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In Memory T. S. Garrett

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM K. SLOAN

Western Pioneer

CHAPTER 1—Birth in Scotland, Emigration to America, locating first at Pittsburg, Pa. Removal to the state of Illinois. Trip down the Ohio river on board one of the first steamboats to make the trip.

I was born in Creetown, Kircudbright Shire, Scotland, January 1st, 1833. My father's name was James Sloan, my mother's name was Elizabeth McKean before marriage. The date of my father's death I do not know, but think it must have occurred in the fall of 1835.

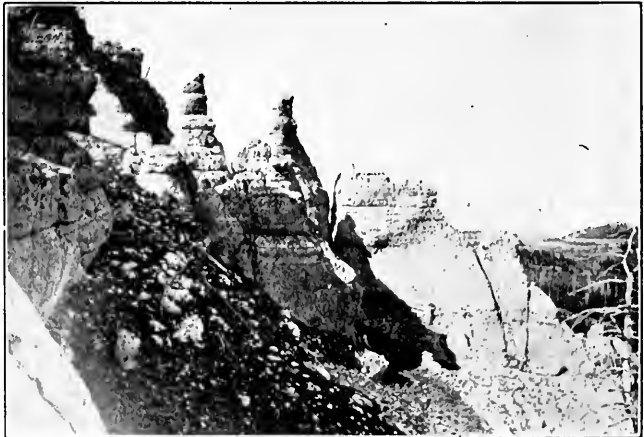
Mother and myself emigrated to America in the spring of 1836. Mother located in Pittsburg, Pa. and I was placed with an uncle (David Murray) living on a farm called "Crown Run" about thirty miles West of Pittsburg on the Ohio river and three miles from a small town called Freedom.

In February 1838 my mother and uncle with his family consisting of three sons and one daughter, the oldest son being married and having two or three children, and myself started down the Ohio river destined for the state of Illinois; on board of one of the first if not the FIRST steamboats that navigated the Ohio; steamboats at that time usually on dark nights tied up to the bank, travelling only in daytime or on moon-light nights; two or three days after starting the weather became very cold and while tied up at the river bank we were enclosed by ice and forced to remain some two weeks waiting for a thaw, while thus waiting I made an examination of the boat and will here give a description of it as nearly as I can remember. It was a stern wheel boat, the cabin was on the same deck as the engine and boilers and consisted of a room about the length of an ordinary box car but some eight or ten feet wider; rude berths or bunks were arranged on each side three tiers high I think with calico curtains. In the center of the cabin was placed what was called a ten plate cooking stove being an oval shaped concern with a cast iron shelf placed horizontally about the middle of the stove, which was the oven for bread baking etc. The passengers (some twenty or twenty-



COURTESY, DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

View of Clear Creek Valley, Copp's Ranch



COURTESY, DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Rocks on Tongue River, near Custer Battlefield Highway

five) furnished their own provisions and bedding and did their own cooking on this stove.

In April following we landed at Meridosia on the Illinois river, thence by ox teams to our destination viz. a tract of unimproved land situated about thirty miles from the Illinois river and ten miles south of Jacksonville, Illinois on the edge of what was called "Looking Glass Prairie," a more desolate looking country than that was could scarcely be imagined, no fencing of any kind, the only improvement a small log cabin partially covered with shakes or hand made shingles. At my age only the most striking circumstances of my life at that time I remember. I certainly will not forget this fact, that the night we arrived, a severe snowstorm came on, all of our family ten or twelve in number were huddled in that little cabin and the following morning found us covered with five or six inches of snow.

The nearest neighbor to our young colony was five miles distant. The usual work allotted to all new settlers in new countries had to be gone through, such as building cabins, fences, breaking land, clearing out under brush etc., a very few farmers at that time considered prairie land of much value, believing that where timber, such as walnut, elm, hickory etc. did not grow, wheat and corn would not.

It would be tedious to describe the routine on a farm of that kind, suffice it to say that I remained there until August 1844, doing daily what would be considered now a fair days work for a young lad of sixteen to eighteen years of age—up in the morning at five o'clock, to bed never later than eight o'clock; all our clothing was home made except boots and shoes. I was restricted to one pair of shoes annually and never permitted to put these on until snow fell—mother not liking farm life went to Jacksonville to live shortly after arriving in Illinois; and out of her scanty earnings managed to buy for me a few articles of clothing annually.

There were no schools at that time nearer than Jacksonville and my uncle's library consisted of a large family bible, Fox's book of Martyrs, Watt's hymns, and a few other books such as were permitted to be read by the members of the strictly orthodox Presbyterian church or Scotch dissenters, not to exceed a dozen all told, (no school books of any kind) but out of which I succeeded in learning my A. B. C.'s and to read. The family portraits were about four by six inches in size. During my sojourn on the farm from 1838 until 1844, I had the pleasure of visiting the great city of Jacksonville, (800 inhabitants) once on the day of William Henry Harrison's election. On that occasion I was treated to a fine piece of statuary rep-

resenting General Harrison mounted as at the battle of "Tippecanoe" made of ginger bread (cost 10 cents) and some stick candy stripped red, and as I afterward learned flavored with peppermint; being the first ginger bread I ever remember seeing or tasting, I proceeded to eat General Harrison, horse and all, desert the candy; I was supremely happy that day.

It was agreed upon sometime in the spring or summer of 1844 that I had arrived at an age necessitating my attendance at school, consequently was taken to Jacksonville, Illinois. mother was then keeping house. A few days after my arrival I was introduced into the first school house I had ever seen a small building about 16x18. I entered with fear and trembling and when led up to the "school marm" (Mrs. Gough) I must say I was in a very nervous condition and wished myself back on the farm, and many times thereafter I wanted to escape. I had been into what to me was a new country, new associations, new language, having been brought up by Scotch, I could speak nothing but Scotch consequently I was mimicked and made the butt of every boy at school, I learned to speak American rapidly. I attended that school three months and learned to make "pot-hooks," write my name etc., after that went to school three quarters with a teacher named Spaulding (Splitshanks we used to call him), then two quarters with two teachers named Eddy and Collins. I then graduated or rather quit going to school, and secured a situation as clerk in a store kept by James H. and Horace Baneroff in Jacksonville at a salary of \$50.00 per annum, board and clothed myself—it was my custom to arise at four o'clock sweep out the store, then study my former lessons I learned at school and advanced further by the assistance occasionally of my employer until breakfast time, after which the regular routine of country store work, counting eggs, weighing bacon, emptying sugar hogsheads etc., the first year. Second year salary \$75.00 per annum work about the same, but permitted to wait on customers. Third year salary \$150.00 per annum boarded and clothed myself, work—same, but larger latitude allowed as salesman, my favorite customers were Jake Strawn the great cattle king and J. J. Alexander afterwards the cattle king of Illinois, in fact of America. In August 1849, I left my employers the Baneroffs thinking probably the field was too small for my genius and ability.

I had heard glowing accounts of the great city of St. Louis the beautiful steamboats, immense river etc., and not having seen a steamboat for years had a great desire to see all those things and get a better idea of the great world; consequently I sold all my personal effects I could spare, consisting of hand

sled, a small wagon, banjo, tambourine and some other articles all of my own make together with my books, skates etc., that with my salary due put \$30.00 in my purse with which amount I bade mother good-bye and started out in the wide world arriving in St. Louis I proceeded at once to find a boarding house, paid a months board in advance (\$15.00) after exploring the city for a few days realized the fact that it would be necessary for me to find something to do to pay my next months board. When I first started out to find a situation, I was gay as a lark and full of "great expectations," I had supposed that with my three years experience in a country store my services would be in demand by almost any respectable merchant especially as I had two or three letters of recommendation, but day after day I travelled up one side of the street and down the other applying in every store, "Do you wish to employ a boy?" with the universal answer, No! Thus I went on for a week returning at night to my boarding house, tired and discouraged, to cry myself to sleep and wish I had never left home when at last reduced in funds and only \$1.50 in my pocket and another months board in advance nearly due, I succeeded in procuring a position in a retail drygoods at a salary of \$5.00 per month with board and washing included. For four months I remained there I might say in close confinement for no prisoner in the penitentiary was ever closer confined than I. I was locked in the store overnight, the proprietor would come to the store at 5:30 A. M. O'clock unlock the door, when I got up and began the labors of the day, first by carrying out goods to the front door for display in quantities sufficient to have supplied an ordinary country store; about the time that work was finished the other clerks or salesmen would be coming in, when I was relieved with thirty minutes for breakfast, at 12 o'clock thirty minutes for dinner, at six O'clock thirty minutes for supper and then continuous work until eleven and very often twelve o'clock at night, the key turned on me, thus left alone too tired and sleepy to read, the only recourse was bed—during that four months I was permitted to leave the store three Sunday afternoons—in consequence of the solitary confinement and foul air of the store I became very puny and pale—and was meditating leaving and trying for another situation when fortunately a wholesale merchant of Main Street who had been supplying this house with goods, and who frequently came into the store called me aside one morning and asked me if I was well pleased with my situation. I answered very decidedly in the negative, and my intentions were to quit as soon as I could do better or as well elsewhere; the result was, my employment

by the wholesale drygoods firm "Little & Olcott" commencing January 1st, 1850.

The transition from the one store to the other to me was the height of happiness. For over three years I remained with this establishment enjoying their confidence and regard and ever it continued. My salary was increased considerable. Annually in the fall and winter of '52 and '53 I made trips on horseback through northeast counties of Missouri collecting and soliciting trade for the house, in fact a drummer; the manner of commercial travelers at that time was to visit the county merchants at their respective towns spend a day or two in each town, make inquiries about the trade of the neighborhood, the extent of the corn, wheat and hog crops etc., and thus form an idea of the solvency of the merchants. When these merchants arrived in St. Louis to make their spring or fall purchases they would be besieged by a mob of drummers soliciting their trade.

The drummers usually visited the hotels in two's three's or four's each representing a different branch of business. I made rapid progress in the art or trick of talking the country men (or graybacks as we used to call them) into buying, and liked the business well on account of the excitement, but it told fearfully on my salary. It was considered necessary to hospitably entertain the country merchants, and between oysters, cigars and theatres, it kept my account nearly even with the house; wholesale merchants did not have a secret service fund for or allow percentages to their salesmen as of late years.

In May 1853 during my regular evening rounds through the different hotels examining the registers, I noticed a name L. Stewart from Salt Lake, Utah, he was pointed out to me by the clerk; I proceeded to interview him for the purpose of getting information in regard to Salt Lake and the route to California, never dreaming he was a merchant! (he looked more like a deck hand or "Bullwhacker") I had a very entertaining conversation with him that evening, and with the offer of showing him the city and introducing him to a number of merchants the following day, bade him good night, the result was, a favorable impression was made on him and I sold him a large bill of drygoods for cash, which was a "feather in my cap;" not only was it the largest bill of the season sold to one party by the house—but cash—at a time when ninety-nine bills out of a hundred were sold on from six to twelve months time with a privilege of longer if the party had sufficient assets, at same time I was selling this bill of goods, I was contracting a fever—a western or California fever, at the time I began to consider

that promotion was very slow or I thought so at least; I noticed that the best and oldest salesmen were getting but from \$800.00 to \$1,200.00 per annum, and like myself living up to their income, spending half of it for the benefit of their respective employers. After hearing Stewart's account of the western country Utah and California, the immense emigration going through Utah enroute for California the briskness of trade, the enormous profits made on all kinds of merchandise, the immense amount of gold being found in California—so enthused me that I at once made up my mind to resign my position in the store and—"Go West"—on looking over my account after three and a half years work the balance due me was \$37.00—that settled it, Mr. Stewart coming into the store about 7:30 the next morning, the morning of the day on which he was to start up the Missouri river, I approached him on the subject of my going along with him to Salt Lake, he readily gave his assent, if I thought I would be able and willing to drive an ox-team—certainly—I could soon learn and would too—what wages do you pay? Wages! We usually receive from \$40.00 to \$50.00 for the privilege of driving a team across the plains, have more men and teamsters now than I have any use for. That was a damper, but said I, you will want a competent clerk to assist you in the store when you arrive in Salt Lake—no he had all the clerks engaged, and it required no talk to sell goods there—I was stumped, but in a fit of desperation I remarked, I have no money and am determined to go to California—I will work for my board to Salt Lake, will work for you in Salt Lake on the same terms during the winter (or at least see that I do not go hungry) and assist me in getting a like position with some friends going to California in the spring, to which he assented.

When Mr. Olecott and Mr. Little came into the office they were thunder struck when I informed them of what I had decided on doing, begged me to remain; that I bid fair to make a splendid salesman; my salary would be increased on the first of the year, that my conduct and services were satisfactory etc., their entreaties however were of no avail—I had made up my mind that go I would—and go I did, that same afternoon after purchasing a few necessary articles and procuring a ticket (\$20.00) for Council Bluffs, Iowa, I bid farewell to a few friends I had time to see and left St. Louis June 22nd, 1853, the name of the boat I have forgotten (Martha Jewett I think) my feelings at that time I cannot describe only I felt an utter sense of loneliness mixed with dread of being killed by Indians on the plains or dying with cholera which I had just learned from some of my fellow passengers had been very prevalent on the frontier. We arrived at Council Bluffs in due time and then

commenced the work of unloading our merchandise out on the open prairie, no warehouse or house of any kind nearer than two and a half or three miles. Our goods were piled up in lots and covered with wagon sheets and tarpaulins until such time as we could store them away in wagons, our cattle and wagons had not yet been all bought, on procuring them and other supplies necessary for the trip we did not succeed in making a final start until July 24th, which was considered very late in the season to make the attempt to cross the plains and many predicted we would be caught in the snow and would have to winter in the mountains before reaching Salt Lake. Ours was the last train to start that season, before leaving Council Bluff or Kanessville as it was called then, I will describe it as near as I remember. The town consisted of not to exceed twenty or twenty-five log buildings situated on each side of a little ravine making out of the bluffs; there were three stores, Donnell four saloons, the two most prominent were kept by Roberts Donnell was also a prominent merchant of St. Joseph and later Donnell, Lawson & Simpson Bankers of New York, three or four saloons, the two most prominent were kept by Robert Hawker (since a prominent and wealthy merchant of Central City, Colorado and Nebraska City) and William Martin; two blacksmith shops and several little catch penny concerns fitted up for the purpose of robbing unsophisticated emigrants. At the time we left there however the majority of that class of people had gone down the river to stop in larger towns such as St. Joseph, Weston and Independence until the next season's immigration set in.

We broke camp on July 24th, in a heavy rain with mud axle deep and were three days making the first sixteen miles on the east side of the Missouri River to a point called "winter quarters" (New Florence) where we ferried our wagons and swam our cattle over the river—occupying two days. The train consisted of nineteen wagons and twenty-three men. The ferry boat was a scow made from hewed puncheons and handled with oars. We now bade a final adieu to the last vestige of civilization, a little log hut occupied by the ferrymen. Owing to the heavy rains the streams were all up and necessarily had to ferry the Papillon and Elk Horn river, paying therefore \$3.50 and \$5.00 for each wagon. I had been roughing now so long that I became more reconciled to my condition, and could relish "flapjacks" beans and coffee as well as any of the men, but could not then or now stomach side bacon (or sow belly) as some of the boys called it. After leaving the Elk Horn the country was one vast prairie with low bluffs to the right of us, the monotony occasionally broken by the sight of a few cotton-

woods and underbrush skirting the banks of the little streams we crossed, the country was covered with a luxuriant growth of grass.

Arriving at the south fork of the Platte River we again had to ferry. This and the ferries at Elk Horn and Papillon were owned by William Martin a saloon man at Council Bluff. Nothing of interest took place until we came to Wood River, a tributary of the Platte, usually a small stream but owing to heavy rains was now over its banks and a raging torrent when we reached it. To make matters worse there was no bridge or ferry, the only two things to be done was either to wait for the stream to fall or build a pontoon bridge, the latter was decided upon and it was a laborious undertaking. We had to go a mile or more up stream to procure timber with which to construct it. The timber, cotton-wood logs, cut and floated down the stream to place of construction, there were only five of us in the party who could swim consequently nearly all of the work fell on us—here I will say in regard to our crew, there never was a poorer lot of ox drivers (except three or four) got together to take a train over the plains. They were a mixture of English, Scotch and Welch factory hands direct from the old country, who never saw an ox (only dead or at a fair) in their lives and further more seemed to take no interest in the progress of the train or making the least effort to learn to drive a team not realizing the fact that delays are dangerous and being caught in a snow storm in the mountains isn't fun; which some of them found out afterwards. Our pontoon was finally completed and crossed in safety then we met the first Indians; while crossing the Wood River a few stragglers were watching our crossing, but Stewart said they were Pawnees and friendly, nothing more was thought of their presence at the time except natural curiosity to look at and scrutinize the first wild Indians the majority of us had ever seen. Our curiosity was soon to be turned into dismal forebodings of what would be in store for us.

After getting our teams yoked up and fairly on the road again, little bands of Indians would come up from behind small knoles on the prairie, the numbers increasing until several hundred were travelling with us some on foot, the majority on their ponies and a great many could be seen coming from towards the Platte River; Stewart being really the only experienced man with Indians began to show some signs of alarm and with good cause as it proved shortly afterwards that the Indians some five or six hundred in number all bucks who had been travelling with us the past few miles were waiting for their chiefs to come. I was driving next to the head team in the train the Chiefs coming up asked for the "Captain" he was pointed out.

They interviewed the "Captain Stewart" at once, and retired some fifty yards from the train to have what I learned since was a "Medicine talk," he, (Stewart) being able to speak a little Indian and the Indians a little English.

The train was ordered to halt until the conference was over, the result being Stewart could not comply with their demands for provisions, they stated first; that buffalo were plenty towards the west and the Pawnees had gone on their annual hunt but were driven back by their enemies the Sioux after having a fight with serious loss in killed and wounded and driven from their hunting ground; second they were hungry and our cattle were eating their grass and traveling through their country. Orders were given by Stewart to move on, no sooner had we fairly started than the whole band of Indians raised the "War-Hoop" riding backwards and forwards the whole length of the train at full speed, leveling their guns, bows and arrows and lances at the drivers, occasionally pricking the oxen with their lances, until finally they succeeded in stampeding the whole train, upsetting a number of wagons, breaking out the tongues and doing other serious damage; resistance was useless against such numbers so called another "Talk" with the Chiefs and were permitted to go on by giving them fourteen sacks of flour (1,400 pounds) one hundred pounds of sugar; one hundred pounds of coffee a quantity of powder and lead and some shirts for the Chiefs; the loss of the flour was very serious as it left us barely enough to last us until we reached Fort Laramie nearly six hundred miles east of our destination, and little prospect of getting a fresh supply at any point on the road.

On the above compromise we were again permitted to proceed, this raid on us was perpetrated within plain sight of Fort Kearney a four company post, the flag of which we could see distinctly about eight miles distant; we attempted repeatedly to get messengers through to the fort, but all were intercepted and brought back by the Indians to our camp, with threats that if we sent any more they would be killed. The entire band of Indians numbered about twenty-five hundred and were camped on the north bank of the Platte River, between us and the Fort. We were all greatly relieved when we lost sight of the last of that band of Indians. It being the first experience the most of us had had with redskins, you can well believe we were much frightened and excited, and I for one was alarmed lest some one of our party might shoot an Indian through excitement. If such a thing had occurred, a general Massacre of the whole party would have been the result, the Indians were ripe for such an act and the least provocation on our part would have precipitated it.

About sixty miles west of Fort Kearney we encountered the first buffalo, at first a few scattering ones, increasing in numbers as we advanced for one hundred or more miles, at one time extending over the vast plain on both sides of the river as far as the eye could see, here we had our first fun and fresh meat since leaving the Missouri River, except occasionally a prairie dog or prairie chicken. We killed quite a number of buffalo, "sun-drying or jerking" the meat that was not immediately used; by doing so it helped out our short supply of flour.

Nothing worthy of mention occurred after leaving the buffalo until within about one hundred miles of Fort Laramie when in passing over a series of sandy bluffs a distance of some ten or twelve miles the country seemed to be alive with rattlesnakes. I think we must have killed two or three hundred that day along side of the road. Stewart said that back in the hills off the road they were more numerous, I saw enough without further investigation. We drove until after midnight to get beyond their range for fear of losing cattle. Arriving at Laramie we remained there two days shoeing some cattle and repairing wagons, were disappointed in not getting a sufficient quantity of supplies, the commissary claimed to be short themselves, having had to furnish others who were ahead of us, more than was expected. We had to be content with two barrels of mushy pickled pork three sacks of flour and one sack of beans even with this supply added to our previous short rations made the prospect rather gloomy. I will state that at Laramie on account of the proficiency I had acquired in ox-driving and handling a team I was promoted to be assistant wagon master the position was purely honorary however, my wages were the same (my board), still it was a satisfaction to me to know my services were appreciated and to be "a Boss" for the first time in my life was something to be proud of.

We rolled out from Fort Laramie on the 8th day of September entering the Black Hills on the south side of the north fork of the Platte, heretofore we had been travelling on the north side.

From now on the roads were hard and gravelly and grass very short and scarce which told seriously on our cattle delaying often to shoe lame oxen and set wagon tire, which on account of the dry atmosphere would become loose; a hundred and twenty miles west from Laramie we again crossed the north fork of the Platte but on a bridge the only one we had seen since starting, this bridge was built by a Canadian Frenchman named John Richard* the winter and spring preceding, and cer-

*Pronounced "Reshaw."

tainly was a good investment, the bridge cost not over \$5,000.00 dollars and his receipts that season were over \$40,000.00 from the bridge alone. There were quite a number of mountaineers located about the place and all very thirsty, from some of the men they ascertained that we had a five gallon keg of whiskey aboard the train, they must have it, price was no object. Stewart finally agreed to let them have it, in consideration of our crossing the bridge free, which was equivalent to \$125.00 dollars for the whiskey; Richard and his party however made it back easily, we had several head of oxen too lame to travel farther, and it was necessary for us either to leave them on the road or sell them which we did to Richard at \$2.50 per head, paying him \$100.00 per head for fresh and fat ones to take their place. As Stewart had refused to turn over the whiskey until we were ready to leave with our train we probably avoided some difficulty as I heard afterwards the whole party got on a glorious spree.)

Shortly before reaching Richard's bridge we overtook and passed a Mormon train consisting of about seventy-five wagons and three or four hundred Mormon emigrants, which had left Council Bluffs some two weeks in advance of us. On leaving North Platte nothing worthy of note transpired except our cattle daily becoming poorer and weaker and progress necessarily slower and rations shorter; we reached the South Pass and went over it without being aware of it the most of us expecting to go through a deep gorge or divide, instead of which, it proved to be an open plain with an almost imperceptible incline and decline over the summit of the Rockies, no high ranges nearer than twenty or thirty miles and those to the north.

The nights for the week preceding were decidedly cold; from necessity (want of water) we were forced to camp almost on the summit of the divide between the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific at Pacific Springs the waters of which flow westward. That night we had a snow storm September 26th, in which we lost several head of cattle perishing from cold and hunger.

The outlook was very gloomy indeed, cattle dying, and our supply of food very short. At this time Stewart decided upon sending a messenger through to Salt Lake to order a load or two of provisions to meet us. Before our man started however a mountaineer overtook us on horseback with a pack animal destined for Salt Lake and the message was intrusted to him. At the crossing of Green River we had used the last of our flour, our beans had disappeared a week before, our only food for the next ten days was rusty pork, dried apples, sugar and coffee;

when within five or six miles of Fort Bridger we met the wagon sent to us with supplies, which by the way was entirely inadequate for our needs the team expected to meet us within fifty miles of Salt Lake instead of which we were one hundred twenty-five miles distant; the supplies consisted of a few sacks of potatoes, one side of beef and a few sacks of flour; on meeting the wagon the train was stopped instantly—a grand rush was made for the potatoes, and half of them were eaten raw in less than thirty minutes. I am confident I ate four pounds skins and all. For several days previous there had been considerable discontent among the men and Stewart and myself were apprehensive lest the men should abandon the train, after filling up however they felt better disposed and performed their duties more cheerfully.

That same day we camped at Fort Bridger; it was not a military fort but simply a string of log houses built in the shape of a quadrangle with a gate on one side opening into the square, the doors and windows or rather openings were on the inside. The place at the time was occupied by a number of mountaineers the majority of whom had lately come from their trading stations along the immigrant road, to spend their winter at th Fort, drinking and gambling. Among the principal ones were old Jim Bridger, Jack Robinson, Vasques and Marrianna; I first met the notorious Bill Hickman and Porter Rockwell there. From Fort Bridger on to Salt Lake Valley the roads were terrible, rain and snow nearly every day and freezing at nights, grass very scarce, cattle perishing daily from fatigue and hunger; but our long journey was fast coming to a close and all thoughts were concentrated on our mecca. When we reached the summit of what was called the big mountain twenty miles from Salt Lake City we had the first view of the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Columbus on the discovery of land could not have experienced greater delight than we did at the sight of the lake, and cheer after cheer went out from twenty-three happy and stalwart throats, made so by yelling "Whoa Ha and Gee," for eighty-five days at contrary oxen.

From this point it required three days more, instead of going to Salt Lake City direct we diverged from the mouth of Immigration Canyon and went South to Stewarts farm on Big Cottonwood where the train was to be unloaded and the goods sold; the reason for going there was that there were only two or three stores in Salt Lake City and all occupied that is, by the porprietors and clerks. There merchandise had been all sold or nearly so some time before, and so Stewart rented a vacant school house close to his farm residence for a store room; we reached our destination on Friday evening October 20th,

1853, eighty-eight days from Council Bluffs; after a hearty supper, a good nights rest and breakfast we commenced unloading our wagons, when done the men were discharged.

I was still retained to assist in marking and arranging the goods, preparatory to disposing of them. The merchants in Salt Lake had sold out nearly all their goods a month before we arrived with our train—the Mormons had plenty of money, obtained by supplying the California immigration with their surplus produce, cattle and horses, and were very destitute of clothing and groceries consequently when they heard of our train arriving they flocked in from all parts of the Territory to purchase our goods; the farm was completely covered with campers, some of them being there a week before we came in, it gave the vicinity the appearance of a huge camp meeting.

We were ready to open on the following Tuesday to the crowd; but Brigham Young, Orson Hyde, Heber C. Kimball and Daniel H. Wells came down from the City in the morning and necessarily they being the leaders of the church must make their selections and have their wants supplied before the lay members got a chance; we sold them about \$4000.00 worth. As I said before the store was the log school house and the counters were two carpenters work benches.

On Wednesday we opened for the people, and such a scramble for goods I never saw before or since in any store. In buying no attention was paid to making change, a person wanting a bolt of calico would throw down a \$10.00 gold piece and take the first piece handed him or her regardless of color or style, the same with boots or shoes if they wanted sixes, sevens or eights would skip out satisfied with any size up to elevens. In three or four days the most of the stock was gone, and on the 5th of November the last article was sold excepting one dozen linen shirt collars and all for cash; the profits ranging from one hundred per cent to one thousand per cent net profit.

The question then arose, what about next years operations. I had no expectations of being retained, and expected only to chore about the place until spring and avail myself of the first opportunity of getting through to California. Stewart was very much elated with his success and proposed to continue in the business. I had known all along that Stewart was a Mormon, but did not know that he was a polygamist until I was introduced to Mrs. Number one and then Number two, and he told me confidentially in the course of a month or so he expected to have number three, a sister of number two; the fact of his being so much married and expecting more conubial bliss, changed my plans for the future in a very marked degree. To my surprise Stewart asked me one evening how

I would like to return to St. Louis in early spring and purchase and bring out next years stock, as he was satisfied from what he had seen of me and knowing I was pretty well acquainted in St. Louis, it was his belief I could attend to the business as well or better than himself; I was aware of that fact myself. He was a good honest man but deplorably ignorant of the mercantile business, that being his first attempt in that line. I hesitated some time before replying, as I dreaded making a winter trip across the plains, for more disagreeable months to travel in than February and March could not be well imagined, and that would be the time I would have to start, however, I accepted his proposition, which was very liberal, I could have my choice of two, a fixed salary of \$2000.00 per year and all traveling expenses or a one third interest in the business. I chose the former with the privilege however of taking the latter if I felt so disposed on my return to Salt Lake.

The next thing to do was to get a party together to make the trip in safety; Stewart and myself went next day to Salt Lake City nine miles, my first visit; we remained over night and while there made the acquaintance of the merchants who were there, and ascertained there was a party already formed to go the states via the Southern route to Los Angeles and San Francisco, thence by steamer to New York and expected to start November 10th; and also another party was being formed to go overland to Independence, Missouri, in February 1854. I of course preferred the former route, and fortune again favored me; Stewart like many Mormons was very superstitious, a great believer in dreams, fortune tellers and prophecies and before making up his mind which way I should travel, concluded to consult an old astrologer named Job living in Salt Lake City to ascertain what the fate of the two parties would be. Stewart came back highly pleased with his interview with the astrologist, and feeling as though he had saved my life and his money. The astrologer after figuring up the horoscope or whatever he called it stated as a sure thing that a party would leave Salt Lake ere long destined for California and New York, and would experience a great many hardships from severe cold weather and deep snows for the first three or four hundred miles, after which they would have to traverse deserts very sandy and water very scarce etc., but would reach San Francisco in safety and have a safe and prosperous voyage to New York, with a probability of encountering one or two severe storms, all of which of course was very natural to expect. Mr. Job was posted a little on the route Stewart was not and these prognostications were gospel to him. The other party would start out in February or March encounter terrible snow storms

between Salt Lake and Laramie, suffer intensely, lose the majority of their animals and have to purchase fresh ones at Laramie, afterwards would be attacked by Indians lose more of their animals and a portion of their treasure, but would finally reach their destination; some point on the Missouri River in a very forlorn condition. This report settled the matter with Stewart at once. I should go by the way of California, I applied for permission to travel with the party, they were already organized and paired off so the only show for me was to buy a riding animal and packmule to carry my provisions and bedding and travel in their company—my acquaintance had been so short and my cheek at that time limited on account of youth and bashfulness. I refrained from asking favors unless entitled to them. Stewart returned to Big Cottonwood to prepare for my trip, I only had two days to spare; first to make out a list as to what goods were to be purchased, next how to carry the money to pay for them, next to procure animals to carry me through to California; the first was easy enough the second was a problem; there was no exchange in the country, what little had been there in the shape of Federal Officers and Indian Agents drafts on the different departments at Washington had all been picked up by other merchants long before, at from five to ten percent premium. The only resource left was to carry the money gold coin with me (\$40,000.00) over two hundred pounds, it could not be done with safety; at that time I had but slight acquaintance with the party with whom I was to travel. It would be a strange proceeding to go East to purchase a stock of goods and say our money was all in Salt Lake and would be got there as soon as possible, in the spring—a happy thought struck me, Livingston and Kinkead had been in business some three years in Utah, and were well known in St. Louis, Stewart was well known to the firm as being a man of his word. I had Stewart place his money on deposit in their safe, one of the Kinkeads was of the party going to California and St. Louis, he was cognizant of the fact that the money was there—on his corroboration of my statement in regard to money matter I was to buy our stock of goods; at the same time it was thoroughly understood that as early as possible say 20th of March or 1st of April, Stewart was to start overland with an ambulance or spring wagon and escort, for the Missouri river, bringing the treasure with him to meet our obligations, and it was decided I should take coin enough with me to pay my expenses enroute, that question settled satisfactorily, the next was an outfit to travel with, everything in the country near Salt Lake in the shape of a mule or horse in condition to travel had been disposed of to emigrants—the only animal I could

find at all suitable was a long haired grizzly old mule, but in good condition, as for disposition the English language is not strong enough to describe it. At the out start some of our party named him (Balaam), he redeemed his character however in the estimation of all before we got through. About fifty miles South of Salt Lake I secured a saddle pony.

The weather was very cold and snow deep the first three hundred and fifty miles until we got over the rim of the basin into Southwestern Nevada when the weather became quite warm. The route traveled was known as the Fremont trail, a hard road to travel owing to the sandy condition of the country we passed through and great scarcity of water which was drinkable, we traveled principally at night the last three hundred miles; we finally reached San Bernardino; at that place we disposed of our outfits, the animals were in a very feeble condition and sold at low prices; from thence to Los Angeles and the seaport of San Pedro we went by stage and by schooner to San Francisco arriving there Christmas eve. The only incident of note occurring was while becalmed off the Catalina Islands a large school of whales came very near us some of them rising within one or two hundred yards of the vessel. Some of our party remained at Los Angeles, other at San Francisco, four or five of our party after remaining about a week in San Francisco took the steamer "Brother Jonathan" for New York via the Nicaragua route, had a pleasant trip going down the Pacific coast, stopping at Acapulco and Manzanilla for coal, landing at San Juan del Norte thirteen days out from San Francisco. The water of this bay is shallow close to shore. The passengers had to disembark from the steamer into small boats and when within one hundred yards or so of the shore would bestride the backs of natives and be carried to dry land. It was rather a ludicrous position to assume, especially for the lady passengers, there was no other alternative however either that or wade; there were no wharfs or piers at any of the Pacific ports south of San Francisco, from San Juan-del-Norte baggage, passengers and freight was transported on burros and little mules over the mountains a distance of fifteen miles to Virgin Bay on Lake Nicaragua where we again took steamer across the lake to the mouth of San Juan river where we again transferred into small stern wheel steamers of very light draft running down to the Castillo Rapids. There is a portage of about three miles at this point, passengers are again transferred to still smaller steamers at the foot of the Castillo Rapids.

The San Juan is a small sluggish stream, rank and brilliant colored foliage growing to and over hanging the water, the

water in places being very shallow especially at its mouth where there was quite a sand bar and wherever there were sand bars, except upon this one at the mouth they would be covered with alligators basking in the sun. In order to get over the sand bar at the mouth of the river to reach Greytown a number of the passengers took off their shoes and stepping off the boats assisted in lifting them over.

Greytown was rather a small place. About fifty small farm houses and a number of native huts built of cane and small sticks and thatched with palm leaves. We remained there two days transferring passengers aboard the New York steamer on the Carribbean Sea, we experienced some rough weather and most of the passengers were sea sick but we landed at Havanna for coal and fruit; remaining here only about eight hours when we sailed for New York; when off Cape Hatteras about midnight and very dark our steamer ran into a small schooner bound from New York to Norfolk, Va., sinking her, but we saved her crew consisting of the Captain and four seamen. The collision created intense excitement for a while among the passengers, myself and several others were still up discussing the best manner of handling cattle on the plains, the majority of passengers having retired—the concussion produced a queer sensation, to myself and others who were with me it felt as though we had struck a sunken reef and the ship's bottom was grating on it for a few seconds. Being near the hatchway, we were soon on deck, it being an understood plan with our little party that in case of wreck we were to gather around the chicken coop (which was lashed to the upper deck) cut loose the fastenings throw it over board chickens and all, and jump after it; not having occasion to adopt the plan can't say whether or not it was a good idea. In a few seconds after we reached the deck, other passengers began you might say to fall up stairs, nearly all of them in night clothing and crazy with fright until it was ascertained what was the cause of the trouble, some would have jumped overboard if they had not been restrained by their friends; this occurrence gave me a good idea of the state of feeling that would exist among a crowd of passengers in case our vessel had been the one to sink.

Arrived in New York February 9th, 1854, remained there two days then started for St. Louis. On arriving there my old acquaintances would not have been more greatly surprised if I had arisen from the grave; I had written no one during my eight months absence, and few ever expected to hear of or see me again—after a fortnights rest and visiting old friends, answering innumerable questions about my trip and the Mormons, I went up the Missouri river to make arrangements about the

transporting of our goods across the plains. I had learned however before leaving St. Louis I would experience difficulty in getting the goods on the representations I had made and corroborated by Mr. Kinkead and with the assistance of my old friends and employers Little & Olcott.

At Independence Missouri I contracted with a firm of freighters—the Barnes Brothers (two of whom had travelled with me from San Francisco) to haul our goods to Salt Lake at 12½ per pound. I returned to St. Louis to complete my purchases, and by the 12th of April 1854, had everything aboard the steamer F. X. Aubrey and started that night up the Missouri river for the landing four miles from Independence our destined starting point.

The same routine was again gone through of packing our goods into wagons etc., but we had a much more convenient place to load up. Independence being a town at that time about two thousand inhabitants, and a very pretty town too. On May 1st 1854 we began to move our train, this was the day that Stewart was to reach Independence with the money to meet our purchases, but no Stewart; the next day the same and the next, and the next, the train still moving along slowly as usual on the first starting; I began to be alarmed, could it be possible that Stewart had been intercepted by Indians and killed or waylaid and robbed by white men, my feelings at that time were indescribable, I viewed all from the dark side, anticipating the worst I was in a fair way of going crazy, when on the morning of the 7th of May while some distance in advance of the train I noticed a couple of ambulances coming over the prairie with a party of eight or ten men on horseback, and to my great relief it proved to be Stewart with the money and U. S. Mail—happier man never existed than I was just then; after a short conference with Stewart it was decided I should return with him to St. Louis, which I did; after depositing our money in the State Bank, Stewart and myself started out cheque book in hand paying up our debts. No one ever walked with a prouder step than I did in going from store to store.

Our credit was established—the only dread I had was in buying too many goods. Quite a number of new merchants hearing of the fine trade in Salt Lake had entered into the business, among whom were the great firm of Horner, Hooper & Williams, it being reported they were taking out a stock of \$250,000, that Livingston and Kinkead were doubling their purchases, and a great many others buying heavily which induced me to believe that the trade would be over done, however, we bought \$13,000 worth of more goods on credit and again started,

I travelled with Stewart until we overtook the first train with which I remained until we reached Fort Bridger, Wyoming.

Nothing unusual transpired on the trip. Buffalo were very scarce that season on the Platte, seeing only some thirty or forty, three of which we killed. On this trip a young friend and former schoolmate went along, named Louis P. Drexler (since become a millionaire in Virginia City, Nevada and San Francisco) he had about \$400.00, I advised him to invest it in a small stock of notions, I was in the partnership with him in the enterprise buying about \$1,200 worth of goods and freight—in same train with Stewart, he Drexler driving a team. The wages of teamsters was \$20.00 per month—emigrants overland were not so plentiful and freighters required a better class of teamsters, experienced ox drivers making more than the difference in wages between nothing and \$20.00 per month in wear and tear of cattle and wagons.

At Fort Bridger I left the train going to Salt Lake to see what arrangements had been made in the way of a store; I rode the entire distance on a mule 113 miles (by taking cut-offs 12 miles shorter than the road) in fifteen hours, found Stewart had made arrangements for a store or building rather on the North-West corner of Eighth Ward Square in which to open out, all other buildings having been engaged. Horner, Hooper & Williams had leased the Tithing House, Livingston, Kinkead & Company their old stand opposite the present Coop; Gilbert & Garrish the Museum Building opposite the Tabernacle, Branham & Norris a building where the present Deseret Bank now stands. William Nix a store adjoining Bockaday & Barr and store where the London Bank was afterwards, John Kimball on the corner of First South and Main William Nixon, first house south of Salt Lake House, T. B. Brown & Sons next door to Nixon's South, and several other small concerns were doing business in the town the names of whom I have forgotten.

Our train arrived but not until after a number of others had reached the city, and as the emigration for California had mainly taken a more Northerly route that year (the Sublette cut-off via Soda Springs and Snake River) money was not as plentiful as anticipated and a general cut in prices of merchandise took place, prints 18 to 20 cents per yard, sugar 30 to 33 1-3 cents per pound, and other goods in proportion, and as there was still a number of large trains of merchandise to arrive, a panic in prices was very imminent, at all events, it scared me so that I very foolishly accepted the salary of \$2000.00 per year instead of a third interest, thereby losing about \$8000.00, as the concern cleared \$30,000 before the following May. As money became more scarce more attention was given

to trading for cattle and wheat our markets being California for cattle, and emigrants and Mormons for grain—taking the double profit first on merchandise and then on cattle and grain was much better than selling for cash; our sales were not so brisk as they had been the year before, but by Christmas we as others were out of nearly all the staples, when our goods had all gotten in it was decided in order to expedite sale that I should take a portion of our goods to Provo City fifty miles South of Salt Lake, there was an Indian farm and Agency located near by and I succeeded in getting a fair portion of that trade, which was remunerative. After locating in Provo I was in the habit of visiting Salt Lake semi-monthly, on one of these trips on a Sunday evening I first met the lady (Miss Maria Townsend who afterwards became my wife) and Mrs. Pitt.

Dr. Hart was Indian Agent and Supt. of the Indian Farm and D. H. Armstrong was Agent for the Western Indian located near the line between Utah and Nevada. It was now nearly time to arrange for next years business, after seeing the mistake I had made in not taking an interest in the business, I now concluded to accept one—consequently a partnership was formed for the 1855 trade of Stewart, his brother, Louis P. Drexler and myself, and I was again to go East to make the purchases and shipment arrangements were made to start on January 1st, 1855, taking the same route I had taken the year before; among the party on that trip were Captain W. H. Hooper, John M. Hockaday (a West Point Graduate and class mate of the ever to be remembered Lieut. Derby (John Phoenix) and some ten or twelve others, a jovial party. We had a very cold trip but nothing of importance transpired different from the former trip. We arrived in San Bernardino in about thirty-five days from Salt Lake (a distance of about nine hundred miles) dirty and ragged; as a steamer would leave San Pedro in two days for San Francisco, we concluded to postpone our change of wardrobe until arrival there, on boarding the steamer "Senator;" Hooper in the lead headed for the cabin, we were intercepted by the steward who insisted in showing us the way to the steerage, and could hardly believe his eyes when we produced first cabin tickets, Hooper indignantly asking him if we looked at all like steerage passengers; had a nice trip to San Francisco and a pleasant time while there; Hooper and Dick Hopkins being old time Mississippi and Missouri River steamboat captains we naturally fell in with like men, who were running the San Joaquin rivers, and for a week we were dined and wined in good style. On the 15th of February 1855, took the steamer "Golden Age" for Panama, concluding to try a

different route, not that the Niaragua was not preferable but disliked going over the same route twice. Stopped at Mazanillo and Acapulco as before, at the latter place had a whole day visiting the Fort Cathedral and other places of interest, the town did not amount to much; it looked as though it was obliged to be over run with revolutionists annually, and as earthquakes had occurred before, were likely again to sink the city at any time—we had quite a strong gale off the mouth of the gulf of California and again crossing the Gulf of Tehuantepec, but as we were in a warm climate I felt no alarm—in case of wreck I fancied I could swim ashore on a plank; reached Panama, a beautiful bay but rather large and open for safety—in landing there we had the same process to go through as at San Juan-del-Norte, taking small boats as far as they would go, then riding the natives ashore. A rather amusing incident occurred there, I was in the last boat of passengers leaving the steamer among whom was a very corpulent Irish woman weighing not less than two hundred pounds. When the small boat reached the shallows where it was necessary to bestride the natives, every one naturally selected the strongest and largest of natives to insure a safe ride to the beach, there happened to be just enough in number of natives to carry the passengers; and the two most diminutive specimens were left for the Irish lady and myself, she expressed serious doubts about the little fellows capacity to carry her, finally she mounted the little fellow, away he went and all would have been well, and would have landed her safely but she became nervous, and he probably excited or mischievous, fell down both sprawling in the water, he skipped for shore with the woman's blessings following in a streak that made the air blue.

Crossed the Isthmus from Panama to Aspinwall on the railroad—did not have time to see much of Panama; reached Aspinwall at 3.00 o'clock P. M. remained over that night and next day leaving before dark on board the steamer Philadelphia for New Orleans via Havana—this vessel was a miserable old tub, a poor sailor and filthy; on account of some apprehensiveness of some filibustering expedition of Americans by the Spaniard against the Island of Cuba, we were off Cape San Antonio brought to by a Spanish Man of War, first by a shot across our bows the next over our vessel, we hove to, and after examination were permitted to proceed. Arrived at Havana and remained there three days, making a trip out to the Bishop's Gardens, one of the most beautiful suburbs of the City, visited the Cathedral where it was said the ashes of Columbus were deposited in a stone urn near the Altar, attended the opera one night at the "Teatro Facon," visited a number of the

largest cigar factories, imported cigars sold at that time in St. Louis and New Orleans at 6¼ cents each, were worth in Havana \$14.00 to \$18.00 per M., duty 40% besides transportation; attempted to visit Moro Castle but the authorities would not permit us to approach the fortifications, nearer than about half a mile distant. Started for New Orleans on same steamer became lost in a fog off the Balize, and brought up near Galveston Harbor before we could get our reckoning.

Arrived in New Orleans March 12th, 1855, remained in the city two days and started for St. Louis in the steamer Michigan. On deck were some six hundred Mormon emigrants, mostly from England, Scotland and Wales, under the charge of Ballyntine & McGraw two Mormon elders returning from their missions making proselytes to the faith. On reaching St. Louis I first learned of Indian troubles on the plains, which had broken out the preceding fall between the Sioux and Cheyennes and whites, preparations were then being made to send General Harney out with troops in the early spring to re-enforce the post at Fts. Kearney and Laramie and prosecute a vigorous campaign against them. After remaining a few days in St. Louis I started up the Missouri river to make arrangements for transportation, after nearly a months endeavors I found it impossible to get any freighter willing to take the risk of crossing the plains with a train except at exorbitant prices, and I would have to take the entire risk of the loss by the Indians. I concluded therefore not to start a train that season and wrote my partners in Salt Lake to that effect, on receipt of my letter they bought out two remnants of stocks in Salt Lake, enough goods to keep a little trade going during the year. I returned to St. Louis and to pass the time and pay expenses I took a clerkship in the house of my old employers Little & Olcott, and remained there during the summer of 1855 and winter of 1855 and 6. During the summer and fall Harney succeeded in whipping the Indians badly but still they were unsubdued. I think only two trains of merchandise succeeded in getting through that season to Salt Lake, both suffering heavy losses in cattle. I received two or three letters from my partners stating that the trade had been very fair considering the stock they had. During the winter I made arrangements to buy our own cattle and wagons and freight our goods instead of contracting as the year before. I made an arrangement to freight out in connection with Gilbert & Parrish, we bought up two trains of twenty-six wagons each and loaded to from six to seven thousand pounds to the wagon. This year 1856 our starting point was Atchinson Kansas, a new town just starting into existence having at that time not to exceed 150 inhabitants, but owing

to the political troubles just commenced in Kansas between the pro and anti slavery parties the territory was being filled up rapidly through the instrumentality of Northern and Southern emigration aid societies.

A portion of the emigrants who came from both sections were pretty hard cases and while loading up at Atchinson they annoyed us considerably by stealing our cattle and committing other depredations. We finally got started, I think about the 20th day of May 1856. Thomas D. Pitt was wagon master and Frank B. Gilbert assistant of our train, and John C. Green and Andrew Bigler of the other having some business in St. Louis I returned there, with the intention of overtaking our trains at or near Fort Kearney, at least before they got among the hostile Indians, but was delayed longer than I anticipated. On my return up the river I purchased me a good mule, with the intention of starting alone to reach my train. I was informed at Atchinson that a party consisting of A. W. Babbitt, Secy. of Utah Territory, Thomas Sutherland and a number of others would leave for Salt Lake in the course of a week; they requested me to wait and travel with them, I declined doing so and Sutherland decided to go with me, but only went as far as Mormon Grove some six miles when he changed his mind and turned back. Starting the way I proposed traveling he thought would be too fast for his animal consequently I went on alone, having nothing but my mule, the clothing I had on, one pair of blankets, picket rope and iron picket pin and Colts revolver. The distance to Kearney is about three hundred miles from Atchinson and there was but one place between these points where anyone lived, that was on Big Blue River (Frank Marshall now of Colorado kept a trading post there then), the only provisions I carried was a small sack of butter crackers, frogs were abundant in all the little sloughs and creeks, and whenever I found a lot of good sized ones would kill them and fasten them to the pummell of my saddle for use when hungry, so with crackers and frogs legs broiled on a stick and water to drink I got along very comfortably. I usually traveled at a brisk gait for one and a half or two hours, then stopped and grazed my animal from a half to an hour going in that manner day and night with the exception of a few hours at night when I would spread my blanket on top of the picket pin, and the friction of the rope under my back prevented me from sleeping too soundly; I soon became accustomed to waking promptly on time, thus I travelled to Ft. Kearney without seeing a human being except at the Big Blue, although war parties of Cheyennes or Arapahoes were liable to be met with at any time after leaving the Blue, I saw none. I had expected to overtake the trains at or near the Fort you may imagine my disappointment on finding they had passed there seven days be-

fore, they were making good time and it was thoroughly demonstrated to me that stern chase is a long one even if it is after an ox team. I reached the Fort a little after sunrise and had a "square meal" myself and surprised my mule with a feed of oats. Captain Wharton was in command of the Post, with three or four companies of Cavalry, I spoke to him of my intentions of going on immediately until I reached the train. He positively forbid my doing so, stating the country ahead as full of hostile Indians and did not think it would be possible for me to get fifty miles from the Post without being killed by the Indians, and by waiting three or four weeks he designed sending two companies of Cavalry to Fort Laramie and I could travel with them in safety. I considered the matter over carefully, and concluded I could by traveling principally at night get through all right, but the Commander's orders were to remain, my only show of getting away was to steal out of the Post unawares. At the Sutlers store I procured a fresh supply of crackers and a little cheese and by the assistance of Mr. Mason the Sutler succeeded in getting away. I rode about twenty-five miles without stopping, camped in a ravine out of sight of the road and waited for night, fortunately there was no moon, the next morning found me sixty miles from Kearney. Stopped to drink some water at Cottonwood Springs they being so near the road, however, I went down a ravine about a mile, where I was hidden from view to cook and eat my frugal meal of crackers and frogs—I built very small fires and only in the day time. After leaving the springs that day about ten o'clock and scanning the plain very closely I ventured to take a day ride of ten or fifteen miles, I had not ridden more than five miles when I observed a little cloud of dust ahead of me some six or seven miles, I watched it for some time and as it seemed to be approaching me I became a little uneasy, and finally satisfied myself it was caused by some moving body. Naturally my first thoughts were it must be a party of Indians, it was two or three miles to the Platte River and apparently a level plain between. I turned my mule and headed for the river riding as low in the saddle as possible, still keeping my eye on the dust cloud. I was finally convinced it certainly was Indians causing it. I could see black objects plainly in the dust, what else could it be but Indians, the question arose in my mind, had they seen me? If not could I make the river before they did see me. I was in a highly excited condition, (and sometimes think my hair was actually standing on end) urging my mule to his utmost speed, but before reaching the river I got into a hollow sufficiently deep to hide myself and animal, I stopped there to put fresh caps on my pistol and cinch my saddle girth, and await results, either a race for life or a false alarm. It proved the latter, the black objects I saw turned out to be a little band of buffalo playing along the dusty road. I felt relieved, but so badly

scared I did not venture out again until nearly dark. I continued traveling in the above manner until I finally overtook the hindmost train in charge of Pitt; I was overjoyed on reaching it being very hungry as frogs had been scarce the past two days, and oppressed with a sense of loneliness that was almost unbearable, and only partially relieved by talking to my mule. I had traveled five hundred ten miles in seven days and three hours without change of saddle animal, it would require a good sum of money to induce me to make such another trip, but with all it was lucky for me I did not travel with the Babbit party, as they were attacked by Inidans a short distance west of Fort Kearney and all massacred within ten days after my leaving them. The point where I overtook the train was Lonetree crossing of the Platte, near the present site of Julesburg, Nebraska, from there on to Fort Laramie I remained with one of the other of the trains, they keeping close together for protection. A strict guard had to be kept all the time over our stock. General Harney had had a severe fight with the Indians a short time before, but peace had not yet been declared, but was byt he time we reached Laramie. After leaving that place we had no further danger to apprehend and everything went along smoothly. I went through in advance of the trains to Salt Lake and found my partners had rented a store occupying the site of the present Deseret National Bank and nearly out of goods, business had changed very much during my absence. On account of the Indian trouble there had been no emigration and money was very scarce and trade was simply exchanging imported goods for the products of the country cattle and wheat principally, occasionally we would sell some goods to the Indian Agents. On the arrival of the goods we again divided them I taking a portion of the stock to Provo, where I remained that winter, making semi-monthly trips to Salt Lake; that fall and winter serious troubles began to break out between the Mormons and Gentiles, the former starting up their so-called reformation and restitution scheme, which was nothing more than an effort on the Mormons' part, instigated by Brigham Young and the leaders of the church to drive out or crush all Gentiles and their interests, or at least to exasperate them so they would commit some overt aet that would give an excuse for the confiscation of their property. Early in the winter the Nauvoo Legion had commenced their daily or weekly drills throughout all the settlements, arms and ammunition were being gathered together, and it was boldly announced at all their meetings that they (the Mormons) would no longer submit to the United States Government, or longer permit the accursed Gentiles to live in their midst. The Mormon Bishops had so worked on the minds of the people, that Utah was anything but a safe place for an outsider to live, and a general feeling of alarm for their persons and property existed among them—during that winter I was repeat-

edly told that I had to join the Mormons or my property would be taken from me, and I made to leave the country but at that time we all considered it merely a bluff—the Gentiles were very circumspect in their actions, giving no cause for any attack on them. I kept aloof from all dances and social gatherings and had no transactions with Mormons outside of strict business, closing my store doors at dark and remaining inside after that until morning.

In Provo there were but three Gentiles besides myself; in Salt Lake there were probably from two to three hundred and not to exceed fifty in all the rest of the territory.

Matters were getting worse and worse daily, a Gentile did not consider himself safe after dark on the street of Salt Lake, quite a number of whom boarded at the Salt Lake House; (on my visits to Salt Lake I stopped there). When leaving the hotel for their respective places of business after nightfall they would usually go up or down the middle of the streets in companies of three or four together, revolvers in hands ready for use, Salt Lake streets were very quiet except when the "Bill Hickman," Lot Hintington and Danite gang," turned loose, usually two or three nights in the week when all outsiders kept very shady. The climax was reached in February 1857 Brigham and his councilors had concluded that all who were not Mormons must leave the territory, that the country was theirs, they found it, and settled on it in 1847. The first intimation I had of what was coming, was a letter from Drexler about February 15th, 1857 stating that orders had been issued by Brigham Young that all Gentiles must leave the country. Two days after Mr. Stewart came down to Provo and corroborated Drexler's letter and that he (Stewart) was a direct messenger to me from Brigham Young, ordering all Gentiles to leave the territory before June 1st, unless they joined the Mormon ranks.

I, of course, declined; but insisted on knowing why Drexler or I should be banished from the country, had we not always been upright and fair dealing with the people? He simply replied, such were Brigham's orders, that he was a strict Mormon and knew that Joseph Smith was a Prophet, and Brigham Young also was one and his successor, the idea at once arose in my mind that this was a game to get possession of Gentile property and concluded not to submit, so plainly told Stewart that everything that I possessed was in Utah, I had worked hard for it and really had made him what he possessed, as far as I was concerned, did not propose to be robbed in any such manner, I intended to stay and fortify myself against any encroachments on my rights or property to the bitter end—Stewart having any such intentions on his part and considered himself free to purchase out Drexler and my interest in the business and wished it done peaceably and amicably, so a meeting was agreed upon in Salt Lake, the

question talked over and price and payments agreed upon, Drexler and I sold out, getting St. Louis cost and 18 cents per pound, for freight added; of course it was a great loss to us but what could we do—our stock inventoried nearly \$30,000, nearly the amount of the St. Louis purchase on which we received no profit but in cleaning up our whole business Drexler and myself had about \$16,000 as our share (taking cattle at the Utah valuation) over and above all liabilities.

Unfortunately for us, however, we received in part payment of our interest nearly \$10,000 of Brigham Young drafts on the Interior Department, as Ex Officio Supt. of Indian Affairs, which were not paid until some ten years thereafter and only realizing about 12½ cents on the dollar face value, we had plenty of opportunities to exchange these drafts in Salt Lake for cattle, but Drexler insisted that Indians or disease might destroy our cattle, and by having this cash "Nest egg" as he called it, we would have something to fall back on in case of accident. I on the contrary thought there could be no possible loss in cattle if properly handled, and we could handle six hundred as easily as three hundred head, the result proved I was correct in that instance at least, as we made one hundred per cent on all the cattle we drove through to Carson Valley. Immediately after the merchandise was transferred to the Stewarts, Drexler and myself began gathering our cattle near Box Elder or Brigham City, from which point we were ready to start Westward May 1st, 1857, all other merchants in fact all Gentiles had been in the meantime ordered to leave the Territory. Gilbert & Garrish, Livingston, Kinkead & Company, and several others besides ourselves driving bands of cattle West. Gilbert & Garrish sold their merchandise to John Kimball and H. W. Lawrence, Livingston, Kinkead & Company, to W. H. Hooper and Brigham Young; a considerable portion of these sales were on time. Other traders made sales as best they could to Mormons, most of them taking horses and cattle in payment; all of us with cattle had to use great caution in preventing estrays from getting into our herds, our camps were visited at all hours of the day by armed bodies of Mormons, and had an stray been found in our herds, if it had been there only an hour, would have caused us heavy damages, the Mormons' object being to fleece all Gentiles out of every cent they possibly could, we took the precaution to have a bill of sale of all stock purchased by us.

We started from Brigham City May 4th, 1857, taking the Humboldt route. Following near the line of the present Central Pacific Railroad, we had about four hundred head of cattle.

Nothing of importance occurred on the trip except an Indian attack on herd one morning in which they killed five head of large oxen for us, and a few mornings after we had an Indian scare, caused by one of our night herders taking the morning relief guard for hostiles, some of whom fired into them wounding

one man. Before reaching Carson Valley, we met quite a number of small trains composed of Mormons who had located in Carson, Washoe and other valleys on the Western slope of the Sierra Nevada, and had made themselves comfortable homes, but were ordered by Brigham Young and the authorities at Salt Lake to abandon everything and gather in Zion to repel any invasion that might be made by the United States Government on the Salt Lake Valley.

The Mormons who located in Washoe Valley were a thrifty lot, had made good improvements and owned good farms, but sacrificed and abandoned all at Brigham Young's request.

We reached Genoa Carson Valley June 20th, 1857, making our camp on the East Fork of Carson river, remaining there with our cattle until the following November, when Drexler and myself sold our beef cattle (160 in number) to a butchering concern in Mokeloumn Hill, California; cows and young stock were left in Carson Valley to be taken care of by Drexler, while I took the steamer for the East with the intention of buying more cattle to be driven across the plains and add to our herd, we having in the meantime located on a tract of land in the vicinity of Steamboat Springs, and in close proximity to what was shortly after the great Comstock Mine. I left San Francisco some time in December, 1857, for New York and St. Louis, during that winter (57-58) I left St. Louis early in February on a mule riding through a great portion of Southwest Missouri and Indian Territory, not finding cattle to suit in price, and Mormon trouble still pending I proceeded to Fort Leavenworth and instead of driving cattle as I had intended, I took a sub-contract under Russell, Majors and Waddell to freight two hundred thousand pounds for the Government. I loaded up and started from Fort Leavenworth in 1858 making only a partially successful trip, the weather being unusually rough scarcity of grass and great number of teams blocking the road. In the spring of 1858, the Mormons, on hearing that General Johnson was moving on Salt Lake with his entire army, at once evacuated the city completely, men enough only being left to burn the city on Johnson's arrival. The flight of the people and burning was all obviated, I regret such was the case; if the three U. S. Commissioners sent out to confer with Brigham Young had not reached there for two months later, the Mormons would have been easily vanquished and the destruction of the city would have been the loss of only three or four hundred hovels, as soon as peace was declared the Mormons returned to their respective homes. I look upon this as the worst blunder ever perpetrated by the government in the settlement of the vexed Mormon question. Well enough for commissioners to be there, but in reserve not in front. Everyone there knew the Mormons were in rebellion and should have been handled for a

time by the military. After recruiting a week or two, I again started for San Francisco to buy goods and make the trip via Los Angeles.

—Contributed by A. C. Sloan, son of W. K. Sloan.

IN MEMORY

At the request of a dear and valued friend of the late Mrs. Mary A. Garrett, I have undertaken to review some of the events, and happenings that took place at Rock Creek, Wyo., some forty odd years ago, and later; in which Mrs. Garrett took a prominent part.

Coming down from the west with my freight teams in '83, I put in a few trips on the Rock Creek Fetterman and Fort McKinney road. At that time there were one hundred and seventy-five teams freighting out of Rock Creek, counting nothing less than sixes. The agent at Rock Creek told me that the average shipment of cattle from August 15th to Nov. 15th, was one hundred cars every twenty-four hours. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this statement; but I *do* know that during the fall of '84, they were loading cattle at the stock yards night and day for at least three months, and about the same in '85 and '86.

Cattle were driven hundreds of miles to be shipped from Rock Creek.

In addition to the freighting and shipping industry, we had a stage line from Rock Creek to Junction City, Montana, a distance of four hundred miles.

The stages ran daily each way including Sundays.

In June '84 I sold my freighting outfit, and bought the Wyoming House, at that time the principal hotel at Rock Creek. On the 27th of December of that year I married Mary A. Banner; an English girl of good family and good looks too.

Mollie took to western ways like a duck to water. She seemed to want to be able to do anything that a Wyoming woman could do; or man either for that matter.

Before we had been married a year she could outride, outshoot, or out-dance, the oldest or youngest woman in the country, I bought her the best saddle horse that I could find for sale, and he proved to be the "berries,"—as our younger generation would say,—and he sure could run.

Mollie was fond of racing, and would run her horse against anything that she thought she could beat. Five head of horses were unloaded at Rock Creek to be taken out to a ranch at Eagle Peak.

The man in charge of the horses got to bragging about how they could run. Our colored barber, Matt Campfield, bet him

a pound of Climax that Mrs. Garrett's buckskin could outrun any one of them at four hundred yards. Mrs. Garrett rode her horse, and beat all five of them, taking one at a time. Every time a race was about to start "Old Matt" would shout "another plug of Climax on Mrs. Garrett."

Matt had his barber chair in Smiths' place. He weighed nearly three hundred pounds, and both legs were missing below the knees.

One day a drunken cowpuncher ran amuck in Smiths' place, and shot a man in the left breast, the bullet coming through and out behind the left shoulder. Everybody ran out of the place, except the bad man. He would shoot at anything he saw move outside. Finally, Mose Dose, a deputy sheriff crawled through a back window, and rapped him on the head, while he was shooting through the front window at a hat on the end of a stick. Matt, the barber, was a witness at the trial.

Said the prosecuting attorney. "What did you do, Mr. Campfield, when the man began shooting?"

Said Matt: "I flew."

After the trial was over, Judge Blair shook hands with Matt, and said, "Now, Mr. Campfield, when any one starts shooting in your shop, *you fly*."

They carried the wounded man to our place, and Mrs. Garrett, with the help of the dishwasher, rendered first aid, dressed the wound, and succeeded in convincing the young man that he wasn't going to die right away. He was taken to the hospital at Laramie, and came out after a few weeks, as good as ever.

He was a witness at the trial, and asked the Judge to discharge the prisoner, as he thought the young man didn't know what he was doing. The Judge couldn't seem to see it quite that way and gave the man a light prison sentence.

One day, Jack Hill—who afterward gave a man the first shot, and then killed him—was out back of the hotel breaking beer bottles with his six gun.

He did not see Mrs. Garrett come up behind, and just as he was about to shoot, she shot and broke the bottle. Jack turned around with blood in his eye; but when he saw who it was he just laughed, and said, "She beat me to it."

Mrs. Garrett was a good shot with rifle, shot gun, or six shooter.

I think it was in '85 that we had the Indian scare. It was about eleven o'clock in the evening that I got a telegram from the Governor stating that the Ute Indians were on the warpath again, and were likely to strike the U. P. about Rock Creek.

Personally I didn't take any stock in the story at all, and refused to awaken the guests in the hotel. However, the majority of the people in town were greatly excited, and began to prepare for defense.

The women in particular were ready to fight for their kids and insisted that Mrs. Garrett instruct them in the use of firearms, and take charge of the petticoat squad as we called them.

One woman said, she had never fired a gun in her life, and didn't think she could; but she said she had had some experience in handling a rolling pin, and might maybe be able to crack a few heads with that.

I've thought since she might be an ancestor of Mrs. Jiggs. The men stood guard, and patrolled the streets, for three days and nights, while the women practiced shooting at scare crows and fence posts. I took no part in it as I considered it all bunk. I thought I knew enough about Indians to be sure that a war party would not come to the railroad where troops could get to them on short notice; and to this day I don't know how the Governor came to send me that telegram.

Mrs. Garrett was always kind to the sick and unfortunate. When that famous cowboy Dollar Bill (one of the characters in Owen Wister's book *Lin McLain*) was very nearly killed by his horse falling on him, Mrs. Garrett nursed him, and took care of him for four weeks, and the doctors said, her care and thoughtfulness in rendering first aid did much toward saving his life.

The winter of '86-'87 was the worst that I ever saw in Wyoming, and I've seen fifty of them. At that time no provision was made for feeding range cattle or sheep. They just had to look out for themselves.

The loss on cattle for that winter was fully seventy-five per cent, and some of the sheep men lost all. The drifts at Rock Creek made the town look like a town of sand hills, only they happened to be snow hills. Many men lost their lives from freezing, and many more were crippled for life.

One man I remember was brought in by the section gang, having been picked up on the track.

He had been out on the plains for three days and nights, without food or shelter. With Mrs. Garrett to help me we managed to save his hands and feet except two toes and one finger.

Our first child, Olive—now Mrs. Kafka—was born at Rock Creek, August 6, '86. Two other children were born at Rock Creek, Robert Noel and Genevieve—now Mrs. White.

Her baby daughter, Frances, was born in Laramie and died in infancy. Three of our children were born on the ranch. Thomas Sylvester, Jr., Nellie, and Mary Elizabeth—now Mrs. Swan.

Our greatest grief was the death of little Nell; burned to death at the ranch when four years old. Mrs. Garrett put out the fire with her bare hands and was so badly burned herself that she could not use her hands or arms for weeks afterward.

Olive and I took little Nell to Laramie and buried her in the family lot where her mother now rests.

When the Northwestern railroad reached Douglas, it cut off all the freighting, and most of the stock shipping from Rock Creek. The daily stage line was taken off, and the town went down to nothing.

In '88 I resigned as post master, and Mrs. Garrett was appointed to the office, which she held until we moved out on the ranch in 1890. I had been running a store in connection with the hotel business, and in consequence of trusting everyone, and not being paid, and the collapse of the town, I went stoney broke. I had bought a building that had been used for a hotel and saloon in the prosperous times, and we moved the family into it. Also the postoffice.

I went to work at a tie camp, and Mrs. Garrett started a little business in connection with the postoffice, and did well with it. I earned enough to buy two good teams and a wagon, so when we moved out on the ranch we had a little to start with, but not much.

I was fortunate in taking up land that I could irrigate, and by adding to it later, we made it one of the best little ranches in the neighborhood. Mrs. Garrett bought some milk cows with the money she made in the restaurant, and I traded one of my work teams for fifteen head of young cattle; so we got a little start in cattle that way. Mollie was fond of riding horseback, and was a fearless, and I might say reckless rider, until one day, while looking after the cattle, she found some of our yearlings with a bunch of wild rangers, and in trying to cut them out, her horse stepped in a badger hole, and turned completely over. She fell clear of the horse, but her collarbone was broken, and she was pretty badly bruised up. I went out to look for her, and met her coming home riding at a walk.

The first thing she said was: "Tom, I had to leave 'em."

I said: "Leave what?"

"Those yearlings; when my horse fell and hurt me, I just couldn't do a thing with 'em any more."

I said: "Are you badly hurt?"

"No, just my collar bone broke, and some other things."

There were plenty of antelope near by and sage chickens, and no closed season; at least not for us, so we always had plenty of fresh meat.

I remember one time, I think it was our third or fourth year on the ranch. An Englishman was staying with us for a day or two, and wanted to shoot some sage chickens. My wife and I started out with him one morning for a little sport, and incidentally to get some meat. As we were walking along we got to talking about wing shooting. I was boasting a little about what Mollie and I could do in that line; when the Englishman said to Mrs. Garrett, "Do you think you could hit my hat if I should throw it up?" Said Mom: "Maybe you'd better throw it up and

see." Mollie was carrying a double barrel shot gun with both barrels loaded. The Englishman threw up his hat. It didn't get a dozen feet in the air before she had put a charge of shot into it, and before it struck the ground she turned loose the other barrel and completely riddled it. The Englishman picked up what had once been a Stetson hat, looked at it, pulled a long face and said: "But I paid seven dollars for that hat, don't you know?"

Mollie said it's really too bad; but when you come out to go chicken hunting you should always wear a cheap hat.

In '93 Mrs. Garrett had a long and serious illness that lasted seven months.

We took her to Laramie on a bed, and after five weeks, brought her home on a bed. The doctors said she worried so much about the children, that it more than offset any benefit to be gained by keeping her in town, and advised taking her back to the ranch.

After she had been in bed six months, I sent for my sister, Mrs. Standish, then living at Lander, Wyoming. Mrs. Standish was a water cure doctor, having graduated under old Dr. Kellogg of Battle Creek, Michigan, while her husband was in the Union Army. My sister came at once, and after treating her for a few weeks, had her on her feet, a well woman, and she continued in good health for many years. As to Mrs. Garrett's life in later years it is well and favorably known to nearly every one in Albany County, and needs no further comment from me. Mrs. Garrett died November 25, 1925, mourned by her family and many friends. I have written these memoirs at the request of Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, esteemed by Mrs. Garrett as a true friend.

Sincerely,

T. S. GARRETT.

AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

The American Historical Association is the only National organization in this country which has for its single and well defined object the collecting, preserving and disseminating history for universal use. Prominent men of affairs, distinguished historians, educators, authors and statesmen were amongst the group of outstanding men who organized this Association in 1884, and both Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson served in the capacity of President of the organization. In 1889 Congress recognized the Association by granting it a charter, and the Annual reports which are put out by the Smithsonian Institution are included in the series of Congressional Documents.

The terms of the Charter make it obligatory that the Association be responsible for the promotion of "American History and of History in America."

This work is carried on by collecting, preserving and publishing valuable manuscripts, letters and diaries with special reference to procuring those in private ownership. Materials for the study of International affairs, legal, economic and social problems are made available to investigators by publishing inventories of documents in the State and National Archives. Through its publication "The American Historical Review"—a quarterly—the public is made acquainted with the research work that is being carried on all over the country whether by educational institutions or by State and local Historical Societies.

Now the Association is planning to extend its services to include the promotion of research in American history and its European backgrounds. Unpaid professional service has always been given freely by the members of the Association, but the most far reaching service can only be obtained by an educated trained worker who can give all his time to promoting, directing and correlating the work, and this should be a salaried position. There should be funds to meet this need. Money is also needed for adequate office space. At present the general offices are in Washington. It is desirable that they should be kept there for the accommodation of the large number of historical scholars who visit the Capitol City.

The Association is asking for an increase in its endowment fund to a million dollars to the end that means may be obtained for the carrying out of the program for larger and better service. It is greatly to be desired that this request from the Association for necessary funds to carry on and promote the Historical research work may meet with a favorable response. Any persons who are interested in furthering this cause may communicate with "The Committee on Endowment" at the office of the Executive Secretary, 110 Library, Columbia University, New York.

**ACCESSIONS FROM APRIL 1, 1926 TO JULY 1, 1926
MUSEUM**

- Jones, Hoyle Four trading tokens used by Seth E. Ward while Sutler at Old Fort Laramie. These tokens bear the inscription: S. E. Ward, Sutler, U. S. A., Fort Laramie, D. T. Good for 5 cents in Sutlers Goods on two and Good for 25 cents on two.
- Chaplin, W. E. Oil Portrait of Mrs. N. E. Stark, who was the sister of Mr. Lee, First Territorial Secretary and wife of Prof. Stark, early Superintendent of Schools in Cheyenne.
- Jones, Jessie S. Two World War maps. One map shows the area the American Army proposed to occupy in Germany after its advance upon Berlin. The other map shows the area in Germany—divided according to corps area—which was occupied by the A. E. F. These maps were never issued. Captain Townsend, who was stationed at G2C, Third Army, Coblenz, Germany, July 1919 presented these maps to Miss Jones. Miss Jones was among the first American girls to go into the Overseas Service.
- Wood, S. S. Two pictures of deer.
- Owen, W. O. Thirteen views of the Gros Ventre River slide. Pictures taken by Mr. Owen.
- Hebard, Dr. Grace Raymond Five views of the dedication of the Mary Holmesly monument at Old Fort Laramie on the Oregon Trail. Pictures taken by Dr. Hebard.
- Clayton, A. G. Original pen and ink sketch.
- Hahn, Mrs. Virginia Bridger Picture of self taken by the old mill on the farm where her father died.
- Calverly, J. A. Relic from great hail storm of June 14, 1926.

BOOKS

- Missouri Historical Society.....Life and Papers of Frederick Bates.
two volumes. Bates was second Governor of Missouri.
- Griffin, C. D.....Masonic Memorial Services in memory
of John Alden Riner (Federal Judge).
Official Register of Qualified Voters
for Nov. 8, 1892 in District No. 7,
Precinct No. 7, Albany County, Wyoming.
One Poll Book for Election held Nov.
6, 1894, District No. 9, Precinct No.
1, Albany County.
Two Poll Books for the election held
Nov. 3, 1896, District No. 7, Precinct
No. 1, Albany County.

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

- Owen, W. O.....The Great Landslide on Gros Ventre
River, Wyoming, June 23, 1925.
- Hebard, Dr. Grace Raymond.....Pioneer Mothers on the Oregon Trail.
- Clayton, A. G.....Brief history of the Washakie National
Forest and the duties and some experiences
of a ranger in Sheridan District.
- Governor Nellie T. Ross.....Manuscript by Mr. Anthony Mills.
- Van Tassell, Mrs. Louise Swan.....Manuscript note by J. T. Arnold.
- Hoskins, W. C.....Original manuscripts of the following
articles on Wyoming's Government:
Governor's office; The Supreme Court;
The State Geologist; The State Library
and Wyoming's Government
and its Functions.
- Garman, S. J.....History of Howard Michael.

PAMPHLETS, NEWSPAPERS AND CLIPPINGS

- Jones, Jessie S.....Three numbers of "Carry On" published by The Woman's Overseas Service League.
- Gilpin, PearlSaga of "Billy the Kid."
- Nichols, Mrs. Laura.....Grand Encampment Herald, 1903-1910.
- Lockard, F. M.....Story of "Dull Knife." Early Day Buffalo Hunt.
- Davis, RebaReports of Governors of Wyoming made to the Secretary of the Interior as follows: For the years 1878, 1880, 1882. Constitution of the Proposed State of Wyoming adopted in Convention at Cheyenne, Wyoming, September 30, 1889.

GENEALOGY

- Bryant, T. J.....Boone ancestry. Boone Family Association Convention and Reunion.
- Beach, Mrs. A. H.....Beach Family Magazine. Vol. 1, No. 2.
- Hahn, Mrs. Virginia Bridger.....Bridger Family.

GIFT

- Rollins, Mrs. Phillip Ashton.....Check for \$15.00.

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A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WASHAKIE NATIONAL FOREST AND THE DUTIES AND SOME EX- PERIENCES OF A RANGER

A. G. Clayton, Forest Ranger
Sheridan District

On the eastern slope of the Wind River Range in Fremont County extending almost its full length, embracing some of the largest bodies of timber and most rugged and scenic parts, lies the Washakie National Forest. Roughly, 865,000 acres of mountain land. It furnishes railroad ties, lumber, and wood; water for domestic and irrigation purposes; summer pasture for thousands of head of cattle and sheep, besides, feeding grounds and shelter for large numbers of the varied wild life of the state. Covering as the area does, so many things of vital interest to the people of this and other communities it only seems fitting to give an outline of its history, value, and use. Consequently, in order to make this article of some historical worth it is necessary to go back a number of years and commence with the beginning, in so far as related to man.

From all accounts available, the area was not used to any noticeable extent by the early Indians. Game and feed were plentiful in the lowlands and there was little need for the Indians to venture into the mountains for these or any other purposes. While there are several places at which Indian wall writings have been found, they are all at points well down from the mountains themselves, such as in the lower Dinwoody Canyon.

Undoubtedly the earliest users of the Washakie Forest were the so-called sheepeaters. They were renegade Indians, who, for the sake of safety and perhaps convenience, coupled with the age old fellowship of man, banded together where possible and lived their lives in the mountain fastnesses. They had evidently violated various tribal laws and did not belong to any fixed tribe, having been compelled on penalty of death to live as fugitives. At times they preyed upon small parties or lone Indians for the purpose of equipping themselves with such implements or weapons as were obtainable, or possibly to steal a squaw, returning at once to their mountain retreats. They were not warlike but

were supposed to have been cowardly and shy, which, under the circumstances is easily understood. Plainly they were social outcasts.

The name sheep eater is somewhat of a misnomer. There is no reason why they could not just as well have been called elk-eaters or deer eaters. Perhaps fish and wild fowl formed an important part of their living because they no doubt found it easy to procure fish and other small game. In any event they lived on the land as best they could and did not, as might be imagined, live solely on mountain sheep.

Naturally their hunting methods were crude as compared with the present. Frequently traps were used. These took the form of log or stone fences generally placed at points frequented by game. The idea was that game, while feeding or trailing and being unmolested would encounter one of these fences and would then turn and follow the line of least resistance along the fence, rather than exerting itself to jump it. Another fence leading at right angles would at a point converge with the first near which points hunters with bows and arrows would be concealed. Or perhaps instead of the two fences converging an opening would be left through which the game could pass. But the opening would probably lead out onto a ledge over which game could not go and they would then be rushed from behind. The remains of such as this can be found on the east wall of the West Fork of Torrey Creek near its mouth. There are many points throughout the northern parts of the Forest where parts of these ruins can still be found.

Several theories are advanced as to the final disappearance of the sheep eater. One is that diseases of various sorts entered their ranks; another that tribal Indians destroyed them, but it appears that the most likely one is the coming of the white man, who, in subduing their enemies the lowland Indians, made it possible for them to return to their former homes and take up the life of the normal Indian. It is said by some that a few still are living on the Wind River Indian Reservation. In any event these people can justly be considered as the first users of the Washakie National Forest.

It is not my intention to go into a long discourse on all of the various hunters, traders, explorers and such who first passed through or resided in this part of the State. These points have been well covered by others and space would hardly permit. Furthermore this article is mainly about the mountains and I will try not to deviate from that course.

Something has previously been written concerning the party of Frenchmen under De La Verendrye, which, in 1743 is supposed to have traveled up the South Fork of the Shoshone and crossed over to the Wind River. Following the route that they did it would have been possible for them to cross only at what

is now called Shoshone Pass which is on the head of DuNoir River, a large upper tributary of the Wind River. DuNoir, meaning "the black" was probably named by these Frenchmen as they looked from the Pass and were at once struck by the large, and at a distance, black body of lodgepole pine which extends throughout this watershed. No doubt this sight prompted the name. These were the first white men to enter the region.

The name of John Colter seems to be deeply inscribed in early Wyoming history. He and his companions Hancock and Dixon, the first Americans to enter this part of the State, evidently traveled over what is known as Twogwotee Pass on their trip to Yellowstone in 1808. Twogwotee, at one time spelled "Togwoda" or "Togwater" means the spear. This pass is one of three main passes in the upper Wind River Range used by early travelers and still in use at the present time. An old Indian legend has it that at this point a food cache was kept at which Indian travelers could replenish their supplies while traveling through.

In passing a few points of particular interest might here be recorded relative to Twogwotee Pass. In 1873 an expedition was sent out under a Captain Jones to report upon a good route for a road into Yellowstone Park. Three routes were explored and this one was chosen as by far the best. In his report Captain Jones said that a railroad grade could be laid without the tremendous expense incident to other locations. Not until 1898 was the road built and then by the army and was made passable to wagons. It was pointed out as a model road at the time in spite of the fact that one of the hills was so steep that, to paraphrase one of the old timers, wagons had to be let down by means of a windlass. But the most interesting thing about it is that this road which followed the route reported on in '73 as by far the best, was not built until after all of the others had been constructed. It was not completed until 1922.

Not many miles to the south of Twogwotee Pass is Sheridan Pass, named in honor of General Sheridan who crossed it as head of the military escort of President Arthur in 1882 or '83, on the occasion of Arthur's visit to the Park. The exact date is not available.

In connection with Sheridan's trip it might be interesting to note two happenings during their journey. At least they show some of the personal side of both Arthur and Sheridan and the originality, humor, and independence of the early Wyoming cowpuncher and soldier.

Word had been telegraphed north from Rawlins that the presidential party was enroute and traveling with a military escort from Green River City. Two cowpunchers near Rongis had heard of the party coming, and being desirous of seeing the presi-

dent had ridden out to meet it. At a point near South Pass they met, the cowboys having since been joined by a few others.

Sheridan and Arthur were in a Concord coach and the first thought that the president had upon seeing the cowpunchers was that he was the victim of a hold up. Upon being told the visitor's mission, Sheridan, who was in civilian clothes at once dismounted from the coach and introduced all hands to the president. Then they decided to camp and have a sociable time. A regular banquet was held and all formality was thrown to the winds. Since it was early morning when the parties met much time was so spent. A shooting match was held; hats were thrown up and shot at and likewise cards. Sheridan proved himself expert with the revolver and since the president had never seen a real bucking horse one of the men gave a splendid exhibition in riding.

Later, on entering the mountains to the north, the president offered a prize of twenty-five dollars to the soldier catching the largest trout. Several tried for the prize but with no success. The fish were all too uniform and there was not enough disparity in their sizes to make the contest exciting. The interest of the men waned.

One of the men whose first name was Paddy thought that he needed the twenty-five, and, moreover, he was going to have it. Shortly after making this resolution he was very successful and presented the cook with a fish which weighed a fraction less than twenty-five pounds. But the strange part of the whole thing was that the fish was little, if any, larger than the general run. "True enough," said Paddy, "he was little larger as far as appearance was concerned but nevertheless he was well built and solid—very muscular. Just heft of him and see!" A post mortem of the fish was held a short time later which disclosed the fact that it had either eaten, or absorbed in some strange way, a large quantity of leaden bullets. Needless to say he was given the Presidential prize.

In the summer of 1925 near Sheridan Pass was found an old Colt "Walker" model caliber .44 revolver. It was completely covered with earth, except a small part of the butt which projected a short distance above ground. This was made between 1838 and 1842 and was considered very successful by the Federal Government during the Seminole War. Very likely it has an interesting history.

Ten miles south of Sheridan is Union Pass. As far as the popular conception of a mountain pass goes this is indeed a surprise. One can hardly tell when the pass has been crossed because the whole surrounding country is so rolling and level. There are several miles of this kind of country in the immediate vicinity. The W. P. Hunt expedition crossed here in 1811 and mention was made at the time of the many plain trails leading through

that way. It is possible that these were game trails. Local opinion has it that the first wagon taken over the Pass was in 1901 by way of Little Warm Springs Creek just west of Dubois. I doubt the authenticity of it. It is possible that the Hunt Expedition had wagons which would discredit local opinion as it now stands. With the early explorers and settlers, so with some of the points near the Forest, there are so many of historical interest that space will not permit of their discussion. South Pass for instance, the cradle of woman's suffrage, has been the source of much comment. The early developments there in mining have done much to stir the blood of the past and present generations. So much has been written in regards to this place that it would be inconsistent to here record similar happenings.

Two years ago while in the South Pass country I happened to stumble onto an interesting relic of the placer boom near Atlantic City in the early 80's. It was at Louis Lake well back in the mountains from South Pass City. On a tree and close to the shores of this lake at a point well isolated from travel, I came upon an old sign which bore this inscription: "Louis Lake August 1884." It was very striking as small things go. The letters and figures which had been perfectly made, had been incised on an old piece of lumber and painted black. The board was knotted and rough and it surely required skill to do the work as well and neatly as it had been. I later found that the sign had been made in Atlantic City during the winter of 1883 by the engineer then in charge of the Granier Ditch. The ditch had, in many places, gone the way of most things but the small sign still stood after forty years of exposure to Wyoming mountain weather, easily readable, as evidence of careful work well done.

Gradually, as the west settled, the American people began to give serious thought to their natural resources. The shortage of timber in the east and the middle west was beginning to be felt. Careless logging was beginning to be everywhere condemned and people viewed with horror the yearly toll that fire was taking, since little organized effort was directed at preventing it, much less combatting it. The conservation movement grew rapidly and in this way took form.

In 1891 President Benjamin Harrison issued the proclamation establishing the Yellowstone Timberland Reserve. This was one of the first "reserves" established and at the time embraced most of the timbered land in western Wyoming. The present Washakie Forest was then part of the Yellowstone Reserve which at the time amounted to little more than the proclamation forming it, since the directing organization was then in its formative stages. This territory covered both slopes of the Wind River Range. On July 1, 1908 the name of the Wind River Division was changed to the Bonneville Forest in honor of Captain Bonne-

ville who first came in sight of the Wind River Mountains in 1832.

Until 1907 these forests had been called "forest reserves" but it was generally understood that this was a poor name for them. The old "Use Book" made it clear that they were for use and everybody from the president on down had said the same. Consequently in 1907 "forest reserve" was superseded by "national forest" which is more appropriate, since they are not and never have been "reserves" in the full meaning of the word. This has the additional advantage of distinguishing between state and federal forests. Unfortunately due to the early usage of the name many still refer to them as "forest reserves."

Further changing conditions due to the increase in settlement in the adjoining country put additional demands upon the first personnel and again made it necessary to reduce these large forests to smaller. On July 1, 1911 the Washakie National Forest was formed from the southern part of the Bonneville; that part which lay south and west of Lander. On July 1, 1916 another change was made, some of the western part of the Washakie being added to another forest, while the remaining Bonneville was added to the Washakie. This gives all the Wind River drainage to the Washakie National Forest which brings us down to the present.

The forest can be divided into two main parts, the upper Wind River watershed and the Popo Agie, which is south of Lander. Of course there are many other streams, but these two, later converging into the one Wind River, can be considered as the main arteries. They are fed by many lakes and glaciers which blanket the continental divide and lie in the most rugged and inaccessible parts of Wyoming. Many of the highest peaks of the state are within this area and one of the largest glacial fields within continental United States. This high country presents one of the most spectacular arrangements of mountain scenery in the west. Having viewed it from some lofty eminence one never forgets the thrill.

The most prominent timber type is the lodgepole pine, lodgepole because the early Indians used them in constructing their tepees. And well they should, for I know of no tree better suited for the purpose naturally than the lodgepole. It is remarkably clear of branches for a long distance up the trunk and grows very straight and tall. It might be compared to a tall slender flower as a giant would see it. Its needles always grow in clusters of two.

There are other species, the most prominent being the Engelmann Spruce. Then there is the Douglas Fir and the limber pine, both of which grow promiscuously over the whole forest, tho none to the extent of the lodgepole. All of these trees, except the lim-

ber pine, are valuable for ties and lumber, the limber pine frequently can only be used, if used at all, for fuel wood.

Of some of the smaller species, that is, smaller, in this country, we have the juniper and the aspen. The "old maid of the mountains" the aspen is frequently called due, I believe, to its gently quaking leaves. If such a similarity exists I most humbly bow to the spinster. Of little commercial value, it is to me one of the most beautiful trees in Wyoming. It grows in groves and at low elevations and in the fall its trembling leaves dipped in silver and liquid gold cast and reflect visions of fairyland. At that time of year, aspen, against the somber pines, give contrast where contrast is most needed.

There are many parks scattered here and there throughout the timbered portions which furnish pasturage to livestock. Grazing permits are issued to qualified owners of stock and local residents are given first preference for range so allotted. In looking back it is found that grazing permits were first issued in 1903, free of charge, and payments were not called for until 1906.

For the purposes of efficient administration the forest is divided into three districts with a ranger in charge of each. These districts are the Absaroka, Sheridan, and Lander. The district ranger assumes full responsibility for his territory and answers directly to the forest supervisor at Lander. Topography plays an important part in the selection of district boundaries as well as the quantity of work or activities necessary to good administration. One district may have considerable timber sale work while another has much grazing, or heavy tourist travel which would make it necessary for the ranger to give correspondingly careful attention on account of likelihood of fires. Or perhaps there may be a combination of all. Such is the case on at least two of the districts of this forest.

Since the timber is the most important part of any forest, it naturally develops that the protection of this is the ranger's main work. This takes precedent over everything else. And is there any need for me here to record the many values of timber? So much has been said concerning it that I feel as though such statements here would be uncalled for. But I might say that on the Washakie we have already a good market for the timber grown which no doubt throws the realization of its value a little closer home.

In order to omit too much generalization I am going to take one district, the Sheridan, with which I am very familiar, realizing that which applies to it applies to the rest of the forest. It is sixty miles long and varies in width from eight to twelve miles and contains approximately 375,000 acres, a fair sized piece of country you must admit. Very likely there are as many different interests making use of this area as can be found in any other similar mountain region of the west. Here is found some of the

finest railroad tie timber in the state, and the present largest company in Wyoming producing ties. Here is the beginning of the big game section of Wyoming and the home of the most lofty peaks in the Wind River Range which means the entire state. Here we find lumbermen, stockmen, and recreationalist side by side putting a forest to its fullest use. But the timber, as was said before, is our main concern.

The cutting of ties here has been in progress since 1914. The timber is bought from the Government by competitive bidding after advertising. There have been a number of sales of timber or "sales" as we call them, but almost all to the same company. The company is known as the Wyoming Tie and Timber Company. From 1914 to the spring of 1925 there had been over 4,000,000 ties taken out, to say nothing of thousands of mine props and fence posts. This is a good sized output and ranks well up with tie production in other parts of the west.

The areas worked are so large and the amount of timber cut is so great that it is handled as a separate project, with a lumberman, Mr. E. H. Peck, in charge. There are also several assistant rangers employed yearly in order to help in the administration of the sale. It would be out of the question for the district ranger to assume this responsibility.

The operations at present are confined to the DuNoirs, both east and west, and have been for several years past. The ties are cut in the fall and winter and hauled during these periods to points on both of these streams, known as banking grounds, where they are decked in piles from eight to twenty feet in height. They are so arranged that a ranger can always get at one end of a pile and count the number of ties in it and stamp them. This is done with a hammer bearing U. S. in raised letters. As each tie is counted it is struck on the end with the hammer. In this way the ranger can check them over and see that all have been counted.

At high water time in the spring the ties are thrown into these small streams and driven to the mouth of DuNoir where a cable "boom" holds them from drifting on into Wind River. As soon as the bulk of the high water has gone out of the Wind River the boom is opened and the big drive is on; approximately ninety miles by water to Riverton. It is a hazardous undertaking for a freshet may occur at any time which would scatter the ties all over the bench land along this stream. Getting the ties back to the stream is very expensive to the company, as a matter of fact in 1923 the stream raised eight feet in two hours while the drive was in progress, causing a loss of 12,000 ties.

The first drive made on Wind River was made in 1906 with J. D. Stewart of Dubois in charge. This was of logs which

were to be sawed at Riverton. Little trouble was experienced on this drive except that gravel and small rocks lodged in the ends of some of the logs making sawing difficult. Mr. Stewart claims that this did not affect them as much as might be imagined and the reason why driving here was discontinued was that the following year the railroad built in which made it possible to get lumber cheaper by rail. However, log driving in Wind River was a failure.

The first tie drive was from Wind River in the spring of 1914 and included over thirty-three thousand railroad ties and several thousand mine props and fence posts. The last drive, in the summer of 1925, contained over six hundred thousand ties and there is a possibility of a drive very nearly as large for 1926. This locality has some distinction as being known as one of the few remaining places in the United States where river drives are still in progress.

In these tie operations many trees are cut, naturally, and in all cutting operations on a national forest green timber must first be selected and marked by a forester. On a sale of this size a regular marking crew is selected from future district rangers and men who have had some previous experience in a ranger's training school or forest school. In this particular case there are generally four men on the crew who work in strips or sections, back and forth across a certain unit. These men are directed and supervised by the lumberman in charge of the sale.

The marking is done with a hatchet, bearing U. S. in raised letters on the head. A blaze is made low down on the stump and stamped U. S., then a similar blaze and stamp is made on the trunk at a distance above ground that can easily be reached. The lower mark is a check when inspections are made and serves to readily tell that only selected trees have been cut while the upper blaze directs the cutter. All trees above a certain diameter are selected as well as defective, diseased or insect infested trees.

Contrary to popular opinion "brush" is not piled except along well traveled roads or trails. Piling was practiced for a number of years but the expense incident to piling and burning did not seem to be justified. Now branches are lopped full length and left where they fall. While the logs are being moved the brush becomes scattered. This is called the "scatter" system of brush disposal.

A forty year cutting circle is being established in this locality which when the final plans have been completed will ensure a permanent tie industry. Briefly it will mean the cut-

ting of a certain number of ties equal to the annual yield and sufficient always to supply a good sized demand. When one watershed is cut over the work will move to the next in line, leaving in each place a good healthy growth of immature trees for the next cutting forty years hence.

The selling of recreation seems to be one of the big coming industries in Wyoming. Recreation to be profitable is dependent on scenic attractions, and they are very numerous in this part of the forest. Annually visitors come from this and many other states and catering to their wants is becoming a remunerative line indeed. While so many people in the woods during dry periods add to the fire hazards, nevertheless it is a condition which is met and handled as broadly as possible. Aside from the commercial value to those supplying the wants of the tourist the asthetic value to the tourist himself cannot be measured in dollars and cents. No one can live amongst nature's own wonders such as are here without being a better person from the experience. People are the most important thing that a country has and to build up their health, heighten their ideals, and strengthen their hopes is a great thing indeed.

Experience in many lines has proven the value of being prepared. With this in view the district ranger spends much time during the winter planning for the suppression of fires. For him to wait until a fire starts and then make a confused effort to plan his suppression is bad, it is worse, it is the height of imbecility and would not nowadays be tolerated a second. A very complete, concise, and simple plan is arranged. Charts are made, "organization charts" we call them, on which the names of men who can be depended upon are listed as foreman for crews, for timekeepers, cooks and packers and together with all sources of labor supply. Leaders or "key men" who can be depended upon to take initial action without additional orders from the ranger are personally seen and lined up and given to understand clearly what is expected of them.

Maps are prepared showing the locations of food and tool caches, telephone lines, ranches, camps, routes of travel, and anything else that may be of use in combatting a fire. The plan is complete and thorough, yet clear and condensed; so simple, in fact that almost any stranger could step to a telephone in a ranger's cabin, consult the chart and maps which hang near it, and so organize in a few minutes a good sized crew of men, food, and tools and furnish their transportation and have them on the way to the fire in almost as short time as it takes to tell it.

Right here it had best be said that co-operation with local people is the key to our whole fire fighting organization. Without it we would get nowhere. Without the willingness of the local people to respond and align themselves in accordance with our organized plans, even as is generally the case in dropping their own important duties for the time being, forest fire suppression would fail. The ranger alone can do little. He may be many miles away at some distant point of his district entirely unaware that a fire is starting. He would be the same as a captain without his company—as capital without labor. He is purely the directing force and on that he stands or falls.

A fire lookout station is maintained on a ridge leading up to the Pinnacles, that range of rugged peaks which are located just north and east of Brooks Lake. It is simply a tower on which is placed a square house or observatory with windows on all four sides. The house is oriented properly with cardinal directions. A small cabin two hundred yards below serves as quarters for the lookout. Both tower and cabin are connected by telephone with Sheridan Ranger Station which is seven miles away.

In the center of the observatory is a table on which is placed a map of the area observed. Radial lines are drawn from the point showing the location of the lookout through each fifth degree of a complete circle. Similar maps are at all ranger stations in the northern part of the forest. On the wall of the observatory is the regular district plan such as was discussed in preceding paragraphs.

A peep sight alidade is swung on a pivot from the point where the radials converge, and at the instant smoke is seen arising the lookout can tell exactly the direction which it bears. The distance from the lookout outward on the line along which the smoke bears has to be estimated, but this is not difficult to one as familiar with the country as the lookout is.

The lookout goes on duty at the beginning of the dangerous fire season which here is generally the first of July. Sometimes the fire season starts before this date but never later. He remains on duty until such time as the main fire danger has passed which is generally about September 10. It is a lonesome job, this fire lookout's, and it requires a man who can be satisfied and happy without sight of or communication, except by telephone, with any of his kind for many days at a time. It is out of the question for him to leave his tower during daylight hours in periods of extreme fire hazard. He is there to stay since much depends upon his keen observation and con-

stant vigil. The lookout, like local co-operators, is one of the main stays of the fire organization.

Let us take a concrete case.

It is two o'clock on a hot and dry afternoon in August. The warm summer winds have drawn every vestige of moisture from the mountains of timber. The whole organization is on its toes and keyed up to be ready for anything. Keymen and other local co-operators are seen or called by phone and told to be ready. Twice daily the ranger calls the lookout to make sure that the telephone is in working order. He has found it wise to remain somewhere close to a telephone, at least where he can be easily reached should the expected message come.

With his field glasses the lookout sees what at first appears to be a cloud of dust, made perhaps by moving cattle or horses. Perhaps it may be a cloud. But a second's concentration on the object gives him all the information necessary to convince him that it is not. Turning quickly to his alidade he focuses his sights upon the distant cloud of smoke. He gets the exact line. Only a few seconds does it take him to estimate the distance out because he has grown familiar with the country through constant watching and through constant study of the scaled map before him. He calls the ranger and if he can't get him he calls another ranger or co-operator. A messenger is at once started for the ranger in any event though that does not delay the start of the fire fighters. His words would be something like this: "There is a smoke coming up on line 216, about eight miles from here on Sheridan Creek." Perhaps he can tell something about the size, time sighted, character of the stand of timber, density of smoke or wind velocity, but he has done his duty. The rest depends upon our plans, our organization which is being developed from year to year better to satisfy the exacting demands made of it.

It may sound strange but one of the most useful tools in combatting a forest fire is a long handled shovel. While the axe and saw, particularly the axe, are absolutely essential, the shovel is well up on the list of destructive weapons against fire. Much trenching is done, consequently much shoveling. Small fires burning here and there, "spot fires" as they are called can easily be pounced upon. During the early morning hours it is even possible at times to go within the fire line and practically beat out smoldering embers. A shovel is a decidedly useful implement for disposing of a camp fire and this prevents a forest fire.

The trail system of a forest is an important thing, not only for its protection but for general administration. Much depends upon its thoughtful construction. Contrary to common opinion, trails are not always built for the purposes of tourists. In many cases the tourist is only given secondary consideration in this respect. It is very necessary that trails be built and maintained into large bodies of timber in the event that the necessity should arise to get there in very much of a hurry. In a case of this kind the protection trail is very necessary and the few hundred dollars spent in its construction are returned many times by the rapidity with which a fire crew can get in its effective work.

Trails are now being built on certain uniform standards of construction adopted by the Forest Service. They are classed by their value to the forest for protection or administration and by the use necessarily made by various permittees, such as stockmen, and by the use to the recreationalist. The standard is determined by the number of pack and saddle horses passing over it during a normal field season. The grades, clearing, treads and other specifications are guided by the standards set up for the particular class.

Few are the trails that are classed as mainly recreational. But nevertheless they are frequently needed. One must constantly watch the tops as well as the trunks of trees in order to mark intelligently. A diameter tape is used continuously in order that the work may be done in an accurate way, not from the standpoint of competing with the national parks but from our old standpoint of use. There are some points of scenic interest that many people want to see and it is only fitting and proper that these areas should be opened up to comfortable travel.

Such a trail is now being built on this Sheridan district. It is called the Glacier Trail because it has as its upper terminus the Dinwoody Glacier, one of the largest moving glaciers in the west. The trail is being constructed on a general grade of fifteen per cent and will be twenty-five miles long when completed. Heretofore this whole glacial region has been overlooked and only visited by a few of our more hardy citizens.

In the summer of 1925 I made a trip through part of it and I believe it was one of the most interesting mountain trips I have ever made. Perhaps because, due to the bigness of the country, I had a feeling of being the only one in it. True there are not many travelers in that part of the world, nevertheless it has been pretty well explored at different times for many years back.

I was convinced that there was a passage around to Goat Flat, a high extensive plateau, by following the main divide from Union Peak south, and then across onto this plateau and thence on down by Torrey Lakes and back, making a complete circle. Accordingly I started out with one pack and two saddle horses and traveled west and south to Union Peak, having several odd jobs to attend to in the intervening country. Camping on the southeast side of Union Peak I surveyed with field glasses the country over which I proposed going.

From this point the route looked easy. There seemed to be nothing that would greatly interfere with horse travel. The country appeared rolling for many miles, well above timber line at an average elevation of 12,000 feet. I smoked my pipe in peace and went to bed secure in the belief that on the morrow I would travel down that rolling stretch of country and reach my destination in good time. My three horses were in good shape and every confidence was felt that here was a short route down the continental divide which had not been traveled by horses before, but which would prove a quick way of getting from the west side of the district to the Torrey Creek and Dinwoody side.

It was clear that there was one or two severe canyons to cross from Union Peak to the main saddle or hog back. Crossing over the head of Jakey's Fork with some difficulty I climbed to that long rolling ridge, and towards evening of the next day found myself traveling down it in a southeasterly direction. But at the start I found one thing that had not been reckoned on and that was the condition of the ground. It was very soft, so soft in fact that the horses went in very near to their knees. And that was not all of it. This ground, if such it can be called, was mostly stones; small, unevenly shaped stones about the size of an egg with just enough earth mixed in to make sort of a resemblance to wet concrete, and there was an occasional conglomerate mass of rock. My progress was slow and by late evening only a small part of the country had been traversed.

A heavy storm was approaching and I was anxious to get some place where feed for my horses and wood for a camp fire could be found. A wide detour to the east was made. There was a canyon at least two thousand feet deep in that direction but I was in hopes of finding a way down far enough at least for feed and wood, since it was getting very cold. A slight dip of perhaps one hundred feet let me down to the wall of the canyon which fell off abruptly from this point and it was nowhere possible to go any further. Too late to turn back, to

retrace any of my journey of the day, the packs were pulled and I stopped, turning all horses loose.

Like a cyclone the heavy wind and storm burst full upon the camp and there was nothing else to do but sit upon that exposed point and watch the lighting apparently strike all around, with the following reverberating crash of thunder. The horses were badly worn and frightened and one seemed to pay much attention to the close flashes of lighting which at times were so bright that they caused me to "blink" my eyes.

To one who has not camped alone amid the high peaks, it is quite impossible to describe the feeling that comes over one in such a dreary waste of land as this. Everywhere rocks, cold and grey interspersed with snow banks and glaciers. No sign of life anywhere evident and one feels as though he had been removed to a dead world. A planet such as ours may have been aeons ago. A feeling of utter loneliness and such loneliness as I have never felt before—as though every living soul had left and gone to a brighter world. A feeling of smallness which is indescribable, and yes, a feeling of reverence for the Creator, as though He alone had His eyes upon me and that I was being judged close in His presence. I crawled into my blankets and slept.

The following morning I breakfasted on bread, cheese, and water. Try it sometime, it isn't bad when you're feeling good. The horses stood on a small point where there was a little moss,



Courtesy of the Highway Dept.

Brooks Lake Country

hunched up in a manner similar to stock in the winter. The night had been very cold and the ground and rocks were covered with a thin sheet of ice; light snow and heavy rain from the night before and the natural wetness from melting snows. I was on my way shortly after the sun had risen which was trying its best to get this cold bleak ridge into some semblance of a summer day. I traveled south.

Soon the soft ground was passed entirely and in its place was a jumble of large boulders broken only by interspersing snow banks. All of the boulders in the world, apparently. Progress was slow. Walking ahead a little way I would pick a route, then return and lead one horse at a time through it. Perpetual snow drifts were very encouraging because a horse can travel these without any difficulty. All horses had early on the trip lost all shoes in the soft ground.

Towards evening I crossed a very large glacier on the heads of both Torrey Creeks and under Down's Mountain. The crossing took an hour and a half and some idea of the size can be obtained, though of course progress was slow. It was extremely steep on the north side while going down but the loose snow on top made it possible for the horses to hold their footing in good shape. An interesting thing here, I thought, was one of the walls on the northeast side of Down's Mountain. Ice was so smoothly imbedded in this perpendicular wall that the various cracks and ridges running both vertically and horizontally gave it the appearance of a building with many small panes of glass in its windows. In fact it compared favorably with a large factory building.

Streams were running across the bottom of the glacier and they were no different than ordinary mountain streams, except the absence of any vegetation whatever. The banks were about eighteen inches high and were of blue ice and the stream beds—they were of glassy blue ice and resembled for all the world a child's toy of imitation glass water.

I camped again that evening—rather had best say stopped because there was not much of a camp to it. My tender footed horses were given a snow bank to stand on in preference to the cruel jagged rocks which were everywhere. No feed for them again and I was very anxious about them.

The following day I ascended Goat Flat and traveled east-erly. This was indeed a mass of boulders with very little interspersing snow. Tiny patches of grass presented themselves occasionally amidst the rocks and boulders. Clouds hung heavily all morning and particularly to the west where the principal peaks of the state are situated.

Towards evening while scanning the western horizon the clouds lifted gently, and there, like some grand old patriarch with his cap of snow set at a rakish angle, enthroned amongst shimmering ice and towering crags stood the mountain monarch of Wyoming—Gannett Peak. From this point it stood out in all its significance and is at once recognized as the highest peak in the surrounding range. Here was found a small patch of feed—it was short grass but green and sweet and the horses surely reveled in it.

That evening Goat Flat was crossed and camp was made at a small patch of timber on the Torrey Creek drainage. How good those trees looked and the abundant short grass surrounding them. For a while I felt as though I was again in the heart of the forest in spite of the fact that this was on the extreme upper edge of timber line. And I could not help but think of what a horrible place this world would be if trees were taken away from us.

From Down's Mountain south for approximately twelve miles lies the big Wyoming glacial field. The Dinwoody and Bull Lake glaciers are the largest but there are many others of sufficient size to stir the blood of most any alpine climber. The whole country is a spectacular one. It presents a sight that is at once grand and cruel, cold and magnificent, gorgeous in its very formidableness. Wyoming at its source, perhaps, yet Wyoming in all its inimitable strength and ruggedness.

And what does a ranger do besides run around over the landscape and enjoy the scenery? I wonder how many times I have been asked that question. Sometimes people are blunt and frankly want to know what we do to kill time. There are several things that a district ranger must do. Everything is done that can possibly be thought of to keep people mindful of the danger resulting from carelessness with fire, matches, cigarettes and what not while in the woods. You see carelessness in these lines is what causes 75% of the fires. Signs are put up and lectures are given. Then there is the preparation of those fire plans before mentioned. We stir up all of the local interest we can in this kind, as well as interest that isn't local. And we always try to apprehend parties starting fires regardless of the size of the fire (or the person either). We count cattle and sheep that graze upon the forest; we make divisional boundaries in the various range allotments and examine the range to prevent overgrazing or under grazing. We try to become familiar with stockmen's wants and so allot range that will advance forestry and meet his needs as well. We carry on grazing studies and use the knowledge gained in trying

to give better administration. We mark timber for cutting and then scale it after it has been cut. This in itself is no mean job when there is one or more timber sales on an average district. We survey and locate trails, then organize trail crews and direct the work of constructing them. We select sites for summer homes and sites for public camp grounds, then try our hardest to get the traveling public to use them so that the fire danger will be reduced through the centralization of travel.



Wind River Mt. Range

Courtesy of the Agricultural Dept.

Sites for cabins, corrals, pastures, and other uses when applied for, must first be looked over and reported on by the ranger; after that he has to look the property over every year to see that it is kept in the way it should be—neat and sanitary.

We make game counts where we can and become as familiar with wild life as our time will permit, and we aid the state in the enforcement of the game laws. But why go on? There is such a vast medley of jobs to be done on the average district that it would become burdensome to enumerate them all. For instance such jobs as keeping accounts of various expenditures, the daily writing of a diary (including Sunday), and the distribution of the time spent during the day, on an hourly basis, to one or more of twenty-nine standard activities; various reports at the end of each month; repairs to headquarters buildings and maintenance of them to say nothing of the care of horses and generally a car. Checking over the property, and Uncle Sam is very particular about his tools and various equipment, keeping them in shape and keeping fire tool caches which are scattered around over the mountains at numerous points, up to certain necessary standards and in readiness for instant use. There are jobs that come up from day to day that are not enumerated.

Then there are the telephone systems—but I am going no further. Enough is sufficient. We have plenty to do. What's more, we have to do it, because we have a pretty good system of inspections from those higher up and alibis sometimes are hard to find.

Some call this the forest primeval—perhaps it is in more ways than one, irrespective of the changes that have taken place. True, trees have been cut—trails have been built—cattle and sheep have trodden it, and in places, fire has scorched it. But the very bigness of it dwarfs man's attempts to greatly change it. As a matter of fact he doesn't try—his duty is to keep it and improve it where he can. Trees, grass, flowers; alpine lakes and riotous mountain streams, and back of these the massive peaks capped with snow and ice forever reminding us of the dim long ago. Trees have grown to maturity and died. Grass and flowers bloom and fade and the wild life goes serenely on its way, ever dependent upon the forest for its shelter and livelihood, much the same as people have come to look to it for a large portion of their livelihood.

And lest we forget, will you please remember about that camp fire, that match, that cigarette, pipe, or cigar, when you are next in the woods?

BUFFALO HUNTING WITH THE SHOSHONE INDIANS, IN 1874 IN THE BIG HORN BASIN, WYOMING

It had always been the custom of the Shoshones, after settling upon the Reservation, after raising and harvesting their crops, to make annually, a buffalo hunt in the Big Horn Basin, generally lasting all the fall and winter, for the purpose of supplying themselves with additional rations of meat, as well as taking hides and peltry for the market. The fresh meat was cut into very thin slices, hung on poles and dried in the sun, then placed in parfleches, thus making it easy to pack on horses and keep the food free from dust and dirt.

At this time, October 1874, the writer was employed at the Agency as a Government teacher and Lay reader, the latter under the commission issued by the Bishop of the jurisdiction of the Protestant Episcopal Church. However, it was decided by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, that the teacher should draw no salary during the absence of the tribe from the Agency, whereupon, it was suggested to Dr. Irwin the Agent, to make application to the Commissioner that permission be granted for the teacher to accompany the Indians on their hunting trip for the purpose of forming a roaming school for the benefit of the children while the hunt lasted. This request was favorably considered at Washington and immediately granted. Preparations were, therefore, duly carried out to inaugurate this new idea.

A commodious tent, 60 feet in circumference was procured, and to avoid the use of poles, commonly used to support the tent, this tent was adjusted with a single center pole and rested on an iron tripod fitted into the ring at the top of the tent, so that by raising the center pole, and stepping the foot into the top of the tripod, the tent was raised, and by pegging down the edges all around, made a very comfortable school room to accommodate about thirty children.

When everything was in readiness, it was found that four animals would be required to carry the packs, besides two saddle horses. One assistant was also necessary, whose salary as well as the supplies were furnished and paid for by myself.

The date of our departure, set by the Indians, was October 16, 1874. They, having drawn their rations on the preceeding day, on this morning, the Indians and packs, ready and loaded, pulled out for the first "rendez-vous" on the Big Wind River at Merritt's Crossing, where Washakie having ordered a halt, sent out several young men with instructions to observe any traces of hostile Indians, and also to locate the buffalo herds

and ascertain in what direction they were traveling. We remained in this camp three days, at the end of this time the scouts reported game everywhere in the Basin. On the 19th camp was moved to and made on the Muddy. There were eighteen hundred Indians in camp, including men, women and children—some Bannocks from the other side of the mountains and a few Mexicans,—one Portuguese and one Penobscot Indian, and as always, several squaw men. As we moved over the wild waste of sage brush, hills and dry creeks, I confess to a feeling, surrounded as I was by such a motley cavalcade, like a sure enough nomad of the desert.

I forgot to mention in its proper place, that, before leaving the Agency, Bazil, the nephew and Battez the son of Sac-a-jaw-wea, appeared before the Agent's house with a tent and wrapped in a bundle, the aged and decrepid form of the famous Shoshone woman Sac-a-jaw-wea who acted as the pathfinder for the Lewis and Clark exploring expedition. Bazil spoke of her as his mother, and informed the Agent that she was too old to go on the hunt, and wished to leave her in his care while her people were gone, and asked him to take good care of her until they returned. A tent was accordingly erected close to the Agent's house where she might receive all necessary care and attention.

Camp was struck on the 29th, and moved towards the mountains. On our route was found an apparently fresh trail made by some hostile tribe, which being about half a mile wide, Washakie, having the safety of his women in mind, ordered the course changed so as to cross Owl Creek mountains over the Red Cañon trail, thus avoiding contact with the enemy. The weather had been until now, all that could be desired, but the sky became overcast with clouds—a strong, cold and disagreeable wind arose, so that by the time the base of the range was reached, we were in the full force of a most terrific snow storm, accompanied by freezing atmosphere. When we arrived at the destination, it was late and quite dark and all that could be done was to pitch tents, unroll our blankets and turn in minus supper. On the morning of the 21st, the fury of the storm continued unabated, and in fact had increased, so that, to make any move whatever seemed impossible until the storm was over. The mercury dropped rapidly and there began to be hunger in camp—the rations were getting very short,—no game had yet been taken. The snow was so deep, the air so frosty, that the few who courageously essayed to make a hunt in hope of finding game were unsuccessful. One Indian was thrown from his horse, and had great difficulty, being severely injured, in finding camp. Another returned with badly frozen feet, and none

brought in any game. By this time nearly all the food in camp was in my own larder, and as a supply for an army had not been laid in, nothing could be done, but to divide. An incident occurred at this camp which gave me a better opinion of the generosity and good feeling that existed among the tribe towards me. I had started out with the intention of collecting some wood for use in my tent, but when I arrived at the tent opening, behold, there lay several armfuls of nice dry pine which had been gathered and placed there by my kind hearted neighbors. As the atmosphere cleared, I expressed a wish to go out with others to try and get some game if it could be found, but Washakie objected to it. On speaking to Norkok, the interpreter, about the Chief's objection, I was informed that he was fearful that some misfortune might befall me and that I must run no risk, and said, "If I should go back to the Agency without Patten, what then?" On the 25th, the tents were struck, and a struggle was begun to the summit. The snow was very deep all the way, and the atmosphere stinging, and the progress very slow. The children suffered severely, and were crying all around us, so that when the top was finally reached, the women alighted and built fires to keep the children from freezing. We were now far above the clouds which reached from mountain top to mountain top, from the Owl to the main Rocky Mountain range. Upon the immense cloudy expanse the full rays of the sun shone down, making it seem like a vast ocean of milky whiteness. I had never before looked upon anything so magnificent.

Near the close of the day we found ourselves well down the northern slope of the range making camp at the Red Springs, and as there was no snow there, and the atmosphere many degrees warmer, all seemed happy.

This was the beginning of my first experience in the Big Horn Basin. When Owl Creek was reached, the camp was pitched up and down its classic banks, and there transpired a bit of fun. While everybody was busy in fixing up, several stray deer, evidently ignorant of the sudden appearance of the camp in their domain, rushed through the camp. Every body yelled and whooped, and those who had access to their arms began an indiscriminate fusilade at these invaders. Fortunately no one was hit which was a wonder, and the deer also escaped unwounded.

At this camp I also saw the Indians in still another light. They did not seem like the mild and pacific people I had known a few days since at the Agency. These were different. Huge fires were lighted about the camp, the haranguers were proclaiming in a loud voice through the length of the village, call-

ing the people together, Medicine men exhorted in stentorian voices—the drums were beaten and the rattles rattled. All began to congregate, apparently for some important ceremony. Washakie, himself, seemed like another being on this occasion. His face lit up with smiles, and he addressed the people in a joyous and enthusiastic manner, reminding them of the great victories over their enemies in the past,—the great successes in former buffalo hunts,—and his belief that the Great Spirit would lead them to capture much game on this trip. Great joy was manifested at the conclusion of the Chief's speech, and the drums continued to beat and the cheers resound on the wierd scene.

Battle of the Faggots

This was indulged in mainly by the boys and younger warriors, who rushed to the piles of burning faggots, and grasped the unburned ends, and hurled them with all their force as if to kill each other. Sometimes the clubs hit a shining mark and knocked the victims "heels over head." This conflict was waged with great fierceness for fully an hour, while all the time the midnight air was filled with shouts, whoops and wild laughter. While this fight was accompanied with great vim and most impetuous charges, yet, it had no other meaning than simple boys play. When it ended, I was greatly surprised that so few heads were broken and faces marred. To myself, the entertainment witnessed seemed brutal in some respects. It certainly was one of the most wierd, wild and exciting times I ever experienced. I remembered that these were not the mild, quiet and peaceful Indians of the Agency, but represented the wild ferocious people of hundreds of years ago.

Washakie again sent out runners to find buffalo. These returned, reporting herds on the Gooseberry about forty miles from its mouth, and as we moved towards the hunting grounds, Washakie asked me to come with him. Riding to a high point where one could see far and near over the face of the country, he took out a pair of field glasses, looked the landscape over carefully and presently handed them to me to see what I could see. Turning the vision to various parts, I at one place discovered what seemed to be a shadow on the plain, but, on looking closer, what appeared to be a cloud was found to be a herd of buffalo, more numerous than I had ever witnessed before. We rejoined the hunters, and as the game was approaching nearer and nearer, I observed several young men strike off in the direction of a small band of buffalo and headed them in towards the main herd. I also observed that those who had been leading horses, dismounted and changed their saddles to the

fresh animal, and I knew that they were preparing for the charge. Buffalo horses were never used as common saddle horses, but were carefully trained to approach the game skillfully and to avoid its attacks.

Now as the herd was pretty well concentrated, the old fighting General of the tribe, rode quietly to the front, and in a voice as if in common conversation ordered the charge. Then there was excitement. What a rush! Every man, apparently wanted to get there first, but those on the swiftest horses were there already. Each man struck for the point of the herd he chose, and selected his animal—did his killing, and then to another until his ammunition was exhausted, this method being followed by all. Amongst the Shoshones, it is understood that to him that kills the game, belongs the hide, the meat to any who wants it. After the butchering was finished and account taken of the slaughter, one hundred and twenty-five buffalo were dead on the field. As it would require some time to care for the hides, and to put the meats in proper condition for transportation, the camp was held until ready for another drive. The weather continued fine and everything seemed favorable for a further successful hunt.

From this place, the trail was taken straight across country, crossing the Greybull River about where the town of Otto now stands. Thence straight on to the Stinking Water, as it was then known, Tich-e-pah-gwahn-nert by the Shoshones, and now on the maps as the Shoshone River. This we struck at the old Bridger Crossing, and followed down its banks to its mouth, and made camp among those grand old cotton trees on the Big Horn River.

Here the writer was taken ill, caused by a change of diet, and the tribe was held for two or three days awaiting my recovery. Comanche, an old Medicine man of the Shoshones, learning that I was sick, called to see me and offered his assistance. He said, "You are very sick." I said, "Yes." "Your medicine does not help you," he said. I answered, "It does not seem to." He replied, "Well, come to my tent, and I will cure you." So I went there, entered and sat down. He approached and asked me to take off my hat (which I ought to have remembered to have done before). He stood before me and placed his hands on my head, and commenced reciting an incantation which lasted about fifteen minutes. Then producing a large, yellow, dried vegetable root from which he shaved several very thin slices, directed his wife to bring him a cup of cold water. This being done, the shaved root was placed therein and allowed to stand for ten or fifteen minutes. After which the incantation was renewed. The ceremony being fin-

ished, the cup was handed me with instructions to chew and swallow a few of the slices from the cup, after which, he took the cup and with the liquid remaining bathed my breast and stomach.

This treatment being completed, next a fine white powder was produced which was dissolved in some water, and which he bade me drink. After a few minutes, he spoke to his wife, who disappeared and returned very shortly bearing in her hand a small sack from which he took about a teaspoonful of very black, shiny seeds, and handing these to me, he directed that I chew and swallow them. When these commands were followed, another short incantation ceremony of words and gestures was indulged in. Then, sitting down by my side he informed me that my ailment was caused by eating fresh buffalo meat. He further informed me as to how his treatment would affect me. I then returned to my tent, and lay down, when the soothing effects of the medicine soon became apparent by a glowing warmth being transfused through the system, producing profound slumber. The next day, I arose much improved. The old Medicine Man's remedies had reduced my complaint quickly where my own had failed.

It was well on into November now, and, as the Indians were so constantly on the move, and would so continue for an indefinite time, it was foreseen that no good results could possibly be obtained through conducting a roaming school, under such unfavorable circumstances, and therefore, I began to make preparations to leave the camp and return to the Agency. A few days before, our camp was visited by our old friends J. D. Woodruff and Tom Williams. These men were being employed by the Military Department at Ft. Washakie, and ordered here to watch the movements of any hostile bands of Indians who might menace and invade the Agency country, and ordered to report the same to the Commander of the Post. While performing this duty, during this time, these men filled in their spare time in hunting, and thus at this time had secured quite a large amount of peltry, and were now ready to return and make their report. It was therefore agreed between us to combine our two camps and travel homeward in company. Our party comprised four men mounted on saddle animals and eleven pack animals. Thus we left the pleasant camp on the Shoshone River, and separating from our Shoshone friends, faced southward, following up the great river of the Big Horn, passed over the sites of Greybull, Basin, Manderson, Worland and Thermopolis, these sites then virgin soil, but since on which have been located these growing towns. Here, also, I first obtained

a view of the Big Horn Hot Springs, now known as Thermopolis, and since that time there has been laid out a health reservation of ten square miles. This town is rapidly assuming its place as a health resort.

Passing on, a camp was made near the cañon at the mouth of Buffalo Creek, where it was decided that we would spend a week or two in taking in one grand good hunt. The location was ideal,—noted for the abundance of water, wood and grass. Also no end to the amount of game, and the weather was just like old times! Under such conditions it was expected that our hopes in this direction would be fulfilled.

Vain hope! Our plans were all upset, which happened in this way. J. D., Tom and I were to do the hunting, and the assistant remain to care for the camp, and this idea we endeavored to carry out. The next morning, Williams and I left early. Woodruff remained behind to repair his moccasins, and failed to get away until about eleven o'clock. The camp was then all in good condition. The man in charge, spying some geese down the river a short distance, set out for the purpose of securing these for supper, but on his way he discovered a couple of deer on a ridge, and at once changed his mind from geese to deer. On reaching the ridge, casting his eyes towards camp, he saw a dense smoke rising therefrom. Immediately retracing his steps he was too late to save any of the property and everything was destroyed. Clothing, tents, provisions, robes, blankets, pack saddles and ropes, all gone up in smoke, and entailing a loss upon the owners of more than eleven hundred dollars. With this disaster, ended our trip to this grand and beautiful Big Horn Basin. Notwithstanding the roughness of the trip, it will always be remembered. Especially the mild and salubrious climate—the bright sunshine and blue skies. The richness of the soil, the beautiful and extensive valleys, and an everlasting supply of water making an empire, though then uninhabited, except by numerous bands of hostile Indians and millions of wild game animals. There at some time in the future would rise a civilization and a vast population of white people, whose industry would be productive of untold wealth and many thousands of happy homes. Not one of the four individuals who viewed the landscape at that time dared to venture to express a belief that they would be privileged to see in their time, the wonderful progress made in this country, as we now behold.

(Signed) JAMES I. PATTEN.

CUSTER MASSACRE

(Dictated by Mr. Ed. Farlow of Lander)

"Bill Laramiel, Sioux half breed, and I were pals during his life. We were camped at Plenty Bear's place one night some twenty years ago, and Bill told me that Plenty Bear was in the Custer Fight, and I asked him if he was there, he looked at me very earnestly and said "Why do you ask?" and I told him that I would like to know something of the fight if he was there. He hesitated a little and said "You are my friend, I'll tell you", so he said "I was in the fight". I asked, "Why have you not told me this before?", I had known him for more than twenty years. He said "Because, a year before that the Arapahoes had signed a treaty of peace", indicating by putting his thumbs down that he had signed to be a good Indian and not fight any more, and he told me that he thought if the whites knew he was in that fight they would take and put him in jail. It was in 1875 that the Arapahoes had surrendered and signed a treaty of peace, just after the Battle of Bates' Hill.

"Plenty Bear then went ahead and told me at great length and detail of the Custer Fight and how the Indians were compelled and forced to fight. He said the fight had to be, there was no way for the Indians to get away from it. He said the soldiers were out hunting the Indians and the Indians knew it, and he, at that time, together with some more Indians were with a band of Cheyennes, in all about one thousand Indians. In the spring before the Custer Fight, they were discovered by Gen. Crook's army on Powder River north of Ft. Fetterman and they fled from Gen. Crook's army, having one engagement with them about a week before the Custer Fight, and they broke camp on the Greasy Grass the day before the Custer Fight when they found a large body of Sioux Indians camped there who knew the white soldiers were out in two or three different armies looking for the Indians, and he said the next day when they discovered the white soldiers, they thought it was Crook's army, they did not know it was Custer, they prepared to flee, had pulled down their tepees and were ready to go when Gall, chief of the Unkappa (Sioux word meaning "Defenders of the Camps, or Camp on the Outside") this being the strong branch of the Sioux nation. In the camp at that time were the various Sioux tribes, the Minniconjou (interpreted means "Planting near the Water", or "Agriculturist") the Brulé Sioux, the original of the name is lost to me. The Ogalallas, a branch of the Brules, the name signifying "Dirt Throwers", the sign being a flexing of the fingers which is considered a

great insult by the Indians. The origin of the name came when two powerful chiefs arose in the Brule tribe, each one desiring to have a house of his own, they separated, the retiring Indian turned and flexed his fingers, and they were immediately dubbed the "Dirt Throwers". The Sanare tribe, the word meaning "Without a Bow", a portion of the tribe going into war at one time poorly supplied with weapons, or without bows, were dubbed "Sanaes", the Cheyennes were there and some Arapahoes.

Chief Gall told the Indians "We will flee no more, we have got to fight the white men, this is our own country, we have done no wrong here, we will fight the whites," and they bid women and children go behind and said they were going out to meet the whites and if they did not come back the women and children were to scatter so that the whites would not get them all.

A part of the Sioux on the right and a part on the left crossed the Little Big Horn and went up. Chief Gall with the Unkapapa were squarely facing the white troops, chanting their war song, and crossed the river, were fired upon just as the last of them were crossing the river and he says, "After the first shock of battle, the white soldiers could have retired and went away, but they went up the hill a short ways and dismounted and prepared to fight the Sioux. The Indians came around them from all sides, the battle was brief, it was over in about half an hour, because there were two thousand Indian warriors approaching from all sides and all of the whites were slain.

A Sioux woman stood outside her tepee, her name was Mrs. Short Horn Bull, she had been to school at the Devil's Lake Agency and had returned to the tribe, she said, "The first knowledge of victory that the Indians had in camp was some young warriors who came riding down the slope to the river, from the battle ground, on a big white man's horse, waving a scalp and shouting, came riding through the village." They knew then that victory was theirs and swarmed to the battle ground, and she says that the mutilation of the bodies was done almost entirely by the women and children, the warriors after slaying the soldiers, stripped them of their clothes, guns and ammunition, and took their horses. The women discovering a brother, son, or lover, slain, immediately took revenge on the first white body that came within their reach, and that was the way most of the mutilating was done, then after the fight was over and the warriors had returned to their camps there was great distress among the women and children, because they said the white soldiers would come out and kill them all. They hurried to pack up and get out of there, but the men stayed

there and pretended to fight the white soldiers under Reno's command on the hill, holding them until the women and children got away. The next day when all of the Indians abandoned the scene of the battle they fled, because they feared that the white soldiers would over take them and kill them for what they had done, and in fleeing, showing the Indian character, they did not have enough horses for everyone to ride and pack, so many of the women had to walk, carrying babies on their backs, their mocassins wore out and their feet were bleeding. Children played out and lay down on the trail. That is the way they fled out of the only country that they had, to get away from the white people, and some people did not get into the camp until the middle of the night. Many of them did not know when they crossed the line into Canada, that they had reached a haven of safety. Many thought that they had not gone so far but what the white soldiers would follow them, but they say the chiefs knew they were in a territory where the white soldiers would not come.

DWIGHT FISK, EARLY FREIGHTER

Born August 13th, 1839 in Syracuse, New York where he spent his childhood. At seven he removed to Clinton County, Illinois where he remained about seven years. In 1853 then fourteen years of age he left home having but \$5.15 and started for California, \$3.15 he spent before reaching St. Louis. Through the kindness of a steamboat Captain he was enabled to reach St. Joe for his remaining \$2.00 where he engaged to drive six yoke of oxen across the plains reaching Salt Lake in October having been over four months on the road. The train consisted of 30 loaded wagons, mess wagon and 40 men—as a sample of the value, the load at retail was worth probably \$200,000.00. Sugar was then sold at \$1.00 per pound, coffee same, tea \$3.00, nails 40 cents. Fisk clerked for awhile for Livingston and Kincaid, but after having spent eight months in that capacity together with saw-mill hand he left for California with an outfit of some 125 teams and wagons loaded with flour. After reaching California went to mining with the usual ups and downs. Was one of the first on the ground in Virginia City, in Nevada Territory. Once owned the Gould and Currie claim but got on his mule and left it in 1858. From this time till January 1860 drove pack train; then left for Panama on steamer Golden Age; for New York on Baltic, thence home to Illinois, which to him was too dead, so emigrated to Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory in 1860. The following spring he re-

turned to Illinois married and brought his wife west. Then went into Slade's employ on Ben Holliday's Stage line as station agent at Horse Creek where in '62 when the Indians cleaned them out they were obliged to "cash" or bury all their provisions, including the United States Mail, at all the Stations along the line from Julesburg to Green River. It was during this first raid in April '62 that J. A. Slade became famous; prominent among his associates was Mr. Fisk, Hi and John Kelly, Charles and Frank Wilson, Paddy Miles and Dick Mills, Nailer Thompson and several others. In the following June the Indians made another raid on the same line and station, which completely broke up the stage line along this route. In both of these raids they killed a number of persons connected with the stage line and also a number of passengers. The life of Mr. Fisk being saved in the second raid through the fact of being a sound sleeper, he failed to be aroused when the redmen surrounded his corral at Horse Creek 12 miles east of Sweetwater Bridge. After this second raid they moved the line to the old Cherokee Trail from the mouth of Cache-La-Poudre to Salt Lake across the Laramie plains, where they continued until the Union Pacific Railroad was built. He was then employed by the Company in various capacities in Wyoming Territory till the spring of '66. In June '65 the Indians broke out in earnest; they first attacked Mr. Fisk's station at Cooper's Creek on Laramie plains. The morning of this raid Mr. Fisk left his cabin to kill some wild game; when about two miles from home he saw a body of Elk or Indians, (he took them to be Indians) move down in a hollow and stay there; on returning he reported the same to his wife and some four soldiers who happened to stop at his place. They laughed at him and remarked that he was scared by a band of elk or deer rather than Indians, but the idea would not let go that they were Indians. Especially when he remembered how some two weeks previous every Indian who had been living on the station agents all along the stage line (and there were hundreds of them) had suddenly left the entire line and had not since been seen. So he started up the road about a mile to gather his stock which he barely corraled and entered the house when the Indians with a whoop and yell came tearing down upon them. They were well armed but the suddenness of the attack for a moment paralyzed the entire male population of the station. Then it was that Mrs. Fisk rose to the occasion and displaying a nerve of iron and a generalship worthy a better cause, she gathered the weapons, guns and revolvers and gave them to the men and in various ways helped to defend their lives and homes.

The little band of whites stood their ground and after a few moments skirmish during which the Indians tried but failed to stampede the stock—they rode away. . . . After leaving Fisk they swooped down on Rocky Thomas, who happened to be camped one-half mile below on road to Montana, with one of their wounded comrades but failed to run off anything. None of the whites received any wounds.

For two weeks the station was surrounded by Indians in the distance but no further attack was made. When a relief of 150 soldiers came to them and all went to "Big Laramie"; enroute they passed a government supply going to Fort Hallack with an escort of 12 men. After passing the Fisk party about one mile, the wagon was attacked, the escort of 12 soldiers escaped, but the teamster was caught, chained to the wagon wheel and burned with the wagon load of bacon piled about his body. This outbreak lasted about two months; after being quelled by the Stage men and United States troops the line was again restocked and put in running order.

As an incident of Pioneer life Mr. Fisk relates how at Cooper Creek Station they were obliged to sleep in one of the coaches for a time and keep their provisions on top of the coach out of reach of the wolves who nightly visited them and tried to get on top the coach for their eatables. They became so accustomed to the nocturnal wolf howl that it was almost impossible to sleep from the lack of the accustomed noise, when the wolves finally left the station. Previous to the outbreak in June '65 the whole line of country was stirred up over the capture and hanging of Bob Jennings who killed Hod Russel at Cooper's Creek. This man Jennings was so feared by his enemies and defended by his friends that it took an immense amount of force and strategem to take him. It is related that squads of men, 30 United States soldiers had been detailed to take the man any way but failed to catch him from fear of being shot. Finally Captain Humphryville, Commander of Fort Halleck, hired William Comstock to arrest him by a promise of money and placing at his disposal some twenty picked Indians. Comstock disguised himself as one of them and in that way threw him off his guard. (After getting Jennings's revolvers it still took some half dozen men to hold him and bind him.) The Indians managed to induce him to examine a lame horse, he having previously unbuckled his revolver belt, supposing himself to be among friends—then it was they sprang up and captured and bound him, afterwards took him to Fort Halleck. As Mrs. Fisk happened to be the only person who witnessed the shooting of Russel, she with her husband was subpoenaed to Fort Halleck to testify but before they reached there by the

next stage the man was hung and the verdict afterward rendered, guilty. In August '67 Mr. Fisk removed to Cheyenne with his family where he has since lived. Mr. Fisk's teams were the first to draw lumber to Cheyenne from the Cache-la-Poudre River and he has since been engaged in contracting and building and has been elected to city council for 3 terms and in '77 was elected Mayor of Cheyenne.

Coutant.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE STATE HISTORIAN

I was three years in the U. S. Army on the Plains (1866 and discharged honorably in 1869). When we went out the U. P. R. R. was built west of Omaha to Platte City. Spring of 67 were at Dead Pine Bluffs from there I was one of a detail sent up to where is now your city and also Fort D. A. Russell. If I remember rightly at that time there was not a house or even a tent where Cheyenne now is. There were a lot of stakes driven and some of our men wondered what they were for, after a night or two in camp where the Fort is now built we returned to Pine Bluffs, later in the season several companies of my Regiment (30th U. S. Infantry) went up to commence building quarters to live in out of poles brought from the Black Hills. When I went down Cheyenne was to us at that time a wonder as they built rapidly, several dwellings, stores and many saloons. The smallest change made then was two bits (.25c).

Sometime in the summer of 68 the rough element was running the town. One Sunday the company I belonged to was ordered to go down and quiet them. We halted outside town, fixed bayonets, loaded our rifles came to a shoulder arms and marched through the town street by street and though the roughs had threatened to fire on troops if they were brought in we had no trouble. We went into camp and was there sometime at police duty. Wonder if any old residents remember this. As the railroad was brought up Old Red Cloud threatened to burn every water tank along the road. My company was sent east, and scattered 10 men at every Station. Each man had 1000 rounds of ammunition. All Section men at that time went to work armed, later we returned to Fort Russell and after a short time were sent over the hill to Fort Sanders, near Laramie City, where I staid until discharged in 69.

Received a bulletin from you sometime ago for which please accept my thanks. Anything about Wyoming interests me very much.

It is a long cry from the time I was out there up to now. Maybe later I may write something that may be of more interest to you, I am an old man now, do not write much and maybe you cannot read all. I am,

Yours very truly,

ARTHUR CARPENTER,

Birmingham, Michigan

Late Co. D., 30th & Co. 4th U. S. Infantry.

Feb'y 14, 1924.

WYOMING IN THE WORLD WAR

STEPHENSON, V. E.

Son of W. O. Stephenson and Nelly Leahy.

Home Town: Shell, Wyoming.

Born at Hammond, Nebraska, December 28th, 1896.

Enlisted August 18th, 1914.

Transport Section, 10th Battalion, Canadian Infantry.

Promoted to Lance-Corporal to Corporal to Acting Sergeant.

Took part in the following battles: 2nd Battle of Ypres April 22nd, 1915, Somme, Hill 70, Hill 60, Bullegrenat, Vimy Ridge, Amiens, Arras.

He was in charge of what was called the First Echelon, two limber wagons of ammunition, two limber wagons of water in kerosene cans, two limber wagons of tools; they were supposed to follow the Battalion as closely as they could while it was advancing.

Awarded the British Military Medal for the following action. The Battalion very nearly was cut off and finally retreated, just before it was too late and remained in the spot where it was impossible to get to it that night. In the morning, after daylight, Stephenson located them and took the water and small-arm ammunition to their front line in daylight. They were out of water and short of ammunition. The Germans spotted the wagons and tried to get them with their field guns but Stephenson only took one limber at a time so that the Germans could not have a large target and if they did make a hit could not destroy the whole group.

Discharged August 5th, 1919.

Address: Shell, Wyoming.

W. F. HYNES,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
502 Kittredge Building,
Main 1995,
Denver, Colorado.

September, 1926.

Mrs. Cyrus Beard,
State Historian of Wyoming,
State Capitol,
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Dear Mrs. Beard:

On taking the liberty to consult you a few weeks ago concerning the preservation of Fort Laramie, or what is left of it, you kindly suggested that I write to you on the subject, setting forth certain facts which I had then touched upon. I trust you will forgive me for any bitterness of feeling I may express, but to me it seems incredible that Fort Laramie would be allowed to perish from the earth—I cannot believe it.

The facts herein stated, relating to that old Post of the frontier, are obtained from personal knowledge and from well known old scouts and trappers whom I met at the time of which I write, such as Jim Bridger, Jim Beekwith, and men of that character and reputation, and whom your own distinguished citizen, John Hunton, of Torrington knew so well.

The indifference to the fate of Fort Laramie has been defended by the want of necessary funds to save it. This reminds me of a very similar condition which existed some years ago in reference to the disgraceful neglect of Washington's tomb and Mount Vernon, his former home. Congress you will remember had been solicited time and again for the required appropriation, but session after session passed without anything being done. This continued until 1893, when a few patriotic ladies took it upon themselves to save those places of hallowed and revered memory, so dear to the American heart. They appealed to the country for financial support, with the distinct understanding, which stipulation was scrupulously observed, that any one should not be permitted to subscribe more than five cents. This gave an opportunity to practically every inhabitant of the United States to share in the preservation of Mount Vernon and Washington's tomb. The result as you well know I do not need to mention. Mount Vernon today is the beauty spot of the picturesque Potomac and the Mecca of every visitor to the National Capitol. I mention it merely to emphasize the old saw, that where there's a will, there's a way.

To permit Fort Laramie to pass away forever, because of the lack of funds to preserve it, does not sound like the broad American spirit; it is small, petty and unworthy of the West. It is inconceivable that such a land-mark, for a long time the outpost of western civilization, the protector and defender of women and children, should be offered up on the altar of indifference, because, forsooth, it requires some money to preserve it. The children of the future should have it and hold it as the heritage of their fathers, giving them something visible and tangible connected with the struggles and privations which their ancestors had endured and the sacrifices they had made.

Fort Laramie, in 1866, was rectangular in form and, as my memory recalls, consisted principally, in the sense of popularity, of the Sutler Store, Postoffice, and the quarters of Seth E. Ward—the Sutler. These were under one roof, of adobe material, facing southeast, and were some of the cabins constructed by the old hunters and traders, which later with the buildings here named below became Fort Laramie; continuing in line to the southwest came the officers' and commanding officers' quarters. The latter was a substantial, two-story building, both stories having wide verandas in front; it is said, tho that is questioned, to be one of the original structures built by the early trappers, in 1834. From the best authorities we learn that it was constructed by the Government in 1850. On the opposite side of the square or parade ground was the guard-house, bakery and some other buildings near by. About 600 feet east, along the line with the guard-house, and running at right angles northwest from that line, were the barracks or men's quarters, forming the eastern side of the rectangle; these were one story, a combination of adobe and lumber buildings. In the lower ground to the northeast were the stables. And strange enough, on the parade ground, near the center, grew a lone, small ash tree, which still remains, with little difference in its size or shape. This was Fort Laramie when I first entered it in July of that year, as a member of E Company, of the 2d United States cavalry, commanded by Major Wells who, by the way, was a close friend of Mr. Hunton. With that troop I remained and shared its fortunes on the frontier during the years 1866, '67, '68 and '69.

In 1871, or thereabout, the Government added just below and in line with and west of the officers' quarters a larger and more substantial dwelling for the same purpose. Facing it on the opposite side of the square and in line with and west of the guard-house a new armory was constructed. In the rear and a little north of where the men's quarters had stood, as

above described, and at right angles to them was built a large two-story barracks having verandas in front. On the rising ground behind and north of the Sutler's quarters was located the cemetery; this, at the time of which I speak, was moved about 300 yards east, and on its site was raised the hospital, a more modern and somewhat pretentious building.

On my visit, in August, 1926, all of these buildings, that is those which the Government had constructed in and about 1871, were mere ruins. The later barracks, which I mentioned, while not utterly worthless, are in a decayed and dilapidated condition. It is rather curious and interesting to know that the only remaining buildings of the old Fort Laramie, that I knew in 1866, are the Sutler Store and Postoffice, the Headquarters and the Guard-house. All the others are obliterated, even the newel post and balustrade with its supports of the stairway in the Headquarters building was ruthlessly torn out and carried away. That part of the Sutler Store, that had been occupied by Mr. Hunton, is now a stable, and the Guard-house is at present used for the same purpose. In fact, the whole, including the old and the new, are simply the abandoned and neglected remains of what was once the refuge of every traveler on the old Oregon Trail.

It brings to one's mind Kingsley's pathetic lines:

"So fleet the works of men back to the earth again,
Sacred and holy things fade like a dream."

Fort Laramie in the early days was the Oasis of the desert.

It was as I have intimated constructed by a few trappers, in 1834, and taken over by the Government in 1849, by purchase from the owners, and had been used as a military garrison from that time until 1890, when it was abandoned. Geographically, speaking broadly, it stood about midway between the Canadian border and New Mexico, and the Missouri River and the Sierra Nevada Mountains. It was the first permanent white settlement in the West within that territory, with the possible exception of Fort Union, near the junction of the Yellowstone with the Missouri river, deemed by some to have been built about 1830. Even the so-called Fort Bonneville, a little trading post on Horse Creek, established in 1832, which after a fruitless attempt to continue was in a few months abandoned and forgotten; it was scarcely a day's ride northeast from Crow Creek, where Cheyenne is now located. But Fort Laramie, whose very name was the synonym of protection and safety, bravely stood for more than half a century, the watchful defender and guardian of the frontier; and from it during that

time rode the relief and defense of many a wagon-train. It was the goal and hope of every emigrant on the Oregon Trail. It was the clearing port and safe harbor of the hardy and fearless pioneers and settlers who established homes throughout the country, giving security to the millions that followed. It was the best known and most historic place in the old West, and full of its memories and romance. It has a glorious record that should be preserved, and that can best be done by saving even now its decaying and neglected remnants to keep alive its thrilling history. The vast area influenced if not dominated by Fort Laramie's protection, at present comprises the States of Wyoming, northwestern Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Western Kansas, Montana, South Dakota and Nevada; and what of the thousands in Oregon whose progenitors in their struggles across the plains knew in their heart-breaking days of distress and danger, Fort Laramie's great aid and invaluable service? It is unbelievable that the people of these states are so wanting in patriotism, appreciation and gratitude, as to forget Fort Laramie, and permit its few remaining ruins to fall into oblivion. And why should any American, for that matter, not glory in its preservation? The children of parents and grand-parents in nearly every state in the Union are living in the West, and multitudes in the states mentioned are direct descendants of those emigrants and pioneers. It is incumbent on them and us and the National Government to save for future generations the Alamo of the Plains.

It is the spirit and the one outstanding and inspiring memory of the old heroic West, and in the sad contemplation of its destruction, I feel like one who is making a final effort in this my feeble defense of an old, tried and faithful friend, who now in the decrepitude of his years is unable to defend himself.

We of today owe something to posterity, and the keeping, restoration and saving of Fort Laramie is not the least.

With high personal regards, believe me

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) W. F. HYNES.

**JUST KIDS:
THE BUNCH AT 19TH AND EDDY STREETS FROM 1869
TO 1875 OR THEREABOUTS**

At the northwest corner lived the Zehners—Amelia, Phillip and a little sister. There was also an older sister who married Mr. Kabis. Next west of the Zehners was the Joslin family with little Nellie. Next west the Richardsons, Warren, Vic-

toria, Clarence and Emil. Next west Henry Evans and up at the corner the Chapin kids.

Next north of the corner the Pattersons—Ada, Gertrude and a dear little baby—Helen. North of them the Tuttles—Hattie, Jennie and May and some more. The Castle home, housing several little Castles, was sold to the Adamskys who moved in with Ralph, Augusta and an older sister. Next north the Alters—Julia, Hannah and Billie. And then farther north came the Underwoods—Jennie.

Next to the Adamskys on 19th street the Arnolds—Dan and John. Next east of the Arnolds lived a sweet little girl—Clara by name—and a niece of Mrs. Curtis. She was the first girl the writer ever took to a party. It was an afternoon party and their faces were all freshly washed and ribbons flying.

Across 19th street opposite the Curtis home was the school house—two rooms—where most of us took our start along the path of the Three R's.

Now these were all good kids—best ever—and minded their Paws and Maws and were never referred to by the neighbors as that —— bunch!

And now we are getting to be old men and women and most of us strangers to our old stamping ground and soon the "scenes that knew us once shall know us no more."

(Signed) J. T. ARNOLD.

Torrington, Wyo., October 1, 1926.

Mrs. Cyrus Beard,
State Historian,
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Dear Mrs. Beard:

I have just received your letter of September 29th enclosing copy of the letter of Mr. Charles Bickford of Long Beach, Washington.

Mr. Bickford's letter is an aggregation of errors, to say the least. The Lewis and Clark Trail does not touch Wyoming. The 11th Ohio Infantry were never in this part of the country. There never was a fight along the North Platte Valley in Wyoming between U. S. soldiers and Indians in which as many as ten soldiers were killed, except the Grattan fight, nine miles down the river from Fort Laramie in which 28 soldiers were killed, August 19, 1854, and the fight at Fort Casper in which about 26 soldiers were killed, July 25, 1865.

During the Civil War there were many volunteer soldiers stationed at Fort Laramie as headquarters and distributed from there east and west and south. The 11th Ohio Cavalry was so employed from 1862 to the fall of the year 1865. Part of this time some units (detachments or companies) of that regiment were camped on the La Bonte Creek, where the Oregon Trail crosses the creek. This camp was designated as Camp Marshall. During the three years these Ohio troops were in this part of the country they served as far east as Scottsbluff, as far west as the head of Sweetwater River, and as far south as Fort Collins, Colorado, which post was named in honor of Colonel Collins of that regiment. I think this regiment also established and occupied Fort Halleck. Other volunteer troops who served in this country included the 5th and 6th Iowa Regiments of Cavalry, the 5th and 6th Kansas Regiments of Cavalry, parts of Nebraska Regiments of Cavalry, all of which sustained loss of men in fights with Indians, but the 11th Ohio Regiment was the greatest loser of any the regiments from fights with Indians.

Now about the "grave yard" at La Bonte! On the west side of LaBonte Creek, about a quarter of a mile from the road crossing, was a burial ground in which many citizens and soldiers were buried, and in this burial ground were the remains of some 20 or 25 soldiers, the majority of them being members of the 11th Ohio Cavalry. There were about thirty or thirty-five graves all told, including citizens. I first saw this burial ground in October, 1868. In 1871 I had the Government contract for furnishing wood to the post at Fort Fetterman, and had one or more contracts to furnish Government supplies at Fort Fetterman from that date each year up to and including 1881 (eleven years); and during these eleven years I passed and saw the burial ground on an average of more than twelve times each year. The enclosure consisted of posts set in the ground, two posts close together and poles attached by putting the ends of the poles between the post. Some of the posts were held together by having pieces of plank or split poles nailed to them. I and my employes sometimes repaired this fence, after 1876, when cattle were ranged in the country. The enclosure was about 18 or 20 feet wide by 40 feet long. When I last saw the enclosure, during the summer of 1881, most of the poles and posts were lying on the ground in a decayed condition.

During the summer of 1891 the Government had the remains of all soldiers (except three who died of smallpox) who had been buried at Fort Laramie and at the site of the Grattan

killing disinterred and reburied in the national cemetery at McPherson, Nebraska. Some years after that date the remains of all soldiers buried at Fort Fetterman, La Bonte, and other isolated places where bodies could be identified were taken up and moved to some national cemetery. I do not think the soldiers buried at Fort Fetterman and La Bonte, both included, exceeded forty, and I much doubt if there were so many.

Mr. Bickford's allusion to Red Cloud's daughter being killed at Fort Laramie by a sentry and his nephew killing two soldiers at Fort Fetterman are, to one who knows, too silly and absurd to be noticed. Some bullwhacker or muleskinner must have been "joshing" with him. I could write very much more on this subject, but will resist the temptation. However, I will add the following:

In March, 1868, there was located on La Bonte creek a road ranch owned and run by Mr. M. A. Mouseau. There was a ranch at the old abandoned stage station on Horseshoe creek which was conducted by William Worrel and John R. Smith; a ranch at Twinsprings four and one-half miles east of the last named ranch, also owned by M. A. Mouseau, who employed a man to run it; a ranch on the west side of Cottonwood creek, where the Fort Fetterman cut-off road crosses the creek, run by two men known as Bulger and Bouncer; and a ranch on the east side of Cottonwood creek at the same crossing. Sometime between the 15th and 25th of that month a war party of about 60 Sioux Indians under American Horse, Big Little Man, and other noted warriors, attacked all five of the ranches and destroyed and burnt them.

None of them were ever rebuilt. Mouseau and his family escaped to Fort Fetterman. His Twinspring man escaped. Of the Horseshoe ranch party, four of the men were killed. Worrell was shot through one foot and Smith was shot through one thigh and in some way both got to the fort. Of the two Cottonwood ranches, the one on the east side of the creek, being the first attacked, gave the alarm to the two men on the west-side ranch and they escaped; but James Pulliam, the east side ranchman, was wounded in one arm and escaped by running into the brush. His Indian wife received a slight wound in one arm and was captured. Her child and young sister were killed during the fight. The survivors got to the Fort and reported the affair as soon as they could. Company "A," 2nd Cavalry, commanded by Captain Thomas Dewus, was ordered to go as far as Horseshoe and to repair telegraph line and render such assistance as they could and bury the dead. Myself and several other citizens (Wm. H. Brown and Antoine Ladue, I

remember) accompanied the cavalry company. We found and buried two of the men of the Horseshoe ranch party, on the east side of Bear Creek draw, just north of and almost under the telegraph line.

Mr. Bickford is mistaken about there being a house near the "grave yard" on La Bonte fifty-seven years ago.

If you desire further information on this subject, please ask the questions. Use all or parts of this article as you may think best.

Most respectfully,

JOHN HUNTON.

Fort Laramie N. T. May 21st, 1859.

Messrs. Grable, Green & Craig

will give Mr. S. E. Ward an order on C. A. Perry & Co. for the amt of toll over the Laramie Bridge payable at Salt Lake.

J. D. Harper.

—From Hunton collection.

PENO CREEK

James Boedan told Ashenfelder
Coutant

Some time in the 40's a trapper by the name of Peno, a Canadian trapper, was up in the Powder River country. He had shot and wounded a Buffalo Bull and the enraged animal had turned on him and gored his horse to death, and broke Peno's leg. Peno lost his gun and lay helpless on the bank of a little stream. Finally he put one hand on his leg and crept along down the creek moving in that direction where he would find an Indian village. He lived for several days on wild cherries; as he crept along one day, tired out after creeping a long distance he lay down on the ground and slept; waking up he was horrified to find standing near him a large sized Silver striped bear. The animal was gazing at him in a manner that made the cold chills run down his back but he resolved to play dead so he closed his eyes and lay quiet. After a time he looked again to see if the bear had left but no such good luck, the monster was even closer to him and he then noticed that the bear held one of his fore paws in a position which indicated that it was lame. Peno looked at it and discovered that a large

sliver was in the paw and to his mind he believed the bear was asking for help. He finally made up his mind to take the risk, thinking at the most the bear could only kill him. He took his knife and carefully cut the sliver from the disabled foot and when it was out, pus in large quantities followed the work of drawing out the splinter. It seemed to ease the pain for the animal lay down and seemed to go to sleep; when he was sure the animal was asleep, Peno crawled away but after a time the bear found him gone and seemed determined to remain with him. This continued for some days; at last they reached a high point which overlooked a beautiful valley and Peno took down the valley and discovered an Indian village. The bear got up on the highest point and gazed long in the direction of the village, looked anxiously, and then came back to the wounded man and looked at him in a manner almost human, then he went quietly up the stream and disappeared as much as to say "I have done all I can for you, you will be safe." That Creek will always be known as Peno Creek.

POST SUTLERS AT FORT LARAMIE NEBRASKA TERRITORY

- No. 1—Tutt & Dougherty, John S. Tutt and Lewis B. Dougherty from Commencement of Post in 1849 to 1857.
- No. 2—Norman Fitzhugh was Sutler for short time in 1857.
- No. 3—Seth Edmund Ward was Sutler from 1857 to August 2nd 1867 and was then Post Trader to August 1871. See Special Order No. 140 Department of the Platte, hereto attached.
- No. 4—J. S. McCormick was Post Trader from Aug. 1871 to Dec. 1872.
- No. 5—J. S. Collins was Post Trader from Dec. 1872 to 1877 and
- No. 6—G. H. Collins, his brother, from 1877 to 1882.
- No. 7—John London was Post Trader from 1882 to 1888.
- No. 8—John Hunton was Post Trader from August 1888 to April 20th 1890 when the Post was abandoned by the Military Authorities.

Fort Laramie, during its Military Occupancy, was in Nebraska, Idaho, Dakota and Wyoming Territories.—Hunton collection.

ACCESSIONS FROM JULY 1, 1926 TO OCTOBER 1, 1926

MUSEUM

- Buckingham, Mr. U. A.....Photo of members of Constitutional Convention of Wyoming, 1889.
- Reitz, Mrs. C. F.....Photo taken about 1920 of Mrs. M. A. Garrett, wife of T. S. Garrett of Garrett, Wyoming.
Picture of the train wreck of the Wilcox Train Robbery in 1894.
- Carroll, MajorCollection of 25 coins and one medal.
- Beard, Mrs. Cyrus.....1910 Map of Colorado.
- Taylor, Mrs. J. L.....One case and one box of lead type used in Old Fort Laramie.
- Fischer, Mr. Joe.....Old Winchester rifle which was found on the west side of Elk Mountain near the place where "Big Nose George" and his party killed "Tip" Vincent, Widdowfield, Deputy Sheriffs who were in pursuit of "Big Nose George" and party after an attempt to wreck a U. P. R. R. train near Percy, on old line. There are two notches in the stock, whether for bear or man is not known. The gun was leaning against a stump in such a position that it was protected from the weather. Found and donated by Joseph Fischer of Fischerville, Wyoming. Rifle is of 1876 model.
- Bartlett, Mr. Albert B.....Collection consisting of a piece of one of the stoves which was made in St. Louis in 1865 and was used in Fort Phil Kearney in 1866; also one of the bricks made at the Fort during the same year for building purposes. Specimens found by Mr. Bartlett August 12, 1926.
- Hebard, Dr. Grace Raymond.....Pair of slippers that were worn by Mary E. Homsley at least in 1852, which she had with her at the time she died near Fort Laramie where she was buried. Sent to Dr. Hebard by Mrs. Homsley's daughter Mrs. Lura Gibson.

- Cristobol, Mr. Leopoldo G.....Collection of approximately 400 coins (including large number of gold coins). Part of this collection had been previously loaned to the Department. These, together with many new ones, are now made into a gift to the Department.
Collection of 104 Official Airplane pictures, previously loaned to the Department, now made into a gift.
- Goochs, Mr. Geo. H.....Loan of one six inch shell recovered by divers from the Battleship "Maine" in Havana Harbor. Also certificate as to authenticity of shell and a chain used on battleship.

BOOKS

- Deming, Mr. W. C....."Roosevelt in the Bunk House" by William Chapin Deming. Autographed copy.
- Michigan State Historical Society "Michigan under British Rule."
- Missouri Historical Society.....Year Book, 1926.
- Shipp, Mr. E. Richard....."Pioneer Blood" Poem by E. Richard Shipp. Autographed copy.
- Tidball, Mr. L. C.....Geography of Wyoming by L. C. Tidball, Commissioner of Education.
- Kansas State Historical Society.....Kansas Historical Collections. Vol. XVI, 1923-1925.
- Nye, Frank Wilson.....Book "Bill Nye, His Own Life Story," by his son, Frank Wilson Nye. Autographed copy.

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

- Holley, Mr. Chris.....Story of the Jenney Stockade.
(Sent in by Mrs. E. C. Raymond)
- Hynes, Mr. W. F.....Preservation of Old Fort Laramie.
- Kimball, Mr. W. S.....Wyoming Pioneer Association. Address delivered before the Wyoming Pioneer Association on Sept. 15, 1926.
- Hunton, Mr. John.....Historical letter.
- Shipp, Mr. E. Richard.....Collection of original manuscript poems.

Correction:—In July, 1926 Annals on the cover page and the title page the word Index should read Contents. This error occurred in the print shop after final proof had been made.

On page 270 under the accessions of Hoyle Jones in the fifth line from the top, read fifty cents instead of five cents.

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Volume IV., Number 3.

January, 1927.



James M. Sherrod

Original picture in Coutant's collection in State Historical Department

Annals of Wyoming

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No. 3

SKETCHES FROM LIFE OF JAMES M. SHERROD, OF RAWLINS

NOTE—This manuscript was given to the State Historical Department in February, 1924 by the late Mrs. Gertrude Huntington Merrill of Rawlins. Mrs. Merrill stated that the manuscript had been dictated by Mr. Sherrod in 1911 and typed by her. Mr. Sherrod died in Baggs, Wyoming at 6 A. M. December 24th, 1919.

MRS. CYRUS BEARD,
State Historian.

I, James M. Sherrod, of the city of Rawlins, County of Carbon and State of Wyoming, of the age of ninety-six years, will endeavor in making the following statement to give a true and accurate account of my life and adventures on the plains and in the mountains of the West during my career as Government Scout, Guide for Mail and Emigrant Trains, and Indian Fighter.

I was born in Harrison County, Ohio, in the year 1815, and while quite young became proficient in the use of the rifle, and was called a great hunter. As I grew older the love for the adventures of a frontier life grew on me until I could no longer resist the desire to leave my native State and go West. I started with the old-time emigrant wagon, and landed in Omaha, Nebraska, in the year 1852. It was in the Spring of the year, and I immediately secured employment with Mr. Peter A. Sarpy, who was the Government Agent for the Omaha Indians and Chief Clerk of the American Fur Company.

My first work was in helping to move the Omaha Indians from the Omaha reservation to the Blackbird Hills, about one hundred miles north of Omaha, and on that trip I was summarily initiated into my first Indian fight. Although not of a serious nature, it was entirely new to me, as I had never before seen Indians with war paint on. Some of the Omaha Indians were on the war path, and had either killed or driven off all the settlers within a radius of thirty miles. Owing to the fact that we had Indian supplies, we were permitted to go through this territory and return without serious trouble, although we were constantly watched both going and returning. We were out about three weeks on this trip.

Upon our return to Omaha I was employed by the American Fur Company to accompany a supply train to their trading post in Wyoming (then Dakota), at which trading post Fort Laramie was soon afterward established. The Government bought the holdings of the American Fur Company at this old trading post.

and established Fort Laramie on the site. We went from Omaha to Kansas City, or rather where Kansas City is now, it being at that time only a trading post, to load our supplies. The teamsters of the supply train amused themselves telling me large stories, I being what they called a "Tenderfoot"—a new arrival from the East. They told me of the wonderful amount of game we would see on the trip west, the great herds of Buffalo, Antelope and Deer. Now I had never seen an Antelope, and the teamsters instructed me that the only way to get one was to flag the bunch with something bright-colored; that they were very curious animals, and would come up close enough to the flag so that one could get a good shot at them. I had the best gun and revolvers I could obtain at that time, and plenty of ammunition, and I then bought nice, bright bandana handkerchiefs, one red and one yellow, and was ready for business. We loaded our supplies, and started on our trip over what was known as the Salt Creek route, right through where Nebraska city now stands. When almost over to Salt Creek, we ran onto a great bunch of Antelope, and the teamsters all shouted for me to get my flag and flag the game, as we were in need of fresh meat. I hurried to get out my flag and began waving it vigorously, and of all the running that I had ever seen, them antelope sure skunked anything in my experience. I jumped to the conclusion that I had used the wrong flag, so I got out the other handkerchief and tried waving that at them, but they seemed to run all the harder. I was disgusted, and started back toward the wagons, where I found the teamsters all laughing, and they guyed me something awful. Finally the wagon Boss said to them: "Boys, you've no right to laugh at that Tenderfoot, for I believe he's killed the whole band. I think they've run themselves to death!" At this they only laughed the harder.

However, I didn't have to get very many bunches of caetus in my feet to get the soreness out of them, or the Tenderness either!

We continued slowly through the country to old Fort Kearney, then up along the Platte river to the mouth of Pole Creek; then on over the Pole creek route to a point near where Pine Bluffs, Wyoming, is now situated; and then we swung across the divide between Pole creek and the North Platte river, and continued up along the river to the Trading Post.

On this trip we encountered a number of bands of Indians on the Nebraska plains, but were not molested, for the reason that Peter A. Sarpee had sent several half-breed Indians with the outfit, we were instructed to tell any Indians we might run onto that the supplies we carried were for the American Fur Company or for Peter A. Sarpee. These halfbreeds could speak and understand all the dialects of the Indians west of the Missouri river. When we came onto a band of Indians them half-breeds would go

out ahead and talk to them a little while, and the savages would turn about and ride away without bothering us, although many of them were in full war paint. This is proof positive that Sarpee had some remarkable influence over the Indians, a greater influence, I believe, than any other man of his time.

Sarpy was one of the shrewdest men I ever met. Notwithstanding the fact that he was a Squawman (a white man who marries an Indian) and had four Squaws, each of a different tribe, he seemed to stand in well with all the Indians, and the head chiefs of the various tribes looked to him for advice.

On our trip across them teamsters never had another occasion, after we left Salt Creek, to laugh at me or guy me over game, for I killed more than all of them put together, the half-breeds included. Before we reached the end of the journey, and whenever we needed fresh meat I was almost always sent out after it, and the whole outfit recognized and recommended me as one of the best shots on the plains. I think this had a good deal to do with my career afterwards. I always made it a point never to miss my mark if it was possible to avoid it, and this saved my life on many an occasion. For instance, if you shoot at an Indian and miss him, he will kill you sure, while if you make two or three good shots on the start, even if they are ten to one or even more than that, they will let you strictly alone unless they can ambush you and take advantage of you in that way.

Just after we reached the Trading Post (afterward Fort Laramie) an immense herd of buffalo drifted across the country right by the Post. The soldiers were all away from the Post after the Indians, two or three massacres having been reported, except a company of artillery left behind as a guard. When the buffalo appeared the Captain of the artillery sent some of his men out to kill some meat, but they were not experts at the task and were letting all the buffalo get away. At this the Captain became angry, and ordered others of his men to bring him out a field-piece. They brought out a five-pounder, which he loaded with grape and cannister. He trained the gun himself on the herd and blazed away, killing thirty buffalo at one shot. I never saw in all my life such a slaughtering!

Old General Snyder was in command of the Post, but he was away after the Indians. Upon his return he heard of the performance, and was terribly angry. That Captain had a very narrow escape from a court-martial over the matter, but it was patched up in some way, with an agreement that it was never to occur again. I guess it never did, for I have not heard of any other incident of the kind.

Along about this time the outlaws were beginning to be rather troublesome. In fact, I believe that many deeds which were charged to the Indians were committed by white men, and I know

that some of the outrages were engineered and led by white men painted as Indians. Those characters were a whole lot worse to deal with than the real Indian.

I had made so favorable an impression on the man in charge of our outfit, the supply train, that he recommended me to the officer in command of the Post, and I was employed and put to work as a scout for the Government. Here is where my career in the West began in earnest. During my entire history I have always made it a point never to let any man, either Indian or white to get the drop on me if I could prevent it, and it never happened many times. I was robbed once or twice only.

After entering the employ of the Government as a scout and dispatch bearer, I had just got my outfit in shape when the terrible massacre occurred at Fort Phil Kearny. I was sent from Fort Laramie to Fort Phil Kearney with a dispatch, which I delivered safely; received a return dispatch, and had got back to the Powder river when I ran into a band of a hundred and fifty Sioux Indians in their war paint. They were on a horse stealing expedition to Fort Reno, and the soldiers there had just repulsed them and driven them back three or four miles when they discovered me, cut me off from the Fort, and then took after me. Of course I was well mounted, as the Government furnished splendid horses for the work in which I was engaged. The nearest place of anything like safety for me was Sundance Mountain, thirty miles distant. For the first twenty miles my horse pulled on the reins, but the country was very rough and wild, and after that the poor fellow was just giving his life for mine. We reached the foot of the mountain and started upward, but when within a quarter of a mile of the rocks the noble animal stumbled and fell, stone dead. I went right on over his head, saying "Well done, good and faithful servant," and loped off up the side of the mountain like a scared buck. As soon as I reached the shelter of the rocks I crouched and watched the Indians. Only a few of them had been able to keep anywhere near me, and when these got to where my horse had fallen they stopped and held a parley, and then cut the saddle off, and taking it with them, started back over the trail we had come. Looking off along that trail I could see small squads of Indians scattered for ten miles. After all had disappeared and the excitement was over I realized that I was desperate hungry. Soon a blue grouse flew up near the rock where I was sitting, resting on a small pine tree near at hand, and I took my revolver and killed him; then I built a fire and broiled the bird and ate him. He made a pretty good supper.

While I was preparing and eating my supper I was taking my bearings, and had located Laramie Peak, which was a good sixty miles away. As soon as it was quite dark I layed my course for Laramie Peak and started out. It was an awful night for me, as it was very dark and the country was rough and full

of wild animals, and I had reason to know that the Indians on the war path were numerous. It seemed to me that I encountered more wild animals that night than I ever saw in all the rest of my life, and I did not dare to shoot for fear of drawing the Indians after me, or causing them to lay for me and tomahawk me. I saw cougar or mountain lion, and bob-cats and white wolves (the same species as the grey or timber wolves, but much larger) and bear and buffalo; several times during the night I had to climb a tree or get up onto a rock out of the way of some wild animal, not daring to shoot at them. A number of times I got up onto some high point and took my bearings in order to keep my course straight, until it came light, and I don't think I varied a mile the whole night, although I had several streams to wade and finally had to cross and swim the North Platte river. It was a very hard and dangerous stream to ford, being full of quicksands, which were always shifting. I arrived at Fort Fetterman in the early morning, in time for breakfast.

Word had been received about half an hour before my arrival that I had been killed by Indians. Two runners from Fort Reno had come in with the news that Indians had massacred the Fort Phil Kearney dispatch bearer; that the soldiers at Reno had seen the Indians cut me off and take after me, a hundred and fifty strong. There was quite a demonstration over me when I came in alive and unhurt. I reported to old General Snyder, the commanding officer, how my horse had been killed, and he took me out to the corral himself and said to me: "There are three hundred pretty good cavalry horses in there. Go in and take your choice." I picked one out, and he was a noble animal and no mistake.

I was next sent back to Fort Phil Kearney as a guide for a freight train, with supplies for the Fort. We had 125,000 pounds of supplies, and a small company of green soldiers was sent along to protect the train. They were under a young lieutenant just from West Point and a Corporal recently arrived from the East. In the whole outfit there was only one man who had ever fought the Indians. His name was McCumber, and he was a host in himself.

Everything went all right until we reached Powder River. I selected a camping ground, and the wagons were formed in a circle to make a corral. Then I started off to look for some good, pure water, the water in the river being unfit for use, and went up into a canyon in the hope of finding a spring. Was just about to return to camp when I heard the Sioux war whoop, and I went down that old canyon like a cyclone, because I knew both those young officers would get rattled, having never seen Indians in their fighting clothes. When I got within sight of the camp, the Indians were riding in a circle around the corral of wagons, as is their habit, and of all the Ki Yi-ing that any white man ever

heard they were doing it. It was enough to scare a wooden man! I saw that I would have to make a rush for it if I reached the camp at all, and so I put my horse for the opening left in the circle of wagons at his best speed. He was a dandy, and seemed fairly to fly. I found an arrow when I got out of my saddle skirts, and two more out of my hat; but there was not a scratch on me or my horse. Of all the scared men I ever saw the soldiers in that corral were the worst, and the two officers were truly in a pitiable state. The little lieutenant was giving orders and countermanding them before they could be carried out, and the soldiers were shooting in every direction and hitting nothing but air. I took a hand and cursed both the officers and the men, ordering them to shoot low, as they were over-shooting the Indians. The Indians were congregating on a little knoll where they could just rake our corral clean, so I called on McCumber to come to me and told him to help me open up on them, and not to stop firing as long as he could see a live Indian. We piled Indians and ponies up around that little knoll as high as a wagon. There were about a hundred and twenty Indians in the band, while we numbered but fifty-five all told and all new men except McCumber and myself. In five minutes we had cleaned out the Indians, and lost only three men. We never knew how many Indians we killed, as they gathered up the dead and wounded and carried them off. That was one of my most thrilling Indian fights, while it only lasted a few moments things were a moving some. If I had failed in getting into that corral them soldiers would all have been dead and scalped in less than five minutes, for there is never any monkey work with Indians. It goes one way or the other with a rush. I rather expected that I would have to shoot that Lieutenant in order to save the soldiers, but he proved to be a gentleman, for after the fight he came up and shook hands with me and thanked me for what I had done, and said he didn't know anything about fighting Indians. We started on again next morning, reached Fort Phil Kearney without further trouble, delivered our freight, and then returned to Fort Laramie. That young Lieutenant afterward became a great Indian fighter.

Next I was sent out with a haying outfit. It was necessary to have someone constantly on the watch while the men were working, for fear the Indians would make a sneak and surprise and massacre the whole outfit. They had tried this on several occasions, and had murdered several hay makers and wood haulers, as well as made raids and captured the mules. After we put up the hay for winter use, I was sent out on scout duty with the wood cutters.

We had no trouble that fall, and none during the winter, but one day in the following Spring the Indians made a raid and stole thirty of the best mules, and ran them off into the Big Horn Ba-

sin. We followed them and caught up with them in camp at Ten Sleeps (now in Big Horn County, Wyoming), and tried to surround and capture the rascals. We got our mules all right, but the Indians all escaped; we didn't get even one of them. We could have killed them, but that was against orders and would not do at all, so we took our mules and started homeward.

As night approached we picked out a nice-looking camping place. While I was looking about for this camping ground, my horse mired down and I had quite a job getting him out on solid land, but I gave the matter little attention, supposing he had stepped into an alkali hole. I gathered a pile of rock and arranged it to protect a fire, and lit my fire. It flashed up quickly and the rocks began to burn, and burned something fierce. I watched it a short time, and then I went to the Captain's tent and said to him: "Say, Captain Eagan, Hell can't be over a half a mile from here, for the rocks are a burning!" He came out and looked at the fire for a time, then shook his head and said: "I can't understand that, and I don't like the appearance of it either. Think we had better move our fire." I didn't like the looks of the thing any better than did he, so we moved our fire. When I undertook to clean the mud off my horse I had a big job. It was years afterward that I found that the spot where we camped that night was the present site of Oil City; that the hole into which my horse mired was one of those oil springs. It was no wonder the mud was hard to clean off, or that the rocks burned so readily.

We went back to Fort Laramie with our mules, and found that the Government had made a treaty with the Indians, so there was nothing doing in the fight line all winter, but as soon as the grass got good in the Spring the Indians broke the treaty by making another raid on the mules and getting away with a number of them. Of course we went after them, and this time caught them up near the head of the Chugwater. We captured something like forty ponies, four thousand pounds of dried buffalo meat, and several hundred pounds of buckskin all nicely tanned.

Captain Eagan was in command of this expedition, and he had sealed orders, not to be opened until we found the Indians. When he opened them orders he read that we were not to shoot until the Indians shot first at us. He was just about the maddest man I ever saw. All the Indians had a wholesome fear of Captain Eagan, for he was sure an Indian fighter, and had more scars on his body than any other man I ever saw except a few who were entirely crippled. The scars had all been made by Indians at different times, and he had escaped fatal injury so often that the Indians became superstitious about him, and thought he could not be killed. He seemed to bear a charmed life, and liked nothing better than a chance to get into a scrimmage. Some of the soldiers with us were so angry and disgusted over the orders that

they broke their guns and threw them away, saying they would not carry guns they could not use. Orders were orders, however, and we had to obey them.

I spent the next fall and winter at and around Fort Halleck, as scout, and as a guide or escort for various parties. There was an ex-Captain at the Fort by the name of Leycock. He took the contract for putting up the hay for the Government stock, and was to cut it along Medicine Bow creek. Of course he had to have protection from Indians while at work, and that was a part of my job. As soon as the work was done Cap. Leycock notified the Quartermaster at the Post to come out and measure the hay. The Captain obtained an extra supply of whiskey, and by the time they got the first haystack measured the Quartermaster was loaded. Then the Captain drove him around a little and crossed Wagonhound creek a couple of times, and came up to the same stack from a different direction, saying: "Here's another stack. We'll just measure them as we go along. They are all about of a size, although this one seems to be about three feet bigger than the other and is a little better hay." Then they took another little drive, and returned to the stack. They measured it again, and the Captain declared that this one contained the best hay of the bunch, it being the first that we had put up, and that it was three feet bigger than the others. "Now, that's all the hay," said the Captain, "and it is a fine lot too!"

I saw what was going on all the time, but did not care to be insulted, so kept my mouth shut. Had early learned that one must never interfere with anything an army officer did or said. The Captain and the Quartermaster had measured the same stack of hay three times, and during the process the stack had grown three feet each time. The Government was paying Captain Leycock \$70.00 a ton for the hay, and he collected his money.

The Quartermaster never discovered the trick until along in the following winter. Then a teamster went and told the Quartermaster that their hay was all gone. "Well," said he, "go break another stack." The teamster went out and searched and came back and reported that he could not find any more stacks. "Hell!" said the Quartermaster, "I know the hay is there, because I measured it myself!"

Then he called me and ordered me to go out with him so that he "might show them dummies where that hay was." We hunted all over the country for miles, but could find no hay. Of course, I knew that we would not find it, but I realized that I could never make him believe anything of the kind, and would only get myself into trouble by trying to explain. The poor Quartermaster worried so much over the disappearance of the hay that he became insane, and was taken east to an asylum, where he died.

We had several little brushes with the Indans during that fall and winter, but nothing serious. In the Spring I was called back to Fort Laramie to take charge of the supply train, which was hauling freight and supplies to the different army posts. Sometimes we had to go to Fort Reno, sometimes to Custer, sometimes to Fort Bridger, and even to Salt Lake City. In fact I was on the go nearly all the time, on some kind of a hazardous undertaking or other. Handling Government supplies was considered one of the most dangerous jobs a man could tackle at that time, as Indians and renegade whites wanted nothing better than to capture a supply train and get away with the goods.

In 1865, when the Indians were out on the warpath along the South Platte river and killing everything they could catch, I was sent with a few other men to Central City, Colorado, to get a lot of mine supplies that were to be delivered at Eureka Gulch and Blackhawk. It was the first mining machinery that went into that famous district. We had a big train of Bull Teamsters, or Bull Whackers as they were then called, and two hundred and fifty yoke of cattle, with eighty wagons. I had six sixteen-yoke teams in my string, and was loaded with six big tubular boilers. When we reached Fort Kearney the commanding officer stopped us, on account of the Indians being so bad on up the river, and refused to allow us to go on until we could muster forty-four men. We laid there for two or three days, and finally hired two tramps to make up our forty-four men, and started on westward. Had a fine trip until within about five miles of 'Fallons Bluffs, a point some twenty-five miles east of the present town of Julesburg, where the Denver branch of the Union Pacific railroad leaves the main line. At the point of O'Fallons Bluffs was a very narrow pass between the Bluffs and the Platte river, a very dangerous place, because of the Indians. As we neared this pass I kept a sharp lookout, and soon discovered a cloud of dust rising away to the north I passed the word along the train both ways that the Indians were coming, and the warning had hardly been given before they were on hand, yelling and shooting arrows into our cattle. This stampeded the cattle, and I saw at once that they were trying to get us into the Narrows, as the pass was called, where they could make short work of our outfit. I rode ahead as fast as my horse could run and informed the men in charge of the train that we must stop the teams and give the Indians a fight in the open ground, or we were all doomed. We doubled around and piled them teams up, and then turned our attention to the Indians. Most of the men were green at Indian fighting, but they were very willing. At first they over-shot the Indians, as is invariably the case with new men, but I was blessed with a powerful voice, and was soon able to make them understand that they must shoot low. Then we killed or crippled a lot of them, and

soon had them on the run. We lost two men, and our cattle and wagons were in a bad mix-up. One wagon, loaded with corn, was dumped into the river, and most of the others were considerably jammed up, so that it took us a long time to straighten out the outfit, but we were not bothered again by the Indians.

We went on up the river safely, and camped right in Denver, on Cherry creek, about where West Colfax is now. Denver was but a small village then. We remained there two or three days to rest and make repairs before continuing our journey. After leaving Denver we found one place in the mountains so steep that we had to take the teams off the wagons and let the wagons down the mountain side with ropes. The teams could not hold the wagons with the rough-locks we had. It was a wild country, and we had many startling adventures, but finally got through and delivered our supplies and machinery.

Most of our men stayed at the camp to work in the mines, or to prospect for themselves. Only seven were willing to go back, barely enough to drive the stock by doubling it up, but we fixed everything up the best we could and started out. A Government Wagon Boss went with us, in charge of a lot of Government mules. He was a veteran of the Civil war, named Temple, and very fond of being called "Colonel" Temple; had the characteristics of many men of his class! you couldn't tell him anything, he knew it all already! The outfit travelled along in pretty good shape, and reached a place ten or twelve miles east of Julesburg and about the same distance from O'Fallons Bluffs without interference. Here we made arrangements to camp, and the Colonel announced that he intended camping up near a little hill to the north of the road, out of the wind. I told him we had better keep out on open ground, as the Indians were liable to drop down on us over the top of the hill before we learned that they were anywhere in the country. "If you're afraid," said the Colonel, "you can camp with your outfit wherever you please, but I'm going to camp up there out of this wind." I replied that I would take chances anywhere he wanted to camp, so we formed the wagons into a corral at the foot of the hill, and turned the stock loose to feed. I took my saddle horses down about two hundred yards from the wagons, near the river, and staked them out, then commenced spreading down my bed, as I always slept near my saddle horses. While at this work I happened to glance up, and was not at all surprised at seeing the Indians pouring down over the Colonel's little hill, right at the wagons. I made a run for my best horse, and had just got the bridle on him, when a dozen of them painted devils spied me and came straight for me. I had seen the Colonel pull his revolver and shoot three shots and fall, and none of our men were standing. It was no use for me to try to get away, so I jumped behind my horse and made up my

mind to make a record on killing Indians anyhow. When they came as close as I wanted them, I picked on the foremost Indian and let him have it right through the hips; he gave one yell, threw both arms around his pony's neck, and away they went! By that time I had given the next Indian the same kind of a dose, and he performed in exactly the same manner. Then the whole band turned suddenly and rode after the main bunch, who were driving off our cattle. My other saddle horse had broken loose and was following the Indians; I had to ride hard to catch him, and I really believe them devils thought I was a going to kill them all, for I never saw Indians ride harder to get away. They had killed all our men except one, a big Missourian by the name of Logan, who had kept shooting as long as the varmints were within range. He had a steel arrowhead two inches and a quarter long a sticking right in his breast. I ran to my jocky-box and got my bullet molds and pulled the arrow out, but it had punctured his lungs, and the poor fellow died the next morning, at daylight. And there I was alone, with six dead men and not a soul to help me.

Colonel Temple was among the dead. There was a negro woman in one of his wagons, and when the fight began she jumped out and ran. Of all the running I ever seen any woman do she did—she took the cake! The next morning after the death of Logan, I went ahead to the nearest stage station, about three miles from the scene of the massacre, and that negro woman was there. She was scared almost to death when she saw me, thought I was a ghost! I was very much alive, but lost everything I had except my two saddle horses, and had to give up one of them to get the wagons hauled to Plattsmouth. The stage came along during the forenoon with a doctor on board, and we went over to examine the bodies and the remains of our outfit. The Doctor said if he had been there he could probably have saved Logan's life by inserting a tube or a pipe stem into the wound and letting the blood run out, that it was only a bloodclot that killed him. After the dead were buried, I had to wait until some one came along that I could get to haul the wagons, the Indians having captured all the stock. Some time afterward, when I was weary of waiting, a man came along with a big freight team, empty, and offered to take the wagons into Plattsmouth for one of my saddle horses. I accepted the offer, and we went into Plattsmouth, where I got myself some cattle and spent the winter hauling ties for the Union Pacific railroad.

In the following Spring a man started to cross the river from the Iowa side, with three yoke of cattle, and the ice broke and let the outfit into the water. A crowd gathered at once, but no one was willing to take the risk of going to the rescue. My team was standing near, on the bank, and I called to the crowd that if they

would help me get my lead wagon and one yoke of cattle out of my string that I would try and save the man anyhow. I started across the ice as fast as my cattle could go, and after hard work succeeded in getting the man and his cattle out of the water, and turned back toward Plattsmouth; but when near the middle of the river the ice all seemed to give way at once, breaking in big pieces and then into smaller ones. We all went into the water, and were carried down the river over a half mile, but finally struck the bank where we could crawl out. By that time there were about a thousand people watching us, and when my feet struck ground again I waved my hand to them and they cheered me wildly. There was nothing too good for Old Sherrod in Plattsmouth that day! You see I was called "Old Sherrod" even then, in the Spring of 1866, and I have been Old Sherrod ever since. Everybody thought we would all drown, but neither I nor my cattle were any the worse for our bath, only chilly and uncomfortable.

Soon afterward I started for the West again, and on my trip camped one night with John D. Lee at a place called Lone Tree. Lee was also on his way West. He was afterwards tried by court martial and shot for being implicated in the terrible Mountain Meadow Massacre.

At Fort Laramie I went to work for the Government again, most of the time at hauling freight, or rather supplies, but sometimes on scout duty or at putting up hay. Finally I went over to Laramie City, and took up a ranch on the Laramie river. Here I remained three or four years, with my ranch as headquarters, hauling supplies for different outfits and ties for the Union Pacific, in fact doing a little of everything and nothing very serious. Then I got the gold fever, and in 1875 had to go to the Black Hills. I did very well that summer, and made and brought back to my ranch about eight hundred dollars; spent the winter on the ranch, doing odd jobs, and returned to the Black Hills in the Spring of 1876, where I worked all summer and cleaned up about eight hundred dollars more. In the fall I started for my ranch near Laramie, but was held up by road agents in a gulch near the Cheyenne river and robbed, losing all I had earned. This was about the time Dunk Blackburn and his gang robbed the United States mail, and also killed Adolph Cooney, Sheriff of Albany County, Wyoming, as he was trying to arrest Blackburn. Blackburn shot Cooney through the heart and escaped. Cooney was a squawman, and a pretty tough character himself. I don't think he was any better than Blackburn, as far as honesty went. He and his partner, another squawman by the name of Coffee, ran a saloon and gambling den at Fort Laramie, and I have known of both being implicated in several shady pieces of business. (Another Squawman, named Reshaw, was killed there about the same

time by Yellow Bear, an Indian Chief. Reshaw had married Yellow Bear's sister, and after they had raised quite a family and accumulated considerable property he tired of the old squaw and sent her back to the agency. Yellow Bear killed Reshaw in revenge.) We had good lively times in Wyoming in those days!

After I got home that fall I decided to stay on my ranch awhile. It was about twenty miles from Laramie City, and made good headquarters. I took contracts for hauling ties, or freight and mining supplies, and did any other work that came my way. I had quite a few head of stock by that time, both cattle and horses, and also quite a family of children. Had got me a wife down in the Cherokee Nation. She was called the handsomest woman in the Cherokee Nation at the time I married her.

There was no serious trouble with Indians until 1879, when the Utes went on the warpath. The officer in command of Fort Saunders sent for me, and when I reported for duty he set me to carrying dispatches between Fort Saunders and Hahn's Peak and Meeker, in Colorado. On my first trip out I met Bill Nye in North Park. He told me I could never get through, as the Park was alive with Indians in war paint and they would sure get me. "Why' man alive," said he, "They've been chasing me all night, and took all my grub. If you've anything to eat give it to me, for I'm most starved." I had about four pounds of dried bologna, and told him to help himself out of my saddlebags. He had an old wagon and a little pair of broncos. I looked in the wagon and saw that he had a big old Sharp's rifle a laying there all cocked, and with the ramrod sticking in the barrel of the gun. "Bill," said I to him, "uncock that gun or you are liable to go up in smoke any minute!" "What!" said Bill, "is it cocked?"

Then I asked him how many Indians he thought there were in the Park, and he declared there were at least a thousand, and said he wouldn't carry that dispatch of mine through for ten thousand dollars. "Well, Bill," said I, "it has got to go for a whole lot less money than that if I live!" And I bid him good-bye and started on. Had not traveled more than three or four miles when I sighted some wigwams, or Indian tepees, and at once became very cautious, remembering what Bill had told me. As I came closer, however, I could only locate one poor old squaw and a papoose, and the squaw must have been a hundred years old, judging from her looks. I rode up and spoke to her in her own language. She asked me where I was going, and I told her to Hahn's Peak. Then she inquired if I had any meat, and when I said no she brought out a whole ham of dried venison and put it in my saddlebags. I asked her where the warriors were and she replied: "Way off! Peancee Creek. Maybe big fight!" She said she had been left behind to dry meat, and I saw that she had meat racks near just hung full of meat. The Indians make a

meat rack by taking strong crotched sticks and setting them into the ground, good and solid, in a square, and laying smaller poles across the frame; then they hang the meat on the small poles, and when all are full a small fire is built in the square and kept going until the meat is well glazed over, so the flies won't bother it, and after this it is allowed to hang there until it is thoroughly dried. It is next packed in sacks or any other receptacle they may have handy, sometimes in dried skins, and put away for the winter. Meat prepared in this way is very good, and wholesome.

After thanking the old squaw for the venison, I went on, and saw no one until I was passing through Red Park, when I came up with sixteen Indians. I stopped them and gave the sign for one of the to come to me, one rode over and I asked him if they wanted to fight and he replied: "No, no! Me good Injun! Me no want fight. Maybe big fight White River, Peyance creek heap big fight. Don't know. Me no fight." He asked me where I was going, and I told him "Big man, Washington" I answered: "Yes.". He said "All right" and turned around and rode back to his band. They did not offer to interfere with me, and I reached Hahn's Peak that night.

Found the women there all crying around, and when I inquired the cause was told that they expected the Indians to come into town and massacre them all and burn their houses at any moment.

(That was the night Major Thornburgh and his command were ambushed and massacred on Peyance creek, near where the creek empties into White river.) A few days earlier the Indians had tied old man Meeker to a tree and whipped him to death. He was the Indian Agent at Meeker, Colorado, which place took its name from him, and was a squawman. He had incurred their displeasure, and in their estimation the whipping was the most degrading death they could inflict, as it showed that he was not worthy of any other kind of death, not even burning at the stake.

I went on over to Meeker the next day and delivered my message, received one in return and started back for Fort Saunders. Made the trip back without much trouble. The news of the Thornburgh massacre preceded me, and I was sent right out again with dispatches, for Meeker and instructions to get all the particulars possible. Before I reached Meeker this time I learned of several more depredations the Indians had committed. Among other things they had attacked the freight outfit of a man named Jordan, on Fortification creek, murdered the teamsters, stolen such of the supplies as they wanted, and then burned the remainder, wagons and all. They also set the forests on fire, and I had several narrow escapes trying to get through. When I reached Hahn's Peak my clothes were almost entirely burned off me, and I was nearly dead from suffocation from the dense smoke

and the heat. After I had rested up a little, and obtained all the information I could as to the Thornburgh and other troubles, and got me some new clothes, I started back for Fort Saunders, and had almost as hard a time on the return trip as I had coming over to Meeker.

As soon as I reached Fort Saunders, I was sent right back as a guide for General Crook, who was on his way to Bear River after the Indians who were doing all the devilment. I left General Crook on Bear River, and that was the last time I ever saw him. He was a very fine old man.

It was claimed that some of the whites were to blame for this Indian outbreak; that the whites had driven off a lot of the Indian's horses, and the Indians had taken to the warpath to get revenge. It didn't take much of an excuse to bring on trouble with them devils. The Indians got most of the whites who had been monkeying with their horses, and lots of poor, innocent fellows had to suffer besides. That was the worst feature of the outbreak.

After leaving General Crook I returned to Fort Saunders to report. It was my duty always to report to the Commanding officer of the Post from which I started, as well as to deliver whatever messages I was trusted with at their destination; or where I was sent as a Guide I was required to report to the officer who had sent me out, and deliver whatever messages if there were any. Messages were always written, and none were ever sent verbally, not even those of least importance.

During my career as Guide and Scout I was sent several times across the desert from Fort Laramie or Fort Saunders to Fort Bridger with the stage or pony express, and sometimes on through to Salt Lake or Fort Duquesne. You must understand that a Guide and a Scout are not the same. I will endeavor to explain the difference.

A Guide is a person who is supposed to know the road, route or trail that is to be traveled, and he stays right with his party or company to show them the road and help them to avoid bad places, and keep them from becoming lost.

A Scout, on the other hand, is supposed to keep well in advance of his company or party, and to be constantly on the watch, keeping a sharp lookout for danger on both sides of the road. They work in conjunction with each other. They report every little while to the company or the officer in command of the expedition, either that everything is all right or else that they have made some discovery that indicates danger. It is their duty to report in any event.

On one occasion I was sent from Fort Saunders as guide or escort with the United States mail, and when we reached the Medicine Bow river we discovered the remains of an emigrant

family which had been butchered by Indians so short a time before our arrival that the bodies were still warm. Father, Mother and six children lay before us, the oldest child a lad of seventeen or eighteen, the next a girl of fifteen or so, and so on down to a babe of six or eight months. They had evidently been taken by surprise, and were not able to defend themselves in the least. The poor mother had tried to save her baby as long as she could, for she had been dragged quite a distance, evidently while they were trying to pull the child out of her arms. She had been struck three times in the head with a tomahawk, and the baby's head was literally chopped to pieces. We did not dare stop to investigate, as we had the government mail, and had to keep going right along. When we reached Fort Halleck, at the foot of Elk Mountain, we reported what we had seen and continued our journey. Soldiers were at once sent out from the Fort to bury the dead and find the Indians if possible. Upon our return trip, we inquired as to the outcome of the matter, and were told that the soldiers had buried the family, but could not find a trace of the guilty Indians. I told them that if I had been allowed to stop I would have found the rascals, and they would have known they were found too! That was the most brutal and inhuman butchery I ever saw, and the Indians could have been located and punished if the soldiers had looked for them in earnest.

On another occasion I was sent out from Fort Laramie with a train of supplies for Fort Halleck, including provisions and ammunition. We went through the Sybille Pass, in the spur of the Black Hills, and then on across the Laramie Plains to a point about two miles beyond the Seven Mile Lakes, where we camped for the night. As the water in the streams was high and running swiftly, I told the wagon boss that I would ride over ahead to Rock creek (now Rock River) and look for a good crossing, it being the worst stream on the route. We had not seen any signs of Indians on the trip, but when you can't see any Indians or signs is just the time you must keep the sharpest watch for them, they being likely to drop down on you without warning at any moment. I advised the wagon boss to keep close watch for them, and went and hunted up a place to ford, so that we might get across early in the morning while the water was at its lowest point. Then I returned to the camping ground for the night. When I came within sight of the place the whole outfit was in ruins. The Indians had evidently attacked the camp soon after I left, massacred the men and stolen all of the stock. They had tied the wagon boss to a wagon wheel, piled boxes and goods around him, and burned him alive. About half the wagons were also burned. They had emptied the flour out on the ground and carried the sacks away, and the ground was white with the flour in every direction. It was growing dusk, and I was a good twenty miles

from Fort Halleck, with a tired horse, but I knew we had to reach the Fort in some way, and that night too! I gave my horse a rubbing down and rested as long as I dared, and then we started. Reached the Fort about midnight and reported the massacre.

They gave me a fresh horse, and started me right back with a company of soldiers. They buried the dead, and gathered up such of the supplies as could be used, for they were about out of everything at the Fort. We could not find any Indians, and got none of the stock. We returned to the Fort, and a larger body of troops was sent out to scour the country for the Indians, but they did not find them. After resting a few days at Fort Halleck I returned to Fort Laramie.

My next expedition was into the hills near Fort Laramie after wood for the post. Had an outfit of my own, and took along a man by the name of Brown, Bill Brown, we called him. Brown had been on the Cumberland when she was sunk by the Merrimac off Fortress Monroe in 1862. We had to go into the canyons in the hills to get the wood, and had been at work cutting and banking the stuff when a messenger brought us orders to return to the Fort at once, as the Indians were on the warpath, had stolen some forty head of government stock, and were killing everything they could catch. We ran over to where our stock was feeding, and while we were on the watch we saw several Indians take after a wood hauler and run him into a swampy place. He called for help, but before we could get to him they had killed him and scalped him, and were gone. We had only seen three Indians, but the runner who came after us said the whole country was alive with them. Soon afterward, while we were preparing to start for the Fort, we saw three of them making a sasha in towards our stock, and Bill said to me: "Those rascals are going to get our stock." I replied: "They'll have to get more Indians than I have seen or I'll kill them before they get to the stock!" "By the Holy," said Bill, "I believe you could do it."

I had recognized old Crazy Horse as the leader of the band, and I instructed Brown to keep cool and quiet, and let them come up closer. I wanted to get a shot at Crazy Horse and I didn't want to miss him either. Was pretty sure that he had recognized me, as he made three circles about us and kept clear out of gun shot, so that I had no chance of hitting him at all. I had had three fights with his band on as many different occasions but he would never get within range of my gun when he was on the warpath, and although I wanted to take a shot at the old fellow the worst way I wouldn't murder him. He and his band had murdered several good friends of mine, and had tried to get me, but I wanted to kill him in a fair fight. Had hoped this was my chance at last, but it was not to be, for he gave up trying to run off our stock and rode away.

We took our stock and went in to the Fort as ordered. The officers were expecting the Fort to be attacked at any moment, and were all ready for the fight. We told them that the only Indians we had seen were Old Chief Crazy Horse and two of his braves, but they were confident the country was full of them, and ordered a double watch kept all around the Fort and every precaution taken against a surprise. Three brothers by the name of Darress were out somewhere and unaccounted for, and I spoke of going out to look for them, but the commanding officer said: "O, they've been butchered long ago, and there's no use to send more men out to be massacred. It was nearly dark, but I told him I was going out alone to hunt them. He said that he had no right to stop me, but it was just foolhardy for a man to go out when he knew the country was alive with Indians. "Well," said I, "all the Indians I have seen were three, and old Crazy Horse was one of them, and he is the one Indian above all others that I want to meet!" He replied that "it was no use to talk to a fool!" Not to be outdone in compliments, I answered that "it would take more than three Indians to make me crawl into my hole and then try to pull the hole in after me!" With that we both turned and walked away in different directions, being rather warm under the collar and not in the mood for further parley.

As soon as it became dark I looked my guns over to be certain of their condition, got my fastest horse, and started for the canyons. I knew about where the boys had been working, and rode straight to their camp without being molested. Arrived there about midnight and found the boys asleep, and they had seen no signs of Indians and had no idea there were any around. I told them what the Fort people had said, and also what I had seen, and they concurred in my opinion that it was just Old Crazy Horse and a dozen or so of his most trusted braves out on a little excursion.

Afterward, when the truth was learned, it was found that there were only three of the Indians in the vicinity. Old Crazy Horse and two of his band had caused the whole scare. There was one of the smartest of all the Indians, not even excepting Sitting Bull or any of their other great chiefs. An Indian Chief is to some extent like an army officer, but it is often the case that an under officer knows more in a minute than his superior could learn in a year if he were to study hard all the time, and I have found that the same applies to the Indian and in a greater degree. Old Crazy Horse was the worst Indian I ever saw or knew, in every way, and it takes a smart man, whether white or any other color, to be really bad.

On the day they tortured and killed that poor wood hauler in the hills we were only about a half mile from them in a straight

line, but we had to go a roundabout way to reach the spot, and could not possibly get to him in time to do him any good. They cut pieces of his skin loose at one end, then took hold and pulled it off; hadn't the time to skin him all over, but just in spots, then they shot him full of arrows and scalped him and left him to die when he got ready. They knew he could live but a short time, but on no account would they finish him and put him out of his misery. I tell you when you can see the Indians torturing a poor fellow and hear him calling for help, and you realize that you cannot reach him in time to be of any assistance, it gives you an awful feeling.

When the officers at Fort Laramie found that Old Crazy Horse and two braves were responsible for all the devilment, and that there were no more Indians about, they swore that they would catch the old rascal if it took the whole United States Army to do it. But they didn't get him, or any of the stock he had taken either, which confirms my statement that he was a wonder in the form of an Indian.

Another experience I had with the Indian was on the Laramie Plains. I had put up a lot of hay, about two hundred tons, on my ranch on the Laramie River, and while busy with the hay my cattle strayed away from the ranch. On the morning after I finished the haying I took my saddle horse and started out to hunt up the cattle. Along in the middle of the afternoon, when about twenty miles from home, I rode up onto a little knoll to take a look around the country, and discovered great clouds of smoke rolling up in the direction of the ranch. I knew at once that the Indians were burning my ranch, and took out my watch to see if I could reach home before dark, found that I had about two hours of good daylight ahead in which to make the ride. Of course I expected to find my family all butchered, and I rode that twenty miles in one hour and thirty-five minutes. When I came within sight of the cabin and saw my wife and baby in the door I was perfectly happy, and hardly took note of the fact that all my hay and about half of my corrals were burned. I found two old prospectors at the house, they having taken refuge there from the Indians, and presume that was what saved my family, as they were both old timers and the Indians knew them, and knew that my house was built to stand a siege and that I always kept a good supply of guns and ammunition.

While riding that dreadful twenty miles I had made up my mind that if the redskins had murdered my wife and children I would just camp on the trail as long as I lived, or as long as I could find a live Indian. When I found my family were alive I was so overjoyed that the loss of the hay didn't bother me a little bit, and I did not remember that I had had nothing to eat since early morning until sometime afterward. I had my baby on my knee when I remembered, and turned to my wife and remarked

that I was very hungry and asked: "Nancy, could you fix me up a little bite?" She replied: "We will have supper in just a few minutes." I was never happier in my life than on that evening.

Another time Billy Carmichael and I went on a prospecting expedition up the north fork of the Chugwater river, and picked out a place to do a little work. We took off some tools, without unloading our packs, and went down along the creek to examine the nature of the ground. We concluded to make a test by going down to bed rock, and I went up onto the bank to get a pick and shovel, and discovered Indians in all directions. "Come on, Billy!" I shouted, "we are surrounded!" "Guess we'll have to move then" said Billy, and he was right. The Indians had made a sneak and surrounded the creek. We had no time to lose, so we jumped on our horses, threw our packs down for the Indians, and started down that stream as fast as our horses could go, with the Sioux in their war paint hard after us. We got down the creek to where the north fork emptied into the main Chugwater, and instead of continuing we struck a buffalo trail that ran across through a little gulch, around the point of a hill and then back to the main creek or river. By that time we had quite a little start of the Indians, and it was such a fine place for an ambush that I said, "Billy, let's give them half of our magazines anyway!" "I'll go you!" said Billy, so off our horses we jumped. We both had new Henry rifles, just received from St. Louis, and were anxious to consecrate them. The guns had cost, with one thousand rounds of ammunition, the sum of three hundred dollars each. We had just time to get ready when here came the Sioux, two abreast along the trail, down the bank toward the creek. We gave them eight shots apiece, and of all the sights I ever saw that was the prettiest! We had piled up Indians and ponies as high as a covered wagon! We jumped on our horses and rode off, and they never tried to follow us any farther.

That night we camped at a little grove on top of a hill above the head of Horse Creek, almost due east of Laramie City; had to make a dry camp, and without anything to eat, as the Indians had our packs containing everything we had along in the shape of provisions. When we awoke in the morning we were decidedly hungry, and Billy said to me, "Jim, we've got to have some meat, so you go one way around this little grove and I'll go the other, and one of us ought to get a deer." So off we started, and I had gone over half way around the grove without seeing anything to shoot at, when I hear Billy's gun crack. It seemed to be quite close, and I felt sure that he had found something to eat, as he very seldom missed a mark, so I started to go to him. Had only travelled a short distance when I saw a horse move his head in the brush; noticed that the animal's ears were split, and dropped as though I had been shot, for I well knew that there was an Indian

there laying for one of us, and could not tell which he was after. Was watching closely to see the Indian move when Billy's gun cracked again, and Billy stepped out from some brush near by and remarked, "I've got him, Jim!" Sure enough, he had got the Indian, right through the neck.

Billy had killed a fine big buck deer with his first shot, and after making sure that there were no more Indians about we skinned the animal, built a fire, broiled some venison and ate our breakfast. Then we set out after the horse the Indian had ridden, and it took the two of us two hours to catch him, but he was a dandy; we never could have caught him if we had not good horses of our own. I sold him in Omaha afterwards for \$205.00, and the purchaser disposed of him immediately for \$325.00. He was a Kentucky bred horse, and that Indian had either butchered some poor emigrant and taken his horse or else had stolen the horse in some way from some emigrant train.

Leaving our dry camp, we took what meat we could conveniently carry and our Injin, as we called him, and went on over the plains onto the Big Laramie River and to old Johnnie Chambers' ranch. We discovered poor Johnnie lying in front of his cabin, killed and scalped. He had evidently been out prospecting and had just come home and laid his gun on the ground while he took his bucket to go after water, and some wandering Indian had sneaked and picked up the gun and shot Johnnie with it. He was given no show, or he would have left his mark behind him when he went. He had apparently been killed the day before. We tried to follow the trail of the Indian or Indians, but it had rained the night before and we had to give it up. We buried poor Johnnie, and then went on to the Little Laramie and prospected for awhile. We still had our dead Injin's horse with us, and I then took him down to Omaha and sold him for \$205.75. Upon my return Billy and I took the contract to put up the hay for Fort Saunders, and after completing this work took another contract to haul ties for the Union Pacific railroad. While we were working at the ties we went into Laramie City one night, and found the place in a turmoil of excitement. A gang of tough characters calling themselves graders had been doing a lot of dirty work around town, sandbagging, robbing, fighting or killing people almost every night, and the citizens had organized a Vigilance Committee to clean them out a little and put a stop to some of it. That night the Vigilantes captured and hung four of the worst of the toughs, and would have finished up more of them if they had been found, but they had been warned and hid out until they could get out of town. The four men hung were Big Ed, Acie Moore, Jack Hayes and another known only as Shorty, and I believe he was the worst of the bunch. These were probably not their right names, but were the names they went by, which answered all purposes in those days.

On another trip which I made into Laramie City while engaged in getting out ties a tie chopper gave me an order for a grub stake, and I bought the stuff for him. On my way back I drove up to his cabin to deliver the goods, and there he lay at his hack block, right in front of his cabin door, with his head cut off clean. His head lay on one side of the block and his body on the other, and near by was a big broad axe covered with blood.

One time the boys got up a dance at the tie camps. They brought some women out from Laramie City, and all were having a great time when some one started a row and soon the guns began to pop. Fist fights were rare in them days—it was always guns or knives. Matters were getting pretty lively when the notorious Jack Watkins pulled his gun and took a hand. His gun missed fire three times in succession, something Jack said it had never done before and the fellow at whom he was shooting or someone else in the crowd got Jack in the hip. He got out of the room in some way and ran around my stable, and hid in my haystack, where he spent the night. In the morning he did not show up, and the boys were all afraid to go to the stack to see whether he was dead or alive, for his gun might not miss fire again and he was known to be a dead shot, especially if he got the idea into his head that anyone was after him. Finally I went out, and discovered him just crawling out of my haystack. "Hello, Jack," I said, "you're not dead yet, are you?" "No," he replied, "but I got into it a little last night, and am pretty well used up this morning." I took him up to the house and dressed his wound, and kept him there until he recovered. He was only laid up a short time.

Along that summer he got mixed up in some trouble and shot both the sheriff and the under-sheriff, and made his escape. The county offered a reward of five-hundred dollars to anyone who would bring Jack Watkins in, dead or alive. We told him they must think men were getting cheap around here to go out after Jack Watkins for five hundred dollars! Jack went over around Medicine Bow and spent the winter, and they never even tried to go after him or take him. The officers were not very badly hurt, and soon recovered. They didn't bother Watkins any, and so he left the country the next spring. I never heard of him afterwards. He had killed four or five men, but had always treated me right and was very good-hearted until they got him started in some way; then he was bad. I did quite a lot of hauling for him at different times, and we never had a quarrel. I seen him take quite a little talk rather than start anything, and every time that I ever saw him in trouble someone else had started it. Am satisfied that someone had doctored his gun at that dance and then started a fight for the purpose of killing Jack, but the job was a failure.

(On my first trip to Custer City, in the Black Hills, we started from Laramie City with quite an outfit, and got along nicely until we were pretty well over into the hills at a stream they called Old Woman's Fork. There were old rifle pits all along the road or trail, for it was nothing more. We went into camp, forming our wagons into a corral, with a little hill as part of our defense. It was always necessary to guard against outlaws as well as Indians, and we took all the precautions possible. Suddenly we discovered quite a large band of Indians circling round our camp at a distance. They appeared to be trying to ascertain our strength. There was only one saddle horse among our stock, owned by a fellow who had ridden the animal all the way through from Laramie City. I asked him to take a flag of truce and go out and find out if the Indians were on the warpath, as they were so far away that we could not tell, but he refused. "Well, then," said I, "get off the horse and I'll go." "No, indeed!" said he, "Suppose I let you take my horse out and them Indians kill him or take him away from you, who would pay me for him?" Then I lost my patience and ordered him to get off or I would pull him off. He gave up the horse and I took a flag of truce and rode out toward the Indians and gave them the sign. One of them rode over and met me, and the following parley took place: "You on warpath?" "No, me no fight, not now!" "You good Injin?" "Good Injin now." I then asked him where they were going and he replied: "Wachapomany, Big Chief house." He meant after flour at the Indian Agency. "How long will you be gone?" "Three sleeps," said he, "and back." He then asked, "where you go?" and I told him "to Custer City." He shook his head and said: "Heap paleface to there. Maybe no good." Then the Indian turned and rode away, and they did not molest us in any way. Am satisfied that we escaped on account of our precautions and our defense, and that nothing else prevented our being massacred that night.

We went on to Custer City, and worked around there for several months, until we were about out of everything and had to get over to Laramie or Cheyenne after grub. There was never any large supply at Custer, and they were very short at this time. We could kill all the meat we wanted, but in the winter season the game was poor and as tough as leather. Of course we were not in any danger of starving, but there was no luxury about it. It was a tough settlement, and men were being robbed or murdered almost every night, and during the last month we were there three or four murders and robberies often occurred during twenty-four hours. It was a good place to get out of, and we formed a kind of company of those who wanted to leave, got ready, and started out in March. I had quite a bunch of fellows with me, mostly prospectors and old hunters, and we were to take the lead, then

there was a German and his wife named Metz, and a woman by the name of Sallie Mosby. Metz and his wife had a bakery in Laramie, and had opened another in Custer City, but had run out of flour and were going out to get some and to look after their Laramie shop. Mrs. Mosby was going out with them to attend to some business for her husband while he continued working. These people were to follow next behind the leaders of the train, and after them a lot of negroes. The Indians were pretty bad about that time, and I warned Metz before we started that he must keep close up to us, as we were almost sure to have trouble before we travelled far. As we neared Red Canyon, a sort of pass through the Buttes, I noticed Indians on both sides of the road ahead of us, and back from the road a little. I stopped and warned the others as they came up, and told them that if we ever got through that canyon we would have to do it on the dead run and stop for nothing, and I urged Metz again to keep us with them without fail. He replied: 'You go ahead. I know the road.'

We went ahead as fast as my team could run, but he lagged behind and would not try to keep up, his horses were as good as, if not better than, my own, and there was no excuse for his not keeping up, it was just stubbornness. The canyon was about six miles long, and we ran through at our best speed, and had slowed up to let our horses get their wind a little when two of the negroes came running forward with one horse. They said the Indians had attacked the train and killed Metz and his wife and Mrs. Mosby and some of the negroes, they didn't know how many, that they had saved themselves by cutting the one horse loose and mounting him, leaving the harness. We hurried on to the stage station, then only about three miles ahead at a point where the stage road crossed the Cheyenne river, and camped there that night. Next morning we went back and buried the dead. Mrs. Mosby, or Sally Mosby, as she was generally known, had put up a most desperate fight. She was the strongest woman I ever knew, and not afraid of anything or anybody. She had fought those fiends from the road clear down to the bottom of the canyon, a distance of some fifty or seventy-five yards, before they killed her. From the appearance of the bushes and the ground they fought through, she had killed or crippled a number of the Indians. She had two six-shooters when we found her, one in each hand, and both were empty and covered with blood where she had used them as clubs. I believe that right on that spot was fought one of the most desperate battles that was ever fought on earth by anyone, with the greatest odds, and it was by a woman. When the news of her terrible death went back to her husband in Custer City he went raving mad, and never recovered his reason.

After burying the dead we returned to the stage station, and leaving there made a drive of thirty-five miles and camped at

night on Indian Creek. It was about the coldest night that I ever experienced. I had to stand guard over my horses all night to hold them and keep them on the move so that they and I would not freeze to death. Sixteen soldiers were frozen to death that night a little north of Custer City. We pulled out of there next day, and continued on over to the North Platte River. About five miles from Fort Laramie we found a team of horses floundering in the river, they having broken through the ice. We went to work in earnest to get them out and look for the driver. He must have gone down the river under the ice, for we found no trace of him. We got the team out, rubbed them until we got the blood to circulating so they could travel, and then took them on to Fort Laramie. They knew there to whom the horses belonged, and the officer in command said he would see that they were delivered to the man's family.)

Along in the following summer, 1875, an Indian who was friendly with the officers at Fort Laramie came in and reported that Old Crazy Horse was going on the warpath again. The government had made four treaties with him, and he broke them every time as soon as the grass was good. The officer called me into his quarters, and said to me: "Sherrod, I want you to go with a company of soldiers over near Fort Robinson to a place called White Clay Island, and bring Old Crazy Horse into Fort Laramie. Arrest him if it can be done without too much risk, but I want him brought in, dead or alive. You can take Big Little Man with you as a pilot if you want him." Big Little Man was the Indian who had brought the word that Old Crazy Horse was mobilizing his band at White Clay Island. I told the officer that I didn't need the Indian, as I knew the place well, but that he could go along if he wanted to. The officer told Big Little Man that it was not necessary for him to go, as Sherrod knew the place, but that he might do as he pleased. The Indian thought a moment and then said: "Me go, all right!"

Our company was formed of the best men the officer and I could pick out, and they were mounted on the best of his horses. We went to White Clay Island, and had Old Crazy Horse surrounded and captured alive before he knew we were in the country. We started back toward Fort Laramie, and were moving along without trouble when suddenly and without the least warning the old rascal made a lunge at Big Little Man and almost severed one of his arms with a big knife which he had concealed on his person, and which we had overlooked in searching him. Two soldiers were walking right behind Old Crazy Horse, and when he made the lunge they ran him through with their bayonets, but they were not quick enough to save Big Little Man from an awful injury. Old Crazy Horse died in about two hours, long before we reached Fort Laramie, but we took him on in and delivered the

goods as ordered. The commanding officer never expected us to bring him in alive, I am sure, but he did not anticipate his being killed in the way he was.

Big Little Man was a Sioux Indian, and belonged to the same tribe or band as Old Crazy Horse, but the officers and soldiers had been very kind to him on several occasions, and this led to his betrayal of Crazy Horse; then he said he was tired of going on the warpath every time Old Crazy Horse saw fit to call on him to do so. He truly said "Crazy Horse heap bad Injin."

Crazy Horse was the only Indian I ever saw that I was really afraid of. I believe he was the best Indian General that ever lived. He knew every bugle call and order as well as did any of the soldiers, and that alone made him a very dangerous customer. Old Spotted Tail was a very bad actor, but he was not in it with Crazy Horse. I knew the old devil very well, and the White Clay Island affair was the fourth time I had been mixed up with him. He had out-generaled me every time, to the extent that I could never get close enough to get a shot at him before he made his getaway. He would come up to the Forts and steal the stock whenever he wanted to, and even when we recovered the stock we were not able to get him. When the Government arranged treaties with him he would either come into the Fort himself or was brought in under a flag of truce, never by outwitting, surrounding or surprising him until we captured him at White Clay Island. Even then he displayed his shrewdness, as he went with us quietly and made not the least resistance until he made the lunge at Big Little Man. He did that so unexpectedly and so quickly that it has always been a mystery to me that he did not succeed in killing that Indian. He was very angry, and certainly intended to kill him out of revenge.

Another of my pleasure trips occurred while the Union Pacific railroad was building through Carbon County, Wyoming. The Indians were in the habit of harassing the graders and track men at every opportunity, and led them a hard life. They had reached a point where the grade was to pass through a natural pass in the little range or spur of hills just west of Rawlins (now inside the yard limit, and known as The Cut). The Indians declared that the Big Smoke, as they called the locomotive, should not go through there. By the way of preventing the completion or rather extension of the grade, they were stealing the horses and mules used by the graders, killing a man every day or two, and otherwise attempting to frighten them. A man named Boyle was in charge of the grading camp at the pass, and he appealed to the Government for protection. I was sent up there with a company of soldiers to rout the Indians out and put a stop to their dirty work, and try to recover some of the stock they had stolen. When we arrived at Boyle's camp we found that the Indians had taken the last of his mules a day or two before, and

had just butchered three of his men. We went right on, and the Indians attacked us in the cut or pass, but it was only a hundred yards or so through and we pushed straight ahead, knocking down Indians and ponies in great shape. We followed them for fifteen or twenty miles beyond the cut, but could not tell whether or not we had killed a single Indian, as whenever a pony dropped they would pick up the rider and carry him away with them. The soldiers were not able to find any of the mules the redskins had stolen from Boyle, and he never got any of them. They had been driven clear out of the country. Having run the Indians off, and being of no further use to the graders, we went back to the tie camps. There we worked for the Spr Craig & Davis Tie Company until the outfit went into bankruptcy and beat us fellows out of about \$185,000.00. I lost \$11,646.00 myself. I followed them back to York State and sued them for the money, but lost the suit and had the costs and expenses to pay, amounting to another thousand. They claimed in Court that the property was all private holdings, and that as my claim was against a company I could not recover from individuals. While I was satisfied that the individual property had been bought with our money, we could not prove it, and were beaten. I came home to Wyoming a little wiser than when I went away, although with less money than I had when I started after them fellows.

While stationed at Fort Laramie one summer and fall several of us went out into the hills on a scouting expedition, and upon our return brought in with us some branches of choke cherry, which was very plentiful at that time, growing in all the canyons. The branches were loaded with fine, ripe cherries, and the boys at the Fort enjoyed them immensely. The Old Man, as we called the commanding officer, inquired why them cherries wouldn't make good cherry bounce. "They would," said I, "the finest cherry bounce in the land." "Well," said he, "I've got plenty of good whiskey, and if you boys will go out and get the cherries I'll have a barrel of whisky rolled out, and we'll make a barrel of cherry bounce." We were more than willing, so he detailed ten of us to go after the cherries, and we started out up the Chugwater on horseback. The fellow in the lead was riding a little wild buggery of a mule, and when we had reached a point pretty well up into the hills and were following along an old buffalo trail we rounded a short bend in the trail, and all of a sudden that mule gave a snort, wheeled about, and came very near running over us all. As soon as we recovered from our surprise we looked to see what had scared the animal, and there right in the trail ahead of us was one of the biggest cinnamon bears I ever saw, and he was picking cherries as unconcernedly as if there was nobody in the country. The worst of it was that not one of us had a gun of any kind. We knew there were no Indians about, and never thought of needing a gun. There was nothing for us

to do but hunt another place to pick cherries, and leave Mr. Bruin to enjoy his feast in peace.

We turned back and went up another draw, got our cherries, and returned to the Fort. When we told the bear episode a Frenchman by the name of Pappan, who had been wanting to tackle a big bear for some time, jumped up and cried "I get that bear!" We didn't enter any protest, as most of us had met Mr. Bruin before and knew something of his characteristics, and we had only the old muzzle loading guns then, it being before the breechloaders came out. So the Frenchman took his old gun and his hunting knife and started off for the hills. We fixed our cherries, got the barrel of whiskey out, took out one head, and were putting the cherries into it when someone wondered if the Frenchman would find the bear and if he would tackle him if he did find him. We were talking the matter over at our work when the poor Frenchman came crawling in, and of all the sights I ever seen he was the worst. His clothes were literally torn to pieces, and he looked as though he had been dipped into a river of blood. It was just all he could do to drag himself along, and as we rushed to his aid he exclaimed, "I kill him, but he give me big fight!" He next asked if some of us wouldn't go out and bring the bear in, and four of us took buffalo horses (horses used for carrying in buffalo meat) and went out to the hills, and there sure enough was Mr. Bruin, dead as a doornail. We skinned him and cut him into four quarters, and had about all we could do to get him to the Fort. The General or "Old Man" gave the Frenchman fifty dollars for the hide.

Then we got Pappan to tell us about the scrap. He said he went right out to the hills where we told him we had seen Mr. Bruin, and "dar he vas." He up with his old muzzle loader and blazed away and hit him, but not enough to do any damage to speak of. Of course the bear came right at him, and as he had no time to reload his gun he clubbed it, thinking he could knock Mr. Bruin down with it. He said "That bear just knock the gun out of my hands, push me down and jump on me, and try to chew me up!" Pappan realized that he would have to do something and do it in a hurry, so he managed to get his knife out and began to slash at the bear, which was right over him as he lay on the ground. It took the third slash to let the bear's insides out, and they dropped down on the Frenchman, almost smothering him with the blood. He could not force the bear off him, and it still chewed at him as long as it could hold up its head. Soon it rolled over, and then he made his way back to the Fort. He was quite badly chewed up, but not seriously injured, as it was the blood from the bear that had made him look so terrible. The Sergeant fixed him up and kept his wounds dressed, and he was all right in a few days.

After we took care of the bear, we went to work at our cherry bounce again. Every time we put a few cherries into the barrel we would have to take out some whiskey to make room for them, and the whiskey had to be used, as it was too good to waste. By the time we completed the cherry bounce there were not over a half dozen strictly sober soldiers in the whole outfit. I never drank, either at that or any other time, and was therefore in a position to see and enjoy the fun to the utmost. The next morning there were just thirty of them soldiers in the guardhouse!

A few days after the cherry bounce party an old prospector came into the Fort and reported that he had found a bear's den where there were some cubs, and he asked me to go with him and catch the cubs. He led the way to the den, and the cubs were in there all right. "How are we to get them out of there?" I asked. "O, I'll show you how," said he, "that is easy." He got some pitch pine and split the ends up very fine, and then said to me: "Now you take and light these fagots and go ahead into the den, and I will hold my gun right over your shoulder and as soon as the old bear shows up I will kill her dead." "Yes," I replied, "but suppose you should happen to miss killing her? What then?" "I won't miss her" said he. "Well," said I, "suppose you carry the torch and let me do the shooting. I have as good a gun as yours, and I know I'm as good a shot." "That's all right," he replied, "but I found the den." Then I asked him what I was to get out of the job, and he said I should have one of the cubs. "Oh, well," said I. "I will do better by you than that! I will give you both of the cubs and throw the old bear in and you can hold your own torch." I was quite a little bit mad at his impertinence, and I turned around and went back to the Fort and left him with his bear den. He stayed and watched the den for two or three days, and finally the old bear ventured out and he killed her. Then he came to the Fort after me to go and help him get the cubs out of the den, and said we would bring them to the Fort and make pets of them. Instead of two cubs, the usual number, we found three, and captured them all, although they fought like little demons. The little whelps bit and scratched to beat the band, but we finally succeeded in tying them tight and solid and carried them to the Fort. We kept them there quite a while, but as they grew up they became such a nuisance that we sold them to a New Yorker for sixty dollars and went out of the bear business for that season. They were taken to one of the geological (zoological?) gardens down east.

(To be continued in April Annals)

SARAH FRANCES SLACK

A Biographical Sketch by Her Daughter
Mrs. Wallace C. Bond

Sarah Frances, the sixth child of Millie and James Neely was born August 16th at the little town of Franklin, Kentucky on the Tennessee line. Franklin is eighteen miles from Bowling Green and Sheriff Beauchamp, Sarah's maternal grandfather, is said to have apprehended many eloping couples.

Her experiences as a pioneer began when her parents with their children, herself a baby only a few weeks old, travelled overland to their new home in Carlinville, Illinois. Their outfit consisted of a carryall drawn by two horses in which the mother and children rode, an ox-cart for their furniture and belongings and two horses ridden by her father and oldest brother. An uncle drove the ox-cart, exchanging places with her father from time to time. Her mother, I am told, had cooked as much food as was possible for them to take already prepared, including cakes and cookies made with honey, instead of sugar as they would keep moist for a longer time. There were practically no roads and the journey must have been a long and tedious one.

Relatives living in Carlinville helped the Neely family to get settled and here my mother passed very happily the earliest years of her life. How often have I heard her speak of her delight in the woods, and in "Rooky Branch" the little stream that wandered through them, showing that deep love of nature that was always one of her strongest traits.

When only eleven years old she lost her mother by the dread disease, cholera, and from that time on was mothered by her oldest sister, Malinda, who at the age of fourteen, had married John McCauley Palmer of Carlinville a young lawyer. When first married he gave lessons to his household, consisting of his wife, his sister and two brothers, the wife being the youngest of his pupils. The Palmers not only took the younger Neely children into their hospital home but added a boy and girl who were wards of Mr. Palmer to their own large family.

James Neely married again and died twelve years later of the same disease that had stricken his first wife.

When twelve years of age, Sarah Neely was baptized in Macoupin Creek, near Carlinville and from that time on was a faithful member of the Baptist Church.

She attended what seems to us now so quaintly called a "Young Ladies Seminary."

That Sarah had something of the spirit of the modern woman is proved by the fact that she had set her heart on going out to Iowa to teach school. She went on a visit to relatives in Keokuk and planned to stay, but Mr. Palmer did not believe in the women of his family working for a living. He wrote to her to come home and the dream of independence was never realized.

Then came the stressful period of the Civil War. Her oldest brother was wounded at Shiloh and a younger brother endured the horrors of Andersonville Prison. Her brother-in-law was Major-General of the Illinois Volunteers in 1862 and Corps Commander under Sherman in 1864.

It was after the war that she met her future husband, Edward Archibald Slack. He had completed his education at the Chicago University, after serving through the war and then came to Carlinville, working in the office of a relative of the Palmers.

After the war General Palmer moved his family to Springfield. He was elected Governor of the State in 1869.

In 1870, Mr. Slack came from far off Wyoming territory to claim his bride. Sarah dreaded parting from her sister Ellen, so near her own age that they were often taken for twins, but perhaps the hardest wrench was in leaving her small nephew, Louis Palmer, whom she idolized.

She was married in the Executive Mansion at Springfield on September 22nd, 1870. The couple went to St. Louis on their honey-moon, and then to a log-cabin in the crude mining settlement of South Pass, Wyoming Territory where Mr. Slack published a weekly newspaper, was interested in mining, and as Clerk of the District Court, performed the unique duty of swearing in his mother, Mrs. Esther Morris, as Justice of the Peace.

The Indians in the vicinity of South Pass at that time were supposed to be friendly too much so, perhaps, as I have heard my mother tell about the uncomfortable feeling it gave her when they flattened their noses against the window-pane and peered in at her while she was occupied with her house-hold tasks.

On October 26th, 1871, a son, Charles Henry, was born and in December of that year, Mrs. Slack, with the tiny baby in her arms, made the long trip from South Pass to the railroad by sleigh, joining her husband in Laramie. The baby boy, all the more precious because his big brown eyes recalled the little

nephew left in Springfield, only lived ten months. This deep sorrow proved the worth of the new friends and neighbors, so closely knit together in these Frontier Communities.

A daughter named Esther born in 1873 only lived five weeks.

In 1876 the Slacks moved to Cheyenne where Mrs. Slack resided for the rest of her life, and where her two daughters, still living, were born.

One of the happiest memories of my childhood is that of my mother reading to me after I was in bed, the Uncle Remus Stories of Joel Chandler Harris.

As colored "help" was common in Illinois, the darkey dialect was familiar to her, and her understanding of the old-fashioned negro and her keen sense of humor, made the stories a delight to both of us. My mother was a quiet, reserved woman and one had to know her intimately to appreciate the sense of humor which was one of her most endearing qualities.

She was devoted to her church and her family and while her retiring disposition prevented her from taking an active part in politics, she was keenly interested in civic affairs and regarded casting her ballot as a serious duty.

My father, her companion for thirty-seven years, died in 1907.

The last six years of my mother's life were a time of pain and helplessness, but her fine mind was never clouded. Her bible and the beautiful poetry with which her mind was stored were her consolations, and she kept her interest in people and events until the last. She passed from this world on March 2nd, 1921.

Jos. Irving

Fort Laramie, Oct. 19th, '57.

For W. M. F. Magraw

Sir:

Please pay to Messrs. Ward & Geary or order Twenty one 23/100 Dolls for the following articles furnished on my requisition.

50 lbs. flour @ 20c.....	\$10.00
10 lbs. Sugar @ 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ c.....	3.33
1 bar Soap40
30 lbs. Bacon @ 25c.....	7.50
	<hr/>
	\$21.23

Credit

F. W. Lander,

Chf. Eng'r. &c &c

From the John Hunton collection in The State Historical Department.

FORT FETTERMAN, WYOMING TERRITORY

Report of Assistant Surgeon J. H. Patzki, United States Army,
made in 1870.

(In the Contant Collection of Notes)

Fort Fetterman is situated on a plateau on the south bank of the North Platte River, about 800 yards from and 130 feet above the stream; latitude, 42 degrees 8' north; longitude, 28 4' west; elevation above the Gulf of Mexico, about 5,250 feet. The plateau rises from the river bottom by steep, almost precipitous, bluffs, and then rising gradually, merges into the Black Hills, fourteen miles distant.

(The nearest post, and the one through which all communication with the East passes, is Fort Laramie, eighty miles to the southeast.)

(Cheyenne, on the Union Pacific Railroad, is about one hundred and seventy miles to the southeast by the way of Fort Laramie, and one hundred and forty-five miles by a more direct route, not touching that post. Medicine Bow is the nearest station on the Union Pacific Railroad, about ninety miles to the south.)

In the spring of 1864 the gold excitement in Montana began to attract emigration. The first train, of about three hundred wagons, guided by "Old Joe," was met at Deer Creek (about twenty miles west) by the Sioux under Red Cloud, who appeared well disposed, but warned the travelers not to go east of the Big Horn Mountains. They followed his advice, and reached Montana unmolested. But other trains preferred the more direct route east of the Big Horn, and the Indians immediately resented this encroachment upon their domains, and began active hostilities. To protect emigration along this "Powder River Route," Forts Reno, Phil Kearney, and C. F. Smith were established north of the North Platte River and finally Fort Fetterman on the south bank, where a ferry was established. The first troops arrived here July 19, 1867, (Companies A, C, H, and I, Fourth Infantry, under Maj. William McE. Dye.)

The reservation begins at a point five miles due east of the flagstaff; thence running due north one mile; thence due west ten miles; thence due south six miles; thence due east ten miles; thence due north five miles, to the point of beginning; containing an area of sixty square miles. (General Orders No. 34, series 1867, Headquarters Department of the Platte.) Besides this there are reservations for hay and for wood. The former comprises "the bottom lands adjacent and pertaining to Deer Creek from its mouth to the foot of the first high range of hills." The latter, "that part of the north range of the Black Hills running almost parallel to and about fourteen miles south of the North

Platte River, and that part of said range (including north and south slopes) which lies between Box Elder Creek and its tributary known as Little Box Elder." (General Orders No. 480, series 1870, Headquarters Department of the Platte.)

The Black Hills furnish fine pine timber, the logs being cut by enlisted men and converted at the post, by two saw-mills, into building material. Of the value of the hay-reservation, the fact may give some idea that in 1861 Prof. F. V. Hayden, while an assistant to Capt. W. F. Reynolds, United States Engineers, encamped on the creek during a portion of the winter, and that "the stock, nearly two hundred horses and mules, were wintered very nicely in the valley, without a particle of hay or grain, with only the grass which they gathered from day to day." A Mormon settlement occupied this valley until broken up by the expedition of 1854. Fuel and hay are at present furnished under contract.

FORT FETTERMAN

In writing the history of Fort Fetterman and the North Platte country I can only account for events that transpired between '73 and '83 from my own personal knowledge.

Fort Fetterman was established in 1868 after the government had abandoned the entire country north of the Platte to the Montana line in a treaty with the Sioux and from that time until the ending of the Sioux wars of 1876 but very few white men ventured across the Platte.

The site chosen was at the confluence of the La Poudre creek and the Platte on a high plateau whose elevation is probably 100 feet above the river and had no fortifications other than what Nature provided, not a single piece of artillery save the "Sunset Gun" until 1875 when the War Department ordered and sent a "Gatlin Gun."

The lumber used was prepared on the Government reserve that lay at the base of Laramie Peak on the north side on the head waters of the La Bonte, where the Government installed and operated a Saw Mill.

Soldiers operated the mill sending in the products by mule teams under heavy escort for the Indians were frequent callers on the south side of the Platte.

(The general course of the North Platte river through this section of the country is from northwest to southeast and the old Overland stage road runs parallel for a distance of one hundred and thirty miles from Laramie to Casper but does not pass through Fetterman, passing about nine miles to the south.)

Somewhere between Horse Shoe and La Bonte, the road divided, the one to the right crossed the Platte at a point known as

Bridger's Ferry and continued up the Platte to Casper where the two roads joined.

(This road on the north side divided again somewhere in the vicinity of Fetterman, the right bearing almost due north and as I understand it is known as "The Bozeman Trail." When the Overland stage line was abandoned the Telegraph line was taken over by the Government and extended into Fetterman.)

The establishment of Fetterman must have been attended with a great sacrifice of men and treasure, if one be permitted to judge by the hundreds of headboards that mark the last resting place of many troops. One alone at La Bonte contained about twenty-five members of some Kansas cavalry and so little attention was given them that the cemetery was not even enclosed. The letters on head-boards in some cases were obliterated by erosion.

The cemetery at Fetterman was not an exclusive affair and contained the remains of many civilians as well as soldiers, very few of which died a natural death.

Before the Fort was eventually abandoned the remains of all who were buried there that died in the service of their country were exhumed and sent to the National Cemetery at Washington. The material used in constructing the Fort was not all lumber, for a great many of the buildings were adobe and it is appalling to think of days of labor hardships and sacrifices that were made by this underpaid, underfed, despised Army of the Plains in the building of this Fort. Some of these old battle-scarred veterans are still alive but in their declining years a generous (?) government has forgotten the sacrifices they made and the services they rendered and many are left to the tender mercies of charity.

In 1870, Fetterman was garrisoned by four companies of the 14th Inf. under command of Col. Krause and two troops of the 3rd cavalry and during his stay there the saw mill was removed from the reserve and set up in the post and whatever transportation could be spared made its weekly trips always under heavy escort and brought out logs. All the labor connected with these trips as well as the guard duty was performed by soldiers with the single exception of an engineer who also acted as head sawyer.

(There were two routes from the railroad to Fetterman one from Cheyenne about 16 miles distant, known as the "Cheyenne cut off" that left Laramie quite a bit to the right and was open to travel all the year. The other, from Medicine Bow, ninety miles distant and impassable for teams most of the winter months.

This route was used mostly by the government teams and bull outfits also by "Black Bill Robinson" who carried the mail.) What fascination there was about this job I could never understand.

The route was across about twenty miles of mountainous country, known as the "Medicine Bow Mountains" and a greater portion of that distance was through the Medicine Bow Canyon and about thirty miles across the Laramie plains where the blizzard raged in all its fury and not a stick of wood for miles and miles. But "Black Bill" made his trip regardless—perhaps a little late at times—and it was only after another route had been found and a stage line established that "Black Bill" disappeared.

In 1873, the 14th inf. was relieved by the 4th Inf. This change brought my company to Fetterman. During the next five years there were numerous changes of military commanders. Major Alexander Chambers, Col. J. S. Mason, Maj. Powell, Capt. A. B. Cain, Maj. De Ruise and Capt. Edward M. Coates, (to whose company I belonged) all following the usual routine of military duty excepting Capt. Coates, who irrespective of the fact that the ordinary needs of the post kept the troops busy, he found time to survey and established a new and a better route to the railroad: was instrumental in getting a stage line into the Fort. Under his supervision a bridge was built across the North Platte that after more than 40 years of constant use is still in good condition; placed and constructed a reservoir, installed a pumping plant, and laid pipes for the distribution of water throughout the garrison thus doing away with the necessity of the water wagon that had made its daily rounds some times when the thermometer was registering 40 below. He found time to send out hunting parties into the game country that came back with teams loaded to the bows with the results of the hunt which was distributed among the companies; established company garden that grew vegetables for their table, the first that was ever grown in that country and the first that many of the command had eaten in years.

These stupendous tasks (and under the conditions that prevailed, they were stupendous) were performed by soldiers, excepting the head mechanic, a civilian employee by the name of Charles Hogerson, who in later years amassed a fortune and died president of the First National Bank of Buffalo.

While in Fetterman, Mr. Hogerson's wife gave birth to twin girls, the first white children born in that isolated post. One of the twins lives in Buffalo and the other in San Diego, Cal. The attending physician was Major J. V. R. Hoff, who afterward was chief medical director of the expedition into Cuba.

During these years the cavalry troops were kept busy chasing bands of marauding Indians that came across on the south side to kill those that were unfortunate enough to be unprotected, to steal a few ponies and perhaps take a few cattle.

By the time the news of these outbreaks reached the Fort and the troops had gathered into the field, the Indians were back on the reservation and the troops not allowed to follow.

The scout and guide on these trips was an old half breed, Joe Monaz, who lived in the Fort with his family of squaws, papooses and dogs.

The impression prevailed among the military men that Joe never led the troops to a part where there might be danger and eventually Joe disappeared, probably to the reservation.

Here some military genius conceived the bright idea of using Indian scouts and to bring this plan to a fruition, ten Arapahoes were induced to swear allegiance to the government for a period of one year and as a compensation for their services, they were allowed the same pay and allowance as soldiers.

The Indians might have rendered some services, had it not been for Capt. A. B. Cain, then in command and who was on intimate terms with John Barlycorn. He insisted that as they were sworn in and drawing pay and allowances, they must appear at Head quarters daily in full military dress, from hat to shoes, for inspection. Of course they soon grew tired of military discipline, so one morning after pay and a bountiful supply of rations, clothes and annuities, they were conspicuous by their absence.

One remained, who stuck manfully to his job of drawing his allowances and his breath, and at the expiration of his services was given his discharge that certified that Little Dog was "a good soldier but a poor scout."

During the Indian wars of 1876, three military expeditions under the command of Genl. George Crook was organized and started from Fetterman and not from Laramie as some historians have claimed.

The first one known as the Powder River expedition consisting of the third and second cavalry and fourth Inf. was out during the month of March. The second and the largest body of troops that was ever assembled in the United States for that purpose left Fetterman, May 27, 1876 and was constantly in the field until late in October.

The troops were drawn from the various military posts south of the North Platte. The transportation from Camp Carlin, and Indian scouts from the Crow, Utes and Shoshones.

This campaign drew the most wonderful collection of frontiersmen that the country ever saw. Among the noted men who accompanied this expedition was Frank Grouard, the chief of all, "Big Batt, Little Batt" Carl Reshaw, Calif. Joe, Buckskin Jack, Speed Stagner, the Semenoe Bros., Ben Clarke, Liver

Eating Johnson, and hundreds of others, more or less famous, including Calamity Jane and her side kicker Frankie Glass.

This wonderful gathering of soldiers, scouts, packers, teamsters and Indians were the guests of Fort Fetterman for seven days. The greatest obstacle was crossing the Platte that was running bank full.

One flat boat that had only one team, operated by cable that sometimes broke and the boat carried down the river to be hauled back by men and mules.

The third campaign against the Northern Cheyennes left Fetterman December first '76 and was out during that month and was without doubt the most severe on men and animals in the annals of Indian warfare.

After the battle between the troops and Dull Knife's band, fourteen Indian children were found frozen besides many old men and women died of exposure, but the spirit of resistance was broken.

All the wounded, sick and disabled from these military campaigns eventually found their way into the hospital at Fetterman. All the dispatches from the front were released from Fetterman and all the supplies needed at the front were sent out from Fetterman and in view of these facts history must record that Fetterman and not Laramie is entitled to be considered the important point in the North Platte country in those days.

With the ending of the Indian troubles its importance from a military standpoint has ceased and the troops were gradually withdrawn, finally abandoned some time in '78. (As it lost its importance from a military standpoint it began to assume prominence as a supply point for the stockmen and ranchers that for years had been casting anxious eyes upon that wonderful country to the north.)

While Fetterman had its full quota of bad men as the headboards in the cemetery bear mute testimony, no killing had ever taken place there while under military jurisdiction, but as soon as the soldiers departed, trouble began and it soon gained an unenviable reputation as the scene of several tragic events, but eventually the law abiding citizens began to exert their influence and the "bad men" passed out.

Among the early settlers and old timers was E. Tillottson who grew wealthy as post trader, J. M. Carey who settled at Casper, Boyd Bros., Major Wolcott, late of the English army and John Hunton still living. Robert Fryer, who operated a blacksmith shop on the reservation about three miles up the La Poudre and who probably saw more "bad men" killed than any man in the North Platte country, J. D. O'Brien, who was

discharged from the service at Fetterman and settled on the La Prele and who during the Spanish American war raised a company of volunteers and went to the Philippine Islands, Tom Branson, Capt. Graham, John and Sam Sparks, Keeline, Van Tassell, Irwins, Walker and Johnson and many others that I cannot recall.

To one of those who spent many years in that hard faring land, the stories of Owen Wister are very fascinating for the scenes were laid for those wonderful and entertaining stories in that country and quite frequently he refers to Fetterman which he calls "Dry Bones." In the story of Lin McLean the closing scenes are laid in the old post and the dance hall was formerly the quarters that my company occupied and the coroner who was so anxious to hold the inquest was portrayed so truly that I can see my old comrade, Sam Slaymaker in his official capacity very important, very condescending for the governor of Wyoming was present.

J. O. WARD,
Late 1st Sergt., Co. "C," 4 U. S. A.

Centennial, Wyo., April 29, 1897.

M. D. Houghton,—

Dear Sir

Laura wrote me that you would like an account of my brother's Nels; in regard to the De Long Expedition of the North Pole, and thank you for publishing it. I will here state it in plain words:

Nelse Iverson, the oldest of nine children, was born in Jutland, Denmark, the 7th of Dec. 1848, and left his home at the age of 14, to enter the war between Denmark and Germany, as the leader of the band; at the age of 22 he went to Greenland where he was employed in some mining work; in 1873 he left Greenland and came straight to Laramie, where he was employed as butcher, his trade, for several years; in the spring of 1879 he went San Francisco, where he enlisted as a member of the De Long Expedition to the North Pole.

In June, the 9th day—he, together with the others, left San Francisco in search of the North Pole, he was then 31 years of age; he was a heavy built man and weighed 215 lbs.; There was good sailing for 4 months, and the party was making good headway after that the ship and its crew got stuck in the im-

mense lot of ice, where they stayed until the spring of 1881, off the Siberian coast; then the ship sunk, and the crew divided in 3 parties, 12 men in each boat; one boat was lost entirely, and nothing was ever heard of it, and the second one struck the inhabited coast, where 5 men were saved; the third boat was left at the bank of the Lena River, from whence the party, including Capt. De Long, Lieutenant Danehover, Naturalist Lee, Engineer Melving, the minister and the doctor, a colored hunter, a china-cook, three sailors, and Nelse Iverson who dealt out the provisions etc., on board the ship. During the 40 days, from when they left the Lena River, until Oct. 28, 1881, the day Nels Iverson died, the party was all dead except De Long, whom they thought had died about the 1st of Nov. Nels was the last man numbered in the Capt's account book of the dead. Their death was the result of starvation, and cold; the last meal they ate was glycerine oil, which was the last thing they had left.

In the spring of '82, an expedition was sent out in search for them; they were found on the banks of the Lena River, frozen solid in ice and snow. In 1883, the U. S. sent over an expedition with metal coffins in which they were buried; some were sent to their several homes and the others were buried in Brooklyn Cemetery, including Nelse, far away from friends and home. His old parents received \$1500 from U. S.—a few years afterward they received a gold medal for his lost life.

I have stated here the facts, Mr. Houghton, and of course you will have to exclude some of it, I presume.

With best regards to yourself and Mrs. Houghton,

Sincerely

(Signed) Katrina Wolbol.

(Coutant collection)

Camp Floyd U. T., Nov. 30th, 1858.
Messrs. S. E. Ward & Co.

Gentn—

Please pay to the order of Private Steen Co. "A" 4th Arty.
the Sum of Seven dollars & fifty cents & Call on John Heth of
Fort Kearny for the amount.
\$7.50/100

R. H. DYER.

Note in pencil on back: Heth became Gen'l in Conf'd Army.

From the John Hunton collection in The State Historical Department.

**ACCESSIONS FROM OCTOBER 1, 1926, TO JANUARY 1, 1927
MUSEUM**

- Vandehei, Earl F.....Collection of war trophies brought from World War: German mark; part of French bank note and twelve other coins; shells, bayonets and various French and German souvenirs.
- Turk, JamesYoung Cock Pheasant which was killed in big hailstorm of June 14, 1926. Mounted by Historical Department.
- Logan, Ernest A....."Souvenir Program of our President's Visit to Cheyenne, May 30-31, June 1, 1903." (Roosevelt). Compliments of Cheyenne Business College, D. C. Royer, Principal.
- Haas, R. P.....Sign board which hung over the door of the stable at Old Fort Washakie where the horses of Company "M," 8th Cavalry, were kept and bears the insignia of that company consisting of crossed sabres above a large figure eight and a horse shoe, all carved from wood.
- Reese, Dan E.....Powder bag used in Revolutionary days.
- Hastie, Eunice C.....Framed picture of Co. "F," Seventh Regiment, of U. S. Engineers taken in 1917.
- Meyers, E. D.....Employee's Badge No. 16, Cheyenne Electric Railway Company; worn by Mr. Meyer while employed as conductor; Taft campaign button, 1908; Pocket Compass used by U. S. Engineers in France; peculiar specimen of stone picked up near Cody; beer chip of Gronenthal Bros. Saloon—Good for five cents; good luck piece issued as advertisement of Wyoming Trust and Savings Company; two steel helmets used by U. S. soldiers in France; specimen of ivory or bone picked up on prairie; pipe used by E. W. Whitcomb; antique platter.

- Marie, Queen of Roumania.....Tribute to "Buffalo Bill" (William Cody). Written in own handwriting on Royal stationery.
- Chappell, G. F. and Sarah A.....Gun carried by Mrs. Sarah A. Chappell's grandfather. A very ancient type of gun.
- Owen, W. O.....Picture of Owen party on top of Grand Teton Peak, August 11, 1898, showing chopped and broken character of summit.
- Lacey, Judge J. W.....Complete suit of plate armour originally worn by a Japanese Samurai, consisting of helmet, corselet, chain sleeves and leggings and grotesque mask, all in an embossed leather box. This armour was sent to Judge Lacey in 1882 by his brother who was residing in Japan at that time. The suit is extremely heavy and of a highly artistic character.
- Governor Nellie T. Ross.....Engraved plate, bearing following inscription: "Wyoming Ambulance Presented to the Brave Wyoming Soldiers in France by the People of their Home State."
- Buford, Miss Maud.....Large framed picture of President Garfield and his family.
- Wilcox, E. M.....Photograph of stage driven by E. M. Wilcox in 1903. Picture taken while enroute from Walcott through Saratoga and to Encampment.

GIFTS OF HISTORICAL BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

- Herman Gottlieb Kiel.....The Centennial Biographical Directory of Franklin County, Missouri, by Kiel.
- Lusk, F. S.....Mining Laws of Wyoming and of the United States and Regulations thereunder. In effect April 1, 1907.

- White, John G. and party....."A Souvenir of Wyoming." Two volumes. A diary of a fishing and camping trip in Jackson Hole and Yellowstone Park Country. Beautifully bound and profusely illustrated by original photographs taken by Stephen N. Leek and William C. Boyle. The group consisted of William C. Boyle, Thomas A. McCaslin, Stephen N. Leek and John G. White. Eight typewritten copies were made, one for each member of the fishing party and one each for the Wyoming Historical Society, the Missouri Historical Society and Horace N. Albright, Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park.
- Devereux "The Spirit of '76," by Devereux. A story of the famous painting of that name.
- Ostrander, Maj. A. B..... "The Custer Semi-Centennial Ceremonies, 1876-1926, by Major A. B. Ostrander, Gen. E. S. Godfrey, M. E. Hawkins and R. S. Ellison.
- Mountain States T. & T. Co..... A Glimpse of the Public Utility Industry—Wyoming's Part in its History and Growth.
- U. S. Dept. of Agriculture..... "The Story of the Range," by Will C. Barnes. Published by U. S. Department of Agriculture.
- Smith, Rev. Franklin Campbell..... Early Religious Services in Wyoming by Rev. Smith.

PURCHASED BY THE DEPARTMENT BOOKS AND MAPS

Soldiers of the Plains by P. E. Byrne.

A Visit to Salt Lake—Being a Journey Across the Plains—by William Chandless—Published in 1857. Includes map of route taken.

Brooke's Gazeteer—Published in 1806. Includes eight maps. First American edition.

Fremont's Journal—Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1842 and Oregon and North California in 1843-44—By Brevet Capt. J. C. Fremont. Includes large map of route in pocket on cover.

History of Oregon—by Travers Twiss. Published in 1846.

Travels in North America—Two volumes. With geological observations. Published in 1845.

Discovery of the Great West by Francis Parkman—Published in 1870. Second edition.

Report Upon Geographical Surveys West of the 100th Meridian—1875. Includes maps.

Down the Santa Fe Trail and Into Mexico—1846-1847. Being the Diary of Susan Shelby Magoffin—Edited by Stella M. Drumm. Published in 1926.

Map of Oregon Territory—1842.

Map of the United States and Mexico—1842.

Map of North America—1832.

Mitchell's New Map of Texas, Oregon and California. Copy of 1846 map.

Wild Bill Hickok—by Frank J. Wilstaeh.

Not Afraid—by Dane Coolidge.

Framed Picture of First Frontier Celebration held in Cheyenne in September, 1897.

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

Rietz, Mrs. Minnie A.....Caleb Perry Organ

Guthrie, W. E.....The Rise and Fall of the Open Range
: Cattle Business in Wyoming.

MUSIC

Fourt, E. H.....Three copies of song "A Voice From
Home" words of which were written
by Edgar Howard Fourt and the mu-
sic by Nareiso Serradell and dedicat-
ed by them to the American War
Mothers.

NOTE

On page 312 of the Wyoming Annals for October 1926 will be found the statement that Old Fort Bonneville was on Horse Creek, about a day's ride from where Cheyenne is now located. The writer, Mr. Hynds, confuses Horse Creek in southeastern Wyoming with Horse Creek in western Wyoming. Fort Bonneville was established in 1832 on the Horse Creek which is an affluent of Green River and near where the creek empties into Green River. Its exact location was the northeast quarter of the Northeast quarter of Section Thirty (30), Township Thirty-four (34) North, Range One Hundred and Eleven, West of the sixth principal meridian. Fort Bonneville was approximately 400 miles northwest of Cheyenne. This error in location of places emphasizes the urgent need for a revision of geographic names in Wyoming.

State Historian.

Annals of Wyoming

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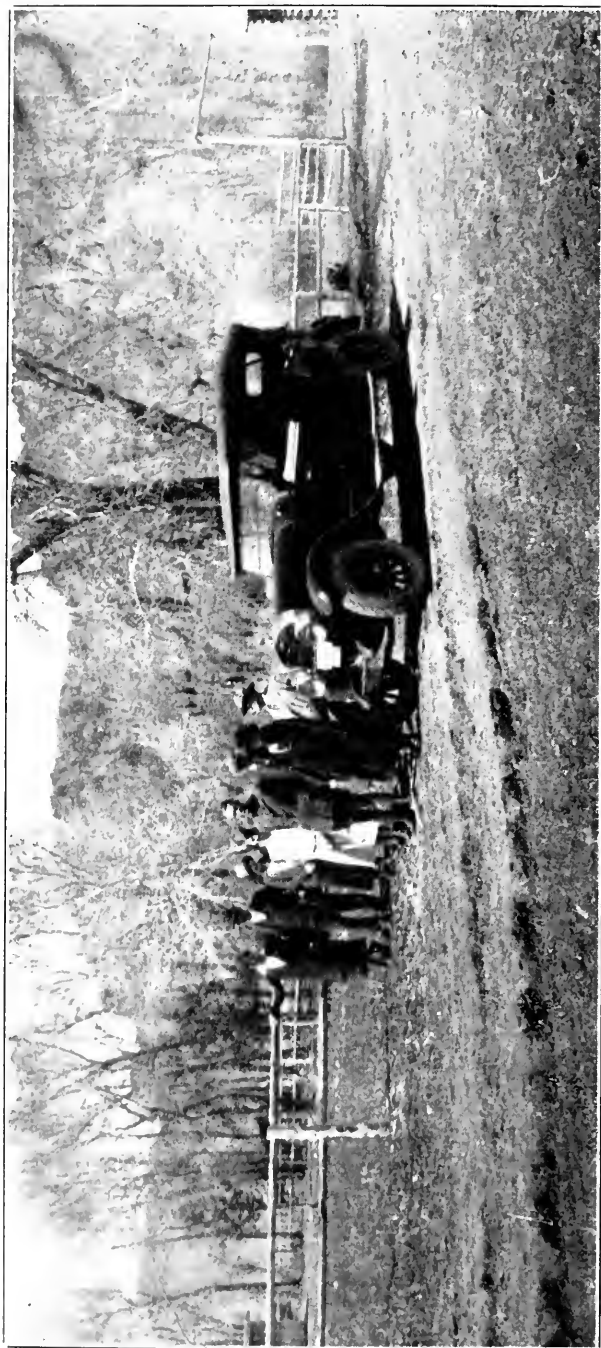
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Volume IV., Number 4.	April, 1927



America's First Woman Governor at Oldest Ranger Station in U. S., Wapiti, on Oldest National Forest, Shoshone

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 4

APRIL, 1927

No. 4

INTRODUCTION TO A HISTORY OF THE SHOSHONE NATIONAL FOREST

(The Oldest National Forest in the United States) with Personal
Narrative of Its Foundation and Development by the
First Supervisor, A. A. Anderson, Artist

Notes and personality sketch by Margaret Hayden, U. S. Forest Service,
Cody, Wyoming

Great as is the aesthetic and economic debt of Wyoming and the nation to Mr. Anderson, it is to A. A. Anderson, Artist, we are indebted universally, for he has been many years an outstanding figure not only as a portrait painter, but also in recreating out of the great melting pot a truly American art, and ushering in America's golden age of art, a nation's most lasting monument.

The story of Mr. Anderson's artistic life in Paris when it was the art center of the world and his aid to struggling students abroad; the tracing of art from the "Alpine peaks" to the "leavening down" of the present time; and his life today in his New York studios, constitute a chapter to appear in a succeeding number, for the delight and enlightenment of posterity.

Since January, 1922, we have pondered in our heart a paragraph from a letter written by our District Forester, Colonel A. S. Peck:

"Has it ever occurred to you that much of the early history of our Forest areas is in danger of being lost? Mining camps are being abandoned, new roads are being built which change our routes of travel and cause old roads to be abandoned, large stock ranches are being broken up into farms, unique and picturesque characters who have played leading roles in this early development are passing away. Is it not probable that information of this kind would prove of interest in the future and increase in value as time goes on? It seems to me that it is a part of our duty to preserve such data for future generations of foresters."

From the "Outline of History" given in this letter, I have chosen for this number the seventh and last, "Biography of Forest Officers, Human interest stories." Truly Mr. Anderson is both a unique and picturesque character who has played a leading role in early development, not only from an economic but also from an aesthetic standpoint. But for devotion to code, tape, and budget my own pound of spikenard should earlier have been offered, with the hope that its fragrance will last when ledgers are forgotten.

This initial chapter is not submitted primarily as a record of historical facts, but is written as a tribute of esteem (too seldom accorded by a busy, prosaic world) to one who by his lively ideals and undaunted courage was able to combat the selfish primitive interests of that earlier time.

It will be left to succeeding numbers to trace out the romance and adventures of road and trail building, the meeting of motor and pack horse at the end of the trail, the rise and fall of the cattle business, the oncoming of the "woollies," the present day demand for unbroken telephone communication from Wall Street to the Rocky Mountains; and the inception and rapid growth of that other expanding activity now known universally as "dude wrangling." (In official circles the Shoshone is known as the "dude" forest and justifies the appellation. Indeed, it is to our subject we owe the evolution of the genus dude,—from pilgrim to "tenderfoot," and in these latter times to "dude," "one who washes behind the ears.")

But for the activity of Mr. Anderson, our chronicle might measure down to Voltaire's definition of history as "little more than the record of the crimes and misfortunes of mankind." When the first supervisor made his annual trek in the summer of 1926 from the salons of Paris and the studios of New York to his ranch on the Forest, and was besought by us to tell the story of his early triumphs and failures in forestry, he cogently replied, "I had no failures." Whereupon he invited me to visit Palette Ranch, his summer home and hunting lodge in the Rockies. After nine intervening months there is a savor of charm in re-living this experience and soliloquizing, "What is so rare as a week in the forest?"

To go to Shakespeare;—

"A merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal;

* * *

So sweet and voluble was his discourse."

Excellent as was the cuisine, I often craved pencil and notebook more than knife and fork, for at our dinners conversation

was unhampered and memory unnumbed by thought of an unknown audience.

Exemplifying the true artist's scorn for exotic luxury, breakfasts were served from a red-checked table cloth, spread in a beaming sunroom. This same table served during the moonlight evenings for bridge games for those who were valiant enough to hazard their reputation at cards with one whose skill had placed him with the world's experts. We have since listened in on model games in the air over Station WEAJ, New York, and recognized names of well-known bridge authorities who had been guests of Mr. Anderson at the ranch.

While well-founded reports are reaching us that our hero's latest adventures are along the airplane route, of radio I have nothing to record other than his facetious comment that the broadcasters sounded as though they had been overcome by ether; with, however, what seemed to be a concession greatly in favor of radio, that his beloved granddaughter, *Betty, is an enthusiastic fan.

Not only is Wyoming particularly indebted to Mr. Anderson for his activity in protecting its woodland heritage, but he has also proved the importance of work as the foundation for all culture, and does not ask others to do what he has not himself done. Many years ago he broke down the tradition that only a woman can cook, when, during his residence in Paris he was taken into the culinary confidence of famous chefs and initiated into the secrets of French cookery. "Anyone may learn anything," said our host, as we relished a dinner he had prepared, "If he has enough energy and curiosity."

Mr. Anderson has also loved to build and to ornament the earth. The story of the building of his ranch home and hunting lodge is a pioneer romance in itself, and is to be another chapter in a succeeding number.

A fountain rising from a palette-shaped plinth played tirelessly at the entrance to the lodge, and nearby a sundial reminded us of the all too quickly passing sunny Wyoming summer, for here at the ranch they live "In feelings, not in figures on the dials." Indeed, already two rough-coated Airedale terriers who constitute part of the yearlong household, seemed to scent preparations for impending departure and their own long winter with the caretaker, for their master declared he thought too much of them to take them to the city.

Perhaps the greatest surprise of all was the nine hole golf course of sportiest hazards, which has been wrested from rocks,

*Mrs. H. A. Ashworth, then on a pack trip at their hunting lodge further up the mountains, named by Emerson Hough on a visit there, "The End of the Trail."

roots, and sagebrush. It was good to follow this course with our subject, wishing the while for pencil and paper to take note of the spontaneous expressions and "confessions" that always lend a colorful east to word pictures. Doubtless it was not so good for "the wearing of the green" that, like other lady novices, we got a good grip on the green by means of our high-heeled boots, thereby proving the patience of our master golfer—a master indeed in the mountains, but who confessed to lower scores at the seaside links. This same privilege was accorded Margo, the pet antelope, as her fleet and slender feet ranged the Palette grounds.

Across the turfy green a swimming pool which had been coaxed from the mountain tops flashed its promise of refreshment plus comfort, for here the artificial had indeed made nature bearable by means of steam pipes which warmed the water from the coolish heights.

To me, the most captivating sport of all, and one at which I considered myself more expert than at golf or bridge, was the horseback jaunt along Piney Creek. Three horses were saddled for us at midday, after another morning's work and noon luncheon, and we were soon across the Forest boundary, on bedgrounds of deer and elk, surveying the range of the largest herd of antelope in the world.

Our goal that day was the old homestead cabin at the source of Piney, which from sentiment had long been preserved, but which our game warden guide had at last decided to destroy, as it had become the rendezvous for poachers on the elk winter range. Already this season there were signs of abuse of neighborly pioneer customs,—a pile of firewood to warm trespassers through another winter of depredations. While deploring the passing of this solid log landmark, we asked permission to christen it "Never, Never Land."

Crossing Piney we dismounted near the winter quarters of the bear, within sight of the aeries of eagles, along mountain ridges that seemed veritable "holy cities," and had indeed been the subject of more than one of Mr. Anderson's canvases. In a grotto by the hut were fish-like forms, with bubbles for eyes,—algae, we were told, the beginning of things! Certainly a happy haunt this for banshee, pixie, and gnome.

Here as we rested by an aspen grove we heard from Mr. Anderson the legend of the quakin' asp. Tradition has it that the crucifixion cross was formed from the wood of the aspen tree, which accounts for the forever fearful quaking and trembling of its leaves.

Undertaking to keep pace with our agile wrangler-host on the home run over the Forest Service trail, my horse's hoofs scrabbled over a boulder that had defied the ranger's charge

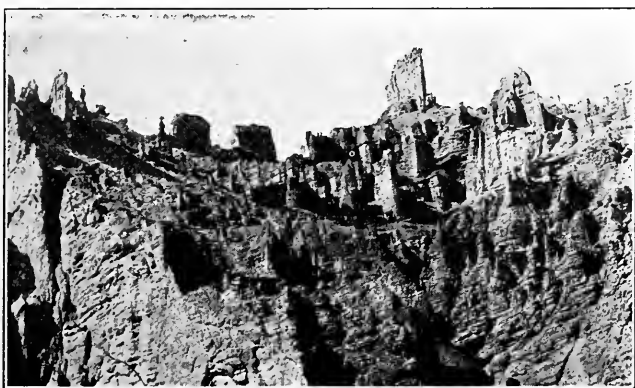
of TNT, and I rose from the fall to hear the philosophic comment that to learn how to fall is first in riding.

A whole lot more could be written about Mr. Anderson, but it would have to be done with a subtler quill than I possess; and a far livelier manuscript this would have been with the expressions of sharp wit striking satirical sparks, the neatly turned truisms, and the interlarding of many personal reminiscences. Too frequently I was inhibited by "Don't write that in; I was only telling you about it," and it was with a sense of distinct loss I abstracted many a parenthetical paragraph. But this I could not suppress:

"The closer we get to nature the happier we are. No man can live close to nature and study the wonders of creation without getting nearer to God and loving all His works. We are nearer heaven on the Shoshone than in other places—it is 7650 feet altitude where we are standing—and if we are very quiet we can hear the angels sing."

In a large sunny upper room I had "listened in" and took notes on the prehistoric period of the Forest I love so well, altogether intrigued by this "once-upon-a-time" story of early thought-taking for our precious woodland heritage. Hunting trophies of other days hung from the walls of the lodge, calling forth stories yet to come of the faithful guides who had passed on to other hunting grounds; a cheerful wood fire glowed in the grate below, and I glanced betimes at the horizon of river, forest, and mountain cleft in the foreground by a charred canyon, an ironic monument of what might have been.

MARGARET HAYDEN.



—Courtesy of the State Highway Department.
Holy City in Shoshone National Forest, Park County

THE YELLOWSTONE FOREST RESERVE

Its Foundation and Development by A. A. Anderson

Its Underlying Importance

The Yellowstone Forest Reserve, founded in 1902, may be called the first large forest reserve in the United States. Surrounding Yellowstone Park on all four sides, and occupying space in three states—Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho—it covers about 9500 square miles, an area nearly twice as large as the state of Connecticut.

Apart from size, however, another important feature of the Yellowstone Forest Reserve lies in the fact that it has provided the inspiration and basic plan for the development of all our other large national forest reserves. It has proved, by its success, the great value to our country of the reserve system. In fact, the plan of management, basically sound from the very beginning, has been adopted by the others, which are being conducted largely upon the same general principles.

The Conditions Which Made It Imperative

The first idea of such a reserve and its possibilities came to me with the smoke of many forest fires. From my ranch in Wyoming, situated upon the fringe of the beautiful forest which is now included in the reserve, I used to watch these fires with apprehension. I remember that one day while crossing the Lander trail south of the Park, I stood upon a high peak and counted fourteen distinct fires raging below me. It was a distressing scene; and being naturally a lover of forests, with a realization of their tremendous practical value, I was vitally impressed with the need of action.

It was evident that something more than mere coincidence lay behind the simultaneous burning of so many fires. I learned shortly afterwards that most of them had been deliberately started by wandering sheepmen, who were setting fire to the dense pine forests for two reasons: first, because it would be easier thereafter to trail their sheep; and second, because when the forest was burned the resultant weeds which sprang up would afford better pasturage.

It was also evident that where there were so many fires, more than the forests themselves were at stake. In Wyoming, for instance, all cultivation was dependent at that time upon the irrigation derived from mountain streams. The forest fires

were bringing about the destruction of the valuable spongy matter beneath the trees, so that the snow which fell during the winter, melting rapidly under the first warm sunlight, resulted in flood waters in springtime and drouth in summer—a condition which meant tremendous loss to the farms. Then too, there was the problem of the wild game in whose protection I had been interested for years. With the extinction of the forests, the animals and birds would disappear, and much of the indescribable charm of that western countryside would be lost.

Clearly the situation was critical. A few wandering sheepmen were jeopardizing not only the forests and wild game but the prosperity of the farmers, the very life of the State. They were doing this at the expense of the local sheepmen, men who had a legal right to the home ranges. For the wanderers, bringing their sheep across country after shearing time, could poach upon the ranges of the home sheepmen only until snow fell—a period of about two and a half months. And in that short time, their sheep rendered the home ranges useless for a period of nine months after.

Those, briefly, were the main facts which pointed to the necessity of some sort of forest conservation and control. Both economically and aesthetically, the usefulness of this portion of the Rockies was at stake. But what was to be done? State supervision seemed impossible—a great variety of factors opposed it. In fact, the only solution appeared to lie in direct government supervision. I realized it was from Washington that help must come.

How the Reserve Was Created

On my return to the East I went directly to the Capitol, feeling at home there among the Wyoming delegates. I knew President Roosevelt and had great faith in his own personal interest in conservation. I spent some three months in Washington, gradually arousing interest in the idea of a Yellowstone Forest Reserve and its imperative necessity.

But the wheels of Government machinery, as always, moved slowly. Meanwhile, considerable opposition to my plan was rising among the Wyoming sheep interests, which had a mistaken idea of the advantages they would derive from the creation of a forest reserve. Although, as I have explained, it was to their interest to cooperate, they looked upon the project with a good deal of doubt and mistrust. This was but human—an obstacle the pioneer in any movement must deal with, often put in his path by those who receive the greatest benefit in the end. But now matters were coming gradually to a head. After a lengthy consultation with the Department of the Interior and others interested in my project, I presented a tenta-

tive boundary of the proposed Reserve which would include, in my opinion, all the territory necessary for proper conservation of the vast tract of forest surrounding Yellowstone Park. I then made a map of this boundary and called to present it in person to the President. I informed him that I had previously shown it to both the Department of the Interior and the Department of Agriculture, and that it had met with their approval.

President Roosevelt never took very long to decide any matter. He immediately dictated a letter to the Secretary of the Interior, authorizing him to issue a proclamation creating a Forest Reserve following the boundaries furnished by my map. And upon formally presenting this letter, I had the gratification of realizing that the Yellowstone Forest Reserve was now an actuality. With it came my appointment to the post of Special Forest Superintendent, effective July 1st, 1902.

This, in a word, is the story of the creation of what was really the first national forest reserve in our history. Prior to this, two little strips of forest, south and east of the Park, had been set aside—not primarily as forest reserves, but as property for a contemplated enlargement of the Park itself. These indeed had been treated by the authorities as actual portions of the Park—so that it may be said that with President Roosevelt's letter, authorizing my project which embraced the Park's whole boundary, the first national forest reserve came into being, known as the Yellowstone Forest Reserve.

Organizing the Reserve

Thus the Reserve was created and my duties as Superintendent were begun. I accepted the position with the understanding that I was to be given full authority in all matters of organization and management. The reasons for my request were obvious; for in this vast and wild tract of land, so far removed from Washington, any rapid or emergency communication with the authorities in the Capitol would have been impossible. There had to be some one on the spot who could act quickly and with full power. Consequently, I was given complete control, my jurisdiction extending over such privileges as the granting of all appointments and promotions within the Reserve, the issuing of cattle and grazing and timber permits, the surveying of the boundaries, etc. I may say truthfully that the last was in itself a full-sized task, for it occupied, including myself, a party of ten men with thirty-five saddle and pack horses over a period of three months, with a change of camping ground almost every day. But the work was a privilege, and it was satisfaction enough to know that the Government was behind me, and that my duty was merely to report to Washington all that was being accomplished.

When the survey had been finished and the exact bound-

daries of the Reserve ascertained and marked, my next concern lay in appointing judiciously a group of executives which should form a kind of government. To facilitate this, I divided the territory into four divisions; the Shoshone, Wind River, Absaroka and Teton. Each division, virtually a military organization, was assigned its supervisor and forest rangers. The supervisor held a rank of captain, and the rangers held the ranks of lieutenant, sergeant and private. Each rank was obliged to keep in constant contact with the others and to record all facts of importance, these being reported to me, as Superintendent, weekly. In this way I was able to keep in touch with all important developments, and to forward my own reports to Washington.

There was a headquarters in each division for its officials, located in a central and strategic position. For instance, in the Shoshone division I selected a point on the North Fork of the Shoshone River, from which trails opened up to all the various positions on the Reserve; a log house was built there for the supervisor and his rangers, and the place was christened "Wapiti," the proper name for elk.

In passing, it may be remarked that these are the fundamental principles of organization which, due to the effectiveness and facility of their operation, have been more or less applied to every national forest reserve which has since been created.

The Hostility of the Sheepmen Continues

Though the work of the Reserve was now going forward, its benefits naturally could not be fully realized at the outset. The resentment of the sheepmen continued to smoulder and in several instances actually burst into flame. These gentlemen, who still seemed to consider the Reserve an attack on their interests, began to hold indignation meetings at various places.

One of these meetings was held at Meeteetse, Wyoming, and happening to hear about it beforehand, I determined to attend it myself. I found 125 sheepmen gathered angrily in an upper room over a saloon, whose intention was to protest and create resentment against the Reserve. At my entrance, the excited buzzing of the many voices ceased and there was silence. I could sense the hostility in the atmosphere, which, in a moment, was crystallized into somebody's suggesting the advisability of a rope! My situation was a bit ticklish, for most of the audience was armed and in rather a belligerent mood.

Fortunately for me, the chairman of the meeting, Col. George T. Beck, a man of broad judgment who was not himself in the sheep business, met the emergency by remarking: "I

see that Mr. Anderson, the Superintendent of the Reserve, is in our midst. I'd like to call on him for a few remarks."

This was just the opportunity I desired. I let them have my ideas on the Reserve and told them, straight from the shoulder, why I considered them wrong in their present attitude. I explained how, instead of harming Wyoming sheepmen, the Reserve would be of inestimable benefit to them, for it issued no grazing permits to any but residents of the State. Thus their home ranges would be unmolested by the wandering herds.

But it was not long before, I discovered the real purpose of the meeting. It had been organized by a man who was a trader with the various sheep interests and who wished to curry their favor. He rose and described to the gathering his ability to do away with the Reserve, if they would delegate him to Washington. For the moment I seemed to fall in with his plan, and was myself appointed on the committee to raise funds for this trader's journey! The meeting ended peacefully, but immediately afterwards I wrote a personal letter to President Roosevelt describing matters pretty thoroughly—with the result that the trader had his little trip to Washington in vain, and the Reserve continued to exist.

About the same time, a meeting was called in Cody, which was largely the result of the hostility existing towards my work. But it never came to a head. A prominent rancher and cattleman in local circles, Mr. John W. Chapman, rose and told the meeting in no uncertain terms that I was his friend, and that anybody starting a demonstration against me would receive his immediate personal attention. His word was respected and the matter blew over.

But the enmity of the sheepmen did not stop there. Other incidents occurred from time to time which proved it to be far from dormant.

For instance, the following spring, while I was in the East, I received a letter from Colonel Cody, in which he wrote: "I personally advise you not to return to Wyoming this spring, because, if you do, the sheepmen will kill you." And in a post-script which amused me, he added: "But there's no use sending you this letter, you will come anyway."

Incidentally, his warning proved not entirely without foundation. That same year a fire was started at the head of the canyon south of my property, with a 60-mile-an-hour wind driving it steadily towards my ranch. It was very dry at the time, and if the wind had not suddenly changed, the buildings would have been lost. And it was not long after, that I awakened one night to find the ranch actually on fire, without

apparent cause, the result of which was the destruction of half my home. The reader may draw his own conclusions.

Disciplinary Emergencies

There were occasions when definite emergencies arose within the Reserve which called for quick and decisive action. One of these, I remember, came up when I was engaged in a tour of inspection in the Teton division. A telegram from Washington informed me that 60,000 sheep had been put into the division without permit, and it was up to me to investigate the matter. The supervisor verified the report, telling me he had not had sufficient authority to prevent this trespass. The sheep belonged to four large owners in Utah, and were herded by 40 armed men.

Thanks to our communication facilities and organization, I was able to issue orders to rangers in various portions of the Reserve to meet me the following week at a place called Horse Creek, near Jackson's Lake. About 65 of them came, in full regalia, armed, and well mounted. Erect and clean, they made a fine body of men, and I was proud of them.

Moving swiftly, we selected one band of sheep belonging to each of the four owners, and drove these to the easterly border of the Reserve which fronted upon Green River. We held them there while I sent to Cheyenne for the United States Commissioner at that point to bring an injunction restraining them from returning across the Reserve. Meanwhile the owners, learning of my action, at once began to drive the rest of their flocks as swiftly as possible towards the nearest boundary line.

It took nearly a week for the Commissioner to arrive with the injunction which was to be served upon all the owners. By that time the speediest kind of action was imperative. My first move was to serve it upon the owners of the most southerly herd—two brothers by the name of Jacobs. One of these, as a matter of fact, had gone off to Salt Lake for provisions; but the other was still in camp and was speedily dealt with. I stationed two rangers near him and his sheep in a camp across the river, and hurried north to serve the injunction on another owner who was now being detained at another point.

Meanwhile I realized that the Jacobs brothers, at least, were in a tight place. They had driven their herd to the borderline on Green River and could now neither advance nor retreat. Across the river from the Reserve they were confronted by a real menace. Cattlemen had settled there, who would allow no sheep to be driven over their ranges without a tremendous risk to life. And to return upon the Reserve meant for the Jacobs brothers the additional charge of being in contempt of the United States Court.

That their position was far from enviable was soon proved

by actual events. A day or two later, one of the rangers who had been stationed near the brothers rode hurriedly into my camp and reported somewhat of a tragedy. It seems that the ranger's camp had been visited early in the morning by the other Jacobs brother—the one who had been to Salt Lake. He had a breathless and profane story to tell. He said that the night before, while he was still away, the blankety-blank settlers of Green River had come up and killed his brother and eight hundred of their sheep, and furthermore had burnt up their entire camp outfit without leaving even a sour-dough pot!

I asked the ranger what had been done about it. He told me they had gotten on their horses and ridden over to the scene of the outrage. Here it was found to be true that eight hundred of the sheep had been killed and that the camp outfit had been burned. But the brother who had been "killed" was found to have been struck over the head with a rifle and not very seriously injured. At any rate, "he sure could still swear all right!"

I saw what must necessarily happen. The Jacobs brothers would be forced to drive their remaining sheep back over the Reserve to Utah. So I gave the rangers word to allow them to proceed unmolested, while I served the injunction on the other owners and turned them loose. These also drove their sheep homeward across the Reserve, and in three days not a sheep was left within the boundaries. Eventually all owners were summoned to appear before the Court of Cheyenne and were fined for trespass. Thus the incident was closed, and from that day to this, there has never been another sheep trespass upon the Reserve.

A Visit from Gifford Pinchot

Gradually the feeling against the Reserve subsided, though opposition from the sheep interests continued fitfully. At one time these interests held the key to Wyoming politics, and some of the delegates to Washington warned President Roosevelt, who was running for a second term, that unless I resigned my post as Superintendent of the Reserve, the Republican Party in that State would be the loser.

I invited the President to have my administration investigated. Accordingly, he detailed Gifford Pinchot to investigate matters in the Reserve. Mr. Pinchot arrived accompanied by Mr. Frank Mondell, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Senator Borah. I remember how this eminent trio came to me, late one summer afternoon, at my camp in the Teton division. We had a pleasant dinner and were sitting smoking around the campfire when Senator Borah jocosely remarked to his companions: "Boys, we're wasting time here. Has anybody got a rope?"

Gifford Pinchot, after accompanying me on a tour of inspection, reported to the President that the Yellowstone Reserve was one of the best organized, patrolled and managed forest reserves in the country. It was indeed gratifying to receive a letter from President Roosevelt saying in part: "Mr. Anderson, I believe you have the right ideas in forestry matters. Go ahead and carry them out, knowing you have the Department of the Interior and the President solidly behind you."

And yet it has been said that President Roosevelt played politics! He never played anything—he was simply *it*, in his genuine, straightforward manner. And one of my principal reasons for giving five years of my time to forestry matters was that I felt I was aiding him in one of the objectives so dear to his heart—namely, the conservation of our natural resources. To have known such a man and worked with him, even in the smallest way, in trying to carry out his high ideals, was an inspiration to me.

The Reserve as a Game Refuge

I have always cherished a love of wild life and nature, and for years before the creation of the Yellowstone Reserve I had been interested in game protection. Consequently, when the Reserve became an actuality, I was appointed Assistant State Game Warden, and made all my rangers game wardens without pay. They too were deeply interested in protecting the wild life of the Reserve—and a law was passed obliging every non-resident of the State to pay a hunting fee of \$50.00, every resident being obliged to procure a regular license.

For a while, the Shoshone Indians had been permitted by their agent to hunt in the Reserve—a privilege they were exercising both in and out of season, which led to the slaughtering of a tremendous amount of game. Obviously one of the first steps toward game protection lay in the correction of this misguided zeal, and a letter from me to the Indian Department in Washington brought an end to all permits granted to Indians to hunt on the Reserve. It was a necessary step and the amount of valuable game it saved is hard to estimate."

Elk tusks furnished another problem. Formerly, these had brought only a nominal value, but since the Order of Elks had adopted them as the emblem of the society, they had been selling for \$25.00 or more per pair. Naturally this provided an incentive for a general slaughter of elk for no other reason than to obtain the tusks. For instance, I remember that one day one of my rangers arrested a man named Rogers on a charge of killing game out of season. Twenty-five fresh elk tusks were found in his possession—proof enough that he had

been shooting bull elk for this one trivial reason alone, leaving their carcasses to remain rotting upon the ground.

It happened that about the time this incident occurred, the Order of Elks was holding its convention at Salt Lake City, Utah. I wrote a letter to the Convention and told it the facts, stating that the high prices being paid for elk tusks were responsible for the speedy destruction of the noble animal from which the Order derived its name. My letter was read at the Convention and its purport was appreciated. A resolution was passed which abolished elk tusks as the official emblem of the Order, and which—I think I may safely assert—saved the lives of thousands of elk.

All this while the conviction had been growing upon me that the one real way to protect the game on the Reserve must be found in the establishment of a properly guarded game refuge, where shooting was forbidden at all times of the year. Game laws in themselves seemed futile, and there is no better illustration of this than the law which exists today on the statute books of the State of New York, imposing a heavy penalty for the killing of antelope or buffalo. Nor does a mere limitation of the bag help materially, for in that case there can be no real enforcement without apportioning off a warden to every hunter.

But where game refuges are definitely established and no one is allowed at any time of year to carry arms or fire a shot, game is pretty certain to increase immediately. In fact, it will increase not only within the refuges themselves but in all the surrounding country. For although the hunting will be better in the latter than ever before, the game will have a sanctuary to turn to in case of need, as the refuges are not fenced off by barriers of any kind.

It was for these reasons that I finally created a large number of such refuges on the Reserve, and as long as these are properly guarded, there can be no doubt about the future of the game. The results so far have been more than satisfactory; for there is now more large game in this portion of Wyoming than in any other part of the United States. Also, the game refuges in the Reserve take on an added significance when it is realized that the game in Yellowstone Park, because of the high altitude, must vacate in winter and seek the lower regions of the surrounding forests, where they are now secure in the refuges that have been created.

Incidentally, we have had a special law passed forbidding the killing of antelope at any time of year, and the result has been an astonishing increase in numbers. I estimate that on one part of the Reserve, in the vicinity of my ranch, there are

probably as many as one thousand antelope—a state of affairs which never could have existed without this special law. Yet even now I sometimes cannot help harking back to the good old days, when this most beautiful animal of the plains roamed in such herds as to impede the cattlemen. I remember that in the Red Desert, south of the Teton division, after scattered cattle had been rounded up, the cattlemen were sometimes forced to pause for an hour or two while the multitude of antelope which had been caught in the round-up finished their grazing and sifted out through the cattle.

Well guarded refuges will always be necessary, if we are to preserve our wild life. It is astonishing how quickly birds and animals realize in which region they are being protected. On my first trip to Jackson Lake—a beautiful body of water on the Reserve just south of the Park, extending sixteen miles in the Teton range—I was amazed at the tremendous quantity and variety of bird life there. Later, when the Reserve was first created, I sailed again from one end of the Lake to the other, and during the whole journey I saw only two birds—Sheldrake ducks! How often judging by results, the guns of hunters must have reverberated across that beautiful expanse during the comparatively short time since I had been there. I was so impressed by the desolation of the scene that I requested President Roosevelt to make Jackson Lake a bird refuge. With his usual understanding of the problems and importance of wild life conservation, he complied—and when, a few years later, I made another journey to the lake, I saw that the birds had returned. There were thousands of ducks of various species, as well as pelicans, flamingoes, and countless other varieties of water fowl.

From a utilitarian viewpoint alone, the protection of game has proved of great financial value to Wyoming. It has attracted hunters there who have been obliged to pay as much as \$50.00 for their licenses, besides buying camp and hunting outfits and other necessities, so that each has been in a measure contributing to the prosperity of the state. Game protection has also been instrumental in drawing tourists whose love of nature prompts them to inspect and photograph the wild life instead of killing it.

The Future

“Civilization”, with its attendant cities, pressure and waste, is hurrying westward. It will not be long before our National Parks and Forest Reserves become the true playground of every real American who appreciates outdoor life and the precious heritage of our wild and romantic background. Soon every patch of wilderness that remains will be a true oasis. The Yellowstone Forest Reserve in particular, through

its connection with the Park, and because it is one of the most wonderful spots in the Rocky Mountains, may play a prominent part in our country's recreation.

To me it has been a great privilege to have been able to initiate a system for the forest reserves of today and tomorrow. So long as they are zealously patrolled and guarded, always by men who have the spirit of the wilderness at heart, we shall be able not only to recall the past, but to meet the future with a greater sense of freedom.

From the John Hunton collection in The State Historical Department.

\$25.00

Fort Laramie, Nebraska,

June 9th, 1857—

I the undersigned Jacob Schmidt soldier in G. company and butcher for this Garrison promise to pay the sum of *Twenty Five Dollars* as soon as the Paymaster arrives, said Twenty Five Dollars are to redeem a jewelled lever watch by Tobias of London, in the hand of Mr. Bourdeaux, trader in this Garrison, deposited into his hands by Frederic Loba as part payment for 1 yoke of oxen.

T. JACOB SCHMIDT.

From the John Hunton collection in The State Historical Department.

Fallons Bluffs Apr 1 the 1859

Due S. P. Ashcroft or order the sum of three Hundred & Forty Six Dollars 40/00 100 Fore Survaives Rendered To April 1st 59.

J. M. Hoekaday & Co.

pr. J. E. Bromly Ag.

Written across face the following:

Chg to a/e F

Endorsed on back as follows:

Received on the within one company horse valued at Sixty Dollars. June 26th 1859.

J. M. Hoekaday & Co.

Note \$346.40

60.00

286.40

S. P. ASHCROFT

SKETCHES FROM LIFE OF JAMES M. SHERROD, OF RAWLINS

[Concluded from January Issue]

An event of great interest in the earlier days of Wyoming was the silver wedding anniversary of Colonel Iverson and wife, of Laramie City. Such anniversaries were very rare among Wyoming citizens in them days, and a big celebration was announced. Colonel Iverson was pretty well off in this world's goods, and no expense was spared in making the occasion a success. Almost the entire population of Laramie City and surrounding country was invited and they had a whole wagonload of whiskey and champagne, and another wagonload of pies and cakes and plum puddings. Colonel Iverson, as we called him, never did anything by halves. We started the ball rolling along about eight o'clock in the evening. The whiskey and champagne was flowing as free as water right from the beginning of the celebration. There was Colonel Downey and Bill Nye, and a score or so more of the first people of Laramie. They were having such a royal time when it came midnight that they forgot all about the supper and went right on dancing. We were divided into four nationalities, and had several arguments as to the dances. The French wanted to dance the French Four, the Dutch insisted upon waltzes all the time, the Irish demanded Irish Jigs or break-downs, and the Americans preferred the cotillion or the American Square Dance of that time. I was calling for the Americans, and I told them to stick to their dance and I would keep right on calling and not give the other fellows a chance. We had plenty of fun that night, but no one was killed. In those days every man carried a six-shooter, even at the dances, in fact, a man's gun was part of his wearing apparel. Along in the after part of the night, while we were still dancing, Bill Nye hunted up the grub and ate a lot of the plum pudding. Soon he was taken very sick, and had to have a doctor. We found that old Doctor Harris had been called to Green River on account of a railroad wreck, and the only help left was a sort of a quack doctor. He hurried up to the house and found poor Bill a-cramping something awful. After some time Bill quieted down, and then I realized that I was some hungry, so I hunted up the supplies. I discovered a stack of pies about two feet high, and just picked up the whole pile and carried them out and divided them amongst the crowd. Bill Nye recovered by the following afternoon, but I never heard of his eating any more plum pudding, and if a man wanted

trouble with him all he had to do was to say "Let's go and have some plum pudding, Bill!" We used to have a lot of fun with him by catching him somewhere in a crowd and asking him if he was at Ivinston's silver wedding. He was always in a hurry to treat on these occasions.

Prospecting

On one of my prospecting trips I had a partner by the name of Joe Canoy. We rigged up an outfit at Laramie City, with a saddle horse and two pack horses for each of us, and as soon as the weather permitted in the Spring we travelled and prospected all across the central and northern parts of Wyoming and over into Idaho until we struck what is known as the Boise Basin. In a small gulch at the southern end of the Boise Basin we discovered what we were looking for, a good placer prospect. The dirt run as high as \$4.50 to the pan, and we were soon washing out \$10.00 an hour each. We made up our minds that we had struck a bonanza, and threw up a small cabin for shelter from the rain, and worked away until we were nearly out of grub. It was twenty-five miles to the nearest mining camp. I was a good deal stronger than Old Joe and did not like to leave him alone, so I told him to take the pack horses and go after the grub, and I would stay and protect our claim. I cautioned him not to get drunk, and not to say anything about our discovery, and to bring back besides the provisions two French Rockers. He promised that he would not drink a drop at the mining camp, but would bring back a little with him. Then I told him further not to leave the mining camp for the return trip until after midnight, lest they follow him and find out what we had. Joe had made the trip to the camp and bought and loaded our supplies, but while waiting until the time arrived to slip out of the camp he began bowling up, and soon commenced blowing out our luck and showed the good dust to prove the truth of his story. At midnight, or shortly after, he left the camp, and reached our claim early in the morning. I had panned out about \$275.00 while he was away. After a talk we prepared and ate our breakfast, and then put up our French Rockers and went to work in earnest. Along in the afternoon I heard the brush cracking on the side of the mountain above us, and told Joe to get his gun quick as there were Indians near. It was not Indians, however, but a bunch of miners from the camp. They had taken Joe's trail and followed him right to our claim. When they saw us get our guns they called to us and explained who they were before they showed up, then they all came down into the gulch. They asked for a pan to test the dirt, and when they had washed out a few pans they commenced to measure off the ground and divide it. Of course we were helpless against so many, and had to make the best of it. They measured off forty feet each for Joe and I, and then di-

vided the balance among themselves, giving them twenty square feet apiece or half of what they allowed us, and then we all set to work. In four days we had washed the gulch all over, and the bunch had taken out sixty-one thousand dollars. Joe and I had four thousand dollars. We might just as well have had seventy-five thousand if Joe had let the whisky alone, for a year or two afterward a couple of Chinamen went in there and cleaned up twenty-one thousand, making that little gulch turn out in all eighty-two thousand dollars.

The getting of that four thousand dollars was one of the worst pieces of luck I ever had befall me, for it gave me the gold fever and nothing would do but to continue the search for the precious stuff. Joe and I prospected to the south across Utah, down into Colorado, and on through New Mexico and into Old Mexico. We found several places where we could wash out ten or twelve dollars a day, but that wasn't making money fast enough for us fellows and we wandered on looking for something like our Idaho claim until we got clear into Old Mexico. There we discovered a fine prospect, but had only worked two or three days when the Mexicans located us and ran us out. We came back around the Spanish Peaks, and were working some pretty good ground when the Apache Indians stole our pack animals and drove us out of that region. We prospected on into Colorado again, but winter was coming on, and we were dead broke, had only a saddle horse apiece, our guns and a blanket or two, so we got a little work and earned enough to get supplies for the journey homeward. We finally reached Laramie just before Christmas, without a dollar in our pockets, and a long winter before us. This was the winter of 1869 and 1870, and was a very cold and hard one. We had passed over several places that summer where we could have washed out eight or ten dollars a day, but you see we were looking for spots where we could scoop the gold up by the shovel-full, and just walked over fortunes because we could not get them out in a day or two. All the prospectors were pretty much the same in them days, a careless, improvident lot.

Professor Hayden, of the United States Geological Survey, was sent out by the Government to explore the source of the Cheyenne River and examine the Bad Lands, the Big Horn and the Yellowstone country, and I was detailed to go along. After exploring the Bad Lands thoroughly we crossed over the mountain range to the Yellowstone River; went into the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone and saw the great geysers, and found two of them belching water so hot that fish could be cooked in it right on the spot. We caught a lot of fish and cooked them and ate them for supper enjoying them very much.

We next turned southward into the Jackson's Hole country, or rather what is known as the Jackson's Hole country now—that

being an unknown name in those days—and there we stayed for some little time. The Yellowstone region and the Jackson's Hole country were at that time the greatest game preserves I ever saw anywhere. Elk, deer, buffalo, antelope and bear were in plain sight at all times and in great numbers, besides many smaller animals.

Leaving the Jackson's Hole country, we laid our course for the head of Green River by way of the Teton Mountains. We climbed up the Grand Teton, which reaches a height of over thirteen thousand feet, for a long distance, but we did not reach the top. At the highest point we reached we could see farther than from any other elevation I was ever on, and it was truly a magnificent view. We found a beautiful little lake near the Tetons, at an elevation of about eleven thousand feet, and it was just full of trout, both the salmon and rainbow species. We camped there a few days and caught many fish, among them some very fine specimens. They were fine eating, and not like the trout we caught up in the Yellowstone country.

From the lake we crossed over the range onto the head of Green River, and followed that stream down until we arrived at the stage station, near where the railroad now crosses Green River. Then we travelled the stage road across the Bitter Creek country and the Red Desert, and on through where Rawlins now stands to the North Platte river, which we crossed a little above Fort Steele; thence on eastward through Fort Halleck, at the foot of Elk Mountain. Of course we had to ford all the little mountain streams, including the Rattlesnake, the Medicine Bow, the Wagonhound and Rock Creek, and they were all swift and hard to cross. We crossed the Laramie Plains at the north end, went through the Sybille Pass, and down to Fort Laramie. Professor Hayden continued on to Washington to report the trip and its results.

Carrying Mail

Crossing through Red Park on my way over to Hahn's Peak, I found the country full of Indians, but they did not molest me. If the hunting party had still been with me we might have had trouble, as the Indians did not want any white men to hunt in the Park. When they caught anyone hunting there they would invariably give him a run for his life, and he was in big luck if he got away with a whole scalp. They claimed the Park as a hunting ground, and were always ready to defend what they considered their rights.

When they finally had to leave the Park for good they tried their very best to destroy it by burning it over. They set it on fire in a thousand or more different places, wherever there was any timber. It was an awful job to go through it, on account of

the intense heat and smoke, and I came near being burned alive on two or three occasions.

On my first trip over the mail route after we knew the Indians had left the Park for good, when on my way back toward Fort Saunders, I would just stake my horse out on good grass and spread down my blankets any old place, and go to sleep. One night I had camped in this way, and the next morning when I went to saddle my horse he was missing. He had been scared by a bear, as I found the tracks, and had broken loose and pulled out for the stage station, which was on the Platte river nearly sixty-two miles away. I had no idea that I would even see him, let alone catch him, before I reached the station, so I hid my saddle and blankets, and taking my mail bag, which weighed some twenty-five or thirty pounds, I started over the long trail on foot. I had quit carrying a gun or revolver after the Indians left the Park, as it was not necessary to go armed and the carrying of anything of the kind only added to the weight on my horse, but I always had along my dirk knife, which I called my Arkansas toothpick. Now my gun was the first thing I thought of, and I would have given a thousand dollars for my Winchester and a belt full of cartridges, for I felt the need of them more than at any other time during my career. As I was following a trail through thick timber at the foot of a mountain, to cut off part of the distance, I rounded a short curve, and there right in front of me and not over twenty feet away was the biggest cinnamon bear I had ever seen. He was coming along the trail toward me, and seemed to have no intention of giving me the road without a contest. I drew my knife, the only weapon I had, and stepped behind a small tree; then I yelled as loud and hard as I knew how. The bear stood up on his hind feet and looked toward me for a minute—it seemed a year—and then turned and trotted off up the side of the mountain as fast as he could go. I don't believe I was ever so well pleased in my life as I was when I saw that bear on the retreat. I waited until he had been out of sight some little time before I started again, or even moved, for if there is one thing on earth that I am afraid of it is a big bear when I have no gun. Some men will tell you that they are not afraid of a bear. Well, I am, and have killed several good big ones in my time, too.

When Mr. Bruin had been gone long enough to be a safe distance away, I resumed my journey, walking on to the Platte river. There I found my horse, caught him, and rode thirty-five miles farther to the stage station on the Big Laramie. I had covered on the same day a distance of ninety-seven miles, walking and carrying the mail nearly two-thirds of the way, and I don't believe I was ever as tired in my life, either before or since, as I was that night. I spent the night at the stage station, and went

on to Fort Saunders the next day, where I turned the mail bag over to the Postmaster's Department, and that ended my experience as a mail carrier for the time being.

Hoping that these few sketches from my long and eventful life on the frontier will be of interest, and likewise the source of some information for the reader, I now bid you a very kind Good Evening.

CRITICISMS ON SHERROD MANUSCRIPT

Mr. E. A. Brinninstool writes the following:

Crazy Horse was killed at Fort Robinson—not Fort Laramie—and while resisting being put in the guard house. Sherrod had nothing whatever to do with his arrest—not the slightest. Gen. Jesse Lee had brought Crazy Horse over to Fort Robinson—or Red Cloud Agency—and was there at the time of the killing. The Indian whom Crazy Horse attacked was Little Big Man—not Big Little Man—and he was a friend of Crazy Horse who tried to prevent the chief from putting up a fight and resisting.

* * *

I have Gen. Lee's story of the killing of Crazy Horse—a signed statement about it, also from Lieut. Lemley who was present also. Crazy Horse's body was delivered to his old father and mother the next day and they alone knew where he was buried—his burial place was never disclosed by his parents to **anyone**.

Mr. F. S. Lusk, writing from Missoula, Montana, says: I lived at Mr. Meeker's house in Greeley, Colorado, for a long time and was rooming there at the time of his murder; knew them all well and their history. Mr. Meeker was sent to Greeley by Horace Greeley to look after the colony; he was a highly educated man, an ascetic almost, and as clean a man as could have been found in Colorado. His wife was a lovely, refined educated woman and their lives were open and happy. The family was unusually cheerful and happy. The son, Ralph, on the New York Tribune, three daughters, Rose, Mary and Josie. Josie and Mrs. Meeker were carried away by the Utes as captives and Mr. Meeker was killed because he tried to save them. He was not a squaw man. I roomed at the Meeker home for several years and read the Government reports made to the family and know I am giving a correct version of the matter.

Mr. John Hunton of Torrington speaks of events subsequent to the summer of 1867 and thinks Mr. Sherrod was never in the employ of the Government and says: "The last time I saw him was in the summer of 1896, when he hauled a load of provisions from Rock Springs to Cora for my surveying party. I was surveying in that country that summer."

* * *

Mr. Hunton comments on the John O. Ward manuscript in the following manner: "The 14th Infantry did not go to Fort Fetterman until the summer of 1871, when four companies under the command of Lieutenant Colonel G. A. Woodward arrived there. **Captain** Krouse was with this command.

* * *

The scout and guide employed at the Fort was Joe Maryavale, not "Joe Manos." The bridge across the Platte river was supervised and built by Major Julius W. Mason in 1879 or 1880, not by Captain Coates.

* * *

Fetterman was abandoned by the United States as a military post early in the fall of 1882. Captain William H. Powell with Company "G," 4th U. S. Infantry, being the last garrison."

The Sherrod notes left by Colonel Coutant are appended.

JAMES MILTON SHERROD

Coutant

Born 1822 in Ohio where his parents moved from Virginia. Remained in Ohio until he was 23 years old, became a boatsman on the Ohio River when he was 18 years old and ran on various vessels for five years.

Came to the Rocky Mountains in 1848 with Peter A. Sarpy of the American Furs and Buffalo Hides Company and commenced trapping and hunting on the Cache la Poudre and worked up into Wyoming going West to Green River up which stream and then to the Yellowstone where they shipped hides and skins down the Yellowstone and Missouri to St. Louis.

Returned to St. Louis in 1850. In 1851 came west to Wyoming and went to Fort Laramie where he did scouting for the Government and took contracts to supply wood.

He married in 184— Nancy Williams and by this marriage there were two sons and four daughters. All live in Wyoming. Mr. Sherrod lived in Laramie City, Ft. Saunders and on the head of the Little Laramie until 1886 when he located in Rawlins and became a freighter between Rawlins and Lander and to other points.

He was with Captain Egan in an Indian raid at Tensleep in the Big Horn Basin when they had followed Indians who had stolen stock.

Hauled some of the first machinery into Colorado. In 1865 on the return to Missouri River was with a train.

Was with Temple when he was killed on the eastern line of Wyoming on Sept. 30, 1865.

He first saw Jim Baker in 1848. Knew Jim Bridger, Kit Carson and Joe Robinson.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT IN WESTON COUNTY

Coutant

During the summer of 1886 the B. & M. Railway ran a preliminary survey from the then terminus of their line at Alliance, Neb., northwest through Northeastern Wyoming. This preliminary line ran through Weston County in a northwesterly direction, following the valley of South Beaver, about paralleling the direction of the line as finally constructed, but about ten miles south and west.

When the surveying party was opposite where Newcastle now stands, they heard of some bituminous coal which had been discovered in the sand stone foot hills, and obtained a sample.

In the spring of 1887, the discovery of this coal became known to a number of persons, and Mr. J. B. Weston, of Beatrice, Neb., organized a small pack outfit with Al Ayers, now of Converse County in charge, and visited the region of the reported cropping; they found a seam of bituminous coal about two and one-half feet in thickness at the head of what became known as Fuller Canyon, being so named for a settler who had located a homestead on the table land at the head of the canyon.

The Weston party took some samples of the coal with them and arranged to have some work done on the cropping by Mekkel O. Gladhough who was either the original discoverer of the cropping or the first to call it to the attention of the B. & M. engineers.

When Mr. Weston returned home and reported the finding of the cropping the railroad contracting firm of Kilpatrick Bros. & Collins, of Beatrice, Neb., became interested in the prospecting and development of the same, and in the fall of the same year, 1887, they sent a party of three men forward to the vicinity of the cropping, prepared to spend the winter. In September 1887, F. W. Mondell, went by rail to Buffalo Gap, So. Dak., which afterward became the shipping point for supplies the first year of operation, and from there across the Black Hills to the vicinity of the coal cropping, and took charge of the prospecting and development. He arrived at the

head of Fuller Canyon, at the coal cropping on the 25th day of September. The head of the canyon, where camp was established is about five miles northwest of the present town of Newcastle, and about a half mile from the buildings of the Weston County ranch of Kilpatrick Bros & Collins.

At that time there were few people in the present county of Weston. About five miles southwest from the headquarters established on Skull creek was the Y T ranch owned by Colin Hunter; about nine miles southeast on Stockade Beaver, at the old Jenny Stockade, was the L A K ranch owned by Allerton & Spencer; about ten miles in a northerly direction was a small bunch of cattle under the E V A brand; along the Stockade Beaver near the L A X ranch were located a few small stockmen and Hanson & Davis were operating occasionally a small water power saw mill. LaGrave & Delaney had a horse ranch near the head of oil creek some eighteen miles northwest; and there were a few settlers engaged in farming and stockraising on Oil, Skull and Plum Creeks.

In the immediate vicinity of the coal cropping two families of the names of Valentine and Fuller respectively, had located on the high table land, and were engaged in a small way in raising horses, and had attempted a little farming.

A number of years prior to this time, George Jacobson, of Sundance and others had discovered an oil spring at the foot of the hill about two miles and a half southeast of where camp was established and about one and a half miles west of the present town of Newcastle, and at one time there was a considerable excitement in the neighborhood, and a long legal battle over the ownership of the spring, which finally resulted in the property passing into the hands of J. C. Spencer and the Eagle Oil Company. Another oil spring had been discovered a little later about one and a half miles west of the Eagle Oil Company's spring, and was claimed by the American Oil Company; the excitement which the discovery of these springs had caused had completely subsided, and in 1887 no effort was being made to develop the oil property.

Some time in the later seventies a salt spring had been discovered at what is now known as Salt Creek about nine miles northeast of the place where camp was established, and about two and a half miles north of the present mining town of Cambria. A camp had been established at these springs, and for a number of years the salt water was evaporated and the salt hauled overland to Deadwood, and Lead City, So. Dak., and the neighboring communities; this industry had ceased to be profitable with the approach of railways to the Black Hills mining country, and in 1887 the evaporators and buildings were in a state of dilapidation and decay, and the property was being held by Patrick Donegan, for the owners.

Immediately after arriving at Fuller Canyon, Mr. Mondell proceeded with the erection of a log camp near the coal croppings, and work was actively begun, with the small force, driving a tunnel in the coal seam. The active prospecting and development of the winter and early spring had demonstrated that while there was some good coal at Fuller Canyon, the vein was not thick enough or sufficiently clear from impurities to make it profitable to mine it. During the early summer diligent search was made for coal in the surrounding region. The exposure in the Fuller canyon was some forty feet in length, running nearly horizontal, and some three hundred and fifty feet below the top of the table land above the canyon.

About a mile from the Eagle Oil Company spring, George Jacobson had discovered a very thin cropping of what appeared to be very good coal, in the bottom of a canyon, but this cropping extended only a few feet and was only a few inches in thickness.

During the early summer the canyons in every direction were diligently prospected with a view of discovering, if possible, the coal vein. The prospecting force was largely augmented and parties were organized and sent in different directions from the work carried on in headquarters camp in Fuller Canyon. The painstaking and diligent search however failed to discover another cropping or any coal, other than above described, and in fact no other croppings were discovered in the field. It soon became apparent that if the coal seam extended through the sandstone on the table lands in the vicinity and canyons going through the country had eroded through the same, that the coal croppings had been burned and prospecting in Fuller Canyon, below the original cropping demonstrated that at some period the coal croppings had caught fire and had burned under cover for a distance from fifty to two hundred feet; the heavy masses of sandstone above the coal sustaining their tremendous weight until the coal had burned from beneath them for this distance then closing and extinguishing the fires. The date of this conflagration can only be conjectured, and its cause is entirely problematical; certain it is that these fires had occurred hundreds of years prior to the date of prospecting, for the wash from the tops of the table lands had covered the sloping sides of the canyon with soil to the depth of a few inches to several feet, and in this soil over a greater portion of the region had sprung up a growth of pines many of them reaching a diameter of two and a half feet, and an age of not less than seventy or eighty years; the sloping sides were heavily carpeted with grass and there was nothing to suggest the presence of coal veins anywhere in the region except the two croppings above referred to.

Careful study of the formation and of the various strata

both above and below the coal seams, together with a knowledge gained by a thorough investigation of occasional slight evidences of the effects of the former fires, aided in locating approximately the location of the burned out seam, but the prospecting resulted in finding that the seam in certain directions from the Fuller canyon was too thin or not of proper character to be of any value, and the region of prospecting was greatly extended during the summer of 1888, resulting in the discovery of the coal vein in a canyon about half a mile east of the present opening of the Jumbo mine, at Cambria, and about five miles northeast of the original cropping. The coal seam when reached, by driving through the burned debris at the new discovery proved to be about seven feet in thickness and of a splendid quality, and long before the work had progressed far enough to fully determine the thickness or character of the seam many other drifts were begun at various points in the canyons about and directly above and below the vicinity of the present mine openings at Cambria. At every point the location of the seam necessitated careful examination of the face of the canyons, oftentimes much unsuccessful driving before the burned out vein was discovered, and then the driving of the drift through broken rock, which was oftentimes exceedingly dangerous a distance of one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty feet before the unburned coal seam was finally reached. This work was carried on during the remainder of 1888 and in the fall of that year a large saw mill outfit was brought overland from Alliance, Neb., and put in operation in the canyon through which the Cambria Branch of the B. & M. railway now runs about half way between the present towns of Cambria and Newcastle.

Early in the spring of 1889 temporary quarters were erected near where the offices now stand at Cambria, and preparations made for actual development work, and the opening up of the coal mines on a large scale.

During the summer of 1889 the work of permanently opening up the mines was pushed very rapidly; main entries and parallel air courses were driven and strongly timbered, on both sides of the canyon. The one known as the Antelope, and the other as the Jumbo entry; an air compressor and four large boilers were hauled overland from Alliance, Neb., over almost impassable roads and with infinite labor were pulled over the high table land and then over hastily constructed roads carried to the bottom of the canyon and placed in position. The saw mill was run to its full capacity and a large amount of material gotten out.

During the same summer very extensive farming operations were carried on in the vicinity of the home ranch, which was established beside a beautiful spring on the head of Fuller can-

yon on the site of the homestead of the settler, Fuller, above referred to. Some eight hundred acres were broken and sowed to winter wheat, winter rye, oats and barley. A splendid crop was produced in 1889 and several years thereafter. Over 25,000 bushels of grain, wheat, oats, barley and rye were threshed in 1891, and upwards of 13,000 bushels in 1892. These crops were entirely produced without irrigation. Later the ranch was almost exclusively devoted to the raising of live stock, and the farming area was reduced.

During 1888 a considerable amount of prospecting for coal was done with diamond drills, and at least one of these drills was kept in operation continuously.

In the spring of 1891 a diamond drill and a portable churn drill was put in operation in the vicinity of where Newcastle now stands and a number of wells were sunk to the oil bearing sand and proof made and patent obtained to the present townsite of Newcastle and adjoining lands, as oil placer. Drilling for oil was continued by Kilpatrick Bros. & Collins and associates for several years thereafter in the vicinity of Newcastle. One well was sunk to a depth of 1340 feet at a great cost, and in a number of instances the oil bearing sand was pierced and the existence of a superior lubricating oil in considerable quantities was demonstrated. The townsite of Newcastle is the first tract of land in the United States ever patented under the placer mining laws as oil placer.

In the fall of 1889 the townsite of Newcastle was surveyed and in September of that year, the first lots were sold. The town is unique in that the first ground that was broken was for the foundation of a splendid two story and basement brick building occupied by the store and offices of Kilpatrick Bros. & Collins. The first building completed was a large barn building, the property of the same people, which was temporarily used as a hotel and store.

It is said that no town was ever equipped with a first class water and sewerage system so soon after its foundation as Newcastle. Its inhabitants were supplied with chemically pure mountain water and a good sewerage system was laid, within six months after the first sale of lots.

The B. & M. Railway reached Newcastle about the middle of November 1889 and Cambria the latter part of the same month.

The first coal was loaded from the mines at Cambria on the 4th day of December, 1889.

Early in 1889 the Newcastle and Cambria Water Supply Company had begun the construction of a water system to conduct the waters of Sweetwater creek and Pisgah springs to Newcastle and Cambria. This work was pushed under great difficulties and under an enormous expense by the Kilpatrick

Brothers under the corporate name of the Newcastle and Cambria Water Supply Company; a splendid gravity system with over fourteen miles of steel pipe was laid in a few months; the water reaching Newcastle early in 1890.

The firm of Kilpatrick Bros. & Collins who were the moving spirit in the development in and about Newcastle and Cambria, consists of William H., Robert J. and S. D. Kilpatrick and C. W. Collins, and to their energy, unfailing faith, and unstinted expenditure of money, is due the development of the Cambria Mines, the foundation and rapid growth of Newcastle, and very largely the development of the oil and other resources.

Hon. W. H. Kilpatrick gave the work of development a large amount of his personal attention and when Newcastle was founded built himself a beautiful home on the heights overlooking the city.

During the early period of prospecting Mr. F. W. Mondell was in charge and directed the work and continued as manager for Kilpatrick Bros. & Collins in their various enterprises in and about Newcastle until 1895.

NOTES

The Historical Department has recently been given an unusual collection which will be known as the "Carl Adam von Blessingh Collection." The donor came from Europe to the United States in 1876, going first to the Cherokee Strip where he adventured for two years.

In 1879 he trailed cattle from Texas to Montana; this brought him across Wyoming, subsequently he passed several months of each year in Wyoming Territory but it was not until 1911 that he took up permanent residence in Wyoming. He is a naturalized American citizen and being without heirs it is his desire that his family portraits and mementos shall be the property of our State.

The Carl Adam Van Blessingh Collection

Large oil portrait of **John Casimir von Blasing**, the First Duke of Putbus. Painted in 1643 and shows the Duke clad in full armour which he wore when he took part in the Thirty Year War in Germany. The family estate was situated on the Isle of Rugen off north Germany. During the time of the first Duke the family crest was changed from three horseshoes to a lion holding four flags over fort.

Large oil portrait of **Carl Adam von Blessingh**, the second Duke of Putbus. During his time the spelling of the family name was changed as noted. He was born in 1710 and died in

1763. He was considered the greatest authority on fortification at that time in Europe. The story is told that at the time of the war between Sweden and Russia when the second Duke was a young captain, the ship *Baltic* with a squadron of Russian soldiers was in the harbor at Aland, Russia. The young Duke, knowing of the Russian superstition against getting drunk on shipboard, let it be known that there was plenty of wine on shore, and after they had all gone to sample it, he, together with a small body of men crept aboard the deserted ship and as each man came up over the side gagged and bound him. In this way the entire squadron was captured without killing a man.

Large oil portrait of **Countess Cordula von Taube**, wife of Carl Adam von Blessingh. The detail of this picture is especially fine. The Countess died in 1769.

Crayon portrait in colors of **Axel Adam von Blessingh**, Third Duke of Putbus. The delicate pastel shades and the quaint hand carved oval frame of this portrait and of the companion one of his wife are especially good. It is said that at one time the ship on which the Czar of Russia was sailing was wrecked near the Isle of Rugen and the Duke rescued the Czar from drowning. He was taken to the Duke's home to recover and since in those days means of communication were very slow, he was treated as an honored guest by the Duke and his wife.

When he was recovered from his experience and able to travel he gratefully presented to the couple a magnificent diamond and pearl ring, and told them that if they were ever in need of assistance to show this ring and everything that was possible would be done for them. After arriving home he sent to each the Duke and his wife a six line team of Arabian horses which when harnessed to the elaborate carriages of the day made an impressive spectacle. The ring was later sold for \$2700.00 to the Swedish Court jeweler when the family fortunes were on the wane.

Crayon portrait of **Christina von Krassow**—companion portrait to that of the Third Duke of Putbus.

Small oil portrait of **Carl Adam von Blessingh**, Fourth Duke of Putbus. He took part in the Franco-German war and was taken prisoner by the French, but later was successful in escaping and reaching home. He was accidentally killed while out hunting.

Small oil portrait of **Axel von Blessingh**, brother of the Fourth Duke of Putbus. He also took part in the Franco-Ger-

man war and was taken prisoner by the French. He and his brother made their escape together.

Carl Axel Christian Ernst von Blessingh, Fifth Duke of Putbus, was born January 22, 1811 and died in 1864, leaving his wife, Gustava Wilhelmina von Kindberg von Blessingh and a son, Charles Adam von Blessing who still lives and is the donor of this collection. The fifth and last Duke of Putbus had a stormy career. He led the Prussians against Kaiser Wilhelm I and as a result the family estates were confiscated and the family compelled to flee to Sweden.

He was married twice, his first wife being injured while out hunting and although she lived for seventeen years afterwards, was a helpless cripple confined to her bed in a hospital. After her death the Duke married Gustava Wilhelmina von Kindberg. To this union were born two sons, the younger dying when just a child.

The collection includes two pictures of the Duke, one at the age of 18 in uniform and an enlarged photograph, tinted, and one with his second wife, who died in 1911.

The small oil paintings by Magnino showing the summer home of the Fifth Duke which was located in southern Sweden on the River Laggan and a view from the upstairs window of the home and the park surrounding. This estate was four miles wide and seven miles long. During the winter months the family lived in the City of Lund and occasionally in Stockholm.

The collection also includes a gilt framed picture of Frances von Blessingh Labes, favorite sister of the Fifth Duke; a small oval picture of Ulrica von Blessingh von Gerberg of Stralsund, Sweden, another sister of the Fifth Duke; a large framed print showing the death of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden; a very large family estate flag with the crest painted on it; a pair of very old racing spurs. The Fifth Duke used these spurs when he made his famous ride of 405 miles on one horse in seventy hours; Silver buttons used on the servant's livery. There are 44 of these buttons and they are engraved with the family crest.

Eunice Catherine Hastie.

The Historical Department has recently received a gift of great value to the Department. This is a "Souvenir of Wyoming" 1924 in three volumes. These volumes are nine inches by twelve and a quarter inches by three and a half inches thick, substantially and beautifully bound in green leather with gilt

title. At the bottom of each front cover there is stamped in gold "The Wyoming Historical Society."

Each volume carries on its title page "A Souvenir of Wyoming," Being a Diary of a Fishing Trip in Jackson Hole and Yellowstone Park, with remarks on early history and Historical Geography.

Eight Typewritten copies."

Then follows the volume number and the name of the volume. Published Cleveland, Ohio, 1926.

The second title page reads: "'A Souvenir of Wyoming.' Text by John G. White; Photographs initialed 'L' by Stephen N. Leek; Photographs initialed 'B' by William C. Boyle. Eight typewritten copies only. One for each member of fishing party—William C. Boyle, Thomas A. McCaslin, Stephen N. Leek, John G. White. One each for—The Wyoming Historical Society, The Missouri Historical Society, Horace N. Albright, Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park."

Volumes one and two carry the diary which is profusely illustrated with original photographs. Each volume carried a large colored photograph. History runs through each of the three volumes. The third volume is of history and contains thirty-eight historical maps mounted on heavy map cloth. Some of these maps have been procured from the British Museum, some from the Library of Congress and twenty-seven of them are photostat maps. The earliest map is dated 1777, the original of which is in the British Museum.

Mr. John G. White, who is senior member of the law firm of White, Cannon and Spieth, in a most entertaining manner has given a vivid word picture of the trip, in his diary and in the history which accompanies it.

Mr. William C. Boyle, one of the party and also an attorney of Cleveland enjoys a reputation as an expert amateur photographer.

Mr. Leek who guided the party and is spoken of in the Diary as the "Captain" is Wyoming's own Mr. Stephen N. Leek of Jackson.

We regard the volumes "A Souvenir of Wyoming" as the most valuable of our Wyomingana collection.

ACCESSIONS
From January to April, 1927
MUSEUM

- Ballou, William John.....Birdseye View of Cheyenne 1882. Large framed print with list of principal business houses and public buildings.
- Hunton, Mr. John.....One Teacher's Record Book, copy of report School District No. 11, 1892.* Four copies School No. 3, District No. 11, 1892; Five copies School No. 1, District No. 11, 1892; One Certificate of Stock in Cheyenne Driving Association; Four Fort Laramie Poll Books, 1896, 1898, 1900, and 1902; One Fort Laramie Election ballot for 1900.
- Lusk, Mr. Frank.....Two old envelopes addressed to "Mrs. C. M. Lusk, County Superintendent of Schools for Converse County, Lusk, Wyo." with return card "If not delivered in Ten Days return to JOHN SLAUGHTER Territorial Librarian, Cheyenne, Wyoming." One envelope was plainly cancelled at the Cheyenne postoffice on Mar. 18, 1889; Portion of old envelope showing picture of the University of Wyoming with a list of the various departments when the University was first built.
 Program of Teacher's Institute, Converse County, First Annual Session, Douglas, Wyoming, September 3d to 7, 1888, Mrs. Cornelia M. Lusk, Superintendent, Charles E. Lowry, Conductor.
- von Blessingh, Mr. C. A.....The von Blessingh Collection. See description elsewhere.
- Beard, Mrs. Cyrus.....Pair of chopsticks from Chinese store in Evanston, Wyoming. Bought in 1890 when Evanston had a Joss House and Chinese settlement. Handtooled leather cardcase tooled by Robert Foot when ten years of age.

*Addie Harding (See report) is Mrs. "Billy" Walker of Cheyenne.

- Bartlett, Miss Edna.....Collection of twelve photographs of pioneers; Picture of Hartville, Wyo., taken in 1905; Print of Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C. Two sleigh bells on leather thong picked up near Custer Battlefield. Folding knife, fork and spoon carried by I. S. Bartlett during Civil War. Piece of rope used at launching of Monitor "Wyoming" in 1900 at which Miss Bartlett and Frances Warren** officiated.
- Wilson, Mr. J. B.....Vermont currency—Two shillings, and Six-pence dated first day of June A. D. 1782.
- Davidson, Lieut.....Old letter addressed to B. A. Hart and written to him by his wife Nov. 14, 1880. B. A. Hart was postmaster at Old Fort Laramie. Program of Organization Day Horse Show. Has brief history of the Fourth Cavalry. Program dated March 3rd, 1925.
- Hahn, Mrs. Virginia Bridger.....Enlarged mounted kodak picture of herself. Mrs. Hahn is the only living child of Jim Bridger, early day scout and trapper. She will be 78 years old on the 4th of July, 1927.
- Pascall, Mr. Henry L.....Group picture of "Largest General Roundup, Cheyenne River District, 1884." Taken in 1914. Those in the group are Lee Moore, Mark Beatheam, J. B. Kendrick, Tom Bell, W. C. Irving, Hon. Jeff Davis, Mr. Talbott, J. W. Hammond, A. A. Spaugh.
- Jones, Mr. Hoyle.....Two unmounted photographs—one of Seth E. Ward and one of his wife. Mr. Ward was Post Trader in the early days of Old Fort Laramie.
- Edwards, Elsa Spear.....Tinted picture of Custer's Last Stand; two views of Medicine Wheel showing wall recently built to protect it; picture of Lake De Smet near the Big

**Frances Warren became the wife of Gen'l. Pershing. Mrs. Pershing is now deceased.

Horn Mountains; picture of one of the dream houses on the edge of the Medicine Mountain; picture of the top of Medicine Mountain from the Devil's Causeway; picture of one of the caves leading down into Medicine Mountain where Red Feather stayed.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES MISCELLANEOUS

- Beard, Mrs. Cyrus....."The Strain of White" by Ada Woodruff Anderson; "India and the War" with an introduction by Lord Sydenham; "The Slavs of the War Zone" by W. F. Bailey; Seven numbers of the Godey's Ladies Book published in 1868; Book published in Berlin in 1804—German text book of fables and dialogues.
- Bartlett, Miss Edna.....Illustrated Bee for September 23, 1900, giving pictures and account of the launching of the Monitor "Wyoming."
- Donor Unknown....."Bessemer Wyoming Journal" published at Bessemer, Carbon County, Wyoming, Thursday, Aug. 1, 1889, giving the account of the hanging of Ella Watson (Cattle Kate) and Jim Avrill.
- Wyoming Labor Journal Publishing Company.....Bound volume of Wyoming Labor Journal for the year 1926.

MANUSCRIPTS

- Hart, Mrs. James Franklin.....Louisa Lajeunesse Boyd.
- Munsell, J. F.....Copy of Original Diary of Charles Tinker, born September 7, 1821, kept on trip to California in 1849.
- Bartlett, Miss Edna.....Thirteen original manuscripts on historical subjects written for the D. A. R. by its members. Four are by (Mrs.) Helen Whipple; five by Mrs. I. S. Bartlett, one by Mrs. Frank N. Shiek, one by Mr. Luke Voorhees for the D. A. R. and two are unsigned.
- Johnson, Jessamine Spear....."Palimeno" The Shiek of the Range.
- Edwards, Elsa Spear....."The Medicine Wheel."
- Hayden, Mrs. Margaret.....Story of the Shoshone National Forest.

- Anderson, A. A.....The Yellowstone Forest Reserve, Its
Foundation and Development.
- Jenkins, Mrs. J. P. Jenkins.....Yesterday.
- Bruce, Mr. Robert.....Zinc Etching of Original Map of the
Yellowstone District. Map by Geo-
logical Survey.
- Moore, Mr. Lee.....Letter written by Mr. Louis C. Butscher,
of Laramie, Wyoming, to Mr. Moore
in which he recalls early days on the
range and his pleasant association
with Mr. Moore.
- Jones Hoyle Mr.....Seth E. Ward Biography.

PAMPHLETS

- Moore, Mr. Lee.....List of Members, By-Laws, and Reports
of the Wyoming Stock Growers Asso-
ciation, 1887.
- Lusk, F. S.....Wyoming at the World's Columbian
Exposition.
- Schoer, Dr. H....."From the Piegiens to the Piutes" by
H. Schoer M. D.
- Studebaker, Mr. S. H....."George Washington, Master Mason,"
An address delivered by Jno. Frank
Smith before Cloud Peak Lodge No.
27, A. F. & A. M., Worland, Wyo.
- Loomis, Mr....."The Railroad Background of the Kan-
sas-Nebraska Act," by F. H. Hodder.
- Edwards, Elsa Spear....."An Outing in the Big Horn Mountains
of Wyoming" by J. T. Williamson.
- Jones, Miss Jessie S....."Carry On," Vol. VI, No. 1 for Febru-
ary, 1927.
- Carroll, Major C. G....."The American Legion Monthly" for
April, 1927.
- Bruce, Robert....."Custer's Last Battle" by Charles
Francis Roe.

DOCUMENTS

- Bartlett, Miss Edna.....Reports of the Cheyenne Chapter of the
D. A. R. from 1901 to Report of D. A.
R. from 1890 to 1897.

GIFTS OF HISTORICAL BOOKS

- Beard, Mrs. Cyrus....."Far West Sketches" by Jessie Benton
Fremont.
Book of Mormon;
The Opium Monopoly by Ellen N. La
Motte.
- White, Mr. J. G....."A Souvenir of Wyoming," 1924, in
three volumes. See elsewhere.

