of Mrs. Alcott Farrar Elwell*

THE GEODETIC SURVEY CREW

"Dad" Beekly, Alcott Elwell, Carroll Wegerman, Doane Gardiner,  
Hoyt S. Gale



*Courtesy of Mrs. Alcott Farrar Elwell*

GEODETIC SURVEY CAMP ON CLEAR CREEK

JULY 8, 1908

# *Alcott Farrar Elwell*

## HIS DIARY, WYOMING 1908, AS CAMP COOK, UNITED STATES GEODETIC SURVEY ROOSEVELT LIGNITE CONSERVATION

### INTRODUCTION

Alcott Farrar Elwell, born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1886, received his early education in Cambridge, France and Germany, and entered Harvard in 1906, class of 1910. Due to financial reversals, he left college in 1907, and for the next eleven years he attended Harvard irregularly because of periods of employment to provide funds for the continuation of his college work.

In 1917 he received from Harvard the S.B. degree, cum laude, "as of the class of 1910," and later completed work at Harvard for the M.E. degree and doctor of education degree.

Colonel Elwell was commissioned captain of infantry, United States Army, in 1917, resigned as a lieutenant colonel from the infantry reserve in 1928, returned to active service during World War II, was commissioned a captain, A.U.S., and resigned from the army in 1948.

The great interest of Colonel Elwell's life was Mowglis, School-of-the-Open, East Hebron, New Hampshire, a summer camp for boys. As a young man he served as counsellor and assistant director of the camp, and was owner and director from 1925 until 1953, when he sold Mowglis. Almost immediately after his death in 1962, some of the Mowglis alumni, in seeking to establish "a living memorial to the Colonel," formed the Holt-Elwell Foundation, bought back the property and reactivated Mowglis in order that it might continue to accomplish for other boys what it had done for them.

The Geodetic Survey crew for which Alcott Elwell was cook in 1908 was headed by Hoyt S. Gale, chief. A Harvard graduate, Gale was with the United States Geological Survey from 1902 to 1920, and later founded the Western Gulf Oil Company in California. Other crew members included Carrol Wegerman, Doane Gardiner and "Dad" Beekly, teamster.

Colonel Elwell's "Wyoming Diary" has been placed with the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department by Mrs. Elwell, and portions of it are published here with her permission.

**July 2:** 9:45 a.m. left Weehawken with Dad on the front steps, the Hudson dull blue in the heat haze beyond. Left Mother at 23rd St. and now turn my face West, where what I go to meet - I face alone. Parting can be made hard or easy without regard to time and place by having the character to leave abruptly. Mother went absolutely flat when leaving D.L. & W. Ferry at 23rd St. At Jersey City failed to locate sleeping bag. Train ride hot, but very interesting from New England with the country more and more rolling, the farm houses large and comfortable, the trees individual and round.

Gradually the country flattens as we enter N.Y. and then a change occurs in the earth, which becomes the red of Virginia; in

fact, N.J. and Virginia look much alike and there is the same feeling to the country (except for the girls!)

Philadelphia and Baltimore dwarf after the sky-scrappers of N.Y., so that they look like [a] city of small mushroom houses. The train pulled into Washington on time and stopped at the new Station. This station is a huge affair and most successfully designed. There are two floors, the lower one in which the cars come, the other a station. Stopping at the Hamilton. Supper at Portland. Raining. Had a gorgeous gorge! Saw Hoyt at 9 p.m. Bed 11. Hot as Hell!

**July 3:** 7 a.m. Went to Union Station where I found my sleeping bag. Checked both things to Sheridan, Wyo. Bought sleeper; had a haircut, and got breakfast. On the breakfast I got stung. Gee! Me money does flee!x!x!

Went to Congressional Library. Was especially interested in the war bulletins, a Bible of George Washington's, and the exhibit of illustrations. Went up to the Ontario and helped Hoyt pack. Off at 5:45 sharp.

As we rolled through Maryland there had just been a shower. The trees and the fields were very green, while the little white-washed houses cuddled comfortably into the landscape. After reaching Baltimore we turned west and are excitedly rushing towards the West. Over the fields I saw a great rainbow in the evening twilight, its eastern end lost halfway down among the rain clouds, but the western end reaching almost to the "pot of gold," and hidden only by the mist on the countryside. Hoyt had to wait until 11 p.m. as a lady had the lower berth. He had an exciting game of peekaboo as only one curtain twixt him and her!

**July 4:** Slept until 10 a.m. After dressing before the assembled car and eating some sweet chocolate I went to the observation car and wrote two letters. After becoming quite sick from trying to write with the car at 60 per—I went in and spent the remaining time until one, sleeping. During lunch rain through to storms. The country of Ohio and Indiana are flat with little patches of woodland surrounded with wheat and grass fields. The houses are tall, wooden affairs with a forlorn look to them, and over all there is a certain sameness. Along the railroads the depots need paint. The track from Pittsburgh is very straight with so few turns that it is quite remarkable. Reached Chicago on time, having had my first glimpse of Lake Michigan just after the Chicago Portland Cement Works. Chicago lake front, saw the Congress Hotel, took supper there. Walked through lower Chicago. For men only - boys under 21 not allowed . . . Balloon race over the lake. People look Western; women not as well dressed as New York nor as smart-looking. Train West 11 p.m. Opposite Union Station book and cigar store: "Three Weeks"; "\$10



Worth" - rich, rare and racy; "Secrets of Matrimony," "The White Woman Slave" etc. all displayed in the window.

**July 5:** After waking up watched the country. Iowa stretched away in long rolling fields with clumps of trees and brooks cut deep in the soil. The houses are very small, especially in comparison to the acreage. The barns are more in proportion. Long fields of corn were broken by pasture land, where the cattle, horses and black pigs were everywhere to be seen. The pigs dotting the hillsides are in general tone complementary to the earth which is a black, muddy consistency.

The brooks are deeply imbedded in the land, gulley and winding among the hillocks.

The train is heavy loaded. One Western feature is the Chair car, consisting of individual chairs placed four in a line across the car, allowing an aisle in the middle. In this way everyone had a seat to themselves. The car is a regular passenger. All is green grass and trees with muddy-looking water in pools and bogs outside. No stones seen to interrupt the even nature of the rolling fields.

Omaha, (the City of the No Head). Not a person knew anything about our train. If you were not going to the Democratic Convention at Denver you ought to be! Tourist sleeper with Harvard men.

Exceptionally heavy thunderstorm with hailing and brilliant lightning, lasting from Lincoln, Neb. (5 p.m.) until 10 p.m. This heavy rain at Lincoln carried a flood in which seven or eight people were drowned and no trains entered Lincoln for two days.

**July 6:** Mountain time. So as I had bought my ticket to Edgemont I got up at 7:30 (in reality it was 6:30 a.m.) The night was cool and the air outside clear and fresh. Beyond Alliance we began to come into the long, rolling prairie, grass-covered, with hills beyond scattered with some few evergreens. Great tall towers and castle of hard rock jet out from these hills and often from the low country itself. The streams are deeply channeled with brown muddy water.

Out across the prairie are one or two small houses and black cattle grazing. Along the track prairie dogs everywhere sit up like drum majors. They sit so straight, and tucking their paws in front of them they look as if presenting arms. By the excitement caused from the train, it must be quite an event in the village!

Edgemont is a town in the very midst of the prairie. Coming towards the town new houses are scattered. On the hill is a fine school house. Around this is the station with a long street with low buildings.

Saw three prairie chickens sitting on wire fence as train passed. Have changed to regular chair car for Sheridan. Arrived Sheridan 3:10. As I was fixing my return ticket girl asked if I were Alcott Elwell. The girl was at Roger Hall Camp. After train left . . .

went uptown, bought a hat and shoes. The town faces N and S; to the west 10 miles away are the Big Horns. The farthest peaks snow-capped. To the south lies our route and Buffalo.

Sheridan is a town of 8000, sporting a whole line of stores, hotels, etc. Met the outfit at supper. Bed 10:30.

**July 7:** Started from Sheridan 11:30 after packing the outfit. After some six miles near Little Big Horn we stopped for lunch; rode from lunch to Banner on horseback. Banner 6 p.m. Trouble at starting with the lead horses. Supper at the ranch. The ranch was a grove of cotton trees. Everyone helped themselves, and the women did not eat until after the men had finished.

Slept in the field beyond barn. Expected a rough house by the fellows, but nothing happened except the stock gathered by my bedside. Half moon until 12 o'clock.

**July 8:** Up at 5. Found Hoyt and Wegerman had spent a most uncomfortable night in the barn.

Hoyt found he had to sleep in a comforter into which someone had left his lunch. This must have loosened the color for it all came off on his hands and face. The house, the surroundings were filthy, but typical.

(Massacre ground where nearly 200 soldiers were massacred by Sioux Indians under Red Cloud, Dec. 21, 1866. No man survived. It is said that 186 arrows were taken from the body of one soldier. W. J. Fetterman, 4 civilians, 18th infantry (76-3) 2d Cavalry. The Indians were armed only with arrows, but their number was so overwhelming that resistance was impossible.)

(As I heard later, the party of soldiers that were massacred were sent to escort home to the Fort a wood train. The lieutenant disobeyed orders and followed a body of Sioux. At the Fort the Commanding Officer heard the firing, pop pop, far across the hills. He sent out another relief party and in 28 minutes, as he watched, all firing ceased. Two days later the bodies were recovered scalped, mutilated, and frozen.)

Lunch before Lake DeSmet beside an irrigation ditch. Three autos (2 Buicks and a 2-cyl. Rambler) caused variation and excitement. Lake DeSmet is said to be a bottomless lake and whosoever rows or goes on the surface is always drowned.

It is a powerful alkali water, mixed with sulphur and the gaseous vapor arising from it may cause the superstition. At any rate, it is exceedingly effective—deep, deep blue among the red hills and pillow country of green grass.

Struck some genuine alkali near Buffalo. Hills steep, and the sun scorching hot. Reached Buffalo and camped on an island 1/4 from town on the Sweetwater. Opened the outfit and began work. 3 trees and the house corraled about us. Hoyt had a sore throat and has escaped to the hotel. Had visitors and a letter from Mother.

**July 9:** 4:30 a.m. cut wood, built fire, and got breakfast. Pretty poor first attempt. Coffee bad, scrambled eggs and bacon. Dinner at 1 p.m. Steak, peas, corn, and chocolate. Supper, soda biscuit and grapenut—good. Made bread and cleaned stove. Gardener came. Saw sand peep.

**July 10:** 5:30-Breakfast, 6:30.Coffee too strong. Chopped wood, cleaned camp. 11 soldiers came to the creek—"Clar Crick."

19th Infantry, K.L.M. Fort McKenzie to Cheyenne, fat head officers. Cooked meals, etc.

Made 3 loaves of bread, but squashed one. Pretty good. Went into town on "Kid". Cooked supper. Went to hotel and fixed up Hoyt. Girls outside; marriage service, etc. Rain, thunder shower.

**July 11:** 5:30 breakfast. Corn bread, turned out well. Hoyt not at camp. Soldiers all gone at 4 a.m.

My hands are blistered in contact with hot things; my face is too. I wear a complexion like a pickled beet. Let me say honestly God help the man who has to burn cotton wood in this country.

After lunch Hoyt did not come up so put the whisky barrels to soak. Supper, and made bread. Went to see Hoyt at hotel. Only one spoon was allowed at a meal; rotten food. 16 year old girl married in opposite room.

**July 12:** Sunday, 4:45 a.m. Breakfast 7 a.m. Hoyt arrived, seems better although not entirely over his sore throat. Dinner, had roast veal, corn, potatoes, and tomatoes, with tomato soup. Bread should have risen a bit more. Biscuit, fine. Took a short lesson at the plane table. Signed Government accident policy; off tomorrow . . .

**July 13:** Breakfast 6:30 a.m., after which I washed the dishes while the rest "struck the tents," and got things in readiness for the move.

At 10 we left camp, I standing on the team, holding on to whisky barrels and my dress suitcase.

At Buffalo we stopped until 12:45 while "Dad" got supplies. I sharpened two axes and then loafed with Gardiner. In a saloon near the center of town I saw a stuffed calf with four pairs of legs, two on top of its back, two to the side, and the rest normally placed; also a lamb with two heads. The calf lived a half hour after it was born, but the lamb was born dead.

After leaving town we followed the Clear Creek in its general course, rising into the low hills, and having a grand view of the "snow tops" with Buffalo hidden below us.

The hills are all covered with great coal clinks from the burning of great coal beds in the hills. These clinks make the red effect so picturesque in the landscape. Beside [this] the black jagged

pieces of melted rock and iron with burnt coal, form fantastic figures among the hills.

As we wind among the hills the fences grow less away from the river and long valleys, and slide off into the hills. These valleys are all green, and sink away, winding in behind the shoulders of yet other rises. In these sometimes cattle or horses graze in herds, while others are solitary except for the prairie dog, sitting erect on his hole.

Among the thicker sage we saw several "sage hens". These birds will often allow you to follow them, shooting them one by one until all are dead, and will only walk and cluck and walk on.

Doves and little blackbirds were very numerous especially in the new cut grass fields and tall sweet clover. The hay is being cut on the river valleys and it is stacked in great mounds in the open fields. Reaching Watts Ranch we looked about for camping ground. The choice was to go through 4 gates and across a bridge to be near its creek or the camp on the road. The road was decided upon although all the water has to be carried from the pump at the Ranch, 200 yards away.

Looked at a bluff opposite, the first camping idea, but we should have had to go half a mile for water, and the creek was 30 ft. straight down. Saw a cotton-tail rabbit. Arrived at camp 5:30. Supper at 8:30 and bed 10:00. This morning especially the unpacking and getting something to eat, beside the confusion otherwise, is certainly Hell. A most wonderful full moon, pale, very pale, and white, over the prairie and the river bottom. The tents shone in it, and the wind seemed to be accompanying it through the night for as the moon rose into the sky the wind became stronger and fresher.

Early next morning, at 4:30, it still hung on the edge of the sagebrush over beyond the hills even while crimson was deep on the east. I wondered whether Bruce and Mother had seen it passing them two hours before, but it kept on its way into the West without answering.

**July 14:** 3:30 a.m. instead of 4:30 by mistake. Breakfast at 6. At 7:00 Wegerman and I went into pasture opposite (600 acres) while Hoyt went to "Piney" Creek. "Dad" and I were left alone all day. After fixing the cook tent I slept, so did "Dad".

Read "De Profundis" and he "The Merry Men."

Got some soft coal from the Ranch and started using it. The coal looks, is, part of ossified wood, cracks terribly, and will powder if wet, and then dried. It burns pretty well, almost like wood, it is so soft. It is better than having to chase through forlorn country in search of a piece of wood to burn. At 6:00 p.m. the "boys" all got back, and I had a full-course dinner, - 2 vegetables, jelly omelet, etc. The French fried potatoes were very sad indeed.

During supper there was a muttering of thunder and the north-east became a heavy yellow.

Just before the boys came in "Brownie", one horse we had tethered, ran off down the road when "Dad" let him loose to get some grass. He must have had a ticket straight through because he didn't stop once when he had started, just whooped off to the east.

After supper "Dad" said he would wipe my dishes if I would chase up "Brownie." I took "Kid" and rode east until I reached the range, unfenced, to the north. Up among the hills it started to come in torrents with almost constant lightning and heavy thunder. At times "Kid" would turn his tail to the rain, it came so strong. By letting "Kid" take his course I located eight or ten horses, but "Brownie" was not there. Passing over the ridges I struck the road one mile before. By this time the whole hillside was awash, and rivers pounding among the sage. Following the road until I reached "Piney" I took the left bank and followed a gulley until I reached a high stand. Beyond was a deep valley and other hills, and back of me "Piney" rushing below. The smell of sage underfoot, the spattering of the rain and a weird yellow glow just enough to make the thing indistinct.

The clouds flying close overhead seemed to vibrate lightning for it cracked in long fingers, spread out into sparks and flew farther across the hills. It became so dark that I dared go no further, as each hill looked alike in the dimness. Turning I climbed slowly down the hillside, slipping and sliding in the mud. Reaching the road, I found it a running river in places, at one point over my boots when on the horse.

At camp matters were sad indeed. The spot we are on is a bit low, but drained by a ditch. Such a flood descended that the ditch overflowed and the tents swam.

Hoyt got the worst dose for it was a regular puddle underneath his cot. All hands were digging ditches when I arrived. They thought I had been lost in the hills. Oh! it is sweet to get into bed with two inches of mud below! I piled all my belongings in a pyramid on the grain sack and got into bed naked, as towel and pyjamas were somewhere in the moisty pile.

**July 15:** But sweeter than going to bed wet is getting up and stepping into the mire at 4:30 a.m. to hunt for a damp pair of pants in a cool chill and yank on a pair of boots while mud jellies about you. Again it is no dream to pull water 300 yards in pails with the mud up to your ankles — but that's what I'm paid for.

Damn the house fly! When the Lord made these he certainly slipped up, or more probably it was one of the best inventions of the Devil.

All the men are off. Hoyt and Wegerman surveying. "Dad" and Gardiner after "Brownie." I have to be in sight of the tents

all the time, and the flies are thick as a man's sin on Judgment Day, and quite as aggravating!

**July 16:** Broke camp at Watts at 9:30 a.m. after a scrabble. The team went first, the horsemen staying to look after a fire we had built to clean up the papers. From Watts to Piney Creek the road was bad, and on the east slope of the hills it was hotter than Hell. "Blaze" was pretty near out before we reached the river. Lunch at Piney 12:30. Gardiner with "Brownie" caught up with us on the second ford across Clear Creek. I rode "Brownie" ahead into Clearmont. Fired unsuccessfully at prairie dogs all day. Saw an owl. It is said the prairie dogs, ground owls and rattle snakes live in the same holes. But I'm from Missouri!

At Clearmont, which consists of a couple of saloons, two stores and a railroad station, we stopped while Gardiner hit a quart bottle of Anhoysen Busch.

Dead sheep coming into Clearmont; dead horses all along the line. Today they do not smell much. Heavy wind out of a clear sky. Bunch of sheep. Went back to Clearmont for gloves. Camped 5 miles below Clearmont in a water hole beside an irrigation ditch. The cook tent was all . . . Gale and Wegerman arrived at 7:00, supper 7:30. Went up to a Ranch for water. A great many use melted ice where there is no well. The irrigation was filthy.

**July 17:** 4:30 a.m. Woke with the wide open prairie all about. Washed dishes in the ditch, which was a slow and dirty operation. Got mixed up at breakfast and did not get off until 8:00. Made a mess of things, and was told so. Better next time; all right, I will know better what is up.

Went into Ranch and down old road. Struck Arvada road, and forded Clear Creek. Up river from the old ford. Road's bad, and gullied terribly in places. Came to a round-up of cattle. From our lunch place we watched them run them into the pens. A bunch of stock are driven in before them as a decoy. Then come the cattle with a great dust, the cowboys following close behind, and heading off any stragglers. One steer got loose and broke into the Range with a "boy" after him. We could watch them as they galloped across the Range.

Hoyt and the others cut across lots for Powder River and Stone's outfit. "Dad" and I had to keep the road. Near our camp ground on Powder River is the largest prairie dog city that I ever saw. "Dad" either. It certainly is New York a la Prairie Dog!

We camped about 1/2 m. from the road in a bend of the river. Holmes, the other cook, an Iowa college fellow, and I are going to cook together in combination for the outfit. We have to ford the river for all our alkali drinking water.

Yesterday the water rose 6 inches. It is just a long ribbon of

mud so thick you can almost cut it. Stone's gang is all right. We got a rattle snake after leaving the first Ranch today.

(Notes: Cattle milling—Cyclone; Mexican pony—Pinto, a calico pony, or a "poker-dotted" horse.)

**July 18:** 4:45 a.m. Breakfast 6:00. Fired 4 barrels at a rabbit; hit him behind, but he crawled into a hole. Railroad side tracks and stations, 2/3 are rolling prairie or alfalfa fields. Joined cooking combination. Put tents in line, and generally sweat for it. Made cinnamon rolls, but bread was spoiled having to move the tent. Fisher came.

**July 19:** Breakfast 6:30. Changed cook tent to my outfit, and also mess wagons. Took a mud bath in the Powder River, nearly clear mud. Smith (head of U.S.G.S.) arrived at 6:00. Bread and bed at 9:30. Worked hard all day. Had two hour nap between 2 and 4.

**July 20:** 4:30, breakfast 6:00. Taking down outfit for the trip tomorrow. Nothing doing, the Secretary of the Interior is not coming, so back we go. At 10:30 killed a big rattle snake with 8 rattles. Shot his head off with the 38.

(Note for July 19th: Mulpton shot 3 rabbits; Gardiner 1 rabbit, 2 prairie dogs. Stone killed sheep with 22 W. Special Repeater. Stone's crowd: R. W. Stone, Mulpton, Fred Morrison, Charles Holmes, Dr. Smith Fiske.)

Hell let loose. Everything wrong. Dinner poor. Meat, little and scant. Holmes sick. Bed 10 p.m.

**July 21:** Left Powder River at 8:45; coming over the divide between Powder and Clear Creek it was terribly hot. Took a swim in Clear Creek. Got on the wrong trail before getting there. Camped at Clearmont 5:30, putting up cook and office tents.

Woman barber.

Wegerman was rolled on by his horse.

**July 22:** Broke camp at 9:30. Wegerman and Gardiner left before. Received letters from Dad and Gladys at Clearmont. Left town at 12:00. Struck Clear Creek ford and camped. About 6 p.m., after an extremely hot, muggy day and mosquitoes began work. Around the cook tent and the fly they gather in black blotches and make dish-washing a torment. As the night grew they became more ravenous, entering the tents and pervading the darkness. Only too true, as the old Indian said, "De mosquito it is not 'is bite but 'is sing!"

On going to bed I thoughtlessly sat on the ground, whereupon my pyjama pants became coated with "stick tights." Between mosquitoes outside, burrs inside, and the heat, sleep was a matter of small account. The next morning I found comfort in learning that all the rest had suffered during the night.

("Stuttering Dick": "Out here, do you fellows ever get broke? W-w-well no, we never get broke; but we-we sometimes get pretty badly b-b-bent.")

**July 23:** 4:30, breakfast 6:00. Hoyt starts for the Big Horn Mts. Stage refused to take him, it was so full. "Dad" and he went in big wagon leaving me alone with the outfit, all balled up. It took until 2:00 to straighten up, then I baked bread. The boys got back at 6:00. Shower at 7, with double rainbow. The creek and the hills with the storm behind them and across the sky 2 rainbows, one perfect, the other lost in the middle, but clear at both ends.

**July 24:** Breakfast 6:00. Wegerman and Gardiner are off, and I am alone in camp. While writing to Dad the darned stock forded the river and hobbled they fled away. I followed in chase across the river, up to my waist in water. The water was that swift it took uttermost precaution not to slide on a pebble and be carried down stream.

Skirting a hill I followed upon the ridge over the ups and downs to head off the stock. Then tried to ride "Tanglefoot" home bareback. After several unsuccessful attempts to get on his tall back, I led him across the ford the same way I came and reached camp. Was preparing to saddle up and follow "Kid" when he turned up. Western horses are the biggest fools, they lack even horse sense! The only senses they have are for getting into trouble.

It was 2:00 when I returned so I went over for some coal at the Ranch (Whorton's Ranch). I have to collect the coal in bags, tie them together, and then fling them over the horse. This is no joke when the horse is shying sideways. When I reach the river then I clamber on their back and cross the ford.

"Dad" returned from Buffalo with supplies. Boys got back at 6:30. They are working the N.E. corner of the township. Darn the mosquitoes. When I am washing the dishes at night they eat me alive.

**July 25:** Went to Clearmont bareback on "Brownie." Coming back the fools at the store packed the butter in thin paper; it speedily melted in the hot sun and ran out of the saddle bag. With a saddle bag full of truck, four dozen eggs and myself, all on a slippery back, as it dripped fast at 30¢ a pound, I descended and, clothed in the saddle bag cover, took the saddle bags in hand, the eggs, the reins, and dragged the accursed "Brownie" for several miles.

What I forgot to say on the way in I hope may never be laid to my credit in the big Black Book though I do have a satisfied feeling that it must have come into Headquarters pretty steadily and kept the Angels busy with their India ink.

Reaching the brook I put the butter in, and came to camp.



Went for vegetables at the Ranch. Henry and I dug them. Gardiner in early, Wegerman late. Mosquitoes!!

**July 26:** (Sunday.) Breakfast / thank the Lord!

Went for coal; dinner at noon, - Campbell's Condensed ox-tail; dried beef with gravy, small creamed onions, stewed potatoes, and bread pudding with maple sauce.

Fixed up Wegerman, and slept from 4 to 6.

**July 27:** Made bread, cleaned up camp, and at 11:15 started for Clearmont on "Brownie." Returning at 1:15, it was most terribly hot; in fact, one of the hottest days we have had. While baking bread "Dad" saw a flock of chickens. With Gardiner's double I knocked a double and a single, a bird at every shot. The long double bird we could not trace! These chickens rise very much like pheasant. #3 1-1/8 b. DuPont Winchester.

Evening I steamed Wegerman's shoulder.

On my returning way from Clearmont, #41 passed me just as my road led off into the hills at right angles to the track. I waved my hat, and the people craned their necks out the window to see "the cowboy"? What a bump they would have had if they had but known! It is nevertheless an obvious fact that the sight of a train loaded with people coming from the East gives me a strange pleasure just to watch it pass, and to wonder where the people are going—it seems like a letter or anything else from home!

"Dad" and Wegerman came almost to blows on the question of hobbling "Brownie." Wegerman said "Dad" was cruel and started to take them off, and "Dad" shoved him aside. There were 5 or 10 minutes of fireworks!

Evening. There was a most splendid sun glow over the western hills. The color was of a most intense, marvelous crimson, like some gigantic fire beyond the prairie. The green of the near hills and the faint illusive purples and greens of a few more distant points seen between the others made the spectacle gorgeous beyond all words; for color is so minute and syllables cannot but portray it crudely—for they are but a crude instrument themselves.

As the night deepened the foot and shoulders of a rainbow shone in the east for a few moments backed by the dark rain behind and the colorless prairie from which the light had fled. During the night the hills were very black, but to the east lightning winked like some great eye, opening and shutting across the night. The tents and the flats lay as silent as the darkness around about. Packrats collect everything and carry it home.

**July 28:** Shot hawk and 5 turtle doves in the morning. Back on the rising ground beyond the tents hawk and two doves were flying. Dreamed: A man came into the tent and hung a live rattler over "Dad" just enough so that when "Dad" rose the snake

could bite. The man decided to kill me too so that the job would be clean. But the 38 turned the trick!

**July 29-30:** Went out after doves but failed to connect with a single one after 6 shots. "Old Bill" and "Tanglefoot" led the horses into the range, and I chased them in the broiling sun. Finally I headed them homeward and returned to camp.

Hoyt arrived from his visit to the Big Horns. My beans turned out splendidly; besides this we had pigeon, new peas and little onions, custard and cocoa.

Signed my first payroll for \$50.00 - from the 6th to the 31st.

**July 31:** Man from Buffalo with cattle for Omaha - stayed around all day.

The Old Stone Ranch just across the ford seems to have conflicting stories. *1st*, that the man who built it homesteaded there. The "Big Red" above tried to get him out, then his wife died, and finally in a freshet his twin girls fell into the creek and were drowned. Finally, Big Red fixed up a deal and sent him to jail for 2 years. *2d*, that the world's rough rider lived there, but that at what is now Whorton's Ranch the "Big Red" had trouble with a man. The foreman offered \$2000 to a man to fix up evidence of cattle stealing on the other fellow. So after a time the accomplice brought cattle from miles away and put them in the yards with the man's own cattle, and he branded the bunch! By false oaths and misstatements he got 2 years. The foreman became so ashamed of his act that he took to drink, and went to the man's wife and confessed. She made him write a letter to the Governor which released her husband. The husband and wife moved to Colorado. The foreman took to drink.

Interesting to see them corral the horses with ropes to the wagon. "Tanglefoot" ran away with me twice. The bridle was broken and I couldn't hold him. Of all the darned beasts in the bunch "Tanglefoot" beats all. He came across the river on the run and up into the fields [where] I put him. He stopped when he reached the other horses.

It has been very hot.

Hoyt and "the boys" killed a rattler on the rise below camp. Dug him up. Wegerman 3 rattlers.

**August 1:** The Devil died of sunstroke today! It was the hottest we've had, and that is saying something. Made bread in 3 hrs. it was so warm. Boys were nearly dead. Hoyt got caught in brook by bunch of "vimens" in a carriage.

**August 2:** (Sunday) Breakfast 7 a.m., dinner 1:30. Flies and heat predominate in the tents. Fired Hoyt's 22, the 38 S&W and the 32 Special at 600 and 1/2 mile.

Bunch went in swimming over by the cliff. First place I could

swim in I have struck since I left the East. The mosquitoes were thick in the evening.

**August 3:** After breakfast I had to drive the old stray horse away. In leaning to unhitch him the saddle slipped with Kid and around it went. I got kicked in the stomach, and the horse ran 1/2 mile. The oil slicker is nowhere to be found. "Dad" said I might consider myself resurrected the 3rd of August!

Made doughnuts. Fine!

**August 4:** Made bread. "Dad" at Clearmont.

**August 5:** Shot 9 doves, but lost 3 in the sagebrush. They set in cotton woods. Deep gullies, water courses. Prepared for more.

**August 6:** Breakfast 6:00. Moved from Double Crossing 8:30. "Dad" and I did all the loading. I rode ahead to Piney Ranch with Bob for oats. Ranch buildings of stone beside Piney Creek, 1/2 mile from fork in the road. Rained part way to Watts. Rode Bob the last part of the way as he broke the halter several times. Arrived 1 p.m., put up tents. Like Eden. The camp flowing with milk and honey - and flies!

**August 7:** Hotter than ——— Slept and cooked.

**August 8:** Baked beans. Made a lemon pie after instruction by Mrs. Watts. The pie plate outgrew the crust, but otherwise it was good. Wonderful Northern Lights over the northeast sky. Pigs and black cats infest the tents at night.

**August 9:** (Sunday). Breakfast 7:00. Dinner, baked bean soup, roast beef, potatoes, tomatoes, chocolate ice cream, raisin bread. Very hot in the middle of the day. The ice cream and the iced water were civilized indeed. I got all the mail. Took a swim in the creek with Hoyt, Wegerman and Gardiner.

**August 10:** Afternoon it rained. Did the washing, bringing water from the irrigation ditch. Rained at night. Talked to Mr. Watts about sheep-herding for Bruce and I. 3300 sheep went by at noon. Raised tremendous dust. Wegerman killed 3 rattlers and saw a coyote.

**August 11:** Morning overcast and cold. Made bread and put it in what sun there was to rise. By noon it was growing cold and I had to put it in my bed! The stage driver had a buggy top for Elwell. Wanted to know whether I was the man. "Dad" replied, "No, he can't be the man, he has a 'buggy top' already and a hat to cover it." Stung!

Read "De Profundis."

Baked bread in a howling wind with rain. At 6:00 the men were all in and it was nasty outside. As the night grew it got

worse. When we crawled into bed the rain had stopped, but the wind was rising and it was getting cold.

**August 12:** 4:45 seemed like Swedenborg's lowest Hell. All day thick. The tent is closed and a fire going, but still it is disconsolate.

Behind Watts on the river bottom there was a most magnificent set of two rainbows,—the smaller was perfect, the other a little less distinct but unbroken. The small bow was wide and rich in color, ending on one side in a field of yellow ripe wheat, and in the other against the shattered framework of a hill whose bowels had been burnt by fire. With the black-grey storm retreating over the southeast line of hills the hills themselves were filled with clear color unmixed with the dust that accumulated during the day. All the intense wonder of faint color was present, completing the blazing rainbow by its relief to eye and mind, and bringing into complete harmony the shadow of the storm behind the darker hills.

The entire valley seemed breathing color—the deep green alfalfa grass, the uncut oats yellow in the last sunlight, and the blue water swinging gently from side to side on the bottom land. God must have smiled when He made this picture out of such barren material.

The day was bitter cold, wet, overcast and windy. "Dad" and I had the tent closed up, the fire going, but yet shivered. At 11:30 Mr. Gale came to camp on account of the rain and snow. He brought with him a fish from the irrigation ditch. The ditch broke down and all the water was run out. This left suckers in small puddles. I went up to the ditch and succeeded in getting seven, four from one puddle and three from along the ditch. It was a slimy job as the fish went overland across the mud pretty fast. I dammed up one pool and chased the four into shallow water. The fish were about 10 inches to 12 inches, and were "suckers" whitish grey with red on the tail. After dinner I went downstream, but the blue heron had done the picking.

Mr. Gale shot a rabbit. We had doughnuts. Mr. Watts' son was run over by a load of 5500' of lumber. Pa and Ma went down to him at Buffalo. He is not hurt badly. The doctors around Buffalo must be pretty poor. Postcard from Dotty Downer, friend Pearl Burns, Sheridan, Wyo. Her father has a sheep and cattle ranch.

**August 13:** Mist and rain. Cold, damp sogginess. Cleaned guns; got vegetables, and packed for the move to Hamilton. Gardiner and Hoyt came in afternoon, and towards evening it settled down to soggy mist, with occasional rain. A most miserable feeling—damp clothes, chilly winds, slipping about the tent, and a general stomach trouble from the change of temperature. "Dad" arrived from Buffalo with supplies and the slicker lost the 3rd of August in the Kid fracas.

Bread went on the . . . . Hell!

**August 14:** Drizzling at 4:45, raining at 6:00. After a period of waiting order came to stay in camp until tomorrow. With everything packed this makes it rotten.

Received letters from Mother and two corks from Bruce. One letter from Vida from Bozeman, Montana, where she is in the hospital having been under an upturned coach coming out of the Yellowstone. She was thrown 30 feet. Uncle Tom was cut. She was taken to the Grand Basin Hotel, and from there to Bozeman Hospital. There at Bozeman she underwent an electric storm of some violence.

Toward evening it began to rain hard, and as we turned in the water was running over the breastworks into the cook tent.

**August 15:** At 10 a.m. the sun began to break through the clouds and life once again resumed its peaceful attitude. Prepared for the coming move.

**August 16:** (Sunday) Left Watts Ranch at 9:15 a.m., Hoyt and Wegerman having left beforehand. Gardiner stayed to help. Met the outgoing stage at 11:30 where the Clearmont/Bufalo road and Piney branch meet. Beyond here we found the Piney road for several miles very hilly as it kept to the hills instead of the valley. In places the cuts were badly gullied, while one had to be repaired with rocks and gravel before the team could cross. Almost without exception the ditch bridges and culverts were broken and useless. After passing William's Ranch the road was good. The camp is 300 yds. from Hamilton's Ranch on a steep bank above Piney. The tents face the running water, and the deep, rich meadows with the hills beyond; up the valley the snow-capped Big Horns.

It is called 10 miles from Hamilton to where Piney and Clear join, therefore about  $9\frac{1}{4}$  to the road crossing. Gardiner and I rode "Tanglefoot" and "Kid." G. showed me coal deposits at Box Elder Creek.

Cooked heavy meal. Mr. Gale and Wegerman in on time. Made bread and bed 9:30. All night when I half woke the noise of the water came, while early in the morning the moon half shone.

**August 17:** 4 a.m., made bread and got breakfast. After washing dishes I rode "Kid" to Wegel's Ranch, and met the incoming mail from Clearmont 10:10 and the outgonig at 11:20. Home 1 p.m. I took the 38.

Wrote to Bruce lying on the ground with my hat as a shield. Made doughnuts and bread. Bed 9:30 p.m.

**August 18:** 5 a.m. After breakfast went with "Dad" for coal. We climbed into the hills about 300 ft. above the creek. Loaded "Kid" and made 2 trips, the last one I brought down about 1000#. When we came down it was about 45°. Started at 11 (directly

after getting coal) for Wegel's Ranch for the mail. Arrived at the post box 12:30; camp 2:45, allowing 30 mins. at the box. "Kid" went slowly and the riding was hard, but the sky was overcast, while coming home there was a breeze.

Had chicken for dinner. The damned fire would not get started, and I had nothing ready at 6. Supper, however, was on time. Bread and bed at 10, making 17 hrs. of work, including 18 miles of it horseback.

I remember getting my boots off, then it was 5 a.m. this morning (August 19th). Old man Hamilton is a stinker - shooed me from the coal pile and has a grouch 1/2 mile wide. You bump against it when you pass him on the roadside.

**August 19:** 5 a.m. "Dad" 's gone for the mail. I bet he'll be tired when he gets home and sore. "Kid" has a very hard trot, and the saddle is ——! Washing and baking for me.

A rancher came along today who asked me about coal land. In talking said he had been a U.S. Marine, was in the San Francisco quake; shot a policeman who was cutting a ring from a woman's finger. He had five fingers in his pocket. The woman was not dead, only speechless. Orders were that no one should touch their hand to the ground without permission.

The Hamiltons had a party last night, and the countryside came in farm wagons, dump carts, and hayricks.

"Dad" rode to Wegel's Ranch for mail 9 to 12. I did the washing and baked bread.

**August 20:** Mailman from Ulm came by. \$30 per month, 3 days a week (6 to 10 - 10 to 2).

Drew some postal cards for the men:

The Geologist  
Brownie's Leading Features  
Plain Table Talk  
Wyoming Breakfast Call  
Charmed, I Assure You  
What We See of Doane Gardiner  
The Cook's Busy Day  
Try Angulation  
Local Color  
Our Beloved Cook

The boys were highly delighted. "The Geologist" was the winner.

**August 21:** Heavy, cool rain. Tent all closed up and the fire going hard. Hoyt and Wegerman drew on their maps. I drew postal cards. "Dad" sewed saddle bags.

About 12 it stopped raining, and Doane went out on "Kid." Hoyt was sick with a headache and stomach upset.

On Thursday night, the 20th, "Dad" woke me because some animal had scared "Brownie." We went down the road, but

caught only a glimpse of something white in the distant darkness. We traced "Brownie" to the other horses, and then came home. Every night "Dad" heard light foot beats on the road which stop at the tents, and then go on.

Brownie was free from the rope and the hobbles when he was found. The night before he was only tied, but returned to camp hobbled.

**August 22:** "Dad" went to Kearny to get mail and look up next camping place. I finished "Ebb Tide," and sat watching the rain on the mountains, the variations of lighting with the many colors between me and those hills.

"Dad" returned about 3:30. Letter from Mr. Butz.

**August 23:** (Sunday) From 6 a.m. until 9 p.m. I worked all day. Breakfast first, then dinner (with roast ducks, green beans, cabbage, and lemon pudding). I had to pack for the move, and then supper. Went for eggs, and coming home saw a large owl on a telegraph pole.

**August 24:** The team left Hamilton's at 8:45 a.m., and went up Piney Creek to Kearny (a trip of 12 miles). The trip was the most effective of any we shall have. The snowcaps of the Big Horns just in front, their shoulders sloping off into the timbered tops, and down nearer and nearer until the trees ceased and the sage began. Every interval of change has its peculiar tone and shade, like dabs on a great palette.

Everywhere we passed there were several pines standing on an eminence to deepen the contrast between it and the sage.

We came upon the Sheridan-Buffalo road through a cut among the narrow hills, where some stream had cut a way. Great piles of black clinkers hung over us in places, while the hills showed deep red wounds of old fires. Kearny was struck at 12.

We are on the south bank with the post office and store about 100 yds. on the opposite bank. The automobile route and mail line make the road quite busy compared to any we have struck. It was 11 o'clock before I got a chance to open a single letter.

**August 25:** The hell of a day! Only got 5 hours sleep. Cut firewood, made bread, drew a map for Hoyt, cooked supper. Just as supper was finished a heavy wind struck us. It was a good sand and dust storm. The kitchen table was turned over, the dishes floated away on the wind, tablecloth, etc. For about 2 hrs. it blew as if it had plenty more from where that came. The tent was a mess. Tables all over; food on the ground, stovepipe down, and dirty 1/4" of everything.

It was surprising there was no rain; otherwise, it would have been worse! As there was no knowing when it would stop blowing, I cursed everything in general, and went to bed 8:30.

**August 26:** 3:30 a.m. The freighters opposite us were up, when I turned out. The tent was worse than ever, and the plates all upside down in the dirt. After the sun came up I found my hat and the tablecloth 25 yds. away. Washed all the dishes, and cleaned the tent, then got breakfast. I say—rats!

At 1 p.m. I went to the store with William and the bait. We went down Piney fishing. We used grasshoppers, and I had a leader. William caught 3 between camp and 1 down. Finally I caught 2. He broke the barb off and bent the hook, but I landed him before he dropped off. It was a close call, however, until I got my fingers into his gills. He was not 6" from the water!

Piney Creek here at Kearny is clear from fresh melted snows, and runs joyously over boulders, whirling down rapids into sheets of silver below. Its banks are hung with willow, cotton (and "elder"?) in such a thicket that it is quite impassable in places. In fact, it seemed like getting home in New Hampshire.

The sound of running water over steep places or among the rocks is the same in all places. It speaks the same language in one as the other—and in it is the faint, far murmur of the sea. Unconscious of distance it echoes the impulse of the waves, and when one knows the rhythm of an ocean the beating of swift water is but a different key with the same motif.

We had fresh trout, popovers, and honey for supper.

**August 27:** "Dad" went to Sheridan for the greys, starting at 6:30 with a rancher who was taking in a load of hogs.

Left to myself I started to write Bruce when there appeared a "human being" who claimed to be a stone cutter. I know he was a throat cutter when he got the chance. From 10 till 2 he talked - sometimes I think he was "batty." He almost wept when he told me I looked like a fellow from New York named Billy Barnum, who got wild and ran West. He took to low life and women. I wonder which particular reminded him of me. Finally, after telling me about rose agates and trying to sell me one, about rubies in Montana, nearly shooting a man, the "stinkers" in this State, Jack London - he came from Arizona and was going to Montana—he wanted me to give him a bunch of Government supplies. I refused. He departed.

**August 28:** After breakfast tried to wash dishes in a heavy wind. Every time I put down a dish it would blow away. Then ditched all three tents and cut firewood. Washed Hoyt's stockings. Sally Lunn biscuits were a success, also French toast.

**August 29:** Everyone coming home from Sheridan Fair. "Dad" arrived at 4:30 with the greys. Gardiner sick with a cold.

**August 30:** (Sunday) It turned cold with overcast sky. In the afternoon it began to pour, with a bitter cold wind. I had to pack, and the boys sat around and shivered.



**August 31:** Broke camp at 12:30, after getting the greys into the four-horse outfit. The buggy and "Tanglefoot" came behind. Met Hoyt en route. Received word from Bruce in Southwest Harbor, Maine. Camped in the Ranch ground, -Barkey, 3 p.m. Had chicken and mince pie given by Mrs. Ned Sensel—Kearny, Wyo.

The boys thought we were on Stony Creek and went almost to Buffalo. Supper 7:30. Bread was spoiled. Bed 10:30 p.m.

**September 1:** Mrs. Barkey showed me about potato yeast. Cut kindling with a small wood saw. Wrote Mother and Mr. Butz. The water is from a 1/2 inch pipe behind the Ranch—it takes time and patience, and there is Alcott.

**September 2:** 5 a.m. Drew map before I got any breakfast. Washed dishes 11 a.m. Made bread 11:30 to 12:30. Packed 12:30 to 2:00. Fixed cake 2 to 3. Slept 4 to 4:30. Supper 7:00. Packed 8 to 9. Washed dishes 9:30 to 10:00.

**September 3:** Left Barkey's Ranch 8:45. Killed small rattler. Arrived at Camp Buffalo 11:30 after having buggy breakdown, stovepipe dropoff and so forth. Water very low on this side. School teachers' convention. I was sick - done out. Bed 8 p.m.

**September 4:** Cut wood, did the washing, drew out a map, made doughnuts, and got supper. It was very hot.

**September 5:** Muggy and hot. Mr. Kennedy U.S. Land Office came to lunch. Told me about Oregon, Bakers City - R.G. & N. to Austin, by stage to Canyon City 36/m, look at Bear Valley 20/m beyond, or Fox, Oregon . . . Beans for supper, and sweet potatoes.

**September 6:** (Sunday) Pot roast for dinner, ate under tree, it was so hot in the camp. Went with Gardiner and Wegerman to Clear Creek Canyon, Wegerman went to Horns. Doane and I went past Forestry Camp 1 m. up canyon. Climbed needle, about 6000 ft. 100 foot drop off. Back 7:30 p.m.

**September 7:** Hoyt and Wegerman took the greys and buggy. I made bread, and when "Dad" got back from town I went in with Wegerman's things. As it was Labor Day I had trouble in getting into the Land Office. Went up and sharpened the axes at the blacksmith's shop. Had two sodas, and I tell you they were good for it was terribly hot all day. Packed for the move tomorrow.

That evening the moon was three-quarters full, the night sultry, warm, with perfect stillness. Across the mountains the sky died away into a yellow-green, and then became that lightly "colored blue," the effervescent blue which comes sometimes over the plains. The sea's blue is rich in color, deep, forboding, or childlike, to almost somber, even like the eyes of a thoughtful child or of a

powerful man - the prairie has blue of its own, a light, fantastic color, full of magic that hovers over the poison springs, surrounds the blood-tipped, shattered hills, and the white still bones beside them.

All night it remained warm, but toward morning a faint wind began like the choke of a baby sleeping.

**September 8:** Just 2 months ago we staked here for the first time on this trip.

Off the island 8:45 a.m., town 9:30 a.m.

Behind, the rain was coming so "Dad" hurried, cursing at the delay he himself caused. About 6 miles from town we struck the divide, and slid rattling into the Dry Creek Valley. We passed several mines and two deserted cabins - murder! The camp is in an open flat where Dry Creek comes to the surface - for before this it flows in the sands. There is a corral where the sheep are penned. Hoyt located a spring, and we are tented down close to the bank of the creek.

It began to rain as we struck camp, but we had things under cover before any great harm, except my sleeping bag, which rolled down the bank into the muddy slime - thanks to "Dad"! We arrived about 12 midday. Gardiner arrived almost when we did - he had stayed at Buffalo to do some geodetic work. Wegerman about 2 p.m. Camp at T.W. - 12/m Buffalo.

Cooking supper I used the new spring which Hoyt dug. The cocoa curdled, and after standing the cocoa and milk went to the bottom leaving a brownish water on top. Everything tasted vile except the meat, so on the whole it was pretty rotten.

**September 9:** After breakfast, at which the same nasty taste occurred except in the cocoa, which was boiled water. "Dad" made a pole and flag at the quarter corner, Doane on one butte and I on another.

Picturesque old hills, red with the blistered stone, and crowned like castles with towers and portholes.

After putting up my flag of gunnysack I tied the Sign of the Sagebrush on top. Among the sage I found a bird, gray back, black head with red eyes, and 1/2 web feet. It "froze" while I walked and pushed my hand within 3".

Came back to find that a rancher had just told Hoyt that his water killed 50 horses. No danger if not hot, but when warm it played the deuce. I got the greys for "Dad" and he left for town at 10 a.m. Two men came by who were to meet a band of sheep. It is said the water is so bad because it contains alum, also arsenic, etc. The wind has been high all day, and the tents getting pegs loose. I made a fence for our spring with boards and 2x4's from the old house by the corral, labeled "U.S. Geodetic Water Works. After using, remember 'A straight line is the shortest distance between two points.'"

**September 10:** Warm. Made bread. Washed clothes—lye, Gold Dust soap and it burned my hands all up dry. This water is Hell! It makes a greasy deposit over the plate, if any kind of soap is used. Received a letter from Aunt Beth about "Cleanliness is next to godliness"!

**September 11:** "Dad" went to Buffalo at 11. I made a map and postal cards; everyone wants them.

**September 12:** 8:30 started on Brownie for Buffalo and the Fair.

Met a N.J. man from Powder River (40 m. above Arvada) - shepherding. Met Hoyt at blacksmith's shop. Sodas, apples; washed our feet in Clear Creek. Started for the Fair at 2, price 50¢ in, 25¢ outer circle. Bananas 5¢ each. Fare each way to fairgrounds 25¢; 1/2 m. race, walk, trot and run. Consolation race and bucking.

A fellow in black chaps was thrown and his shoulder broken, but got on and rode again.

Gardiner (at Buffalo Bill Show) did riding and rope exhibition. He rode the only bad horse who "sun fished", and then bolted into the other man's saddle and to the ground, smoking a cigar all the while.

One horse turned a somersault and had to be blind-folded to get the saddle on. Another kicked and reared upon the other horse (Webber). Good band. The girl on a black pony; she had light yellow hair, looked like Teddy. In the women's race a girl got thrown and broke her collar bone.

Hoyt and I left at 5:30 and town at 6:15. It began to rain, and we cut through Foot's Ranch. On the main road we got off twice; if "Dad" had not had the lanterns out we could not have found camp.

Gardiner and Wegerman came in at 11 p.m.

**September 13:** (Sunday) Sheep wagons by corral, and sheep all about. Breakfast 7:30 a.m. Had our pictures taken by herder. Dinner delayed for Hoyt and Wegerman to swim in puddle of the creek (full of sheep, berries, etc.) Dust and windstorm just as we were sitting down to dinner. Within five minutes everything was black with dust. The cook tent was choking with the fly dust. A canvas was thrown over the table, and after the wind went down we ate outside in front of the tents.

At 3:30 Wegerman, Doane and I started for an Indian grave from which Wegerman had taken a skull. We rode to the west about 6 miles passing 5 herders with large flocks from the mountains. High on a long hog-back ridge we could see the stones of the grave a long way away. There was a heavy storm coming, and that prairie was wild, desolate, but full of those mysterious colors. Behind the grave in front of us the Big Horns with the lightning

and clouds made a perfect frame for the grave before us. Reaching the grave we soon dug up a skeleton's ribs, when suddenly the storm was upon us. Just for the moment before I clambered down the hill to get clear of the lightning I saw 75 miles away the Pumpkin Buttes shine out like gold among the dark country of smaller hills. These Pumpkin Buttes rise from the shaggy hill country 6-7000 ft. above the plain of limestone construction.

During the rain we squatted on the ground and let our raincoats cover us. The wind here was like that in some parts of the country. Very sticky so after a rain it is almost impossible to ride the range. Below us to the northeast was a deserted ranch—one of the most disconsolate, lonely, ghastly places I have ever seen. In some ways the place haunts me! There, where no human sign can be seen, sunk in the bottom land with flaming buttes and the grave topped hill shadowing it always—

After the storm, in which we had the benefit of some exceedingly loud thunder, we continued our digging. 3 skeletons were dug up, all in a condition of much decay. Evidently the bodies had not been buried until the decay had set in, because they were in positions impossible under ordinary fleshly conditions. In the grave was nothing except ashes of a long-ago fire. Stones were laid upon the shallow trough under which was but a scarce sheet of earth. The Indians bury their dead in high places that "they may see the good hunting." In Montana they are often buried under some lime or sandstone ledge and pickets driven in front, thus making an open tomb.

Wegerman saw one in the snow with one shriveled hand laid bare upon the snow just within the fence of stakes.

After it became dark we gathered the bones in our saddlebags and started home. The night was black, and the lightning, with faint thunder seemed almost to breathe at our depravity, while the Great Spirit must certainly have riven the hillsides in anger at our breaking the rest of those who had slept so long.

Reached camp at 9 p.m. After that we had supper and I turned in at 10.

**September 14:** "Dad" went to Buffalo with his and Hoyt's washing. Had visitors to lunch—two ranchers from Crazy Woman. Smith at Trabing. probably where we will stop when he gets there. Also had a herder from Indiana, camp mover and sheep.

Made some genuine "sinkers" as testified by the whole outfit. Darn that potato yeast, it spoiled my bread - 3 loaves! Gardiner home late. 10:30 bed.

**September 15:** "Dad" went to Buffalo with the washing, and was gone all day. Returned with some Dew Berries (blackberries). Gardiner brought in two rattle snakes on a pole.

**September 16:** 5 a.m. Started on Kid for Buffalo and to do

some washing. Found our ranch and the irrigation ditch; 2d house toward Buffalo (10 m.) Borrowed tub and washboard - hung clothes on the line. Went to Buffalo, rode in with a shepherd's camp mover—wolf and antelope. Buffalo 3:45—the two girls in khaki washing—4:45; camp 5:45 p.m. My tail was sore and bruised. Supper 6:30.

**September 17:** Gardiner left in the rain at 10 a.m. Kennedy and teamster arrived, ate lunch, and waited for “the boys.” Supper at 6. Sat around in the cook tent until 9:30.

**September 18:** Breakfast 6:30 on account of cloudy weather and Kennedy. About 7:30 the 41 and Pitcher “round up” turned up with Mrs. Smith at Hazelton on the mountain beyond Klondike and a girl in tow. Camped beyond us. 9 cowboys and the cook and night ranger. Branded calves. Roping—dragging—bellowing—round-up in the afternoon. Cutting the spring steers, brands, ear marks - shoulder marks. Went down and had a chat with the cook. New man—the “Kid” quit because the old man wouldn't come to dinner after he had ordered it at 4 p.m. The old man was up in beer, and flashed a gun,- the Kid came back that morning with his and followed the old man into the range. Old man backed down. Sheep-herders came through with 4 or 5 bunches. 2 girls and a fellow called and spent 1 hr. Then Mrs. Smith and her prodigy turned up. (Anderson girls and their brother quite well-to-do—were running their cattle out of the bunch.) Watched the branding and cutting.

Cook and cowboy came up and sat with us at supper. Shooting a man instead of the horse in a dragging - dragged across a river and his head knocked in - buried right there.

**September 19:** Round-up pulled out 7 a.m. Gave us a big hunk of meat. Changed cook tent and fixed it up nicely. Went to Buffalo. Received letter from Dad. Rode Tanglefoot.

**September 20:** 7:30 breakfast. Went over to the petrified tree. Took photos of “Dad” on top. Tree 13 ft. circumference, about 15 to 20 ft. high. Rode “Kid” bareback. Had roast for dinner. Wrote Mother, Aunt Suzie and Bruce. Then rode with Hoyt into Buffalo for the mail. Lunch-supper at 7. Sheep-herders at old corral.

**September 21:** “Dad” went to Buffalo for supplies. Made stew—baked beans. Slept and packed. I was feeling dopey so took alkali water. Took photo of camp, also a bath! As I was splashing merrily in the open flatland a team drove round over near the bench and I “never saw them” at all. It was close range at 150 ft. and then “I came to.” There was a girl in the buggy.

**September 22:** Started at 9:30 for Allaman's Ranch on Crazy

Woman where Dry Creek joins. Led White Britches, and Brownie followed. Bad gullies and holes with lots of dust. Reached Allaman's 12:10. Distance 11.07 and 75%. Camped under big cottonwoods with tall grass. Burnt grass in cook tent. "Dad" went for Wegerman's things at 3, returning at 5.

**September 23:** Cold at night. Hot in the afternoon. In the morning, finished 2 townships - drew pictures for Gardiner and made bread. Afternoon, wrote to Mother. Was introduced to the Crazy Woman River. It runs close behind Allaman's Ranch with deep thickets on each side and big cottonwood trees all about. The water a dirty yellow. Some talk of changing camp to Babcock's or Buffalo. Allaman's Ranch is a 2-room oblong house. Bunk house and windmill in the enclosure. Stable beyond. Big dogs, small dogs, sheep dogs, little cats, turkeys, and hens and ducks made up the items. 80 ft. artesian well.

Looked like rain. "Dad" and Hoyt, then Wegerman and "Dad". We are just 23 m. from Buffalo.

**September 24:** Cold as blazes. Did the washing at the Ranch in tent there and with a big washboard. Talked with foreman, an Eastern man from between Nova Scotia and Portland, Me.

Started to rain while I was still washing. Found Hoyt in the cook tent - after ditching and collecting wood - read magazine. Got colder and windy in the night. It stopped, but remained cold.

**September 25:** Breakfast 6:30 on account of bad weather. 6:20 it commenced to snow. Wegerman sick. Hoyt and "Dad" started for Buffalo. Pink Eyes acted the fool. Cut some box elder (called the ash leaved maple) for the wood as the wood was gone. Made postal drawings Wegerman; Stuttering Ed's Stories, the Wolves - outfit with two girls who did the cooking, etc.

Hoyt - Nigger South - Dutch oven.

Wegerman - baking in sun in the woods.

Miles City - horse rustling.

In the evening, we sat about the stove, the wind whining outside, and Wegerman told me stories:

George's old camp at Taddiman

The Big Bear

The Moose Hunting

The fear of lightning

The moose cup

The Ill-omened White Birth, etc. . .

Cook tent exceedingly drafty.

**September 26:** 1/2 inch snow at 5 a.m. Very chilly. At 6:30 it commenced to snow intermittently. I cut box elder, and Wegerman and I fed horses, etc. "Dad" arrived at 2:30. Odometer

read 20, correction .073 = 21.46 m from our camp to blacksmith in Buffalo.

Mr. Gale is going to stay in Buffalo until next week Friday or Saturday. Fisher comes Tuesday.

In the evening, it became raw and still, with the stars sparkling distantly and without cheer. I pretty nearly froze all night long, with underwear, 2 pr. socks and a sleeping bag.

**September 27:** (Sunday) Wegerman went to work as usual. Breakfast 6 a.m. The water was frozen stiff on the water bags and tank, while a deep frost covered the ground. It is ghastly to crawl out into the damp cold, except in my case I was equally as frigid in bed. Heard more of the Lulu Girl Song. "Dad" changed our tent and put it against the front of the cook tent - things will be more bearable now. Yesterday received word from Mr. Butz, and also from Dad. Dad has recovered.

**September 28:** Snowed intermittently. Breakfast 6:15 - the weather grew worse, and snow with rain began. Cold, rain and nasty. At 12:15 lunch. The sun came out and the sky cleared away. Wegerman went out to work. Supper 6:15. Lamb, fried potatoes, fried onions, and beans boiled in ham; honey, apple sauce, cocoa and bread. As "Dad" remarked "I'm going to tell Gale that we are having a grand old cut-loose, eating onions, telling smutty stories. Wegerman and "Dad" got pretty unwound about 9 p.m.

**September 29:** Breakfast 6 a.m. Wegerman went to work. "Dad" started for Buffalo at 9 a.m. with the sorrel team. He will bring our week's mail.

Many a man has been "dry gulched" among these hills.

Fight at T. A. Ranch, about 100 on each side. Besieged the old Ranch - shot red hot ingate rods into the house to fire it - but could not light it off. This year a band of six men burned sheep wagons when the herders were away from them.

**September 30:** About 12 p.m. started for Twaton Ranch - "Dad" and the greys, I on Kid. Passed Babcock's and twisted among a strange river bottom formation - the mud caked and cracked like hieroglyphics. Took the wrong road on my suggestion. Reached Twaton at 1:15. The Ranch consists of the houses, several outhouses, cellars, and corrals in a wide flat. Along the river were cotton-wood trees. We camped about 1/2 m. from the house on the bank of Crazy Woman. Shot a prairie dog. "Dad" left after putting up tent. I made camp fire and got wood. Wegerman 6:15 - spoiled mutton, but he had 3 rabbits. Deer tracks - beaver . . . Sat up before the fire until 10. Isle of Pine - the marble cake. Camp on the Island above the Falls.

**October 1:** Woke 5 a.m. Coyotes howling. Breakfast rabbit,

potatoes and onions fried with sweet corn. Wegerman left 8:30 a.m. Packed. Struck the tent. Reached camp 10:30, just 5-3/4 m. from Allamann's to Twaton. Saw prairie chicken. Packed up for move to Trabing.

**October 2:** Started 7:55. Ready except horse 7:10 a.m. Cold, cloudy, and windy.

T.W. - 11:30 - 11.8 m., crossed flats - lost trail. Took S.E. road where sheep had obliterated track. Old corral. Meals \$1.50. From 8 to 12 - washout - lost hammer and flag - rode to sheep herder. Making road house and then Smith's Ranch. Gale of wind - put up cook tent and take supper at Ranch. Slept in cook tent with all the things - rain, snow and wind all night.

**October 3:** 5:15 a.m. Breakfast at the Ranch, and in the rain put up one tent, ending with our cook tent. Snow and ice - lost stove door - cleaned up as I was soaked. Lunch 12:30. Afternoon, dug garbage hole and so forth. Supper, rabbit fixed in onion, baked potatoes, corn, "dough-gods," honey, apple sauce, cocoa.

Talk with Weg about sheep business. Note: Red Angus was Sheriff in 1891.

**October 4:** Cloudy with a little snow. About noon Wegerman went out to work. "Dad" and I put up tents. I dug ditches around both. "Dad" was going to leave W's. Bob going off.

Stationary trunk - "Dad" wanted it left outside in the rain and sun. Weg wanted it inside. I got up and brought it in alone.

"Dad" moved the trunk from the cook tent into Mr. Gale's. W. wanted it left and told me so before "Dad." About 4 p.m. W. came in from work, and went with me and got the trunk. "Dad" was out at the Ranch. When he came back, coming in he said to W. "What's that trunk doing in here?" W. never answered but kept on writing. Again "Dad" asked. W. turned and said, "None of your business." "Dad": "I tell you to leave that trunk where I put it." "We'll see," shouts W. "Dad": "We'll see about that. I'm going to put that trunk where I've put it for 2 years." So "Dad" grabs the trunk and starts for the door.

W. jumped up and a scuffle ensued in which "Dad" reached the tent door with W. wrestling with him. Here the trunk emptied itself on the floor in an attempt by both to get it. "Dad" hollers, "I could take you and the trunk to the tent and I will. You just wanted to show me what big authority you had. Well, you aren't running this camp. You haven't anything to say about it. When you get that trunk packed I'll take it to Gale's tent."

Wegerman was packing. When the trunk was packed and locked W. stood up. "Now take it out."

"Dad": "Oh, I'm in no hurry, you try and move it here." Wegerman started. "Dad" blocked the way and a scuffle ensued in which both men rolled on to the stove, upsetting all the bread,



the cocoa, and tomatoes, - W. underneath and "Dad" clawing him in the face, and punching him with the other hand. To prevent a disaster from a red-hot stove upsetting, I drew the tangle of legs and arms outside where I could part them. "If you want to fight," I said, "go outside the tent where no one can see you from the house."

W. walked over then, but "Dad" said, "I'm not going to follow you about," and went into the tent.

To prevent a continuance of the "brawl" I took the trunk into my place, behind my cot. After "Dad" had done considerable talking, he walked out. I went out also—then W. took the trunk and put it back.

"Dad" went over and talked with the men who had just come in.

Wegerman borrowed the witch hazel and bathed his face, which was bleeding freely, especially at the nose, and also cleaned the bruise to his eye.

"Dad's" hands were cut where W. tried to break D's grip, and blood was over his trousers.

The fight occurred 5:15 and 5:30 p.m.

Had visitors from the Ranch in the evening. Bed 9 p.m.

**October 5:** Breakfast 6:30. W. has not spoken to "Dad" and he had no breakfast. "Dad" is beginning to see the folly of it all - besides he remembers his rupture. God speed Hoyt Gale!

Did some washing at the Ranch.

Mail came. The blonde gave "Dad" some advice about the Smith Bros.

Mrs. Palmer gave me pie and cake. Told me about Oklahoma and the Panhandle country.

Ducks and geese; saw a flock within a hundred yards. Water a soluble soda mixture.

**October 6:** After breakfast went out to Crazy Woman and sheep pens. Shot a young rabbit under a pile of boards. Saw bunk house at Range, rifles 30-40 Carbine, 40-82 carbine, 25-35 carbine, 45-70 carbine, split barrel. Took Kid and went back to the Bidderbeck and sheep wagon hunting for flag. Came home across country. Saw coyote and found stove door. Shot rabbit at second gate. Hoyt back with Fisher's team.

Note: Bedding - tarp 12 oz. or 18 oz. - 7x14 seamless canvas—Sugan or Parker, quilt \$1.15 to \$1.50. Blankets.

**October 7:** Baked bread with new yeast from Mrs. Palmer. Apple sauce and raisins. Letters from Mother about the hell of a mess!

**October 8:** Went with Hoyt to make monuments. Wonderful day. Grease wood - poor land. Three stone stations. Ate before Butterfly Slim's Cabin on the bank of Crazy Woman.

Left Hoyt and took 14 ft. cottonwood pole back to hog-back below deep-gullied draw where road is washed away. Went back to first monument for gloves. Quicksand - covered with dry sand, even with grass. Crazy Woman bad. Powder River terrible. Came home across the hills. Saw big Jack [rabbit] - watched him for 200 yds. Throws his body and legs - such springs.

Home 4:30. Supper 6. Evening Smith and friend with Hoosier sheep-herder came down with guitar. Smith [talked about] the Invasion. His father cut wires - governor in with big cattle men. Niger went to Gillette with telegram to Governor. Two men in first cabin. One that was not shot tried to escape through smoke to a draw - wrote in his diary to the last.

Texans hired as surveyors. Carmin - ass't adjutant general dry gulched man for big cattle firms - shot a man in N.W. - wrong man. Several in Texas as U.S. Marshal. All carried two guns - now in Oklahoma. Trouble started with the ranches throwing out cow-boys in winter. Had allowed them to visit. Settlers, foremen stole cattle, rawhiding at horse corrals.

The Niger's skull. "Dad" brought it down from tool house. Bullet hole. He came from Buffalo to kill an Irishman who ran the bar. Came in the door and fired 3 times. Irish crawled behind the counter and got 2 guns. Niger's gun stuck and he ran out from the house. Irish ran to the door and shot him. Dug a grave and threw him in, boots and all. 23 yrs. after his boots still on.

Lots of men killed around Trabing.

Grave in yard here - river - pine board and chicken wire - died of fever.

George away after horses.

**October 9:** 5:30 a.m. Woke Mr. G. late because Smith stayed until 11 p.m. Up Crazy Woman. Shot rabbit at Butterfly Slim's Cabin - 5 shots. Carried pole to 7 m. Put up old fur coat and soft pole. Saw coyote. Ate lunch at Crazy Woman. 2 ranches. Low colorless hills - strong wind. Lots of sheep, and some cattle.

**October 10:** Before I washed the dishes "Dad" and I went out after the team. We started at 7 and did not get the sorrels at all, but found the greys, Whistle Britches and Pink Eye at 10:15. The pasture is 1000 acres.

"Dad" went in over his ankles crossing the river; bad holes in the stream and quicksand. I started for Buffalo 10:30 with Babe.

I made bread. The Palmer boys were here, then Mr. and Mrs. S.—Seventh Day Adventists.

Baked bread 11:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. "Dad" home 8 p.m.

J. J. Luning - man lost his arm in thresher.

**October 11:** (Sunday) Cut "Dad's" hair. Had venison, mushroom sauce, apple sauce with raisins, beef soup, cinnamon rolls,

mince pie, apples and grapes with chocolate to drink.

Went on "Gemy" with Luning to coal bank. "Dad" and West went in the team. Coming home we rode the fence! Met Long. Chased cattle. I almost got into quicksand, and the cows got away. Chased a bunch out of the alfalfa. Evening Luning told about breaking colts. Hog tied 2 hrs.; saddled and hog tied 2 hrs.; saddles and stirrups tied 2 hrs. ridden - buck stop. Give them the "black snake" until they quit. Many rear and go over. Sun-fish bucking.

**October 12:** "Dad" and Hoyt going to camp at Butterfly Slim's (Randlers) Young Palmer showed me how to rope (for diagram see Diary October 12).

2:30 "Dad" went down Crazy Woman. I rode Kid and helped to put up tent. Shot a rabbit with .38. 2nd shot. Started home 4:15 p.m. Supper 6:15 p.m.

**October 13:** Breakfast 6:30 a.m. Started 8 a.m. on Kid with Wegerman. Went to coal mine. Left W. and went west to the 3 black buttes. Chased a coyote. Saw 3. Met Tennessee herder. He helped build sage monument in heavy wind - tied it down six sides. He shot 38.

I went to the wagon and shot 25/35 W carbine. I hit 3 in. tin can at 50 yds. first shot.

Saw Wegerman. Struck Smith's fences and made a monument in MacLeish's pasture on knob.

Home 5:15.

Smith and friend home.

Wrote until 10:30. Supper.

**October 14:** Fed and watered horse. Got breakfast 6:45 a.m. Washed all the clothes for the outfit.

"Dad" came from Crazy Woman. Mice and sheep-herders. Dinner at Ranch. P.O. sheep dipping. Mrs. Palmer - mince pie, bread and milk - recipes for cake.

Mr. Gale and "Dad" to stay a day or two more. Cats about camp. Wegerman lost his 32.20. Saw a rabbit - ate dinner. Went back for the gun; found it. Shot 7 times and finally hit him. Sage hen also.

**October 15:** "Dad" arrived from Crazy Woman about 9:30 a.m. Cut wood, skinned animals, got coal, and drew section map of Cross H.

About 2:30 "Dad" and I started after the horses. Went to W. side of pasture, found blacks with stallion. Got gelding, but could not reach mare. Found other horses at S.E. corner. Could not get Bill or Tanglefoot. Had to round up a bunch of horses and then run them into sheep pen. Cold, and looked stormier. Smith took supper with us.

**October 16:** "Dad" went to Buffalo with six horses to come back with the sorrels. Mr. Gale arrived in the camp 12:30 m. - too cold and windy.

I saw Mrs. Palmer make doughnuts. Drew a sketch of Smith's Ranch which I colored for her. Luning asked me out to hunt some geese. We went up the river but saw no geese. I made Marlin shut pump. Later 30 U.S.G. carbine.

Wegerman in at 3:30 p.m.

**October 17:** Took breakfast at ranch. Washed dishes and swept floor.

Escaped cutting Mr. Palmer's hair. Cleaned and listed cooking outfit. Packed tent, etc. Had dinner at ranch. Left Trabing 12:15 p.m. Reached Cross H after cold ride, snow in places at 4:20. Unpacked in barn. Sat about bunk house and ate with men. Slept in barn. Bunk house spit on floor, and 90° in shade.

**October 18:** (Sunday) Breakfast 8:30. Oiled harness and about froze in the outhouse. Hoyt came. Went to Buffalo 1:30. Hotel room #16. Wet night below stairs; several gentlemen taken to bed with protestations. "Dad" said it sounded as if they were taking the fire engine upstairs.

**October 19:** Wind among the telegraph wires on the way to Eaton.

**October 20:** Left for Buffalo in auto, 7:15. Sheridan 11:45. 3 stops at Banner (batteries). Sheridan Inn, met Mr. Eaton. Started for Ranch; met stranger with the Colt 32-20. 330 on "Nellie". Snow, wind, and darkness. Arrived 8 p.m.

Rufus Cushman, fellow from Chicago.

**October 21:** Sheridan 11:15 a.m. Dinner; goodbye to Eaton. Oklahoma marshall. Met "Dad" at Clearmont. 2 ft. snow on stage road. Edgemont sleeper to Lincoln.

Diary Ends Here

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That favorite resort, the Melodeon Theatre, is being thoroughly remodeled and re-fitted. Mr. A. J. Britton and Co. are the new proprietors. Mr. B. has gone east to Chicago and will return with a first class troupe. We are glad to know that we are to have a company of fine talent to amuse the lovers of fun these long evenings.

*Cheyenne Daily Leader, December 31, 1867.*

# *History of the Presbyterian Church in Rawlins, Wyoming*

By

DANIEL Y. MESCHTER

## PREFACE

My interest in the history of the Presbyterians in Rawlins began more than five years ago while browsing through the old records of the France Memorial Church. Curiosity was only part of the reason for digging out these old books. The other part was the realization that the church's anniversary of 100 years of service to the community was within the foreseeable future. In this way I discovered that this particular church is the first permanently organized church in the town and one of the oldest in the whole of Wyoming. Inspiration to write of this history came not alone from the existence of a small pile of dusty and somewhat shabby books; it came also from a taste of its tradition, sensed rather than grasped, gained by five years of membership including a year as chairman of the Board of Trustees—an experience not easily forgotten. There was, too, the inspiration of Sheldon Jackson's magical presence both real and ethereal in that history.

However, a detailed reading of the records suggests that the history of this church is largely the sum of its people. I have chosen, therefore, to look at it in terms of the people who gave it life and of the dedicated men who served it as ministers and lay leaders. Inquiries were directed to such questions as who these people were, where they came from and why, what they did in Rawlins, and what happened to them later. Many of them turned out to be community leaders and builders of society. Thus, a history of the church becomes a vehicle for a kind of history of the region.

It is my sincere belief that everything contained herein is historically accurate although I may be guilty of taking some of my sources too much at face value. At least it can be said that there were independent identifiable sources for nearly everything stated as fact even though some of the sources may not be entirely accurate. On the other hand I would be the last to deny the possibility of error in the interpretation of documentary materials.

One of my purposes, which is to offer a documented history, led to the extensive use of footnotes. These are designed to identify documentary sources, to give specific acknowledgements to the many individuals and organizations whose help was indispensable,

and to add extraneous information and elaboration on matters brought up in the text. No separate bibliography was prepared since all of the sources are identified in the footnotes.

The appendices, of course, were taken from the various registers contained in the church records. However, these registers have been modified to more-or-less extent by the addition of more information gleaned chiefly from the minutes of various meetings.

So far as completeness is concerned, only the researcher himself is fully aware of all of the loose ends, which, had it been possible to do so, traced out to the bitter end would have added much invaluable information. A good example of incompleteness is the life of William Hamilton about whom only a few bare facts are known prior to his advent on the western scene in 1869 at the age of 47. It would be valuable to know something about his youth and the influences which led him first to the ministry, then to service in the deep south for more than 15 years, and then to dedicated service for another 17 or 18 years in some of the wildest mining and railroading towns of the really wild west.

This work presented here covers the 16 years from 1869 to 1885. The title designates this as "Part I" implying that there are other parts to come. This is the intention, but there is no real assurance at this moment that these later parts will ever be completed. For one thing, the later years do not seem to have the same historical appeal as "The First Years" although several very interesting sources covering the period prior to World War I have recently come to light indicating that this period has a definite appeal all its own. Detering further work are a number of items which can best be described as delicate. Some incidents, a part of the church history, have been almost forgotten and possibly should remain forgotten. Other incidents involve living people making their treatment extremely difficult. Another deterrent is distraction with other subjects in Rawlins history not directly connected with church history.

Although recognition of sources of information has been given in the footnotes and other places, I want to offer special thanks to the Presbyterian Historical Society of Philadelphia for answering questions, providing copies of correspondence contained in the Sheldon Jackson Collection, and authorizing quotations from these documents; to Mrs. Marian Geddes of Rawlins and the Carbon County Chapter of the Wyoming State Historical Society for the opportunity to examine early files of Rawlins newspaper, scrapbooks, and other material preserved by that Chapter; to Mrs. GYMAYNA WHIGAM for personal insights into the James France family; to Mrs. Glen Terry of Evanston, Wyoming, for her long letter detailing the life and genealogy of Franklin Luther Arnold; to Mrs. Louise Shaffer of Apollo, Pennsylvania, for information on the history of the France family; to Miss Flavia Converse of Harrisonburg, Virginia, for data on Charles Converse; to Rev. Gene H.

Upton, present pastor of the Rawlins Presbyterian Church for his unfailingly cheerful cooperation in making the church records available for examination, arranging interviews, and many other little ways; and to the officers and members of the church for making the whole project possible in the first place. Space just doesn't permit naming the Stated Clerks of Presbyteries, ministers of many individual churches, librarians, and many other individuals who wrote such courteous letters in response to inquiries. I do want to make special mention of the Rev. Joseph M. Ewing of the Presbyterian Board of Pensions who not only went out of his way to search out materials for me and who also offered several useful suggestions for obtaining other materials, but was a source of encouragement at a time when his interest and sympathy did more to assure completion of this work than almost anything else could.

Now that this part of the work is completed, I can state the realization that my real reason for doing the research and writing is the personal enjoyment and satisfaction in perpetuating this little bit of history. It was fun. I hope to have offended no one and I hope that this will bring pride to the people of Rawlins in the precious possession this little church is.

## INTRODUCTION

Rawlins, Wyoming is a pleasant town of about 9,000 people nestled in among low hills in the midst of a vast prairie. It is a dry land. Water is scarce and the procession of blue skies is only occasionally broken by rain. The wind blows incessantly; so steady is its blast that the quiet of a rare calm day clamors in the ear. It is not a land that readily appeals to the casual visitor. If nothing else, the newcomer often finds the elevation of 6,785 feet above sea level depressing.

Despite these shortcomings, the location of the town at this place was no accident of history. The birth of Rawlins took place here in 1868 out of the happy coincidence of a practical route for the first Pacific railway with springs of fresh clear water. It is hard to imagine a more logical place for a new town on the American frontier of the 1870's. Before long roads would be pushed through to the south into the mountains of northwestern Colorado where there were lush pastures for stockraising and the promise (largely unfulfilled) of precious metal mines. The backbone of the Colorado Rockies to the east prevented easy access to this country from any other direction except the west and the frontier was moving to the west, not from it. Other roads would lead in short time to the north and northwest to the Sweetwater and beyond.

In the course of time it was found that the sage and shortgrass forage of the dry prairie itself would support fine herds of beef cattle and bands of sheep. It was simply a matter of spreading the livestock thinly enough. However, land was abundant and cheap

and the cattleman and the sheepman prospered. Because of this, the town and the railroad prospered too.

Whether the original settlers of 1868 intended it to be so or not, the availability of water in a dry land combined with transportation, the stockraising industry, and easy access to the back country both to the north and south, assured that Rawlins would become a permanent settlement and a center of thriving commerce.

The first to arrive at the site of the new town, actually before it came into being, were the railroad surveyors. Then followed the construction gangs and a few of the fortune seekers who as vultures are attracted to carrion, were attracted to the money the workers had with no place to spend it. Rail-laying did not pause here, or anywhere else short of Promontory, Utah, but moved steadily westward. The fortune seekers did not follow along like the tail of a dog; they continually leapfrogged ahead to set up shop at some convenient place and reap their harvest as the railhead approached them and then, shortly, passed them by before they leaped ahead again.

Then others came, numbering among them the railroad employees who would run the trains and repair the engines and begin the never-ending task of repairing and improving the tracks. For a time a troop of the U. S. Cavalry under the command of Captain Thomas B. Dewes and Lieutenants Bob Young and Ed O'Brien was posted in Rawlins to protect the railroad and the early settlers from the ever-present danger of hostile Indians in the region. Finally, there were the settlers themselves. These numbered among them merchants, bakers, boot makers, hotel keepers, cooks, waiters, butchers, teamsters, blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, wheelwrights, a cigar maker—in fact, all of the trades vital to the needs of a growing community. Prospectors made Rawlins their headquarters in their search for gold and silver in the Seminoe Mountains far off to the northeast and in the Park Range of Mountains to the south. The Census of 1870 listed a couple of physicians, who, no doubt, did double duty as undertakers, and a brewer. To all of these fell the task of building the town. In 1869 the town was a motley collection of frame buildings, shacks, and tents mostly on the south side of the tracks.

The early settlers came mainly from the midwest and east. Pennsylvania, as one of the most populous states in the Union, contributed a fair share of them. Not surprisingly, many were foreign born. Not a few, no doubt, were seeking solace in a new and peaceful land after the upset of the great war between the States concluded only a few years before. Many had suffered in the economic depression that followed that conflict and probably many of these finally realized that things would never be quite the same after the war as they were before. This land, this vast Territory of Wyoming, for some at least, would be their land of golden opportunity.



Whatever their motives, they had come west to stay. Some would move on from Rawlins in time, but only to be replaced by others moving on from some other place they had tried and found lacking. Little by little, Rawlins changed from a "for men only" construction camp to a family town. In 1870 there were no less than 28 families in town, most with one or more small children. Even Captain Dewes saw fit to bring along his Virginia-born wife and three-year-old daughter.

As a town, the people were young and energetic. They could do great things once they set their minds to it. One of their needs was for a church if for no other reason than that in those days no respectable town could be without one. However, most of them had a Christian heritage which some of them, at least, consciously or otherwise, wanted to preserve for their children. Besides, in those days, church going was a way of life not easily cast off. In the first 15 years they would build not one but three, and possibly four, churches.

The first church organized was by the Presbyterians. With help from the east, they built the first church building in Rawlins and one of the first two or three in the Territory. For the first 12 or 13 years of its existence, it was a truly community church since it was the only one serving Protestants. Its doors were open to all regardless of their faith or denomination or lack of either. Even after the other denominations built their own churches, it continued to serve the community as God gave it the grace to serve, even unto this day.

This is the story of the Presbyterians and their church in Rawlins for the first 15 years.

#### SHELDON JACKSON, AUGUST 1869

The Reverend Sheldon Jackson, Presbyterian minister and missionary, stood dictating to a woman seated at a rough table. This meeting had begun an hour ago in the early afternoon.<sup>1</sup> He had offered prayer. Then, looking out of a window at this vast and empty land, he had preached:

"And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have begun to give Sihon and his land before thee: begin to possess, that thou mayest inherit his land." (Deut. 2:21)<sup>2</sup>

That text had seemed particularly appropriate for this group seated casually around the sides of the room and at the tables. A few of the men affected full beards. Nearly all of them cultivated sideburns, moustaches, or both. Their suits of black broadcloth

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1. Rawlins *Journal*, June 4, 1887: "... at 2 P.M. a little band of worshippers assembled in the dining room of the Railroad Hotel. . . ."

2. France Presbyterian Church, Session Record, Vol. 1869-1881.

were their best; some, no doubt, were without either collars or neck cloths in the sometime fashion of this crude western country. A few casual onlookers, attracted by the prospect of entertainment, may not even have had go-to-meeting suits, but wore loose jackets of coarse cloth or buckskin—not only their best, but their only suit. The women wore long gowns of cotton or worsted; silk and satin were rare among these inheritors.

He began: "Rawlins Springs, Wyoming Territory."<sup>3</sup>

Eliza Kenyon wrote carefully,<sup>4</sup> perhaps aware that her script lacked the regularity and beauty achieved by long hours of practice. But after all, Rawlins Springs was a long way from New Brunswick, New Jersey, where she had come from,<sup>5</sup> and no one in town had been here much more than a year. A year and a half ago there had been no town here at all. Everyone in this room had come from somewhere else, and being able to write as well as she did was sufficient accomplishment.

Her pen scratched. She deprived General Rawlins of his final "s" and shortened Wyoming Territory to "Wy Ter" to make it fit the narrow sheet of note paper.<sup>6</sup>

She looked up at the narrow angular face of this man with its high angular forehead, small sensitive mouth, and prominent nose. A full beard hid his jaw. His eyes, close set and piercing, gleamed, not unkindly, but with bright determination, through steel-rimmed spectacles. He had been of slight build as a lad and was still small enough that he could sleep in reasonable comfort on the 4½-foot-wide seat of a Rocky Mountain stage coach.<sup>7</sup> Despite his physical weakness, he would prove to be a giant among men in the future if he hadn't done so already as a missionary on the western frontier.

"August 8, 1869," he went on. A Sunday. When had he arrived here? Thursday? Friday? It had been a tiring trip down from Montana,<sup>8</sup> but there was work to be done here, too. He had

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3. Presbyterian Historical Society, Sheldon Jackson Collection, petition dated August 8, 1869.

4. *Ibid.* The conclusion that this manuscript was written by Eliza Kenyon is based upon similarity of the script in the text to her signature at the bottom. There is also a strong similarity to the handwriting of Sheldon Jackson in other documents; it is possible that he composed and wrote this petition. If this is the case, literary license is claimed.

5. France Presbyterian Church, Session Record, Vol. 1869-1881.

6. PHS, SJC, petition dated August 8, 1869.

7. Stewart, Robert Laird, "Sheldon Jackson," Fleming H. Revell Company, London, 1908. This fine biography of Sheldon Jackson was written by a Presbyterian minister who was also a contemporary of Jackson.

8. Fulton, Hugh K., "Historical Address Delivered at the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Synod of Wyoming," Casper, Wyoming, October 5, 1939. Sheldon Jackson organized a church in Helena, Montana, on August 1, 1869, and another in Laramie, Wyoming on August 10, 1869. Hugh K. Fulton was the pastor of the France Presbyterian Church, 1932 - 1944 and was Synod Historian.

been here long enough this past week to have met most of these people, to see that they were well enough educated, decent, and full of pride in their new town. Some were solid churchmen. Whether the rest had come to this meeting through civic spirit, sincere godliness, or for sheer entertainment did not seem too important. They were here. The town was big enough to need a church. It was big enough to support a church if the people wanted to.

He had been in town long enough for the landscape to become familiar to him. A long hill on the south stretched to the east. Rocky crags on the west and north formed the end of a larger mountain which stretched northerly 15 miles, ending in a wide expanse of flat land where the water was bitter and where the ground around the water holes, dried up in August, was stained white with salt. It hardly ever rained this time of year and the sky was a dome of crystal blue. The wind was a dry blast that sucked the moisture out of the grass and dried the few shallow waterways into flats of cracked mud. Now the hills and prairie were seared brown and the sage was dull and gray. Only along the gulches, in the shade of a few scattered cottonwood trees, did the grass remain green where its roots could reach to the moist soil below.

He could well be grateful for the springs of clear cold water bubbling out of the ground at the foot of the mountain. These springs in a dry land was one reason for this settlement of poor frame buildings and tents.

To the east, the prairie stretched vastly, a blanket of yellow-brown over distant low hills and ridges out of which, dimly at first and then more clearly, snaked two thin ribbons of steel, side-by-side, 4 feet 8½ inches apart, almost insecurely bound to the earth by cross pieces of rough hewn logs laid upon a hastily thrown-up mound of earth borrowed from the thin soil alongside. This was the Pacific Railway. This was the main reason for this town—fresh water, the other reason.

Only a little more than seven years ago, on July 1, 1862, President Abraham Lincoln had signed the Pacific Railway Bill into law making all this legally possible.<sup>9</sup> It remained to be seen if it was physically possible to build a railroad through unpopulated lands across wide prairies, over towering mountains, penetrating salt deserts where no blade of grass grew, 2,000 miles to the Pacific shore.

Not as long ago as two years and a few months, the first surveyors had passed this way choosing a route. With them had come a

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9. U. S. Statutes-at-large, Chapter CXX, 37th Congress, First Session. The gauge of the railroad was also established by Congressional action.

dying John Aaron Rawlins seeking relief from tuberculosis.<sup>10</sup> An Illinois lawyer become soldier, Brigadier General Rawlins had been an aide to General Grant at Vicksburg and on through the events leading to Appomattox Courthouse.<sup>11</sup> Honors had come his way as Chief of Staff of the Army and Secretary of War under President Grant; but on his visit here, he learned that a spring of cool water in a dry land was a worthy memorial. One month and a day after Sheldon Jackson's first sermon in Rawlins Springs, John Aaron Rawlins would be dead at 38. The name of this town honors his memory; so does a pleasant park a mere two blocks from the White House in Washington, D. C. where his statue serenely contemplates a lily pond.

Not as long ago as a year and a half, small armies of men with horse scoops, hand tools, brawn, sweat, and even their life blood had come out of those distant hills to the east, throwing up this dirt mound and bridging rivers and conquering mountains on their way to the Pacific. When the rock in the everlasting hills resisted drills and blasting powder, they went over or around.

Just 13 months ago, in July, 1868, the steel had come, length by length, one piece after another, joined together with fish plates and bolts into one piece squirming its way over mountain, through gorge, and across the boundless prairie to this place. This was merely one of any number of little settlements set aside to supply the needs of the people who were building and who would serve the Pacific Railway. Then the ribbons of steel curled their way around the rocky crags and faded dimly into the west.

Now, three months ago on May 10, 1869, it was finished. On a barren desert flat not far from the northwest lobe of the Great Salt Lake where Promontory Point looms up out of the lake to the south, a golden spike was driven into the final tie of finely polished California laurel 1,085 miles west of Omaha and 690 miles east of Sacramento. Western Union Telegraph receivers all along the line ticked out the message: "Ready, hats off, prayer is being offered." Central Pacific engine, Jupiter, and Union Pacific Engine No. 119 touched, symbolizing the completion of the greatest engineering feat of the age.<sup>12</sup> The Union Pacific Railroad and its western twin, the Central Pacific Railroad, stretched unbroken almost 2,000 miles from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to the shore of the Pacific. And Rawlins was a part of it!

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10. Dodge, Major General Grenville M., *How We Built the Union Pacific Railway*, reprinted by Sage Books, Denver, Colorado, 1965, pp. 23-24.

11. Sandburg, Carl, *Abraham Lincoln: the War Years*.

12. Dodge, *op. cit.*, pp. 29-30. The description used here is adapted from a pamphlet by Henry W. Bainton, "The Fiftieth Anniversary of the France Memorial Church of Rawlins, Wyo." October 4, 1932. Rev. Bainton, 1863-1936 was historian of the Casper Presbytery at this time.

Along with the road gangs had come and gone others the land would not miss. Gamblers, thieves, murderers, camp followers of every description sought ways both fair and foul to separate the rough men who built this railroad from the little gold that was their due. Fortunately for Rawlins Springs, these human vultures had stopped to practice their trade at a place called Benton some 10 or 12 miles to the east, a few miles from where the railroad crosses the North Platte River.

At its peak, Benton featured 23 saloons and five dance halls, one of which was a 40-foot-wide by 100-foot-long frame structure covered with canvas and floored for dancing. Known as "The Big Tent," it had served duty at Julesburg, Cheyenne, and Laramie on its way west. It served equally as well for drinking and gambling as for dancing. Contemporary photographs show that Benton was a collection of tents and frame buildings in the midst of a broad plain without trees or water. Water had to be hauled from the Platte River and sold in Benton for ten cents a bucket or a dollar a barrel. Tanglefoot whiskey was considered cheaper and longer lasting. Although the town is said to have had a mayor and a newspaper, law enforcement was nonexistent. Violent death was a daily occurrence.<sup>13</sup>

Benton thrived briefly in a glorious orgy of debauchery. It was said that a man's life was cheap in Benton, but that that was the only thing that was cheap. But in the presence of Fort Steele at the railroad bridge across the North Platte with the constituted authority of the Army and the need to hastily leap ahead of the tracks in the few months of railroad building left, Benton's flame was already flickering and dying. Almost literally, it "grew in a day and vanished in a night."<sup>14</sup> The worst Benton had to offer quickly moved on towards historical oblivion. Some of the best moved to Rawlins. Soon it was all but forgotten.

Here in Rawlins Springs in August, 1869, was the beginning of a permanent town. There were women and children here, few enough to be sure, but they were here and some were certain to stay. There were merchants and craftsmen, husbandmen and tradesmen. There was hope, youth, courage, and energy. There were men willing to invest their lives in this place. Sheldon Jackson could see that they were a hardy breed. He could be sure they would indeed inherit this land. If God's house was the only thing lacking, he could do something about it.

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13. Miller, Nina Hull, *Shutters West*, Sage Books, Denver, Colorado, 1962, pp. 97-102. Much of this paragraph is derived from this interesting little book based upon the life and work of Mrs. Miller's father, A. C. Hull, pioneer photographer. She reproduces rare photographs of scenes in Colorado and along the Union Pacific taken by A. C. Hull between 1866 and 1869.

14. *Ibid.*, p. 98.

"We the undersigned," he went on to the accompaniment of the scratch of Eliza Kenyon's pen, carefully pacing himself to her speed, "being members of the Church of Christ in other portions of the land & desirous of obtaining church privileges in this place, do hereby request Rev. Sheldon Jackson to organize us into a Presbyterian Church & send us at his earliest convenience a Minister."<sup>15</sup>

A formality, perhaps, this written request; but Sheldon Jackson could have had no illusions as to the rocky road ahead in making the ideal of a church into a practical reality. He would have had no desire to have it thrown up to him during the rough going in the days to come that no one really asked him to start a church here. He would have known, too, that a church is a living thing, created through the efforts of leadership and the desire of the people; but born, too, like the germination of a seed planted in a fertile bed and tended to maturity by loving hands that really care whether it lives or dies. He could organize, he could send a minister, he could even erect a building; but if this church was to survive, it would have to have the nourishment of love and devotion to its cause. Perhaps these people weren't ready yet to accept the responsibility even if a few of them might think it a good idea.

Eliza Kenyon signed her name down near the bottom of the page leaving space above for all those in the room to sign too.<sup>16</sup> Then she yielded her place as one-by-one five other people came to the table.

First came William C. Wilson. A man of 35, he had brought his wife and four children from Summit Hill in the coal regions of eastern Pennsylvania.<sup>17</sup> Now he was a bookkeeper for the railroad,<sup>18</sup> and while this may have been a land of opportunity for many, he would be hard pressed for money as long as he would stay in Rawlins. Others had done better. The man in charge of the railroad shops to whom he was responsible, Robert Galbraith, barely 25 years old, had for three years past held responsible positions with the railroad. He had supervised as many as 700 men in the shops at Omaha when he had been but 22.<sup>19</sup> However,

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15. PHS, SJC, petition, August 8, 1869.

16. *Ibid.*

17. France Presbyterian Church, Session Record, Vol. 1869-1881, shows Wilson from Summit Hill, Pennsylvania. The 1870 Census lists four children: Wm. C., Jr., 11; Emily B., 9; Mattie, 7; and Marion, 4. The 1880 Census (Albany County) lists seven children: Wm. C., Jr., 20 (druggist); Emma B., 18; Martha M., 16; Marion, 14; Maude, 11; Lizzie C., 5; and Edward, 3. The apparent discrepancies in ages over 10 years is due to the fact that the two Census takings were at different times of year.

18. Owen, William, "Jo Rankin's Great Ride, the Ute Uprising of 1879, the Thornburgh Massacre," manuscript, Carbon County, Wyoming Public Library.

19. Bancroft, H. H., *Bancroft's Works. History of Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming*, Vol. XXV, pp. 788-9.

Wilson took his churchmanship seriously and he was eager to lend his support to this project.

Then came Harry Hall. Here was the outstanding man of the lot. He inscribed his name with a flourish probably painfully learned from bruised knuckles inflicted by a schoolmaster's ruler. At 28 he was the support of his sister in school.<sup>20</sup> Moreover, he was a successful businessman and as well off as any in town. A year or two before, he and his partner, James France, had started a store at Wyoming Station.<sup>21</sup> Then France had come here to open a branch when the town was brand new. Now, the business prospects of Rawlins Springs looked so good that Hall had come to join him as a merchant in dry goods and general merchandise. The small frame building of H. C. Hall & Co. was one of the first to disturb the sage brush north of the railroad tracks.<sup>22</sup> The men, both bachelors, lived together in the store building with Hall's relative, William F. Hall, as their clerk.<sup>23</sup>

20. PHS, SJC, Letter from Harry C. Hall to Sheldon Jackson dated May 17, 1871: "My little sister whom I had at school was taken with the measles & died on the 4th. inst. Sad news to me. All my interest, happiness and care centered in her. She had been a member of the Presbyterian since 1/66 & died shouting the praises of a saviours love."

21. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, pp. 788-9. This reference is somewhat ambiguous. It reads in part: "James France . . . came to Wyoming in 1868 and opened a store under the firm name of H. C. Hall & Co. A branch store was established at Rawlins in 1869, of which France took charge." "Wyoming" normally would be construed as meaning Wyoming Territory. However, there was a temporary town similar to Benton called Wyoming or Wyoming Station about 20 miles north of Laramie along the railroad. The opening of a branch store in Rawlins would suggest that "Wyoming" should be read in this context. Another interesting reference to Wyoming Station is in a letter by the Rev. John Cornell, early day Episcopal priest in Laramie, quoted in Cook, Rev. Joseph W., *Diary and Letters of Rev. Joseph W. Cook, Missionary to Cheyenne*, The Laramie Republican Company, Laramie, Wyoming, 1919, 137 pp. Referring to Bishop Randall's Reports, he wrote: "When we bought a saloon at Wyoming Station and turned it into a chapel, he (Bishop Randall) made quite a flaming report of it and said for once 'the Progressive Saloon' had progressed in the right direction and turned into a church." This letter was dated February 14, 1912. Wyoming, like Benton, was short lived. At present, all that remains are the foundations of the old section houses.

22. Rawlins, *Journal*, February 4, 1882. Rawlins was originally established on the south side of the railroad tracks where the depot was then located. The business district and main part of the town now is largely north of the tracks.

23. Harry C. Hall and William F. Hall were probably brothers, but this cannot be established beyond a shadow of doubt at the present. The France Presbyterian Church Session Record, Vol. 1869-1881 shows that Harry Hall came from Tennessee and was dismissed to Oswego, Kansas on April 23, 1871. William F. Hall became a member on September 25, 1870 by certificate from "Union Church," Tennessee and a letter was later issued (no date available) recommending him to "Pres. Ch. in Oregon." The 1860 Census for Marshall County, Tennessee lists Esther Hall, 47 (Farmer); Mar-

Eliza Kenyon added, "Bethel, N. S.," behind Harry Hall's name. Bethel was his home church in Tennessee. "N.S." probably stood for "New School," suggesting that his home church was affiliated with the New School Assembly of the Presbyterian Church rather than the "old." Prior to 1869, this made some difference. There were, up to that time, two General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church, one styled the "New School" and the other the "Old School." They were the product of a schism in the Presbyterian Church which took place in 1837, the culmination of deep theological arguments and bitter debates on the activities of church government.<sup>24</sup> In general, the New School was liberal in outlook, anti-slavery, and often abolitionist in its sympathies in antebellum days, although these elements played no part in the schism itself. Nor would it be proper to say that either school was strictly characteristic of any section of the country. The Old School was conservative and Southern in its sympathies, tolerating and apologizing for the institution of slavery if not actually pro-slavery. For a Tennessean like Harry Hall to have held to the anti-slavery sentiments so widely espoused by the New School Assembly may have taken considerable personal courage in a border state during the Civil War. The schism was finally healed with a general realignment of the Presbyterian Church in 1869, but only at the cost of the permanent separation of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. in the South.

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garet Hall, 24; Franklin Hall, 21; Constantine, 18; Mary, 16; William, 10; Monroe, 8; and Hazeltine, 6, as a family unit. All are shown as born in Tennessee. The 1870 Census for Carbon County, Wyoming lists Harry C. Hall, 29, and William F. Hall, 21, both born in Tennessee. The same census for Labetto County, Kansas, Oswego Township, taken some months later, lists Esther Hall, 57; Henry Hall, 25; James Hall, 18; and William, 21, as a family unit all born in Tennessee. The 1880 Census for Oswego Township, Kansas lists J. M. Hall, 28; Lulu Hall (wife), 22; Nita Hall, 4; Lena Hall, 8 mos.; and Esther Hall (mother), 68, as a family unit with all born in Tennessee except wife Lulu and the children. Also listed for this year and place is H. C. Hall, 39, born in Tennessee, and a growing family. If it can be assumed that Constantine was a middle name used for Harry C. Hall in 1860 and Monroe a middle name used for James or J. M. Hall, then the Census record shows a good family continuity from Tennessee to Kansas. Harry C. and William F. would then have been brothers and the little sister Harry Hall referred to in his letter of May 17, 1871 (footnote 20 above) would probably have been Hazeltine. Further, the records of the First Presbyterian Church of Oswego, Kansas show that Mrs. E. Hall, W. F. Hall, J. M. Hall, Miss W. (or M?) T. Hall, and Mrs. L. E. Hall became members of that church on February 5, 1870. W. F. Hall was dismissed "to Oregon" (Letter, Rev. Boyd D. Ash, Pastor, June 4, 1965).

24. This discussion ignores a number of local and "splinter" assemblies such as the Cumberland which enjoyed separate existences. The present Presbyterian Church in the U. S., formed in 1861, is the product of Civil War schism. See Thompson, Ernest Trice, *Presbyterians in the South*, John Knox Press, Richmond, Virginia, Vol I, 1963, for a scholarly dissertation on the epochal events leading up to the Civil War.



Then L. R. Woods and Mrs. B. F. W. Dey came forward. Original entries in the records of the new church would show that Woods had come from St. Louis and Mrs. Dey from Council Bluffs.<sup>25</sup> History is silent as to what happened to them or where they went later.

Next was Mrs. Saul K. Swain. Annie Swain and her husband, a tailor turned hotel keeper, were the proprietors of the Railroad Hotel in which this Sunday afternoon meeting was taking place.<sup>26</sup> This room was the dining room. He, at 42 was 11 years his wife's senior; he was from Pennsylvania, she from Ohio.<sup>27</sup> Their hotel venture would prove a failure and after another year or two, they too, would pass from the scene progressing onward toward an unknown fate.

Thus, with the enrollment of six organizing members, the first step was completed.

#### A FIRST CHURCH—AUGUST 1869 TO MARCH 1870

Actually, the job was only just started. There was much to be done and the Reverend Sheldon Jackson alone could imagine how much would fall on his own thin shoulders. Right now there was a myriad of details to be attended to in order to complete the organization of this church.

First and most important, under the Presbyterian system of church government, it would be necessary to have a Session. The Session is composed of one or more members of the church elected by the members and ordained to the office of ruling elder and installed by the minister. The minister is the Moderator of the Session. Together they assume the spiritual government of the church. Now, using the democratic methods dictated by the Constitution of the General Assembly, the members elected William C. Wilson to this honorable position, but he would not be ordained and installed until later when a church could be built and dedicated.

Land for a church could be obtained from the Union Pacific Railroad. All of the towns along the railroad, like Rawlins, were laid off by the railroad company from lands granted to it in the Pacific Railway Act. In order to populate the land it was built to serve, the railroad would sell land cheaply, lay out towns, and make land available for the establishment of churches and schools in order to make the towns desirable places to live. It would take the railroad company 15 years to get around to issuing a deed; but

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25. France Presbyterian Church, Session Record, Vol. 1869-1881.

26. That the Swains were the proprietors of this hotel is inferred from Harry Hall's letter of May 17, 1871 (op. cit.) which indicates that Swain had been a failure in keeping hotel. It seems hardly likely that there would have been more than one hotel in Rawlins at that time.

27. 1870 Census.

when it finally did, it conveyed Lots 1 and 2 of Block 22, at the corner of 3rd and Cedar Street, to the Morris Presbyterian Church of Rawlins for \$62.50: "said premises are hereby conveyed for church purposes exclusively."<sup>28</sup> More importantly for a town of a few hundred persons<sup>29</sup> and six members, Sheldon Jackson could promise material aid for the building of a church if the members would pledge part of the money.<sup>30</sup>

Trustees would be needed to assume legal possession of the real estate and take on the business of raising money and building the church. Hall and Wilson were elected to be two of these almost as a matter of course. Three others were added from among those eager to have a church established, but not so eager as to enroll themselves as members; perhaps because they belonged to some other denomination or perhaps because they belonged to no church at all. The support of the Rawlins Presbyterian Church by non-members began early in its history and the value of their support over the past 90 years would be difficult to exaggerate. John Kendall, Saul K. Swain, and Perry L. Smith agreed to serve as the other three trustees.

Sheldon Jackson might well have speculated on the chances of this organization succeeding. In Harry Hall he had a man of whom he could be sure. Hall already was a solid Presbyterian from a section of the country with a rich Scotch Presbyterian tradition. He had the makings of a community leader and had already shown his interest in the future of the area by accepting appointment as County Assessor.

Carbon County was organized originally by the legislature of Dakota Territory in early 1868. After Wyoming Territory was appointed out of Dakota Territory in 1868, Governor Campbell appointed new county officials for Carbon County to serve in pub-

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28. Carbon County Clerk and Recorder, Rawlins, Wyoming, Book "B," p. 34.

29. Initial population was 2,000 according to several writers, but this figure can only be speculative in view of the highly mobile early population and lack of good statistics. A special census reported in July, 1869, shows that the population for Carbon County in early 1869 was only 460 and the county then comprised about 1/5th. of the territory (See Larson, T. A., *History of Wyoming*, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1965, 619 pp.) The 1870 Census shows a population of 612 of which 86 were military personnel. Ten years later in 1880 the population was up to 1,451 and it has increased gradually since then with every census showing an increase except in 1920.

30. PHS, SPC, rough draft letter from Sheldon Jackson to William C. Wilson, probably the summer of 1870: "Dear Bro. Wilson, I have been looking over my papers with reference to Rawlins Ch. & find the case standing as I anticipated. I first promised the people there that a friend enabled me to offer thousand \$ if they (citizens of Rawlins) would raise 500\$."

lic offices until general elections could be held in the fall of 1870. Harry Hall, accordingly, was appointed assessor.<sup>31</sup>

Two of the first trustees, Saul Swain and Perry Smith, were also county officials having been appointed to serve along with John C. Dyer as County Commissioners.<sup>32</sup> Perhaps their interest was more in the welfare and development of a new community rather than in church membership, recognizing that a church would be a good thing for the town. There may have been, too, an element of entertainment in this meeting for the organization of a church. Amusements were infrequent in 1869 in this remote place and an itinerant preacher was always sure of a warm welcome.

It takes only two words to describe Perry Smith adequately—colorful adventurer. In 1869 he was the epitome of the hardy breed who were the really authentic pioneers of the age. He was born in Vermillion County, Illinois, in 1836 and in later years liked to recall the happenings around Nauvoo, Illinois, before the Mormons there emigrated to Utah. As a young man rumors of gold to be discovered in Colorado called him to the Pike's Peak region. With a bull team and two comrades of his own age, he crossed the prairie and spent a short time at the foot of the Rockies before returning to Illinois. The West had won his heart, however, and a few years later he settled in Central City, Colorado, during the days when it was a booming metropolis and the outstanding city in the Rocky Mountain region. In 1867 he took advantage of an opportunity to contract to supply fresh wild meat to the construction gangs building the Union Pacific Railroad. In this he was able to turn his love of the outdoors and unusual marksmanship into a profitable enterprise. For a time he made his headquarters at Benton, near which place game was plentiful. He came to know the future site of Rawlins before the first building was put up. Upon completion of the railroad he returned to Rawlins to settle there, taking up butchering as his trade. He brought his wife, Elizabeth, and two young daughters, Laura (she was always known as Lodie) and Jennie, up from Colorado with him. He could have contributed much to Sheldon Jackson's cause, but his interest in the Presbyterian Church soon waned and he had nothing more to do with it.<sup>33</sup>

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31. *Rawlins Journal*, February 4, 1882. County and territorial history can be found in standard references on the history of Wyoming. A recent comprehensive work is Larson's *History of Wyoming*. *op. cit.* Personal recollections of local politics attending early day elections is Judge W. L. Kuykendall's fascinating little autobiography, *Frontier Days*.

32. *Ibid.*

33. *Rawlins Republican*, obituary, October 2, 1928. Smith turned his talents to politics. He was chairman of the Board of County Commissioners for several terms. He was elected to the Sixth, Seventh and Tenth Legislative Assemblies (1879, 1882 and 1888) and was appointed State Auditor during the period between the Seventh and Tenth Assemblies. He was

It would not have mattered to Sheldon Jackson, had he known it, but his was not the first attempt to organize a church in Rawlins. The Reverend John Cornell, first rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church in Laramie, writing in February, 1912, recalled what was probably the first effort to bring religion to the town:

"While at Laramie, started missionary work at Rawlins, April 8, 1869. I baptised some children there. The people seemed much interested, so I organized a Parish and was elected Rector and I think took some means to build a chapel. For this I received a very severe letter from Mr. Cook. He considered it was in his parish (though he had to pass mine to get to it) and he had started services there. I asked him if he considered himself responsible for it, why he did not hold service there, and he said, 'Don't you know I haven't the time?'. I said I did (not) suppose he wanted to be 'the dog in the manger', still I could discontinue services there if he would go. So I abandoned it. I don't think he found time to go and the work came to an end, though subsequently revived."<sup>34</sup>

Rev. Cornell also recalled the advent of the Presbyterians in Rawlins in a still later letter:

"The first note I have of Rawlins is April 8, 1869. The prospects seemed so good, I organized a vestry. Mr. Cook thought the place belonged to him, so I agreed not to go there if he would look after it. But I don't think he found time, and the Presbyterians came in and built a church which I found there January 23, 1871, in which I officiated that Sunday after holding service in Ft. Steele the day before, many of the people of Ft. Steele coming to the service at Rawlins. There was then a Methodist chaplain (named Regan) at Ft. Steele."<sup>35</sup>

Rev. Cornell also conducted religious services during those eventful years of 1869 and 1870 at Carbon, Bryan, Fort Steele, Evanston, Medicine Bow, and Wyoming Station. Although neither Cornell nor Jackson mention a meeting in the documents at hand, it is almost unbelievable that they could have failed to meet somewhere in their respective travels.

Sheldon Jackson had been appointed Superintendent of the Presbyterian Mission for Central and Western Iowa, Nebraska, Dakotah, Utah, and Wyoming by the Presbytery of Missouri River in session at Sioux City, Iowa, on May 1, 1869.<sup>36</sup> There was

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elected at different times both as a Democrat and a Republican (See also *Wyoming Historical Bluebook*, Bradford - Robinson Company, Denver, Colorado, 1946 (?), p. 177.

34. Rev. John Cornell, letter dated February 14, 1912 quoted in Cook, *op. cit.*

35. Rev. John Cornell, letter dated March 27, 1912 quoted in Cook *op. cit.*

36. The following paragraphs on the activities of Sheldon Jackson during 1868 and 1869 draw heavily from Hugh K. Fulton *op. cit.* Robert Laird Stewart *op. cit.* an article by Robert Laird Stewart published in the *Presbyterian Banner*, Pittsburgh, Pa., 1877 and reprinted in Hugh K. Fulton (*op. cit.*, pp. 4-6).

nothing unusual about such an appointment. Presbyteries and Synods of the Presbyterian Church frequently appointed and sent out missionaries on their own account in those days. It was singular and significant that no salary or traveling expenses were attached to the appointment. Jackson was strictly on his own. However, he more than measured up to the occasion. He immediately began a survey of his field of 571,000 square miles to determine its needs. The needs, obviously, were not only for church organizations to serve the widely scattered few thousands of persons in this vast pastorate, but for ministers to live among the people and for buildings to house the church organizations. Most towns in the mountain west at that time had no vacant buildings of any size, let alone one large enough to be used for a church.

From Cheyenne, in early June, 1869, he returned to the East to solicit funds for church erection. In theory, the maintenance of ministers would be left to the local churches. Meanwhile, Jackson was able to recruit three able men whom he sent out on his own responsibility, pledging them material support. These three were Rev. J. N. Hutchinson to Blair, Fremont, and Grand Island, Nebraska; Rev. John L. Gage to Cheyenne and Laramie; and Rev. Melancthon Hughes to Bryan, the Sweetwater Mines, Wahsatch, and Utah. On his eastern trip he secured four more seminarians to go west for the summer of 1869. As indications of the practical problems these men faced in the field, Bryan, located where the railroad crossed the Green River a few miles west of the present City of Green River, was closely similar to Benton and suffered a similar fate. The Sweetwater Mines apparently included South Pass City and Atlantic City and the promising gold mines near the headwaters of the Sweetwater River of Oregon Trail fame. Problems with hostile Indians prevented continuance of the work.

Jackson was able to return to Cheyenne in early July and organize a church there on July 18, 1869, bringing to fruition two months of missionary work by Rev. Gage. According to Robert Laird Stewart, this church was organized with only three members;<sup>37</sup> but Rev. Kephart says that nine persons signed the petition.<sup>38</sup> The Cheyenne Church was the first Presbyterian organized in Wyoming and Rev. Jackson was not only able to assure the services of ministers (John L. Gage from May to July 1869; H. P. Peck in October 1869; and William G. Kephart for several years beginning on February 1, 1870) but a church building as well.

Two weeks later Jackson was in Helena, Montana, on August 1,

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37. Robert Laird Stewart, *op. cit.*

38. Rev. Wm. G. Kephart, Stated Clerk, "A Historical Narrative of the Presbytery of Wyoming," probably 1872, reprinted from the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian* by Hugh K. Fulton, *op. cit.*, p. 6.

1869, to organize a church there in the Academy with 13 members. Rawlins on August 8, 1869, was the second Presbyterian Church organized in Wyoming. Two days later, on August 10, 1869, the third was organized in Laramie with five members.<sup>39</sup>

Although the embryonic Rawlins Church would have to get along without a minister for the time being, the wheels were turning to provide a church building. Rev. Jackson agreed to arrange for the erection of a church building if the citizens would contribute \$500 to the cause.<sup>40</sup> Land was obtained in the townsite of Rawlins in the fall of 1869 from the railroad company, and in early November, William Wilson could write to Lyman Bridges of Chicago, dealing in building materials and ready-made houses, that the trustees were ready for him to begin the erection of a church in accordance with arrangements already made by Rev. Jackson.<sup>41</sup>

The building materials were supplied by Lyman Bridges at a cost of \$950, and two men, John Brannan and William W. Adams, were sent out from Chicago in early December to put the building up. Erection took 43 days and the two workers boarded with Wilson during this time. By January 27, 1870 the building was completed and Wilson could begin to worry about collecting the \$94 board bill for two men for 47 days each. Evidently Wilson gave his boarders a bill to hand to their employers for payment out of their wages.<sup>42</sup>

On February 14, 1870, Sheldon Jackson figured the cost of the "Rawlings" church at \$2,581.89 including such items as \$247 for seats, \$35 for a pulpit, \$150 for the travel expenses of the workmen from Chicago, \$10 for a cupola, and \$582 for rail freight.

#### DEDICATION DAY, MARCH 13, 1870

March 13, 1870, was a cold stormy day with the ceaseless winds of the Wyoming prairie drifting snow against the windward side of the building and swirling it away where the gusts curled around the corners. The new church building was filled with townspeople and

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39. The membership rolls of the Union Presbyterian Church of Laramie lists six members as of August 10, 1869: Robert W. Baxter, Ellen Baxter (wife of R. W.), George Lancaster, Euphonia Naismith (Mrs. William Naismith), Eliza Stewart, and Miss S. V. Vaughn.

40. PHS, SJC, rough draft of letter from Sheldon Jackson to William C. Wilson, probably summer of 1870.

41. PHS, SJC, letter from Lyman Bridges to Sheldon Jackson, November 16, 1869.

42. Contract prices and work days required for erecting from Sheldon Jackson memorandum of February 4, 1870; date of dispatch of workmen as early December shown in letter of December 16, 1869 from John McEwen for Lyman Bridges to Sheldon Jackson; identity of workmen, details of board bill, and completion date shown in letter from William C. Wilson to Sheldon Jackson dated January 27, 1870; all in Presbyterian Historical Society, Sheldon Jackson Collection.

soldiers from Fort Steele undaunted by the weather, for the dedication of the first Presbyterian Church building erected in Wyoming Territory.<sup>43</sup> A neat frame building 20 by 36 feet in dimensions, it had a four-foot vestibule at the entrance and was surmounted by the ten dollar cupola. History doesn't record that the cupola ever contained a bell. The church could seat 110 people although we doubt that it could seat 110 people with the comfort a contemporary writer ascribed to it. It had three large windows on each side to provide light and air when the weather was fit to have them open.<sup>44</sup>

Again Sheldon Jackson stood to preach to these people, to dedicate this building to the service of God; only this time he could preach from a proper pulpit. He could see the fulfillment of the ideal conceived seven months before. Again he could see the vast emptiness of the land and take as his text: "But will God in very deed dwell with men on earth? Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee: how much less this house which I have built." (2 Chron. 6:18) recalling Solomon's prayer in dedication of his temple.<sup>45</sup>

Two other items of business were taken care of during this service of dedication. First, William C. Wilson was ordained and installed as ruling elder. Then the congregation, member and non-member alike, solemnly resolved:<sup>46</sup>

"Upon this day of gladness, when the Presbyterian Church of Rawlins are permitted to enter in and occupy their new house of worship, they would not forget that they are largely indebted for their comfortable building to the generous gift (\$1,000) of Mrs. Wm. E. Morris and Family of Philadelphia.

"Therefore resolved that we do hereby express to them our thanks and as a further expression of our appreciation of their gift do name the building *The Morris Presbyterian Chapel of Rawlins*."

The closing prayer at this service of dedication was offered by the Rev. Z. Regan, Methodist-Episcopal chaplain of the Army at Fort Steele. He would preach to this church several times in the months to come symbolizing, since there was now only one church in Rawlins and no other within a hundred miles in any direction and no full time minister anywhere within that area, that this church would henceforth be open to all ministers and all congregations, not excepting the Episcopal and Methodist congregations in Rawlins before they erected their own churches a decade later.

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43. Robert Laird Stewart, op. cit.

44. Description of this first church is derived from a typescript copy of an application for aid addressed to the Presbyterian Board of Church Extension, 1870, in PHS, SJC; another description is contained in the *Rawlins Journal*, June 4, 1887 including a line drawing.

45. France Presbyterian Church, Session Record, Vol. 1869-1881

46. *Ibid*.

Community service was its first heritage and so remains. This is only right because, as has been stated and will be emphasized again, this church has benefited immeasurably over the years from the support of non-members.

#### GROWING PAINS, MARCH 1870 TO AUGUST 1871

The Morris gift did much to raise the indebtedness on the church, but it did not accomplish this fully. And in fact, the church would never be financially comfortable even on those one or two occasions when large gifts would raise the substantial part of indebtedness on this Morris Chapel and the stone church built a decade later. Of the \$2,581.89 total cost of the Morris Chapel figured by Sheldon Jackson, \$1,000 was contributed by the Morris Family and \$688.60 was contributed by the railroad mostly in the form of freight charges.<sup>47</sup> Just after the dedication on March 13, 1870, Harry Hall, William Wilson, and John Kendall, the remaining active trustees, applied for and apparently received \$400 from the Presbyterian Board of Church Extension leaving a balance of \$493.29. The pledge of \$500 from the members would have covered this nicely, but the whole was never paid. In April 1870, Hall, Wilson, and Kendall wrote to Rev. Jackson:

"We have paid in cash \$200 which includes labor in painting of church, freight, and other incidental expenses and now labor under the impression that \$200 will fulfill our part of the contract".<sup>48</sup>

Rev. Jackson agreed to accept the \$200 paid for labor as a credit against the \$500 pledge. He also agreed that \$200 in cash reimbursed to him would satisfy him if the other \$100 of the \$500 pledge would be made up by the settlement of other bills outstanding against the church including the \$94 board bill still claimed by Wilson. In the final analysis, it is clear that Sheldon Jackson made up a deficit approaching \$300 out of his own funds or funds contributed to him for other purposes.

It is equally clear from the correspondence on the subject that Wilson was in difficult financial straits and that \$94 was a considerable sum to him.<sup>49</sup> During the summer of 1870 he wrote

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47. PHS, SJC, Sheldon Jackson personal memorandum, February 4, 1870.

48. PHS, SJC, letter to Sheldon Jackson of April 16, 1870, quoted in undated rough draft letter from Sheldon Jackson to Wm. C. Wilson, probably summer of 1870: "Afterwards (after the letter of April 16, 1870) Mr. Hall sent me the 200 \$. I answered that the 200\$ would satisfy me, if with the other hundred they were to raise - the balance of the 500 \$ - they would satisfy the claims among themselves including your claim. The failure was at Rawlings & not on my part as I paid out more for the church than I received from all quarters."

49. PHS, SJC, letter from Harry C. Hall to Sheldon Jackson dated May 17, 1870.



two letters to Rev. Jackson seeking his aid in the matter.<sup>50</sup> Wilson even suggested that if Jackson would remit the amount due, he (Wilson) could and would raise the amount in Rawlins as a subscription to raise the debt. To compound the increasingly ill feelings, Wilson indicated that he had learned that Lyman Bridges had indeed paid the \$94 due to Jackson as a part of the final settlement. Although we will probably never know how the matter was finally resolved, late in the fall of 1870, Jackson agreed to reimburse \$35 to Wilson as his share of the matter.<sup>51</sup> In any event, Sheldon Jackson not only organized and delivered the Rawlins Church, he was an important contributor of sorts.

Even the \$200 cash remittance represented the generosity of one man to a large extent—Harry C. Hall. Hall bemoaned the fact that he had been able to raise only \$62 of which \$40 was contributed by John Kendall and nothing from Smith or Wilson since March.<sup>52</sup>

All of this already was or shortly was to become an old story to Sheldon Jackson. Robert Laird Stewart, in his biography of Sheldon Jackson, describes a similar case involving the Cheyenne church. This was completed and dedicated in July, 1870, and like the Rawlins church, it had been purchased from Lyman Bridges of Chicago. In the course of construction the members had the ceiling plastered at their own expense for which they claimed a credit against Bridges. Bridges' reaction was to have Sheldon Jackson arrested in Chicago in 1871 for default of contract and to bring a suit for \$500. By a strange coincidence the papers in the lawsuit were destroyed in the great Chicago fire of 1871 so that, on advice of his attorney, Jackson compromised the case for \$300 which he had to borrow on his own credit.<sup>53</sup> This money was later refunded to him, but building a church was more than preaching the Gospel and inspiring local God-fearing citizens to action.

Despite whatever high hopes there might have been in the Morris Presbyterian Chapel, things moved slowly. Of the six charter members listed in the petition of August 8, 1869, Hall, Wilson, and Kendall, in their application for church aid in the Spring of 1870, could claim only four, but could state that the attendance at services every other Sunday ran between 25 and 30.<sup>54</sup> The month of

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50. PHS, SJC, letters from William C. Hall to Sheldon Jackson, July 6, 1870 and August 9, 1870.

51. PHS, SJC, undated rough draft letter from Sheldon Jackson to William C. Wilson, probably summer of 1870.

52. PHS, SJC, letter from Harry C. Hall to Sheldon Jackson, May 17, 1870.

53. Robert Laird Stewart, *op. cit.*

54. PHS, SJC, typescript copy of application for aid to the Presbyterian Board of Church Extension, probably 1870.

June saw services every Sunday with Rev. Cornell from Laramie preaching on the 5th;<sup>55</sup> Rev. William G. Kephart (Presbyterian) from Laramie on the 12th; Rev. Ruben Gaylord, a Congregational Missionary from Omaha, on the 19th; and a Rev. Thompson, a Presbyterian minister enroute from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Washington, on the 26th.<sup>56</sup>

The simple fact of the matter was that Rawlins, even in the days when a minister could be employed for as little as \$30 to \$50 per month, was unable to support a minister on its own account. If a regular minister was to serve in Rawlins, aid would need come from some outside source.

Again it was the influence of Sheldon Jackson that made a pulpit supply possible in bringing the interest and support of established eastern Presbyterian churches to bear on the problems of the newly formed western churches. A correspondent for the *Philadelphia Presbyterian* reported the event in this way:

"Just at the time when these pleasant things were transpiring in this far Western town, a member of an Eastern church had his thoughts largely directed to the subject of church extension, as possibly affecting himself. Consulting with his pastor and the members of the session, they too were imbued with his spirit. The result was the voting by the church of \$1,000 yearly for the support of a missionary on the frontier. But the interest did not end here! It continued to grow, and ere long an additional subscription amounting to \$800 was devoted to the same purpose with a view to adding another worker to the posts on the frontier. To give direction to those generous gifts, Sheldon Jackson was sent for and he laid—as he only could—the field and the work to be done before them. Ere the evening was over, they unanimously voted to send a man to occupy the new church at Rawlins, with the understanding that Laramie, twenty (sic) miles farther east was to be included in his pastorate."<sup>57</sup>

According to Stewart: "this generous provision was made by the Brainard Church of Easton, Pennsylvania,"<sup>58</sup> and the man on whom the choice fell to undertake the work was Franklin Luther Arnold. Actually, Rev. Arnold elected to serve the Laramie Church, succeeding Rev. Kephart in this post, at first dividing his time between Laramie and Rawlins, commuting the 110 miles by rail. Later, it appears that he managed to serve the Rawlins church only about once a month, but in mitigation of this seeming negligence, it should be noted that during 1871 until July 1872, he also managed to supply the new church at Evanston—another 200 miles beyond Rawlins from Laramie. This church was the fourth and last organized in Wyoming by Sheldon Jackson in July 1871 in a hall over a saloon. In all probability Rev. Arnold did much

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55. Compare with page 19.

56. France Presbyterian Church, Session Record, Vol. 1869-1881.

57. Robert Laird Stewart, "Sheldon Jackson," op. cit., p. 173.

58. *Ibid.*

of the missionary work leading up to the formal organization. It, like the others, was provided with a church building the same fall.<sup>59</sup> All four of the churches organized in Wyoming by Sheldon Jackson at Cheyenne, Rawlins, Laramie, and Evanston are still actively fulfilling the purpose Sheldon Jackson envisioned for them.

FRANKLIN LUTHER ARNOLD, AUGUST—SEPTEMBER 1870  
JAMES FRANCE

Franklin Luther Arnold was the first regular pastor of the Morris Chapel,<sup>60</sup> and to him belongs the credit of consolidating the uncertain organization feebly clinging to its existence at the end of its first year. Much could be written about this man in view of his long career as a missionary, minister, and educator. It would be fascinating to have known him personally as a man; to explore his mind and know the intimate details of his relationships with his contemporaries. However, at present only the rough fabric of his life can be described.

He was born on September 8, 1825, on a farm at Parma, New York, near Rochester in the western part of the state. He was the fourth of seven children born to John Arnold, Jr. and Sophia Lord Arnold.<sup>61</sup> His parents were both natives of Middlesex County, Connecticut,<sup>62</sup> who settled at Parma sometime before 1817. John Arnold was a farmer; however, he had an interest, and was a leader, in both education and religion. He was elected Commissioner of Schools at Parma in 1817 and was one of the first deacons appointed in the First Congregational Church organized at Parma on December 2, 1819. A sister of John Arnold, Theodocia Arnold Green, was a missionary to Hawaii arriving there on the *Parthian*

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59. Rev. William G. Kephart, *op. cit.*, p. 7; Stone, Elizabeth Arnold, *Uinta County—Its Place in History*, Laramie Printing Co., Laramie, Wyoming, 1924, p. 141. Both of these sources agree that Jackson canvassed Evanston in the spring of 1871 and held a service there on April 24, 1871. Both sources are vague as to whether he actually accomplished the organization of July. The credit for this may actually be due to Rev. Arnold.

60. France Presbyterian Church, Session Record, Vol. 1869-1881

61. The chief source for the following biography of F. L. Arnold is a long letter from his grand-daughter, Mrs. Florence A. (Glenn) Terry of Evanston, Wyoming. Many additional details have been drawn from the following:

Oberlin College Alumni records, Oberlin, Ohio

Thompson, George, "Thompson in Africa", D. M. Ide, Cleveland, Ohio, 1851; privately reprinted New York, 1854; Dayton, Ohio, 1859; quoted in letters from Oberlin College.

Memorial Minute, Presbytery of Utah, August 26, 1905, original in Library, San Anselmo Seminary, California.

Stone, Elizabeth Arnold, *op. cit.*

62. Mrs. Terry: John Arnold, Jr. was born about 1789 at East Haddam, Conn., and Sophia Lord was born about 1783 at Millington, Conn. Both had brothers and sisters. They were married in the Millington Congregational Church on May 17, 1810.

out of Boston in 1828 indicating that the Arnolds were not only believers, but doers.

When young Franklin was eight years old, the family moved westward again to settle on the Western Reserve in Ohio. In 1846 he enrolled in the Preparatory Department of Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio. During his four years at Oberlin, he listed his home address as Gustavus, a village in northeastern Ohio near the Pennsylvania state line. Data in Oberlin College alumni records suggest that he started school with savings of only \$55; but on the other hand, tuition was only \$9 a year and he was able to work his way through by teaching, doing farm work, and working as a janitor. Although his scholastic record has been lost—presumably in a fire which destroyed the administrative records of the college in 1903—it is known that the curriculum in the Preparatory Department included English grammar; modern and ancient geography; arithmetic, algebra, and geometry; Latin through Cicero; Greek; history of Greece and Rome; New Testament; and composition and elocution. The alumni records contain no indication that he was ever enrolled in the college proper. However, a memorial minute prepared by the Presbytery of Utah after his death states that he graduated from the Oberlin College Theological Seminary in 1850. The Preparatory Department was equivalent to a modern high school, although somewhat more advanced by modern standards, and was designed to train teachers. From this it can be supposed that Arnold was qualified as a teacher by his studies. He was also ordained as a missionary in 1848 and prepared himself for a foreign assignment. In this way he carried on his father's heritage in both education and religion.



*Courtesy of Daniel Y. Meschter*

FRANKLIN LUTHER ARNOLD

Rev. Arnold was married to Minerva Penfield Dayton, another Oberlin College student, at Piqua, Ohio, on September 2, 1850.<sup>63</sup>

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63. Oberlin College alumni records show September 23, 1850.

They sailed together on December 10, 1850, as members of a party of eight bound for the Mendi Mission Station, Sierra Leone, West Africa under the American Missionary Association. This experience took the lives of three of the women in this little group within six months. Minerva Penfield Dayton Arnold died on June 5, 1851, of African or malarial fever and was buried with the others in the station cemetery. Mrs. Arnold "felt thankful for the privilege of coming to Africa to labor for this degraded people" and often said "I have already been richly paid for coming to Africa."<sup>64</sup>

Left a young widower in Africa with his own health suffering, Rev. Arnold married Marie Ramsauer<sup>65</sup> on May 1, 1852, at Freetown, Sierra Leone.

Marie Ramsauer was born on June 12, 1830, at Oldenburg, Germany. She was the ninth of fourteen children of Johannes and Wilhelmine Schulthess Ramsauer, who were natives of Switzerland.<sup>66</sup> Johannes Ramsauer was a student and biographer of Henry Pestalozze, a distinguished educator, and was himself a noted educator. Marie, like Arnold, was a teacher. She had taught as a private governess for a family near Bath, England, before coming to Africa as a teacher at the mission station. Later, she wrote for religious journals.

Shortly after their marriage, the two missionaries returned to the United States on account of Rev. Arnold's health. It has been said (possibly a bit of latter day apocrypha) that he returned with a life expectancy of only a few months. He was not yet 30. It was characteristic of his strong will and determination that he would live until nearly 80.

The Arnolds located first at Windsor, Ohio, in late 1852 or early 1853 where he became pastor of the Congregational Church there. Their first child, Carl Franklin, was born in Windsor.<sup>67</sup> Later that same year, Marie Arnold returned to Germany on the first of at least two trips which she made during her years in America. Rev. Arnold followed her to Europe later to join her for the return trip. Their second child, Gottfried Herman, was born in Germany in 1854.

After two years in Windsor, Rev. Arnold became pastor of the

64. Thompson, *op. cit.*, p. 330.

65. Mrs. Terry: Emilie Franziska Johanna Marie Ramsauer.

66. Mrs. Terry: Johannes Ramsauer was born at Herisau, Appenzell, Switzerland on May 28, 1790; Wilhelmine Schulthess was born at Zurich, Switzerland on July 4, 1795.

67. Mrs. Terry lists seven children: Carl Franklin, b. March 10, 1853, Windsor, Ohio; Gottfried Herman, b. July 5, 1854, Barderwisch, Germany; Wilhelmina Marie, May 2, 1856, Rome, Ohio; Johannes Ramsauer, March 29, 1858, Rome, Ohio; Constantine Peter, February 7, 1860, Rome, Ohio; Martha Elizabeth, July 8, 1862, Johnston, Ohio; August Otto, March 3, 1865, Rome, Ohio.

Congregational Church at Rome, Ohio, where he remained for about 10 years until 1865. Five more children were born here. Apparently the two oldest boys were reared in Germany; at least both had notable careers there.

The comparison between John Arnold, the Commissioner of Schools, and Johannes Ramsauer, the educator and biographer, and between Franklin Arnold, teacher, missionary, and minister, and Marie Ramsauer, teacher and religious author, suggests that much could be expected from their children if the laws of inheritance have any validity. Certainly educated people could be expected to see to the education of their own children, and this proved to be the case. The oldest son, Carl, became Professor of Ecclesiastical History first at Koenigsberg and later at Breslau. Gottfried became a Judge of the Court of Appeals in Germany living in Hamburg. Johannes, or John, Arnold also followed law. He was Judge of the Third Judicial District Court for Wyoming succeeding David H. Craig of Rawlins, and prominent member of the Rawlins Presbyterian Church from 1885 to 1915, on this bench.<sup>68</sup> A third son who followed the law was C. P. Arnold. This Arnold was an attorney and virtually life-long resident of Laramie. He first became a member of the Union Presbyterian Church of Laramie on June 22, 1873 and was dismissed on September 3, 1872 [sic] only to be readmitted on October 20, 1882. He served numerous terms as a trustee of that church and aggregated about 25 years service as an elder between 1890 and 1923. It is possible that he served again in this capacity before his death on October 2, 1943. He was a true son of an energetic and dedicated father.<sup>69</sup> Martha, better known as Elizabeth Arnold Stone was a writer and historian. Her book "Uinta County—Its Place in History" remains the definitive work on this subject and is a fine example of the historian's art in dealing with a local subject.

In 1865, Rev. Arnold accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church of Marengo, Iowa, a small town near Cedar Rapids, where he remained about five years. It was at this time that he gave up his Congregational heritage to associate himself with the Presbyterian cause for the rest of his life. At the end of this pastorate in 1869, the Arnolds made another trip to Germany, and on their return moved to Laramie to take up his work there beginning on July 29, 1870.

In physique F. L. Arnold was a giant of a man compared to the slight frame of Sheldon Jackson. He was something more than six feet tall and robust in build. Photographs show that his head was large and massive with a heavy forehead over deep sunk eyes.

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68. Bartlett, I. S., *History of Wyoming*, S. J. Clarke Publishing Company, Chicago, 1918.

69. Union Presbyterian Church, Laramie, Wyoming, membership rolls.

The nose was prominent and broad. His hair was thick and dark during his younger years; a photograph taken on his seventy-second birthday shows no sign of thinning of the now whitened hair, eyebrows, and beard. The head was connected to heavy shoulders by a short thick neck so that the overall effect was not unlike a modern day football player in full uniform. He was emotional by nature, frequently brilliant but as often sinking into fits of deep depression. He was prone to give way to the deep emotions called forth by his sometimes impassioned style of preaching.

Rev. Henry Bainton, writing in 1932, states that Arnold was a relative of Mrs. W. E. Morris, the benefactress and name sake of the Rawlins Church.<sup>70</sup> Rev. Bainton's source is unknown, but there is no other evidence at hand either to dispute or confirm this assertion.

Rev. Arnold began his service at the Laramie church on July 29, 1870, and began his labors at Rawlins on August 7, 1870 almost a year to the day after the church was first organized. His first duty was to bring the congregation together and finish the uncompleted details of organization. Although the six organizing petitioners are generally respected as the charter members of the church, they never truly became members either by profession of faith or by deposition of a letter or certificate of transfer from other churches. Thus, technically speaking, they never really were members of the Rawlins Presbyterian Church.

On September 25, 1870, William Wilson, as ruling elder, and Rev. Arnold, as moderator, acting together as the Session of the Morris Presbyterian Chapel, received five members on presentation of certificates. These five were Robert and Ellen Baxter from the Presbyterian Church of Laramie; William C. Wilson from the First Presbyterian Church of Summit Hill, Pennsylvania; William F. Hall from "Union Church," Tennessee; and Harry C. Hall from "Bethel Church," Tennessee. Only two of these, Harry Hall and William Wilson, were left from the original six.<sup>71</sup>

The Baxters were typical of the early settlers of the place. They were young and had come from elsewhere like everyone else. Robert was 32 and his wife 31 in 1870.<sup>72</sup> Both were natives of Scotland where the oldest of their four children, a son Robert, was born. The second son, John, 10, had been born in England, evidently while enroute to North America, and the two younger children, Alice, 7, and William, 4, in Pennsylvania. Another son, David Kennedy Baxter was born in Rawlins in 1870 and was the first child baptised in the church by Rev. Arnold at this same membership service. Immediately before coming to Rawlins, the

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70. Henry W. Bainton, *op. cit.*

71. France Presbyterian Church, Session Record, Vol. 1869-1881.

72. 1870 Census

Baxters lived briefly in Laramie where they were charter members of the Presbyterian Church organized there on August 10, 1869 by Sheldon Jackson.<sup>73</sup>

Baxter listed himself in the 1870 census as Section Foreman for the railroad. Son Robert found employment as a boy as a telegraph messenger boy. 15 years later in 1886 he became Train Master at Omaha before being transferred to Cheyenne in 1888.<sup>74</sup> This was also the year that the Baxter Family removed to Alameda, California.

The arrangement with Rev. Arnold, as understood by the Rawlins people, called for him to divide his time equally between Laramie and Rawlins. From the beginning of missionary work in Evanston in the spring of 1871, he managed to spend part of his time there until he was relieved by Frederick B. Welty, a young divine from Pennsylvania, in July 1872. It appears that he was able to serve Rawlins only about once a month until the middle of 1874, when he accepted a call to Sidney, Iowa, in the hope that the change of climate and altitude would improve Marie's declining health. But it was already too late; she died at Omaha on August 20, 1874 on her way to Iowa.

Arnold was succeeded as pastor of the Laramie Church by Rev. William E. Hamilton who did not attempt to serve Rawlins on the same basis as Rev. Arnold. However, Hamilton was not long to avoid the problems of the Rawlins church although he was to make one spirited attempt.

Sidney apparently lost its appeal for Rev. Arnold because 1875 found him back in Evanston as the pastor of the church he had helped to organize. A third marriage to Eva White Brown, a widow with a small son of her own, ended tragically after only six weeks in Evanston where she died on July 1, 1875 at 35.

In addition to serving as a minister, Rev. Arnold's talents as a teacher found good use as Superintendent of Schools for Uinta County. Thus he was able to fulfill his two great interests in life - the mission ministry and education. His decision to take on the additional labor of this position may well have been motivated also by economic considerations since a home mission minister was poorly paid at best and the small income from a non-controversial county office must have been welcome.

Rev. Arnold spent 13 years in Evanston and several of his children elected to make it their permanent home. He was married for the fourth time to Hannah Ramsey in 1877, at Fairfield, Iowa. In October 1888 he accepted a call to the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Salt Lake City, Utah, from which he retired

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73. Union Presbyterian Church, Laramie, Wyoming, membership rolls.

74. *Rawlins Journal*, September 1, 1888.



in October 1898 rounding out ten years in his last pastorate and 48 years in the ministry. However, his indomitable spirit would not let him quit completely. He spent his last years filling and preaching from the pulpits of various denominations. In fact, he was active up until three days before his death from pneumonia on May 18, 1905, a few months short of his eightieth birthday.

His funeral on Monday, May 22, 1905, in the First Presbyterian Church of Salt Lake City, of which he was a member at the time of his death, is an indication of the esteem in which he was held. No less than eight ministers representing five different denominations took part in the service. He was buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery as was his widow, Hannah Ramsey Arnold, who survived until 1922.

One name in the Register of Communicants of the Morris Chapel at the time that Rev. Arnold received the first five members on September 25, 1870, is conspicuous by its absence. Harry Hall in his letter of May 17, 1870, to Sheldon Jackson, discussing the finances of the church goes on to record: "My partner, James France, is South at present—will be married on the 19th. inst. and will reach home about the 1st. prox."<sup>75</sup> By "South" Hall meant Farmington, Tennessee, at or near his own boyhood home. The wedding referred to did take place and the bride and groom did arrive in Rawlins about June 1, 1870. In this way, history introduces two people well known in Rawlins history—James France from Pennsylvania and his bride, Margaret Elizabeth Ramsey of Tennessee.

#### JAMES FRANCE

James France has already been referred to as the business partner of Harry Hall; but whereas Hall was to move on shortly, James France was to remain in Rawlins nearly all of the rest of his life. He became a distinguished citizen of Wyoming, widely known throughout the territory for honesty and enterprise. He bought out Hall's interest in their mercantile business in 1871 and expanded it into one of the leading if not the leading business house in the Territory of Wyoming. On at least one occasion his activities involved him in one of the best known events in western history. This is not surprising in view of the pioneering spirit and enterprise of his forebears.

The genealogy of James France can be traced back to one Abraham Frantz.<sup>76</sup> The Anglization, or perhaps it would be better to say the Americanization, of Frantz to France appears to have

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75. PHS, SJC, letter from Harry Hall to Sheldon Jackson, May 17, 1870.

76. The details of the genealogy of James France was provided by Louise Henderson Shaffer of Apollo, Pennsylvania, a great-neice of James France. Mrs. Shaffer also provided much information on the France or Frantz

been adopted by James France's father prior to his death in 1855. Most, if not all, of his children subsequently adopted this form of the name.<sup>77</sup>



*Courtesy of Daniel Y. Meschter*

JAMES FRANCE

Barbara, Abram, Elizabeth, Mary, Catherine and Sarah.

In 1778 Abraham Frantz enrolled as a private in the 3rd Vacant Company of the Volunteer German Regiment formed in the spring

It is believed that Abraham Frantz was born in 1739, possibly in Pennsylvania. The record appears to be somewhat contradictory in this respect since it also is believed that the father of Abraham Frantz was yet another Abraham Frantz who immigrated to the North American continent in 1848. However speculative this information is, it is known that Abraham Frantz settled in Northampton County, Pennsylvania, which includes the present day cities of Bethlehem and Easton. He married Catherine Dorfis in 1762 and began to raise a family. Eight children were born to them over a period of 15 years during which Abraham became both soldier and frontiersman. The oldest child was Jacob, who was born in Northampton County in June 1763. Little is known at present about the next six except their names which were

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connection with St. Jacob's Evangelical Church. Personal experience was gained by a visit to South Bend, Shelocta, and Elderton on June 27, 1965, at which time the writer visited St. Jacob's Church and the cemetery at South Bend, the Presbyterian Church and cemetery at Shelocta, and the two Presbyterian Churches and the three cemeteries at Elderton. The names found in those cemeteries recall many early day Rawlins names, most notably France or Frantz, Armstrong, and Rankin. By a strange coincidence the day of my visit, a Sunday, was the day of the 75th Anniversary of the present St. Jacob's Church. Some details here are from a booklet containing the "History of St. Jacob's Church, 1822-1965" by Mrs. Neal Espy. The writer is indebted to Mrs. Harold Uptegraph of South Bend for her warm courtesy.

77. The tombstone of Samuel France (died January 25, 1855) in the South Bend Cemetery uses "France" instead of "Frantz." This is the earliest indisputable use of the form found to date.

of that year at Valley Forge under the command of Lieut. Colonel Lewis (or Ludwig) Weltner.<sup>78</sup> His military experience could not have been long because his youngest son Issac was born in October 1778 and within a year or two he was located in Westmoreland County in western Pennsylvania. Abraham Frantz and his wife were killed in 1872 in an Indian raid at Hannahstown, (now Greensburg) less than 30 miles east of Pittsburgh. In 1782 western Pennsylvania was close to the American frontier and was far more remote in its way than Rawlins was in 1869. The circumstances by which Jacob at 19 and Issac, barely four, survived this massacre no doubt would make a tale by itself. Whether the other six children survived or perished would seem to be more part of that story than this one.

The family, or what was left of it, seems to have remained in Hannahstown for the time being. Jacob married Elizabeth Otterman, the daughter of another Revolutionary War veteran, in June 1786. They had 13 children of which at least nine lived to maturity. The 12th in this large family was Samuel Frantz who was born in June 1808.<sup>79</sup>

About five years later in 1813 or 1814, Jacob and his brother Issac moved northerly 30 miles or so into an area near the line between Armstrong and Indiana Counties. Jacob in particular became a substantial land owner along Crooked Creek at a place which came to be known as Frantz Mills.<sup>80</sup> Present day maps show the place as South Bend. Presumably, Samuel Frantz acceded to some part of the land because he spent the rest of his life in the area of South Bend.

Samuel Frantz, or France, married Catherine Smith, the daughter of German immigrants, in May 1832.<sup>81</sup> Between 1834 and his

78. Richards, H. M. M., "The Pennsylvania-German in the Revolutionary War, 1775-1873", Pennsylvania-German Society, Lancaster, Penna., 1908, pp. 220, 228. Page 332 lists a Private Daniel France from Northampton County in the muster roll of Captain Van Etten's Volunteer Company.

79. Mrs. Shaffer; the children of Jacob Frantz were: Elizabeth, b. April 15, 1788, m. Henry Allshouse; Abram or Abraham, b. July 20, 1789, m. Susannah Davis, d. 1846; John, b. April 10, 1790, m. Mary Klingensmith 1811, d. June 5, 1854; Franzina (Fanny), b. July 4, 1793, m. Jacob Allshouse; Esther, b. April 4, 1795, m. John Stitt; Jacob, b. April 20, 1797; Sarah, b. December 24, 1798, m. Jacob Shoop or Shoupe; Maria, b. July 20, 1800; Hannah, b. March 3, 1802, m. Jacob George; Ludwig, b. March 19, 1804; Lewis; Samuel, b. June 25, 1808, m. Catherine Smith, d. January 25, 1855; Polly, b. \_\_\_\_\_, m. Jacob Thomas.

80. Jacob Frantz died April 18, 1832, and was buried at South Bend, according to Mrs. Shaffer. Elizabeth Otterman Frantz was born on April 15, 1766, died October 12, 1852, and was buried at South Bend.

81. Mrs. Shaffer; Samuel France died January 25, 1855 and was buried at South Bend. Catherine Smith France was born on November 16, 1812. She later remarried, to a Dr. Crum. She died January 8, 1887, and is buried at South Bend with her first husband.

death in 1855 he had at least 11 children of which it is certain that the first eight lived to maturity.<sup>82</sup> Six of the eight were sons and all of these six found occasion to seek their fortunes elsewhere to the west. The two oldest boys, Redding and Sanford, both settled in Homer, Illinois, where they engaged in the mercantile business.

Cyrus served in the Civil War and was wounded in heavy action during the Battle of the Wilderness—one of the bloodiest of the many bloody battles of that conflict. Later, he studied medicine at the University of Michigan (1868-69) and graduated with an M. D. from the University of Philadelphia in 1871. He took another M. D. from the Rush Medical College of Chicago in 1876. He practiced medicine in Pennsylvania until May 1882 when he located in Pueblo, Colorado. In 1883 he moved again, to La Junta, Colorado. He died there on November 17, 1890, of pneumonia.<sup>83</sup>

The next son was James France born on December 25, 1838.

J. Smith France became a dentist who practiced in Danville, Illinois. Smith was followed in age by two girls, Sarah and Phoebe, both of whom remained in Pennsylvania. Sarah lived past her ninety-first birthday; Phoebe lived to be 86. Longevity was a family trait.

The youngest of the eight was Walker France who was born on December 24, 1846. Walker France moved to Rawlins about 1872 and his wife, Susan Armstrong France, to whom he was married in Elderton, Pennsylvania, on October 6, 1869, followed in 1874 with their oldest son, Homer. In all the years he was to live in Rawlins he was known as D. W. (Dwight Walker), or more rarely, W. D.; but family records in Pennsylvania show only the

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82. Mrs. Shaffer; the children of Samuel France were: Redding, b. January 28, 1834, m. Elizabeth Heffelfinger on May 18, 1855; Sanford, b. May 4, 1835, m. Miss Labourne (the identity of this first wife is open to question), m. Candace Gerald; Cyrus, b. January 15, 1837, m. Jennie Coulter on July 9, 1868, d. at LaJunta, Colorado, November 17, 1890; James, b. December 25, 1838, m. Margaret Elizabeth Ramsey at Farmington, Tennessee, May 19, 1870, d. at Salt Lake City, Utah, August 21, 1888, buried in Riverside Cemetery, Denver, Colorado; J. Smith, b. November 8, 1840, m. Belle Babcock on May 11, 1867; Sarah Elizabeth, b. January 8, 1843, m. Thomas Elias Henderson, March 1, 1864, d. August 13, 1934 and interred at South Bend, Penna.; Phoebe, b. November 27, 1844, m. Daniel Knappenberger, d. July 15, 1931, interred Knox, Penna.; Walker, b. December 24, 1846, m. Susan Armstrong at Elderton, Penna., October 6, 1869, m. Rose ———, 1906 (?), d. Long Beach, California, April 18, 1928; Ambrose, b. August 2, 1851, d. November 1, 1851; Catherine Anna, b. February 27, 1854; Noah, b. June 19, 1849, d. November 17, 1859 and interred at South Bend, Penna.

83. Rawlins *Journal*, November 29, 1890; also undated clipping in Carbon County, Wyoming, Historical Museum, possibly from the *Christian Advocate*.

name Walker. However, a more detailed search might shed more light on this point.

This recital of the children of Samuel France seems to reveal something about them personally. One thing is that in the troubled times following the Civil War, they were possessed of the fortitude and vision to seek and find new lives for themselves in other places. We have no record of their educational advantages although there is some indication that Walker might have attended an academy at Elderton near South Bend. Certainly Cyrus and Smith had formal educations preparatory to professional careers and there is no doubt that all had considerable basic education. In any event, they and their progeny proved to be substantial, useful, and productive.

Walker was followed by three more children—Noah, Ambrose, and Catherine Anna—none of whom seems to have lived to maturity.

South Bend, Elderton, and Shelocta, Pennsylvania, are arranged in a triangle with sides of about five miles. They are small communities with about 50 people in South Bend, a hundred or so in Shelocta, and a couple of hundred in Elderton. Scattered around the triangle are a number of even smaller hamlets such as Idaho, Girty and Brick Church. Each has its own identity, character, and, usually, a church. Unlike the empty vastness of the western prairie, roads go everywhere, homes are seldom more than a mile apart in any direction, the bottom of nearly every hill has a rivulet or stream between wooded banks, and churches abound everywhere.

The land is rolling hills between the many streams which drain into the Allegheny River to the west. In June the air is clean and soft; green, rolling fields of grain, and thickets of hardwoods and brush mantle the hills. In October one can easily imagine the gathered abundance of the harvest, the woods berobed in color, hedgerows carpeted with dried leaves, and a tang in the air to bring joy to the hunter's heart. But the lushness of the land is deceptive. The soil has lost its fertility in a century of cropping. Merchantable timber is sparse. There is little employment short of the steel mills at Apollo and Vandergrift and the industrial cities along the Allegheny leading down toward Pittsburgh 40 miles away.

It is a land with a rich history recalling Washington and Braddock and the French and Indian Wars. Near here Captain John Armstrong led his Scotch-Irish irregulars against an Indian encampment on the Allegheny in the 1750's. In those times Pittsburgh was the gateway to the west down the Ohio River from the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers. This was both the west and the way west.

South Bend was virgin land when Jacob Frantz and his family settled here in 1813. The land was rich; the soil was fertile. The forests yielded timber needed for the sawmills to make into lumber to build the growing cities. Salt brine was found in wells at Salts-

burg and coal was abundant in the hills. A little later oil would be discovered in the counties to the north. The prospects must have been pleasant for Jacob. His fields stretched up the hill from Crooked Creek and he could account himself a man of substance in the world. There were other families in the vicinity, too, and there was much intermarriage between his children and his neighbor's children down to the second generation. When life's toils were over, many would continue to be neighbors in the little South Bend graveyard up that hill.

The Frantz family heritage is loosely identified with the so-called Pennsylvania Dutch, probably because of Abraham Frantz's presumed immigration from Germany and his residence in Northampton, Pennsylvania; but not so far as is known with the strongly conservative and religiously strict groups such as the Moravians, Amish, Menonites, Bretheran, or Dunkards who are popularly regarded as the true Pennsylvania Dutch. They tended, rather, to be adherents to the Evangelical Lutheran and Reformed movements. All of Jacob Frantz's 13 children save one, for example, were baptized in the First Reformed Church at Greensburg. In South Bend as in Rawlins in 1869, a church was not long in following the early settlers. In the words of Mrs. Neal Espy:

"St. Jacob's Congregation was organized in the early eighteen twenties by the Rev. William Weinel. The earliest extant is that of baptisms, July 18, 1822, and the first Communion was held May, 1823, at which 24 persons were confirmed and 40 members communed.

The first church was a very primitive one, a plain log building or meeting house as it was called, with rude benches for pews. There were no stoves or heaters, not even a chimney, and in cold weather services were discontinued. It was common saying among the people that when the first cold wind blew from the north, Rev. Weinel would not be seen any more until the south wind returned.

About the year 1840, the Reformed people together with the Lutherans erected a plain building, the material being taken from the woods near by. It was weathered boarded and painted white, and for some years went by the name, White Church.

The first Lutheran and Reformed Church stood where the South Bend Cemetery is now located. They had separate times for their services. The relationship between the Lutherans and the Reformed were exceedingly cordial. The rights of each party were respected by the other, and they lived and labored as bretheran."<sup>84</sup>

This "White Church" stood on the top of a hill less than a mile north of South Bend. The land for the church and the adjacent cemetery was given by Jacob Frantz, but he died before the deed conveying the land could be signed. However, his son John honored his wish and intent and deeded the land.<sup>85</sup> The White Church

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84. Espy, Mrs. Neal, "History of St. Jacob's Church, 1822-1965," pamphlet, South Bend, Pennsylvania, June 27, 1965.

85. Mrs. Shaffer.

continued in use until it was sold and the present church on the north bank of Crooked Creek completed in 1891. An abandoned church across the road from the South Bend Cemetery apparently was built by the Lutheran congregation in 1872.

The Frances, like many of the Pennsylvania Germans, readily adapted to new communities wherever they went and accepted what ever denomination might have been available there. The records of St. Jacob's Reformed Church show that both Phoebe Frantz and James Frantz were early members. Cyrus France at the time of his death was a Methodist. In view of the fact that Pittsburgh is probably the strongest of Presbyterian strongholds in North America and was so at the time of the Civil War with the possible exception of Philadelphia, it would not have been at all surprising to find that one or another of the Frances had been exposed to it. Indeed, both Walker France and his wife, *nee* Susan Armstrong, were members of the Presbyterian Church at Elderton where they were married before migrating west. Sarah France, who married Thomas Henderson in 1864, was a member of the Elderton church also and was noted throughout her long life for her Biblical knowledge.

It is difficult at this distance and late date to evaluate the impact of the Civil War on this western Pennsylvania community. Suffice it to observe that South Bend, Shelocta and Elderton contributed heavily to Company "H" of the 54th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers and Company "A" of the 135th Pennsylvania Infantry if G.A.R. markers in the several cemeteries are any indication. Such markers can be found in abundance and accompany almost every family name. Several did not survive the war, including Robert Armstrong, buried near Susan Armstrong's parents in the cemetery at Shelocta. The patriotism of the community is beyond question.

James France does not appear to have played a direct role in the Civil War, very possibly because his diminutive stature made him unfit for service.<sup>86</sup> There were employment opportunities in western Pennsylvania at the end of the War in the forests and oil fields; mule skimmers and bullwhackers were in demand to supply the Indian agencies in the Dakotas and the growing towns beyond the railroads in all of the western territories; a man could always prospect for gold in the Black Hills or the Front Range of Colorado or work in other men's mines. This is the route that Jim and Joe Rankin, James France's colorful Shelocta neighbors, took on their way to Rawlins.<sup>87</sup> but they were cut from different cloth. They were robust men capable of action—whenever the situation called

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86. Much of the information in the following paragraphs was obtained in interviews with Mrs. Gymaina Whigam of Denver, a granddaughter of James France.

for action—well suited to the life of the typical thick-skinned, hard-fighting, hard-working, brawling frontiersmen of legend. It is not surprising that if James France should elect to try the wild west that he would appear there in the form of a merchant. When and where he established his partnership with Harry Hall is an unimportant mystery. Such partnerships could be and were formed and broken on short notice. About all that was really required to establish a mercantile business was a supply of saleable goods, a tent to store them in and, incidentally, to serve as a shelter for the merchant, and a head for figures. Perhaps the last was the most difficult come by. Partners were often kindred souls who enjoyed each other's company as well as mutual protection. In other cases, partnerships were formed with one complementing the other; one having the goods and the other the head for business.

James France was always proud that he had helped officiate at the birth of Rawlins in 1868 when he was canvassing the territory for business opportunities. It was a measure of his business acumen that he could visualize early day Rawlins as a life-long opportunity. While the original population may have been in the thousands during railroad construction, the special census of 1869 showed only 460 in the whole of Carbon County, which at that time encompassed close to one-fifth of the vast territory which was to become the State of Wyoming.<sup>88</sup> By 1870, Rawlins could boast 612 people of which 86 were military personnel. Even by 1880 the city had little more than doubled in a decade. Business success, therefore, was not to be measured by population statistics. Whatever the source of business was, he and Hall had sufficient confidence to erect a store building. Their business included not only groceries and dry goods, but some informal banking on the side. Credit was an essential element in doing business after the boom days of railroad construction had passed. The newly settled ranchers could not be expected to come up with hard cash before marketing their increase, and building large herds was slow business. Fortunately for these new businessmen, ranchers as far away as the Bear River (now the Yampa River) in Colorado trailed their herds to Rawlins for shipment and could use the opportunity to order supplies for the year ahead. In addition, they supplied consignment goods to traders along the Little Snake and Bear Rivers far to the south. There were Fort Steele and White River Ute Indian Agency vouchers to cash and supplies to ship. In another

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87. Rankin, M. Wilson, "Reminiscences of Frontier Days, including an authentic account of the Thornburgh and Meeker Massacres," photolithographed by Smith-Brooks, Denver, copyright 1935, 140 pp. Wilson Rankin was a cousin of the Rankins of Rawlins. His limited edition book deals exclusively with events with which he had personal knowledge.

88. T. A. Larson, *History of Wyoming*, op. cit.



year James France bought out Hall's interest in the business and Hall moved on to Kansas where his family had located.

In 1871 James France was the almost obvious choice for postmaster, a position he held for 14 years. He dabbled in cattle and invested heavily in the Seminoe Mines. He was a substantial owner of the *Wyoming Tribune*, a newspaper which was published in Rawlins for a few years. He engaged in a building program and erected a large stone building to house James France and Company. In 1880 he divided his business, taking D. C. Adams of Chicago into partnership in the wholesale and retail grocery part of the business, while retaining the dry goods and contract business under his own name.

James France has had his name written into the history books for several reasons including his leadership in business affairs. However, it was the contract business that wrote his name into history by reason of his small role in the affairs of the White River Ute Indian Agency.

In 1869 the Federal Government built an agency for the White River band of Ute Indians in the valley of the White River in Colorado, about 150 airline miles south of the railroad. The agency was established chiefly for the purpose of distributing rations and goods to these Indians in fulfillment of treaties by which the Utes ceded lands to the United States and agreed to retire to a huge reservation in Western Colorado. The Utes were wild, free, and horse-oriented. Reservation boundaries meant little to them and their alleged depredations throughout the Territory of Colorado created an issue of considerable use to the politicians of the day. Throughout the decade of the 1870's the attitude of the Bureau of Indian Affairs toward the Utes was an enlightened one, only slightly shattered by Custer's defeat at the Little Big Horn by the Sioux.

In the summer of 1879, James France held Interior Department contracts to haul the food and supplies from the railroad at Rawlins to the Agency on White River at \$3.50 per hundredweight.

Things were especially difficult that summer. The Utes were restive. Large volumes of flour, oats, and supplies were delinquent in delivery due to the dishonest practices of some of the earlier contractors so that the Indians, now partly dependent on these goods, knew hunger.<sup>89</sup> More repugnant from the Ute viewpoint

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89. Although there is an enormous number of books, articles, pamphlets, speeches, oral legends, etc., ranging in quality from the scholarly to the inane; the subject of Indian affairs during the opening of the west has never been treated in its entirety in an objective manner. There are many reasons for this neglect including the focusing of attention on single reportable episodes such as the Battle of the Little Bighorn; the lack of real objectivity on the part of contemporary reporters who were either pro-Indian or violently anti-Indian, most of whom had little real experience with the

were the increasingly repressive measures being taken by the agents in attempting to make them over into the white man's image.

James France knew all of this only too well. He was in close touch with the situation through his men who freighted to the Agency, through his contacts with the Interior Department in fulfilling his contracts, and through considerable personal knowledge of the Utes gained during their frequent forays into Wyoming. He had delivered 13 tons of flour, a ton of seed wheat for planting in cultivated horse pasture in the White River Valley, and miscellaneous supplies during August, but his freighters were getting edgy in view of the prospect of having to make additional heavy deliveries before the onset of winter. On September 14 he sent out two four-mule wagons with two tons of flour in charge of inexperienced teamsters—the mysterious old peddler, Carl Goldstein, and a mere boy, Julius Moore. This was sufficient cause for worry in itself. Two days later he dispatched John Gordon's bull train of ten wagons in tandem, and thirty-three oxen with three bullwhackers to help John, carrying five tons of flour and a miscellany of goods ranging from washtubs to red flannel shirts. The next day, John Gordon's brother George and two drivers set out with three four-horse wagons carrying, among other things, a threshing machine for the agency together with its steam engine. Still another wagon set out on the eighteenth in charge of Al McCarger and his son with a virtual hardware store aboard, including a liberal supply of barbed wire which was about the last thing calculated to bring joy to a horse-loving Ute's heart.

During this same summer, Nathan C. Meeker, the present agent, was embarked upon a determined course to bring agrarian reform and the joys of honest labor to the Utes by force if persuasion failed. All summer he had been faced with one disagreeable inci-

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problem while the few men who really knew the Indians best generally had serious intellectual limitations; wide dispersion of pertinent data; and probably most importantly, the lack of expression by the Indian himself of his side of the matter.

For the following paragraphs I have drawn upon accumulated reading on the subject including specifically M. Wilson Rankin, *op. cit.*, William Owen, *op. cit.*, and personal visits to Meeker and Milk Creek. Specific details have been derived from Marshall Sprague's book, "Massacre, the Tragedy at White River," Little, Brown and Company, 1957, 364 pp. Sprague's analysis of the background of the Ute Indian problem is historically satisfactory and the whole book is entertaining reading. Another source I have used is a little book by Thomas F. Dawson and F. J. V. Skiff entitled "The Ute War." This book is interesting because it was written within weeks after the events described. It was originally published by The Tribune Publishing House, Denver, Colorado in an edition of 1,000 copies. A facsimile edition was prepared by Nolie Mumey, M.D. and published in 1964 by Johnson Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado. The facsimile edition was limited to 300 copies.

dent after another arising out of misunderstanding and Ute resentment, which was beyond his limited comprehension of the Ute character. Whether in apprehension for the safety of his employees or whether to back up his proposed plans of action, he asked for the presence of the military so that on the twenty-second of September the road to White River became even more heavily travelled with the departure from Rawlins of elements of the 3rd, and 5th. U. S. Cavalry and the 4th Infantry under the command of Thomas T. Thornburgh, Commanding Officer of Fort Steele.

The entry of troops into their reservation could mean only one thing to the Utes and they reacted, violently, on September 29, 1879. Nathan Meeker and all of the white men at the Agency were slain in the well-known Meeker Massacre. Not so well known is that on that same day Thornburgh's troops were attacked and pinned down in Milk Creek about 25 miles northeast of the agency where the agency road passed through the mountains. Thornburgh himself was killed in the first skirmish and all of his officers except one were wounded. Coincidentally, the troops had just passed John Gordon's bull train when the attack started, and although Gordon lost his wagons, his oxen, and his cargo under fire, this fact saved his life as he and his helpers found safety in the rifle pits hastily dug by the troops. The other freighters were not so fortunate. Carl Goldstein and his youthful companion were killed just five miles short of the agency. John later found his brother George and his two helpers hideously butchered a few miles back up the road and his wagons and that of Al McCarger destroyed. Battles are not discriminating of identities. James France lost five employees, their wagons and cargos in his attempt to fulfill his contracts.

The practical effect of the Meeker Massacre was the removal of the Utes out of their beautiful valley onto a much less desirable reservation in Utah. The land was thrown open for settlement. Whatever business Rawlins lost with the termination of the Agency was made up for by the growth of a white population in the region which continued to be supplied from Rawlins.

France's last important business venture was to mature his informal banking business into a full fledged bank. The Banking House of James France opened for business in December 1881 and gave promise of serving an important need.

By all accounts, James France was a gentle, sensitive, and generous man. He could not easily have fit our modern concepts of the western frontier prototype. His features were finely molded almost to the point of being delicate. In later years a receding hairline gave the false impression of a high forehead. In stature he was short and slight of build. Possibly in compensation for this he affected a full length beard reaching nearly to the waist. Normally, for work, the beard was tucked neatly inside his shirt; but on ceremonial occasions, it flew at full mast. His typical generosity

extended not only to frequent gifts to his family, contributions to various causes, but also in affording opportunity to friends and relatives. The early records of the Morris Presbyterian Chapel give ample proof that such early day family names in Rawlins as Hefflefinger, Kelley, McMillen, Rankin, and others had their origins in the immediate vicinity of South Bend and Elderton where James France himself had been reared. Jennie McCullough came from there to find employment in his household.<sup>90</sup> There is little doubt that these, along with his own brother Walker, came to Wyoming at the behest, and likely the assistance, of James France. Both Walker France and D. C. Kelley were employees of his. James Hefflefinger probably was an employee also and may have been related by marriage. After a banking business was established in 1881, he arranged for his nephew, Harry B. Henderson, (son of his sister Sarah), to join him in this business.

All of his business enterprises except the last can be considered in retrospect as reasonable successes.<sup>91</sup> He was a wise businessman giving his best efforts to every project he undertook. Above all, his honesty was unquestioned and in later years his personal integrity stood up in the courts on the occasions when his reputation, laboriously built up in almost 20 years of business, hung in the balance. While he was always reasonably successful in business and achieved a good measure of wealth for the community of which he was so much a part, he probably never was half as wealthy as popular opinion held. Even so, he had his share of disappointments and losses. Perhaps his generosity and almost childlike trust in his employees and associates were his worst faults. He was noted for liberality of credit in his business dealing. Moderate prosperity and a reputation above reproach appear to have been his goals in life, and in this respect he was eminently successful.

Unlike many businessmen then and now, his was a retiring personality. He mingled but little in public affairs although he accepted public office and positions of trust from time to time because, it seems, of a sense of duty in the interests of the community. Perhaps the highest office he attained was the Territorial Council of the Legislature to which he was elected as a Republican. He served only one term, that being in the Fourth Legislative Assembly, which met in November, 1875.<sup>92</sup>

(To be continued)

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90. 1880 Census.

91. The story of James France in later years is beyond the time scope of this part of this history.

92. Wyoming Historical Bluebook, op. cit.

## *Hot Weather Rules*

1. Load lightly, and drive slowly
2. Stop in the shade if possible
3. Water your horse as often as possible. So long as a horse is working, water in moderate quantities will not hurt him. But let him drink only a few swallows if he is going to stand still. Do not fail to water him at night after he has eaten his hay.
4. When he comes in after work, sponge off the harness marks and sweat, his eyes, his nose and mouth, and the dock. Wash his feet but not his legs.
5. If the thermometer is 75 degrees or higher, wipe him all over with a wet sponge. Use vinegar water if possible. Do not turn the hose on him.
6. Saturday night, give a bran mash, cold; and add a tablespoonful of saltpetre.
7. Do not use a horse-hat, unless it is a canopy-top hat. The ordinary bell-shaped hat does more harm than good.
8. A sponge on top of the head, or even a cloth, is good if kept wet. If dry it is worse than nothing.
9. If the horse is overcome by heat, get him into the shade, remove harness and bridle, wash out his mouth, sponge him all over, shower his legs, and give him four ounces of aromatic spirits of ammonia, or two ounces of sweet spirits of nitre, in a pint of water; or give him a pint of coffee warm. Cool his head at once, using cold water, or, if necessary, chopped ice, wrapped in a cloth.
10. If the horse is off his feed, try him with two quarts of oats mixed with bran, and a little water; and add a little salt or sugar. Or give him oatmeal gruel or barley water to drink.
11. Watch your horse. If he stops sweating suddenly, or if he breathes short and quick, or if his ears droop, or if he stands with his legs braced sideways, he is in danger of a heat or sun stroke and needs attention at once.
12. If it is so hot that the horse sweats in the stable at night, tie him outside. Unless he cools off during the night, he cannot well stand the next day's heat.

These Rules are prepared by the Boston Work-Horse Parade Association, whose office is at 15 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Copies of the Rules will be sent free on application. Our Office open throughout the year.

HENRY C. MERWIN, President  
LEWIS A. ARMISTEAD, Secretary

*From a poster circulated in the early 1900's.*



*Courtesy of Burton S. Hill*

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE IN WYOMING

# *Frontier Powder River Mission*

By

BURTON S. HILL

Captain W. F. Reynolds, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army, assigned the duty as topographical engineer to explore the Yellowstone Country, went into winter quarters at the Deer Creek Indian Agency in October of 1859. He was there cordially greeted by Major Thomas S. Twiss, the Indian Agent, and assigned some of the unused Mormon houses abandoned by them at the outbreak of the Mormon War in 1857. Not only was Captain Reynolds comfortably housed, but conveniently so. Only three miles down Deer Creek, on the Oregon Trail adjacent to the Platte, was a Pony Express stop and the Deer Creek stage station. And, while the Captain was a guest at Deer Creek, a post office was established at the station. Also, in the close vicinity was the trading house of Joseph Bissonette and Company, doing a thriving business with the emigrants passing along the Oregon Trail. It will be of interest to mention that the Deer Creek Station was just east of Glenrock, Wyoming, in what is sometimes known as the Glenrock Park.

Soon after his arrival at the Deer Creek Agency, Captain Reynolds became acquainted with German Missionary Moritz Braeuninger, and his missionary companions, Schmidt and Doederlein, with Seyler as helper, and two colonists, Beck and Bunge. They were on their way to establish a mission among the Crows in Absaraka, but had also taken up winter quarters at Deer Creek. Like Captain Reynolds and his forces, they were guests of Agent Twiss, and quartered in one of the Mormon houses. Sent out by the German Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Iowa, they were devoted and dedicated men, but with little knowledge of the ruthless and vengeful Indian country. And, able to speak only German with facility, they were particularly handicapped. But, with winter closing in, they were exalted at the proposal of Agent Twiss to remain at Deer Creek during the cold months. He assured them that with the coming of spring they would have a much better opportunity of reaching Absaraka, which they would have to reach by traversing the territory of the hostile Sioux and Cheyennes.

In visiting with Braeuninger, Captain Reynolds learned that the supplies and provisions of the missionaries were all but exhausted, and that their situation was really serious. He realized that as conditions were, they would not be able to proceed in the spring. This he communicated to the guileless Braeuninger, who up until then did not appear to have been concerned. However, when it

became evident that the missionaries were determined to work it out, Captain Reynolds offered the necessary assistance, which was accepted. When this was reported to the Iowa Synod, the Captain was repaid in full, with the sincere thanks and appreciation of the governing body at home.

As weeks passed the Christmas season was approaching and the missionaries were preparing for it. At the appropriate time Braeuninger communicated his plans to Captain Reynolds. He and his staff were invited to a service to be held Christmas Eve at the quarters of the host. Agent Twiss and his family were also invited, but it does not appear they attended; although there was quite a number of Indians who did. They had been hand picked by the Major. For that era, the most unusual thing about this celebration was the presence of a Christmas tree glowingly lighted with an array of candles which had been affixed to the branches. Prior to Christmas Eve some of the missionaries had sought out a suitable spruce tree, which they had chopped down and brought to their quarters. Nothing had been said about a Christmas tree, so it was a pleasant surprise for everybody. Even the Indians showed their good will and gratitude. During the evening Braeuninger read from the scriptures, and the group sang the well known Christmas songs accompanied by Braeuninger on the violin. Unfortunately, Captain Reynolds and his staff could not always join in the singing since most of it was done in German. Whether refreshments were served or gifts exchanged has not been recorded, but probably not. At Deer Creek living was simple, and presents hard to come by. Yet, it is certain that the occasion was enjoyed, even by the Indians. As far as it can be determined, this was the first Christmas celebration is what in now Wyoming.

Since it had now become evident to Braeuninger that additional funds and equipment were going to be needed to set up a mission in Absaraka, after Christmas new plans were formulated. The mission in Bavaria had sent funds for the project in the Crow Country, but that clearly was not sufficient. Accordingly, it was decided that Schmidt and Doederlein should return to Iowa to equip a second train and return to Deer Creek in the Spring. But, finally home, Schmidt became ill and could not return, and Doederlein joined the Missouri Synod.

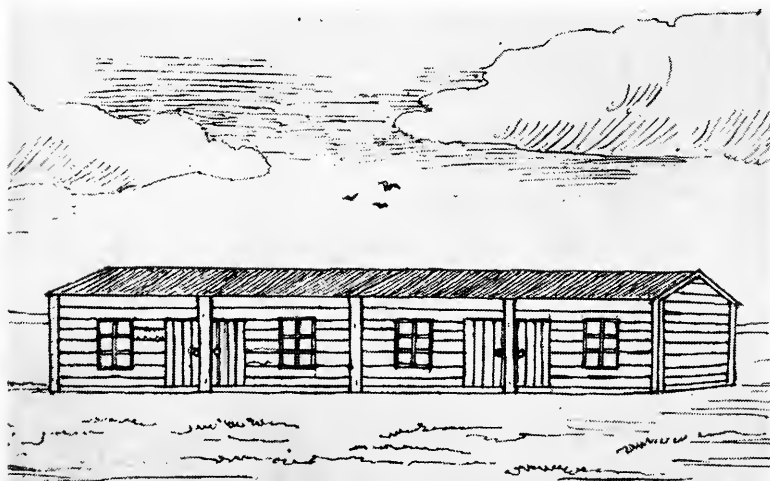
In spite of all their disappointments and setbacks, in the spring of 1860 the group remaining started their lonely northward trek. It is not exactly known just what route they took or the course of their wanderings, but after traveling what they considered to be about a hundred miles they approached the banks of Powder River. Jubilant in the belief that they had reached Absaraka, the home of the Crows, they little knew that in reality they had only gained the heart of the hostile Sioux country. At all events, they crossed the river and selected a site for the mission, where the ground was level on the river bottom, and the grass was thick and luxuriant. Here



they erected a house and sank a well for drinking water, and later plowed a plot of the rich soil to plant seed for the fall harvest. Some thirty years later this well was discovered by ranchers in the vicinity, as were the charred remains of the mission house. There was also evidence of the plowed area on the west bank of Powder River opposite the confluence of Dry Fork and that stream. In 1863 this point was selected by John M. Bozeman for his crossing of the Bozeman Trail, and nearby, in 1876, General George Crook's Indian expeditionary forces laid out Cantonment Reno, famed in the annals of the West. Of late years much search has been made for the mission location, but after a century no traces can be found.

When the missionary group was finally located, Braeuninger wrote a full report to the Mission Board, and made a pencil sketch of the mission house and nearby scene. In his report, two additional missionaries were requested, since Bunge wanted to resign. With reluctance he was taken to Deer Creek. After Braeuninger's report reached the Board, much satisfaction was expressed at the accomplishments on Powder River, and a call went out for the two recruits. Highly dedicated men, whose names were Flachenecker and Krebs, readily accepted the call, and immediately completed preparations for their long journey. At Scotts Bluff, now a National Monument near Scottsbluff, Nebraska, a man addressed the two missionaries by name and invited them in as his guests for a free meal.

Inside, the man said he realized that the two did not recognize



*Courtesy of Burton S. Hill*

MISSION STATION AT DEER CREEK

him, but that he was Bunge. He was not readily recognized because of the beard he was wearing. His friends had never seen him with one. He told of his experiences on Powder River, and how he had resigned as colonist. He explained how he reached Scotts Bluff, and had remained as cook at the stage station.

In the meantime, on Powder, the Sioux frequently visited the mission, and at first seemed quite friendly. But, as time went on they became more independent and arrogant. One day when the missionary group did not immediately comply with their desires, they threatened to shoot. Nothing came of this threat, but a few days later a large war party did arrive, bristling with hostility.



*Courtesy of Burton S. Hill*

MISSIONARY BRAEUNINGER

(Picture taken in Germany)

One of their number carried an old blanket which he wanted to trade for a new one. When Braeuninger attempted to remonstrate, the Indian snatched up a new blanket, tore it in two, and threw his old one on the ground. He then hotly announced that he considered it to be a fair trade. Braeuninger did not immediately reply, but placed his hand over his mouth, meaning in sign language that he had nothing to say. However, realizing his people were outnumbered, and that resistance would be futile, he reluctantly told the Indian to keep the blanket. Soon afterwards the chief of the band and his party, showing signs of friendliness, approached the mission with the blanket. The chief said he had come to return it and that he wanted his people to act decently toward the whites, which he knew they had not done. A very agreeable visit followed, but this party had

scarcely moved away when another group of six approached on foot.

The six visitors were taken to be Sioux, but not warlike. The missionary group served them three meals before they departed upstream to be with the Snake Indians. As soon as they were out of sight, which was toward evening, Beck and Braeuninger went out to bring in the cattle. After a time, Beck returned with the stock, but without his missionary companion who had become

separated from him. When Beck asked the whereabouts of Braeuninger, Seyler said he was not there, and did not know where he was. But, he was convinced that the six visitors, who had departed just before the search for the cattle, had come to the mission with an evil intent.

When Braeuninger did not return that night, his two companions spent the following two days in a futile search for him, or his remains. When no trace could be found, it was concluded that the Indians had murdered him and concealed his body. Since only Seyler and Beck were left of the original six, they became assured that other plans would be requisite. They recalled several days earlier when Braeuninger had said they would be unable to remain unless their number could be brought up to 15 or 20 men who could throw up embankments and defend themselves.

Since it was evident that Braeuninger had been right, and that to remain on Powder would only mean their destruction, they decided to leave for Deer Creek without delay. There they could obtain further instructions from the Mission Board. While Missionaries Flachenecker and Krebs were still at Scotts Bluff enjoying the hospitality of their former companion Bunge, the stage driver coming from the west brought the news of Braeuninger's death on Powder River. In attempting to decide their next move, Bunge suggested that at the next station, 150 miles further on, they would find an Alsatian named Henry who could speak German as well as French, and who might be able to give them full particulars. On the chance that Henry would have helpful information, Flachenecker and Krebs climbed aboard the stage going west. Without serious incident they finally reached their designated station and there met the Alsatian whose name was Henry. They also met a number of Frenchmen playing cards, and one who had just arrived from Deer Creek. In French, Henry interviewed these gentlemen concerning the murder of Braeuninger, and the whereabouts of Seyler and Beck. He learned that the leader had lost his life on July 23, 1860, and that the other two had reached Deer Creek unharmed. All this Henry relayed to Flachenecker and Krebs in German. With this first-hand information the two missionaries agreed that they should reach Deer Creek as soon as possible, and were again boarded on the stage headed in that direction. When there, they went at once to the headquarters of Agent Twiss, and learned that their companions were housed in the same dwelling they had occupied the year before, and until their departure in the spring.

At a meeting with Flachenecker and Krebs, Seyler and Beck who had been awaiting recall, now believed that with four missionaries in the field other arrangements could be made. This turned out to be the case. When the Mission Board members learned of Braeuninger's death they were, of course, much disturbed, since he had been a worthy, dedicated and trustworthy leader. But they

concluded this should not be the end. After intensive deliberation the Synod directed the four workers to stay on at Deer Creek and there erect and maintain a Mission. They were instructed to be on the alert for the friendly Crows, should they appear, but to continue the missionary work with any of the Indian tribes who would receive it.



*Courtesy of Burton S. Hill*

REVEREND KREBS AND THE INDIAN BOYS

Actually, the German Lutherans were not altogether new in the field. Organized at St. Sebald, Iowa, on August 24, 1854, by members from Bavaria, thought was then given to missionary work among the Indians. With the possible teachings of Father P. J. DeSmet just prior to 1851 and afterwards, little effort of the kind had ever been attempted among the tribes of North America. After their organization at St. Sebald, the German Lutherans had failed in two attempts to establish missions among the Canadian Indians, but Pastor Schmidt was not yet ready to give up. While in Detroit in 1858 he became acquainted with a man named Redfield who was then Indian Agent for the Crow Tribe along the Yellowstone and Big Horn rivers. After some negotiations Agent Redfield consented that Moritz Braeuninger and Pastor Schmidt should accompany him upon his next trip among the Crows. It is evident that the Synod had explicit faith in these two very dedicated men, and particularly in Braeuninger, an acknowledged leader, who was later to give his life to the cause he believed in so thoroughly. The two thus chosen by the Synod lived with the Crows all during the summer of 1858, but returned to St. Sebald in November bringing a favorable report. It was then decided that the Lutheran Mission Board should found a colony in Absaraka, the land of the Crows. Just why Deer Creek was selected as a starting point has never been satisfactorily explained, but in the fall of 1859 Braeuninger, and his five followers there became acquainted with Captain W. F. Raynolds of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, who gave them help and advice. It is obvious that a starting point some place in the Yellowstone Country would have been more advantageous and less precarious, but the Synod may have had its reasons. At all events, in the fall of 1860, Flachenecker, Krebs, Seyler and Beck were at Deer Creek ready to launch a fifth attempt at missionary work among the Indians. It appears that later they were joined by Pastor Matter. This time, however, their headquarters mission remained at Deer Creek, from whence they visited all the tribes, including the Crows.

This fifth attempt turned out to be quite a success. However, the accomplishments of the missionaries were the greatest among the Cheyennes, whose language they learned and whose ways of life they came to well understand. These devoted and dedicated men traveled at will among the different Cheyenne tribes and were always welcome. They were not only able to converse with these Indians in their own language, but they were able to teach many of them the Word of God. One of their trips in the Indian Country was of particular interest since it brought them in the neighborhood of the earlier mission station erected on Powder River. But, at the time there was little left. One of the accomplishments of these five missionaries was the education and training of three Indian boys they called Paul, or Paulus, Gottfried and Fred. Gottfried and Paulus died in 1865 at St. Sebald, where they were buried in a

small country cemetery. Later a monument was erected to their memory, as well as to Moritz Braeuninger, and all the Deer Creek missionaries.

Just how long the German Lutherans did missionary work in the Powder River Country has never been exactly fixed. But, from the record of events it appears they were there as late as 1865, irrespective of the many depredations being committed by the Indians along the Oregon Trail and open warfare in most of the area. During those years history does not record much missionary work in that untamed territory.

Acknowledgement: The source of this article from the copious notes and writings of the late Howard B. Lott, a well known historian of Buffalo, Wyoming. Some thirty years ago he was in correspondence with Professor George J. Kritschel, of Dubuque, Iowa, at one time Curator of the German Lutheran Church Records of the Iowa Synod. The account of the Powder River Indian Mission, and allied Indian Mission efforts, had appeared in the *Kirchenblatt*, a church publication, but had never before appeared outside of the Church publications. For Mr. Lott, Professor Kritschel translated the appropriate records from the German text of the *Kirchenblatt*, containing a full account of the German Lutheran Mission among the Crows and Cheyennes. The accompanying pictures were also furnished by Professor Kritschel. Upon the death of Mr. Lott, his widow, Emily B. Lott, generously provided the writer with this material. The official report of Captain W. F. Reynolds was also used.

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\$15,000 Reward. On the night of 25th August, Wells Fargo and Co.'s Overland Mail Coach was stopped and robbed on Bitter Creek at a point about seven miles west of Laclede of a large amount of bullion. By four men, partially described as follows: One, quite a young man of thin visage. Two men with small feet wearing boots with very small pointed heels. The other had on boots with large heels, run down on one side. To any party or parties procuring the arrest of the perpetrators of this robbery and recovery of the bullion a reward of Fifteen Thousand Dollars ! will be paid or a fair proportion thereof for any one of the robbers or any portion of the treasure. Wells Fargo and Co., Cheyenne, Wyoming, August 27, 1868.

*Advertisement in the Cheyenne Daily Leader, October 17, 1868*

# *The Greatest Ride in Wyoming History*

By

FRANCIS A. BARRETT

The winter of 1866 was full of bitter days for the garrison at Fort Phil Kearny.<sup>1</sup> This outpost on the Little Piney in northern Wyoming was isolated by blizzards and embattled by the Sioux nation.

The department commander in Omaha, Gen. Phillip St. George Cooke, advocated an open battle with the Indians during the winter. Although the Commander at Phil Kearny, Col. Henry B. Carrington, was a cautious man, he nonetheless intended to employ this strategy of "surprise and extermination" as soon as reinforcements arrived.<sup>2</sup>

Among the newly arrived officers at Kearny was young Capt. William J. Fetterman. He, along with many of the other less experienced officers and enlisted men, was full of recklessness and bravado. Although the Sioux were fighting with their lives to preserve their hunting grounds, Fetterman was known for his confident assertion that "with 80 men, I could ride through the Sioux nation."<sup>3</sup>

Thus, on a cold, clear day, December 21, 1866, a detachment of 81 men under Fetterman's command left Fort Kearny with clear orders to "give support" to a wood train under Indian attack and to return to the fort. There was an additional order from Col. Carrington: "Under no circumstances must you cross Lodge Trail Ridge."<sup>4</sup> For there, the colonel was certain, Indians had been gathering for attack or ambush.

Two Moons, a Cheyenne at the scene, described the Indian strategy: "The Indians attacked the wood train and then, when Fetterman's command came out, they sent a few Indians, mounted

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1. Named after Maj. Gen. Philip Kearny, killed 1 Sept. 1862 at the battle of Chantilly, Va. (Heitman, Francis B., *Historical Register and Dictionary of the U. S. Army, 1789-1903*, Vol. I, 1903)

2. Hebard, G. R., and Brininstool, E. A., *The Bozeman Trail*, The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 1922. Glendale, Calif., 1960.

3. Brown, Dee, *Fort Phil Kearny: An American Saga*, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1962.

4. Ibid.

on their best ponies, to decoy them into the hills."<sup>5</sup> Among the individual Sioux and Cheyenne warriors who risked their lives to lure the soldiers into the trap were several who, during the next decade, would become famous chiefs: Crazy Horse, Dull Knife, Black Shield, Big Nose, White Bull.<sup>6</sup> Fetterman followed up the crest of Lodge Trail Ridge and nearly 2,000 Indians swarmed in from all sides,<sup>7</sup> including Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Sioux, Ogalalas. Under Red Cloud, they attacked with ferocity.<sup>8</sup>

In thirty minutes, the firing was over, the battlefield indescribable with not a living man or animal. Most of the men were taken alive and tortured to death - only six killed by bullet. At the end, the Fetterman Disaster stood as one of three battles in American history from which came no survivors. (The others: Custer on the Little Big Horn 1876; Crocket at the Alamo 1836)<sup>9</sup>

For those left at Fort Kearny, the outlook was bleak. Indian



*Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department  
M. D. Houghton sketch*

#### "PORTUGEE" PHILLIPS AT HORSESHOE STATION

5. Hebard and Brininstool.

6. Brown.

7. Appleman, Roy E., *Great Western Indian Fights*. Members of the Potomac Corral of the Westerners, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1960. Chapter 10, "The Fetterman Fight."

8. Red Cloud claimed to have directed the fighting but several Indians indicated that he was not present. But the ambush, which incidentally, was carefully rehearsed, was the fruition of Red Cloud's long summer campaign of harassment.<sup>3</sup>

9. Hebard and Brininstool.



attack in overwhelming numbers was likely; the remaining defenders were reduced to 20 rounds of ammunition per man; a blizzard was storming in from the Big Horns; the nearest help was Fort Laramie, 236 miles away.

Col. Carrington made known the desperate problem at hand and the necessity of some one riding to Fort Laramie for help. John "Portugee" Phillips volunteered. As a matter of fact, he was reported to be the only volunteer.<sup>10</sup>

John Phillips, born on the isle of Fayal in the Azores, of Portuguese parentage, landed on the Pacific Coast as an immigrant and worked his way east as a prospector. He with several others had come to Fort Phil Kearney as employees of contractors and the Post Quartermaster. On the morning of the disaster, he had been operating a water wagon.

As later related by Col. Carrington,<sup>11</sup> "John Phillips, used to frontier life, the wiles of the Indians and convinced that utter destruction awaited the command unless relief were promptly obtained, volunteered his services as "despatch bearer" to Ft. Laramie".<sup>12</sup> The "despatch" from Col. Carrington was as follows:

FORT PHIL KEARNEY,<sup>13</sup> D.T., Dec. 21, 1866 - (By courier to Fort Laramie) - Do send me reinforcements forthwith. Expedition now with my force is impossible. I risk everything but the post and its store. I venture as much as anyone can, but I have had a fight today unexampled in Indian warfare. My loss is ninety-four, 81 killed. I have recovered forty-nine bodies and thirty-two more are to be brought in in the morning that have been found. Among the killed are Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Fetterman, Captain F. H. Brown and Lieutenant Grummond.

The Indians engaged were nearly three thousand, being apparently the force reported as on Tongue River in my dispatches of the 5th of November and subsequent thereto. This line, so important, can and must be held. It will take four times the force in the spring to reopen if it be broken up this winter. I hear nothing of my arms that left Fort Leavenworth September 15; additional cavalry ordered to join have not reported their arrival; would have saved as much loss today; the Indians lost beyond all precedent; I need prompt reinforcements and repeating arms. I am sure to have, as before reported, an active winter, and must have men and arms; every officer of this battalion should join it today. I have every teamster on duty, and, at best, one hundred and nineteen left at the post. I hardly need urge this matter; it speaks for itself. Give me two companies of cavalry, at least, forthwith, well armed, or four companies of infantry, exclusive of what I need at Reno and Fort Smith. I did not overestimate my early application; a single company, promptly, will save the line; but our killed

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10. Russell Thorp, Letter of February 27, 1956, to Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

11. Affidavit of Henry B. Carrington, U. S. Army.

12. It must be realized that this statement was made in behalf of a special bill to give relief to Hattie Phillips, widow of John Phillips.

13. A common misspelling that persisted for many years. See footnote 1.

show that any remissness will result in mutilation and butchery beyond precedent. No such mutilation as that today on record. Depend on it that this post will be held so long as a round or a man is left. promptness is the vital thing. Give me officers and men. Only the new Spencer arms should be sent. The Indians desperate and they spare none.

HENRY B. CARRINGTON,  
Colonel Eighteenth Infantry, commanding.

Before agreeing to the ride, John Phillips made one condition; that he be allowed the pick of any horse at the fort. He chose a thoroughbred belonging to the commanding officer, Col. Carrington. Accounts differ as to how the colonel took this selection. Some reports indicated that Col. Carrington was bitter over the selection of his favorite animal.<sup>14</sup> George Lathrop, a government teamster at the post said "the old man got pretty sore when Phillips insisted on taking his horse."<sup>15</sup> However, another eyewitness recorded that the colonel "quickly complied" with Phillips' wish.<sup>16</sup>

Frances Grummond<sup>17</sup> was also at the Fort. She, the bereaved widow of Lt. George Grummond, killed that very day in the Fetterman Disaster, had an interesting visit from John Phillips before his departure on the "ride."<sup>18</sup> He brought her his wolf skin robe, paid his respects and although he had never met her before, said, "For your sake I am going to attempt to bring relief from Laramie. I may not get through the Indian lines, but in case I fail, I want you to keep this robe as a slight remembrance of me." Perhaps he felt it his duty to protect Mrs. Grummond and her unborn baby.

So John (Portugee) Phillips made his preparations; biscuits for himself, a quarter sack of oats for the horse. John C. Brough, an enlisted man in the Second U. S. Cavalry, was walking the beat:<sup>19</sup> "Pretty soon we saw two men walking toward us, their heads close together, seemingly in earnest conversation and one of them leading a horse. When they got within twenty or twenty-five feet, I put myself in position and prepared to challenge, when the Sergeant said 'Attention! It's the Commanding Officer!' General Carrington<sup>20</sup> interrupted and said, 'Never mind, Sergeant, open the gate!'" According to Brough's account, following the conversa-

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14. The Colonel's horse "Grey Eagle" was probably not the horse chosen by Phillips since reference is made to his using this horse the following day.

15. Russell Thorp. Letter.

16. Carrington, Frances C., *Army Life On The Plains*, J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, 1910.

17. After the death of Lt. Grummond, Frances lived with Col. and Mrs. Carrington. Following the death of Mrs. Carrington, Frances married the colonel.

18. Carrington, Frances.

19. Ostrander, A. B., "John Phillip's Ride," Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

20. Reference is to a later promotion.

tion, one man mounted the horse and the other, General Carrington, took his hand and said "May God help you."

It was near midnight with a blizzard bearing down from the Big Horn Mountains, the temperature 30 to 40 degrees below zero, the ground covered with snow, drifting up to four and five feet.

As John (Portugee) Phillips and his horse left Fort Phil Kearny, those at the post listened to the quickly disappearing hoofbeats. Colonel Carrington remarked, "Good! He has taken softer ground at the side of the trail." Thus began the greatest ride in Wyoming history.

It was a ride of 236 miles, through snow and bitter cold,<sup>21</sup> over territory endangered with Indians.<sup>22</sup> How did he do it? It was, according to Frances Grummond Carrington,<sup>23</sup> "intensely simple" as was later related to her and others by John Phillips. He rode parallel to the Bozeman Trail. Later, when asked if he stuck close to the trail, John replied: "Hell no! More'n once I was more'n ten miles off the trail." In a talk with Capt. Proctor at Fort Reno, he said he left the trail at Buffalo Wallows and "came around" five miles south of the "Forks" (Crazy Woman's) and then to Fort Reno.<sup>24</sup>

He usually traveled at night and hid with his horse in the thickets from dawn to dusk in order to escape the notice of the Indians. He fed his horse oats and tree bark and ate biscuits himself. He passed through Fort Reno alone, stopping to rest himself and his horse. His immediate destination was Horseshoe Telegraph Station some 190 miles south of Fort Kearny. Just before arriving, he was pursued by Indians but with his strong horse, he rode a "high hill" where he stayed all night. At dawn he "made a run for it" and arrived at Horseshoe Christmas morning.<sup>25</sup>

At the Horseshoe Station, where he reputedly arrived with George Dillon and William Bailey,<sup>26</sup> he gave the operator, John C. Friend, two despatches, one to the department commander in Omaha, the second to the post commander at Fort Laramie. Because there was no assurance that these messages would "get through" and because he had promised Col. Carrington that he

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21. It is quite likely that the weather was a greater enemy than the Indians!

22. Coutant, C. G., *The History of Wyoming*, Chaplin, Spafford and Mathison, Laramie, 1899.

23. Carrington, Frances.

24. Ostrander, A. B.

25. Cook, Captain James, Agate, Sioux County, Nebraska, personal letter to the authors of *The Bozeman Trail*.

26. Carrington later stated that "citizen couriers" had been sent on this mission. It is likely that Bailey was sent as a separate rider and that Bailey and Phillips had met George Dillon on the way.

would deliver his message to the commander at Fort Laramie, John Phillips continued his ride to his final destination, Laramie.

The final 40 miles to Fort Laramie were ridden over blinding white snow during the day and falling, freezing snow at night. He arrived near midnight of Christmas Day at Fort Laramie and stopped in front of Old Bedlam, the post headquarters and ball-room. Here a full-dress garrison ball was in progress.

Lieutenant Herman Haas, the Officer of the Guard, asked the rider his name—but he was too weak to answer.<sup>27</sup> He was taken inside, where “a huge form dressed in buffalo overcoat, pants, gauntlets, and a cap, accompanied by an orderly, desired to see the commanding officer.” The message from Col. Carrington<sup>28</sup> was the first word to reach the world outside the Dakota Territory of the Fetterman Disaster.<sup>29</sup>

Phillips collapsed from exhaustion and frostbite. His horse dropped to the ground in front of “Old Bedlam,” and later was moved to the stables where he soon died despite the efforts of the post veterinarians.<sup>30</sup>

And so ended a four-day, 236-mile ride through deep snow and bitter cold, accompanied by danger at every turn, with most of the riding under cover of night with the barest of supplies—Wyoming’s greatest ride.

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27. A Tribute to John Phillips, Warren Richardson; On the Occasion of the Erection of Monument to John Phillips by the Wyoming Landmark Commission, August 15, 1940.

28. Robert Murray states that the telegraph message was not “garbled” and was received at Fort Laramie and that preparations were underway to send relief. Personal communication.

29. Brown.

30. This is the popular story. There is no direct evidence that the horse ever died.<sup>13</sup> Also, it is quite likely that John Phillips had the opportunity to change horses at Reno and Horseshoe.

*This story is of special interest in this 100th anniversary year of the Fetterman Massacre and the resulting ride of John Phillips. Ed.*

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For the benefit of mechanics contemplating removal to this place we will say that any man that can drive a nail intelligently can get all the work he can do, and at high rates, until winter’s storms shall prevent prosecution of outdoor work.

*Cheyenne Daily Leader, September 26, 1867.*

## Book Reviews

*Bankers and Cattlemen.* By Gene M. Gressley. (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1966. Illus. Index. 320 pp. \$6.95)

Professor Gressley has written the best single book on the western range cattle industry since the publication of E. S. Osgood's *The Day of the Cattleman in 1929*. In an area where historical writing has too often been based on the records of one company or on the unreliable memoirs of aged participants, the author has gone directly to a staggering number of fresh manuscript sources. This diligent research enables the author to reach persuasive conclusions about the nature of the western cattle business as a whole. The result is a book which can be heartily recommended to every student of the American West.

In Professor Gressley's capable hands, the story of the cattle business loses its parochial character and becomes part of the general history of American economic development in the late 19th century. Responsive to the fluctuations in the business cycle, influenced by conditions in the world economy, the range cattle industry was much more than a romantic saga of cowboy and gun-fighter, rancher and homesteader, or cowman and sheepman. Instead, it reflected a complex relationship between eastern investors and western ranchers, both interested in making stockgrowing pay, but often for mutually antagonistic reasons.

Professor Gressley, then, has used the cattle industry as a case study of the frequently-cited but seldom described colonial position of the west in relation to the east. The record in this one area indicates that the affair brought unmixed blessings to neither side. Few eastern investors in cattle emerged with profits, or even their original stake, while western ranchers found themselves saddled with nagging overseers who did not understand their problems or sympathize with their plight.

The cattle business has had more than its share of romance, and the great merit of Professor Gressley's book is that it penetrates beneath this appealing facade to reveal the intricate, time-consuming and frustrating difficulties which confronted men who, for whatever reason, had decided to link their fortunes with the steer. Incompetent managers, rebellious cowboys, declining prices, and tightening credit combined to make the task of eking out a profit from a ranch, at least in the 1880's, an awesome responsibility.

Featuring as it does such men as Francis E. Warren, John Clay, Owen Wister, and Thomas Sturgis, to mention only Wyoming figures, this book could hardly be dull, but the author is more than equal to his subject and writes with such verve and dry humor that his style is continually delightful. To those who believe that aca-

demic history of superior quality must therefore be boring, Professor Gressley's book will be a pleasant surprise. In his lively pages, students of the West will find innumerable provocative insights to aid them in their work. On every count, *Bankers and Cattlemen* deserves to be placed among that small group of books about the west which can be described as definitive.

Yale University

LEWIS L. GOULD

*The War on Powder River, The History of an Insurrection.* By Helena Huntington Smith. (New York. McGraw-Hill Book Company. Illus. Index. 320 pp. \$7.95)

This is Mrs. Smith's account of the Johnson County War, which took place principally in Johnson County, Wyoming, during the months of April and May of 1892. Her narrative also includes a record of the state-wide events and happenings leading up to it, and afterwards.

Mrs. Smith is a talented writer, and usually carries her theme along in a leisurely, unhurried journalistic fashion which is both pleasing and readable. In this book, however, to keep her portrayal tense and exciting, she has indulged in considerable speculation, and the over-use of certain stylistic and rhetorical gimmicks, which are of dubious value. Also, she has overworded some of her descriptions to the point of causing them to be a bit tedious.

In a book of this kind the reader might justly presume that the subject matter will be kept impersonal; but, all too early the author's bias and prejudice commence to show through. Finally, by her scorching indictment of some of the prominent members of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, and her efforts to build to hero status several of the notorious rustlers, her position becomes patently clear.

The best part of Mrs. Smith's book is her treatment of the events surrounding the murder of George Wellman. In this part there is exhibited more of her authorial skill, and less anxiety to keep the context thrilling and taut. Of course, in this situation she did not have the Wyoming Stock Growers Association to flay, and none of its members to chastise. Yet, she places the blame where it belongs, and deals justly with the outlaw element involved.

It will become evident at once that the author has done much research, and has afforded painstaking effort in putting her book together. The arrangement is good, and her chapter titles are alluring and ingenious. However, many of her references to newspaper articles and similar writings, are scarcely dependable since they were written by persons highly biased, or emotionally wrought

for one reason or another. These references are so numerous that small space is left for additional facts, of which there are very few.

To the reader who has no ancestral involvement, and no particular knowledge of early Wyoming history, Mrs. Smith's book should prove entertaining. It will be accepted by those readers whose progenitors espoused the rustler cause, either as ancestors or friends. And, the term "rustler" appears to include almost everybody not on the other side, from the preying culprit with a long lariat and straight branding iron, to the honest cowboy, the early-day Powder River homesteader, small rancher, or settler and their associates.

The Smith commentary will anger the descendants and admirers of the one-time big cattlemen, and members of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, all of whom were sometimes known as "white caps." This was a derisive title used in ridicule and mock purity. It covered virtually everybody not fixed to the rustler side.

For the historian the Smith Johnson County War treatise will be a disappointment. It was hoped that her account would be unbiased, more factual, and written in modest candor; but, unfortunately, most of these elements are lacking. The author was too bent on writing a good story. To satisfy the reader of history she should have been a bit less breath-taking, more veritable, and much less fictitious.

*Buffalo*

BURTON S. HILL

*The Jesuits and the Indian Wars of the Far Northwest.* By Robert Ignatius Burns, S. J. (New Haven and London, Yale University Press, 1966. Illus. Index. 512 pp. \$10.00)

This is a scholarly production, twenty years in the making, according to the author's preface, and the result of painstaking research in fifty manuscript repositories around the world. Much of the theme of the volume is an evaluation of the influence of the Jesuits in civilizing the tribes of the inland northwest; present Washington, Oregon, Idaho and western Montana.

The Protestant influence is briefly touched upon and dealt with sympathetically, although their forces had been withdrawn from much of the terrain with which the author treats in the bulk of the book. The author presents candidly both the successes and failures of Protestant and Jesuit efforts in peacekeeping, mission establishment and neutrality (or involvement) in civil affairs.

The Jesuit role was to join the primitive tribe, adapt to their ways and customs, including language, and proceed to introduce hand-crafts, farming, morality, monogamy and a Catholic religious

pattern. As the author points out: "The motive for this dangerous work was not pacifism . . . When the Jesuit Indians were unjustly attacked, it was assumed that they would defend themselves . . . In the American Civil War numbers of Jesuit Osages were to fight for the Union forces when they could not remain neutral."

The result was suspicion on the part of non-Indian settlers, miners, and military forces of Jesuit intent. The author goes to some length to clarify the Jesuit position, to delineate the Jesuit peace-keeping activities and their disinterest in civil matters.

Of interest is the origin of the Jesuits: Dutch, Swiss, Irish, German, Italian and Belgian were some of the nationalities represented in the Oregon country. All were well educated in European institutions and dedicated to the precarious life among the primitive peoples they served.

The volume covers in minute detail the negotiations for peace and land treaties in 1855, the military engagements of 1858-1859, and the Nez Perce war of 1877.

The text is well supported with footnotes, nine maps, 36 illustrations and an exhaustive bibliography. The rather choppy style and infinite detail may deter the casual reader but the scholar will find this book much to his liking.

*Cheyenne*

NEAL E. MILLER

*Dividing the Waters: A Century of Controversy Between the United States and Mexico.* By Norris Hundley, Jr. (Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press. 1966. Illus. Index. 266 pp. \$6.95)

Essentially, this is a doctoral dissertation as completed a few years ago at the University of California at Los Angeles. It is a good one. Dr. Hundley, who now teaches at UCLA, has done a remarkable job of compressing the story of a century-long, amazingly complicated struggle into 186 pages. The small volume, besides the text, includes 35 pages of notes and 33 pages of bibliography. It isn't often even in a doctoral dissertation that notes and bibliography approach one half the bulk of the text itself.

The long controversy concerns mainly the waters of two international river systems, the Colorado and the Rio Grande. A third international river, the Tijuana, only 17 miles long, plays a minor role. Hundley takes the controversy from crisis to crisis, and there have been many of them, especially in the last 60 years.

International negotiations have been complicated by conflicting water laws, changing administrations in the United States and Mexico, erratic estimates of stream flow and return flow, treaty ambiguities, and lack of unity among states of the United States.



In particular, representatives of the seven states of the Colorado River Basin, who have disagreed over the distribution of the United States' share of Colorado River waters, have likewise differed about the amount that should be allowed to Mexico. More often than not, it has been California against the other six states. This is not to say that California has been more selfish than the others, for in fact all have placed their own interests first pretty consistently.

A most significant treaty was worked out by negotiators in 1944, and it received the approval of the United States and Mexican Senates in 1945, with most of the opposition coming from California. The treaty divided the waters of the Rio Grande and the Colorado Rivers, but not of the little Tijuana. The details of the division are too involved for repetition here. Since that time, controversy has been renewed over the salinity of the Colorado River water sent down to Mexico—the 1944 treaty settled the question of quantity but not of quality.

Besides illuminating the international problems, Dr. Hundley has cast a bright light on interstate water problems as well. He has done so with admirable objectivity. In sum, it is an excellent study, one which should stand as a reliable reference volume for a long time.

*University of Wyoming*

T. A. LARSON

*Custer's Gold The United States Cavalry Expedition of 1874.* By Donald Jackson. (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1966. Illus. Index. 152 pp. \$5.00)

The phenomenal interest, often undeserved, in George Armstrong Custer continues with Donald Jackson's detailed and readable account of Custer's 1874 expedition into the Black Hills. Ostensibly a military expedition, the resulting verification of gold in the Sioux-held area opened the flood gates to another white advance into Indian-held lands.

History is full of irony. The last two years of Custer's life are but another example of this axiom. Custer's 1874 expedition only verified what had been long suspected, the existence of gold in the Black Hills. Peaceful attempts to relieve the Sioux of the Black Hills failed; thus, in 1876, the government ordered a three-pronged military attack to drive the remaining hostiles of the northern high plains on to reservations in western Nebraska. It was during this campaign that Custer met his demise at the hands of the Sioux in the valley of the Little Big Horn.

The author has made profitable use of official records and correspondence; the book is well documented. He shows a refreshing

understanding of Indian concepts and the problems the United States government had in negotiating with them. The language, terms, and provisions presented to the Indian were those of the white man—many of which were totally confusing, if not meaningless, to the Indian.

There were two avowed purposes for writing this book: to examine that characteristic of the American people as reflected in taking the Black Hills and to portray an Army expedition in detail. The account of the miseries of a military expedition during the 1870's is one of the more interesting facets of Jackson's book. Much of this information was taken from the Journal of a soldier who was on the expedition, Private Theodore Ewert, Company H, Seventh Cavalry.

Even the novice reader of western Americana will recognize some of the names of the scientific corps that accompanied this expedition. Names such as George Bird Grinnell, Luther North, and the photographer on the expedition, William H. Illingworth. The author included a fairly detailed account of the "wet plate" process, basis for most photography of that period. Geologist on the expedition, Newton H. Winchell, is not as well known. Much to Custer's chagrin, Winchell was more interested in the geographical structure of the Black Hills than in looking for gold. However, the report of gold was sent back and as the author so aptly concluded Custer's return: "He could not know that within two years men would be repeating a sad little platitude, saying that the miners who had shoveled the gold out of the ground, back there in the evergreen valley, had dug the grave of George Armstrong Custer."

Appendixes include a Summary of Locations and Distances, the Treaty of 1868, the Agreement of 1876, and a Roster of Custer's Staff. There is a series of excellent illustrations, a complete index, geographical descriptions of the route taken, Custer's official report regarding gold in the area, public reaction the news had back East as well as in the Plains area. Also included are divergent newspaper accounts, the official government stand, the Jenny Expedition, the treaty commission of 1875, and the final settlement are all included. The admirable thing about this book is the simplicity in which the author has presented the intricate complexities of the white man's encroachment of Indian lands.

Jackson does not treat Custer too kindly; he doesn't glorify the westward movement or the discovery of the new El Dorado in the Black Hills. He has taken a relatively insignificant topic and written an enjoyable book for those interested in western Americana. Custer buffs will particularly enjoy it. This is Volume 14 in the Yale Western Americana Series.

*Red Man's Religion.* Ruth M. Underhill. (University of Chicago Press, 1965. Illus. Index. 301 pp. \$7.95)

It is time that a serious scholar made the effort to look carefully at the metaphysical aspects of Indian culture. When it is accomplished, much of what are now considered to be characteristics of the Indian way of life will change; and much of what is now considered to be strange and backward will be seen in a new light. The lack of any basic connection between ethical behavior and religious activity has long led the layman to consider that the Indian's "barbaric" behavior resulted from his lack of religious orientation. The failure of the Indian to "worship" in the sense that the western Christian worships, has led many to suspect that the Indian never considered the concept of deity as a reflection of value. Both of these viewpoints are wrong, however—as wrong as it would be for the Indian to interpret Christian ideals by watching Christians behave.

Just how wrong most of our concepts of the Red Man's Religion are will not be understood until we are somehow able to circumvent the term, and the concept, "religion," and realize that the Indian's relation with divinity can not be understood in our terms, and that while it is neither ethical nor worshipful, it was nevertheless vital and directive.

Under the general heading of religion are discussed such areas as world creation, delayed burial, visions, planting ceremonies, and modern religion. Without trying to pick at words with Dr. Underhill, most of these areas, when discussed at the level of "why they believe" rather than "how they believe," are areas of philosophical investigations. Creation, for example, is strictly a cosmological study and is not a concern of religion until the assumption is made that creation was the result of some planned or personalized behavior. Only when the Red Man began to pay tribute, expect justice or mercy, or to worship the sunburnt rabbit (in the case of the Arapaho) did creation become an aspect of religion. The same is true of eschatology. This is a distinction that Dr. Underhill would have been wise not to ignore for as it is, she is straddling a metaphysical fence without tasting the real grass in either pasture.

Dr. Underhill sees a common supernatural arising from what appears to her to be some metaphysical concerns which, much like the clovis point, were common knowledge throughout the tribes. These fears are: fear of the menstrual blood; fear as an avoidance of death; and individual failure to meet one's one fear and crisis situations, thus the medicine man or priest. From these three she sees the rise of rites, symbols, ceremonies and to whatever extent possible, a constant relationship to fear. She is operating throughout, however, with the assumption that fear is the basis of religious development—an assumption that is open to considerable question.

Dr. Underhill's work, *Red Man's Religion*, is an interesting, and

in some areas, informative book. While most certainly neither a definitive or well-balanced investigation, it is a beginning. It is, however, more an account of religious practices, with editorial comment, than it is an attempt to discuss the metaphysical and cosmological substantiation for such practices.

Dr. Underhill's book includes some fine illustrations and a very good bibliography.

*Graceland College*

PAUL M. EDWARDS

*Golden Rails, 100 Years of Operation of the Union Pacific Railroad.* By William Kratville. (Omaha, Kratville Publications, 1966. Illus. Index. 314 pp. \$17.50)

"Evening on the Wahsatch," from the spirited original oil by Otto Kuhler on the dust cover of William W. Kratville's *Golden Rails*, sets the exciting pace of this book covering 100 years of operation of the Union Pacific Railroad. One can almost hear the tearing exhausts of the Vaucrain freight compound helping the new Harriman Pacific pull the great limited westward with the magic power of steam.

It is a big book, 314 pages 8½ x 11 inches, bound with a rich golden cover. The several hundred photographs, gathered from wide and varied sources, sweep one from Council Bluffs to Los Angeles and northwestward to Portland and Seattle, with all the fascinating branches in between.

There is a good, brief history of the Union Pacific; an interesting succession of shields of the U. P., one page of portraits of the presidents—rugged men for rugged days.

Special attention is given to E. H. Harriman, who bid in the road November 1, 1897, at the world's largest public auction. He immediately began rebuilding it into a great and valuable system. "Harriman Standards" became famous: the world's finest road-bed, the world's largest steam locomotives, super diesels, gas turbines, etc.

Dramatic is the chapter, "Along the Platte" to Cheyenne; infinitely more so is "Across the Great Divide." Kratville sums it up well: "The Wyoming Division—hotspot of the mighty Union Pacific! From the banks of Crow Creek to the confines of Weber Canyon, the tracks of this Division carry the brunt of overland traffic."

This was the initial home of great steam power—the Twelve Wheelers, compound Mallets, Overlands, Union Pacifics, the Challengers, and the Big Boys. Cheyenne—windy, smoky, noisy—never closing, trains arriving and departing at all hours. Here

crews and locomotives girded their loins for the battle up Sherman Hill.

There are unforgettable pictures: Dale Creek Trestle at Milepost 36.7 on the original Sherman line. Sherman, highest point (8,235 feet) with its great windmill to pump water into a big wooden tank, diamond-stack engine waiting, frame station and two hotels; a mighty 3,600 class compound Mallet leaving Laramie for Cheyenne under threatening skies; Laramie roundhouse, a symphony of smoke and steam and mighty power; the blizzard-harried Laramie Plains—bleak, dangerous, yet grand; a Vaucrain road engine being “changed over to compound running with a loud roar and bilious escape of steam!” the South Park (Colorado) narrow gauge and the almost never ending war with snow.

There are great trains to remember: The Pacific Limited, Overland Limited, China and Japan Fast Mail, Eastern Express, Gold Coast Limited, Pony Express, Portland Rose, Columbine, and the Challengers.

I enjoyed reading William W. Kratville’s *Golden Rails* and shall enjoy reading it again.

Boulder, Colorado

FOREST CROSSEN

*Indian Legends of the Northern Rockies.* By Ella E. Clark. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1966. Illus. 324 pp. \$6.95)

Ella E. Clark has produced three anthologies based on “myths, legends, personal narratives and historical traditions” from the oral literature of the North American Indian.

The first book, *Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest*, was published in 1953 and the second, *Indian Legends of Canada*, appeared seven years later. Now in 1966, comes *Indian Legends of the Northern Rockies*, which treats with tribes historically associated with the present states of Idaho, Montana and Wyoming.

Any author has the right to delimit the scope of his writing content and this right Clark has exercised quite well. Her third book comprises six major linguistic headings: I. A Sahaptian Tribe: The Nez Perces; II. Salishan Tribes: The Flatheads, Kalispels and Coeur D’Alenes; III. The Kutenais; IV. Shoshonean Tribes: The Shoshonis and Bannocks; V. Algonquian Tribes: The Arapahos, Gros Ventres and Blackfeet; VI. Siouan Tribes: The Crows, Sioux and Assiniboines.

Some legends and narratives used by the author are easily traced to ethnologists of the 19th century; a few—unfortunately, *too few*—are attributed to scattered Indian “laymen” who recorded tales they had heard their elder kinsmen tell again and again and again. Some myths and legends were obtained orally through the medium

of an interpreter; others, directly from English-speaking tribesmen. The community school on the Wind River Reservation in Wyoming supplied a number of Shoshoni stories contributed, back in the 1930's, by school children who had probed the memories of their elders.

*Indian Legends of the Northern Rockies* is replete with myths explaining the origin of sacred objects and tribal ceremonies, the history of ancient customs, traditions and beliefs.

Surely no serious reader can come away without a deeper knowledge of a people who have emerged bent, but not cowed, by decades of tragedy and misery; of a people whose sense of humor is beyond the comprehension of many white men. One feels a keen sense of poignancy in knowing that, were it not for a few writers who care as Clark does, this vast storehouse of Indian folklore would fade away as swiftly as Indian crafts are disappearing from the modern scene. Too often the Indian youth of today, through fear of ridicule or sheer indifference, chooses to ignore the rich literary heritage which is his.

Selectivity is always a problem for any author when choosing writing content. It must have been especially hard for this anthologist to limit to 130 the number of myths and legends she has recounted here.

Rarely, in ancient days, was a tale told and retold around the firesides of a single tribe, which did not have its counterpart inside the tepees of many other plains and plateau people. Animals such as Old Man Coyote had a predominant role in the myths of every tribe. The pranks they played and the aplomb with which they emerged triumphant from every situation must have tickled the fancy and excited the admiration of each breathless listener long ago.

You may experience disappointment (as this reviewer occasionally did) when the version quoted by the anthologist differed, even slightly, from the one most familiar to you. It is easy to forget it was her privilege to be arbitrarily selective.

Not only has the author supplied an adequate list of selected references; she also has pinpointed for us, by means of "Source Notes," the exact origin of the many myths, legends and personal narratives she has used.

Have you ever groped for the correct pronunciation of tribal names, such as Coeur D'Alene or Gros Ventres? Then you will find Clark's pronunciation list (xvii) extremely helpful. Some two dozen photographs, scattered throughout the book, add value but most of them are familiar to many readers.

Clark claims that "approximately half of these narratives have never before appeared in print."

She names the goals she seeks in writing style to be "simplicity, sincerity, a conversational or oral quality, and the variety of rhythms in everyday speech."

With the first two of these goals, this writer would raise no question. But, when it comes to the third and the fourth, I must confess keen disappointment. It seems to me the myths and legends related here suffer in comparison with the charm and subtle humor of Alice Marriott's Kiowa winter-telling tales or the imagery and musical prose found in Mari Sandoz' tales of the Cheyennes.

*Laramie*

CLARICE WHITTENBURG

*The Great North Trail.* By Dan Cushman. (New York, McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1966. Index. 383 pp. \$7.95)

Historic epics are strung like glittering beads on *The Great North Trail*. Into this detailed account of North American peoples and their continuous traveling, both north and south, along a route from present Alaska to Mexico, east of the Rocky Mountains, Cushman weaves colorful incidents to lighten and quicken historical data.

Starting with mysteries of a vast geological past, the author pictures the earth as still changing, and North Americans still roaming up the Alaskan Highway which follows the Great North Trail.

Artifacts found in caves with bones, dated by Carbon 14 readings, place the earliest men in North America at last 12,000 years ago. They wandered over from Asia which was then connected with Alaska, and followed the Great North Trail southward along the eastern side of the mountains.

In 1540 Spaniards wandered north along the trail hunting the mystic land of Cibola and following Coronado. Horses, which they brought and lost, roamed the plains once filled with small native three-toed horses which mysteriously disappeared. Spanish horses captured and trained by Indians changed their way of life, making it easier for them to kill buffalo which furnished them all necessities of life.

Then came white men exploring westward: trappers, fur traders, and gold seekers. Unethical, most of these adventurers tricked and stole from the Indians, bartering with cheap alcohol and bringing in smallpox, both deadly to Indians.

When gold was discovered in Montana, the Bozeman Trail again followed the ancient pathway east of the mountains. Complete familiarity with the history of the west allows Cushman to write detailed descriptions of this period. Next he brings in the long history of paleontology with the discovery of dinosaur bones, especially in what is now Wyoming. The ancient land passage proved to be a supreme burying ground for gigantic reptiles as the inland sea lapped against the rising Rockies. Fascinating is the detailed story of two paleontologists: Cope, charming and witty; March, dour and dedicated; as they struggled to outwit each other in their

frantic search for and recovery of the bones of these ancient animals.

Following the Civil War, vast herds of cattle were driven northward along the Great North Trail to fill the land where millions of buffalo had been slaughtered for their hides. Homesteaders, too, were pouring in to take their share of land, resulting in the clash of big cattle barons and small sod-breakers. The often-told stories of Cattle Kate and the Johnson County War in Wyoming are given a fresh touch by Cushman.

Switching to Montana history and the "Whoop-up Road," a whiskey-smuggling route from Montana into Canada, the author again follows the Great North Trail. He started writing as a reporter in Big Sandy, Montana, at the age of fifteen, and has worked in that state as a miner, prospector, and geologist.

The heart-breaking struggles of men up the Great North Trail during the Alaska gold rush, and the final building of the Alaskan Highway in 1942 to protect Alaska from possible Japanese invasion, bring the history of this great land route up to date.

Lusk

MAE URBANEK

*The Red Man's West: True Stories of the Frontier Indians from MONTANA, The Magazine of Western History.* Selected and edited by Michael S. Kennedy. (New York, Hastings House, 1965. Illus. Index. 342 pp. \$10)

From the past issues of *Montana: The Magazine of Western History* its editor, Michael S. Kennedy, selected twenty-eight articles on the Indian: his early history; his early contacts with whites on fur trading or exploring expeditions; his religious beliefs; his battles with the whites: and "Characters, White and Red." These are gathered under the title *Red Man's West*, a most appropriate companion volume to an earlier, similar compilation by Kennedy, *Cowboys and Cattlemen*.

While selections treat various Indian tribes, the understandable emphasis on "Red Man" is to those associated with the region of the Northern Plains and Rocky Mountains. Individual articles are presented on the Blackfeet, the Flatheads, the Assiniboin (by Kennedy), the Nez Perces, and the Metis.

In a *potpourri*, diversity is the theme in lieu of a stand on an historical controversy. This is obvious when readers encounter such variety as Bernard De Voto's very short and interesting piece on that most fascinating American woman, "Sacajawea;" Robert G. Athearn's lively treatment of the Plains Army, "War Paint Against Brass;" and John E. Parson's edited version of a contemporary account by Col. George A. Woodward, "The Northern



Cheyennes at Fort Fetterman." Those whose interests are more limited to just Wyoming will still find a considerable amount of reading material that will be of interest to them.

The article of least importance also happens to be the most entertaining. Edgar I. Stewart's "Which Indian Killed Custer?" presents White Bull, Rain-in-the-Face, Flat Hip, Two Moon, Red Horse, and Brave Bear as the claimants, while not forgetting Custer as a possible suicide. Recently another contender has been heard from, that of a Sioux squaw as related by Harry E. Chrisman in the March, 1966 *Golden West*.

With the over-emphasis in popular literature on Indian vs. soldier, it is gratifying to see a superior treatment of an important and often neglected subject, as in the case of Everett W. Stirling's "The Indian Reservation System of the Northern Plains." The same is true of the several pieces devoted to Indian religious beliefs.

An unfortunate feature—discounting the several typographical errors, such as Paul "J." Wellman (p. 332) instead of Paul I. Wellman—is that variety should have also affected the system of documentation as well as the topics of articles. The editor, of course, is not responsible for the latter.

But the point is minor, for it does not affect the reading of selections. Kennedy indicates that his purpose was to "select a well-rounded, interesting and entertaining group of authoritative narratives which together would make a broad panorama," (p. viii) and this he certainly has done.

*Red Man's West* is abundantly illustrated (although dates on some photos would be helpful), is presented in clear type on good quality paper, and includes a thorough index. It is indeed a "rich feast," as Kennedy had hoped.

*Wisconsin State University*

JACK D. FILIPIAK

*War Drums and Wagon Wheels.* By Raymond W. and Mary Lund Settle. (Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1966. Illus. Index. 152 pp. \$5.00)

Russell, Majors and Waddell! The mention of this well-known trio immediately brings to mind the exciting adventures of the Pony Express. It is indeed a strange paradox that they are best remembered for one of their last and most ruinous undertakings. *War Drums and Wagon Wheels* attempts to go beyond such a single-minded approach to trace the evolution of the partnership through its growth prior to its ultimate failure. To the authors "the rise and fall of the great freighting firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell, 1855 to 1861, is one of the most fascinating and significant episodes in the history of the American West." An additional objective of the book is to make available much of the original manu-

script material in the private collection of the authors. About one-third of the book is material in appendix form that the authors were not able to incorporate into the text. Herein lies one of the book's greatest assets, for it gives the reader a firsthand insight into some of the lesser-known details of the freighting business.

The text begins as a general treatise on transportation in the west. Background is given on the Santa Fe trade and the problem of military supply during the Mexican War. As a result of the latter circumstance the army began freighting military supplies through the use of civilian contractors, many of whom had gained their experience along the Santa Fe Trail. This proposition set the stage for the formation of the partnership of William H. Russell, William B. Waddell and Alexander Majors in 1854. From this point the narration is able to gain momentum in dealing with the role of the company in the "Mormon War," the Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express, the Flour Contract and the Pony Express. With these events the firm's fortunes has eclipsed and so has the book's. The remainder deals with the dissolution of one of the largest and most influential business ventures of that era.

This volume is not one for casual reading. Too much ground is covered for so few pages and fact upon figure has resulted in much of the human interest being lost. One will be left with considerable knowledge but very little feeling of the "dust, sweat and fear" of freighting on the early frontier. However, in keeping with the writers' expressed purposes, the presentation of new source material should make the book a very worthwhile reference on the subject.

*Cheyenne*

WILLIAM R. BARNHART

*Smoke Down the Canyons.* By James L. Ehernberger and Francis G. Gschwind. Callaway, Nebraska., E and G Publications, 1966. Illus. 64 pp. \$3.50)

The Idaho Division of the Union Pacific Railroad, its steam locomotives and trains, are subjects of Ehernberger and Gschwind's latest book. This operating division of the Union Pacific Railroad includes all parts of the old Oregon Short Line Railroad not assigned to the Utah Division of the same company.

The main line of the Oregon Short Line Railway was completed from Granger, Wyoming, to Huntington, Oregon, in 1884, as a link in the first transcontinental railroad line to the Pacific Northwest. The village of Granger still forms the junction with the main line of the Union Pacific and was also formerly the eastern terminal of the "Short Line." Today, however, the Idaho Division trains are

handled by their own crews through to Green River, about 30 miles to the east.

Although the Oregon Short Line was constructed as a subsidiary of the Union Pacific it was merged during its early years with a group of Utah and Idaho railroads that were either built or controlled for a time by the Mormon Church. This, however, is another story, and a possible subject for a future volume.

Besides telling considerable history of the various lines of the Idaho Division, *Smoke Down the Canyons* features a goodly number of excellent steam train and engine photographs taken in the area. There are views of the "Portland Rose" and the "Yellowstone Special," big freight engines and snowplowing. In general, the illustrations are of better quality than the average in the three other books by the same authors. Two large maps show just where the Idaho Division runs.

This volume should be of interest to Wyoming historians since the Oregon Short Line played an important role in the development of the coal fields around Kemmerer, and for years has provided rail transportation for livestock raised in the Cokeville area of the Bear River Valley.

*Green River*

R. E. PRINCE

*Gold in the Sun.* The History of San Diego. By Richard F. Pourade. Commissioned by James S. Copley. (San Diego, Union Tribune Publishing Company, 1965. Illus. Index. 282 pp. \$9.50)

This is the most recent book in an historical series on San Diego, "the birthplace of civilization on the Pacific Coast." It is a close look at San Diego from 1900 to the 1920's, and how the town met the challenge of change and growth.

Previous volumes in the series have been *The Explorers*, on the period of settlement; *Time of the Bells*, the story of mission and presidio life; *The Silver Dons*, the era of the great ranchos; *The Glory Years*, the booms and busts of the first wave of immigration and speculation.

*The Rummy Kid Goes Home and Other Stories of the Southwest.* By Ross Santee, with illustrations by the author. (New York, Hastings House, 1965. 160 pp. \$5.95)

A new collection of short stories, written with honesty and realism, reflecting the poignancy, vitality and drama in the lives of Southwestern people.

Recent Western Americana Paperbounds, (reprints), Yale University Press, New Haven and London.

*Dakota Territory, A Study of Frontier Politics*, by Howard Roberts Lamar

*Wagon Roads West, A study of Federal Road Surveys and Construction in the Trans-Mississippi West, 1846-1869.* By W. Turrentine Jackson, with a foreword by William H. Goetzmann

*The Last Days of the Sioux Nation*, by Robert M. Utley

*The Mormon Conflict, 1850-1859*, by Norman F. Furniss  
*Army Exploration in the American West, 1803-1863*, William H. Goetzmann

Recent Bison Books, paperback reprints, Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press

*Great Western Indian Fights*, by Members of the Potomac Corral of the Westerners

*A Nation Moving West, Readings in the History of the American Frontier*, edited by Robert W. Richmond and Robert W. Mardock

*My Life on the Plains*, by General George A. Custer, edited with an introduction by Milo Milton Quaife

*War Path and Bivouac, The Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition*, by John F. Finerty, edited with an introduction by Milo Milton Quaife

*The Adventures of Big-Foot Wallace*, by John C. Duval, edited by Mabel Major and Rebecca W. Smith

*A Texas Cowboy, or Fifteen Years on the Hurricane Deck of a Spanish Pony*, taken from real life by Charles A. Siringo, with an introduction and bibliography by J. Frank Dobie

*Desert Challenge, An Interpretation of Nevada*, by Richard G. Lillard

*Kit Carson's Autobiography*, edited with an introduction by Milo Milton Quaife

## Contributors

ROBERT A. MURRAY. See *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 36, No. 1, April, 1964, p. 124. Mr. Murray is now Chief Historian at Fort Laramie National Historic Site.

DANIEL Y. MESCHTER. A native Pennsylvanian, Mr. Meschter lived in Rawlins from 1957 to 1962. He and his wife and their 11-year-old daughter now live in Denver. A geologist, he is a graduate of Dartmouth College and did a year's graduate work at Washington University in St. Louis. His hobbies include stamp collecting and, according to him, "... dabbling in oil painting and pastels when the mood strikes, which is rarely."

BURTON S. HILL. See *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 34, No. 1, April, 1962, pp. 131-132.

FRANCIS A. BARRETT. A Cheyenne surgeon, Dr. Barrett is the son of the late Frank A. Barrett, Governor of Wyoming from 1951 to 1953, and later U. S. Senator from Wyoming. Dr. Barrett is a member of numerous professional organizations, and is a past president of the Wyoming State Medical Society. His story of John "Portugee" Phillips' ride was first published in the *Rocky Mountain Medical Journal*, July, 1966.

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. . . Wall paper and window shades, great variety, elegant patterns, and moderate prices at the news depot, Sixteenth Street, west of Eddy.

*Cheyenne Daily Leader, January 2, 1868.*

A poor, unfortunate individual died this morning at the City Hospital. Cause, too much fried lightning. Tipplers take warning.

*Cheyenne Daily Leader, January 29, 1868.*

The trains east and west for the last few days have been most admirably irregular in their arrivals here. Last evening the eastern express was three hours behind time. Today the western is as bad. The reason for all this is not known.

*Cheyenne Daily Leader, October 16, 1868.*

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