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ANNALS OF WYOMING

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# *Annals of Wyoming*

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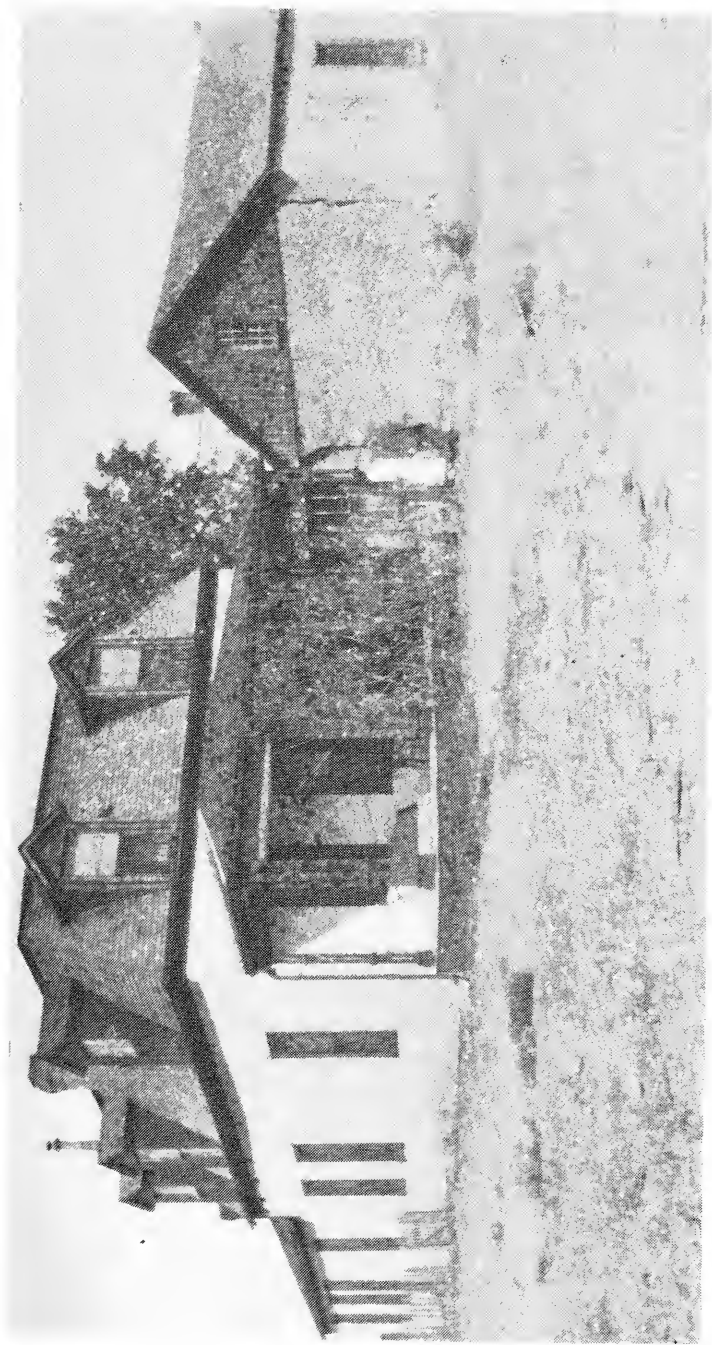
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—Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department Photo  
Mr. and Mrs. John Hunton in front of their residence at Fort Laramie

# *The Crusade to Save Fort Laramie*

By

MERRILL J. MATTES

## PREFACE

This article, "The Crusade to Save Fort Laramie," published by permission of the Rocky Mountain Regional Office of the National Park Service, Denver, Colorado, consists of Part I of a 350-page typed monograph entitled "Official Park History of Fort Laramie National Historic Site" prepared by retired National Park Service Historian Merrill J. Mattes under contract with that agency.

While much has been written about the fur trade, the covered wagon migrations, and the Indian War episodes of Fort Laramie history, this is the first time that anyone has addressed the subject of "Fort Laramie Since Its Abandonment, 1890" in a scholarly fashion. On the level of national significance the subject is mainly concerned with "The Crusade," or the combined efforts of many individuals to save Fort Laramie from extinction, and "the Restoration" or the story of successful National Park Service efforts to preserve and restore the Fort Laramie remains. A condensed story of "The Restoration Period," 1937-1977, is planned for a later issue of *Annals*. The obscure earliest phase of Fort Laramie civilian history, 1890-1915, when John Hunton and other ranchers held sway, awaits more intensive research.

It is fitting that the article should appear on the 40th anniversary of the establishment of Fort Laramie National Monument in 1938 (since enlarged and re-named a National Historic Site) following the ultimately successful acquisition of that site by the state in 1937. It unveils the little-known and little-appreciated saga of devotion and dedication to an ideal by several individuals who awakened the conscience of other Wyoming citizens.

Fort Laramie is widely acknowledged to be the most important and significant historic site in the State of Wyoming—some believe that it is second to none among sites west of the Mississippi River for the magnitude of its historic role as well as the antiquity of its historic buildings, dating back to the Great California Gold Rush of 1849.

We acclaim not only the National Park Service for its splendid job of restoration, but those few men who fought for the preservation of the battered remains and ruins, without which no restoration would have been possible. Hereby we pay tribute to those men who were instrumental in saving what was left of the old Fort for the enlightenment and inspiration of present and future generations of patriotic Americans. Over 100,000 visitors a year also pay tribute to this magnificent restoration, which once had the appearance of a ravaged and abandoned country village.

There is an unusual circumstance here, in that the author is also an actor,

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## COVER NOTE

—Wyoming Travel Commission Photo

Ruins of Hospital, Fort Laramie National Historic Site

albeit a minor one, in this epic story. Merrill J. Mattes was asked by the National Park Service to research and write this history, not only because of his professional skills, but also because he has been intimately involved in Fort Laramie preservation and interpretive activity from 1935 to this day. He retired from the National Park Service in 1975 after forty years with that agency, serving successively as Scotts Bluff and Fort Laramie superintendent, regional historian in Omaha, chief of history and historic architecture in the San Francisco, and manager of the Historic Preservation Branch of the Denver Service Center. He is uniquely qualified to tell the epic story of how Wyoming's number one historic site was rescued from oblivion.

The epic history of Fort Laramie from 1834, the heyday of the Rocky Mountain fur trade, to 1890, the end of the Indian wars, is well known. After the Army auctioned off its abandoned buildings in April, 1890, the Fort soon took on the appearance of a quaint country village, with a few dwellings of remarkable architecture which were the adopted homes of civilians left over from Army days, surrounded by a number of impressive ruins. The principal residents were ex-sutler and rancher John Hunton and his wife Blanche, who owned the ancient sutler's store and officers' row, including the famous Old Bedlam; Mary and Joe Wilde, owners of the commissary storehouse and the cavalry barracks which became hotel, saloon, and dance-hall; and Harriet Sandercock, widow of Thomas Sandercock, and their descendants, who controlled a corner of the parade ground area, including an officer's quarters, guard-house, and the site of the 1849 trading post, Fort John. These are the individuals to whom posterity must be grateful for their effective, albeit haphazard, preservation of those buildings that did survive.<sup>1</sup>

We are concerned here with neither the epic history of the military post nor the small local happenings there after its abandonment. We are concerned here with a story never before told in any comprehensive way, yet it is a story of interest to all

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<sup>1</sup>The Fort Laramie Military Reservation was turned over by the Army to the Interior Department, which supervised its breakup into homesteads. The immediate fort area, where surviving buildings are clustered, was divided among three private owners because of the arbitrary section lines resulting from General Land Office Surveys which ignored the integrity of the fort. It so happens that Sections 20, 21, 28 and 29 of Township 26 North, Range 64 West, of the 6th Principal Meridian intersect at a point about half way between the cavalry barracks and the ruins of the post hospital. Thus officers' row and most of the parade ground (Hunton) are in NE  $\frac{1}{2}$ , NE  $\frac{1}{2}$ , Sec. 29. The south quadrant of the parade ground (Sandercock) is in SE  $\frac{1}{2}$ , NE  $\frac{1}{2}$ , Sec. 29; and the cavalry barracks and its neighbors (Wilde) are in NW  $\frac{1}{2}$ , NW  $\frac{1}{2}$ , Sec. 28. While ownerships shifted over the years, these three arbitrary divisions remained until consolidation by the state in 1937.

The picture is further confused by the fact that the parade ground axis is not oriented with standard compass bearings; it actually runs from SW to NE, or as about a 45 degree angle with township and section lines. (See Map)



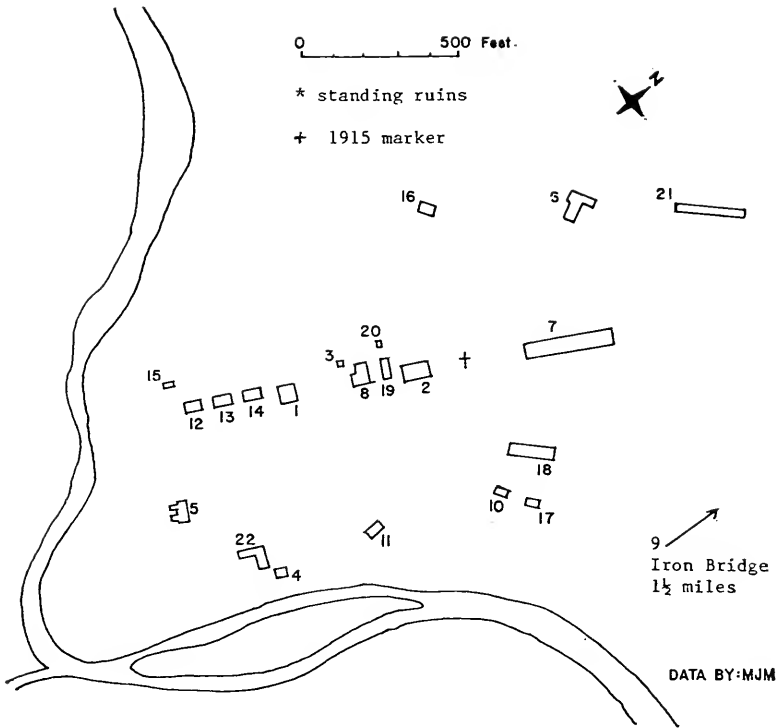
Americans who appreciate the historic shrines that remind them of their unique heritage of freedom. It is the story of a few dedicated men who, against great odds, succeeded in saving for posterity the priceless physical remains of the once great fort which Hunton, Wilde, and the Sandercocks had retained for whatever personal reasons.

The "odds against" were the steady deterioration of these buildings with the inexorable passage of time, the successive land-owners' reluctance to sell, and the unavoidable but heartbreaking delays by the state of Wyoming in finding a formula for acquisition. The "odds in favor" were a gradual awareness of Fort Laramie's significance by the public and corresponding interest in its preservation, coupled with persistent efforts by a handful of Fort Laramie champions who recognized that the fort could be saved only if it could be acquired by some kind of philanthropic foundation or a government agency with the capability of restoring it and preserving it. Another plus was the fact that the buildings that did manage to survive all hazards for almost half a century—stripping for salvage, neglect, misuse, fire, vandalism—until such an agency did arrive, providentially, on the scene, were among the most important, historically.

When the Army abandoned Fort Laramie, and for two and a half decades thereafter, there is not the slightest evidence of thinking on the part of anyone that a mistake had been made, that Fort Laramie should not be abandoned, but preserved as a historic shrine. Newspapers and other known and accessible sources have been searched in vain for such evidence prior to 1915. On the contrary, by 1915 most of the fort buildings had disappeared because of a deliberate policy by Hunton and Wilde to raise cash by selling off such buildings for their salvage value, and there is no evidence of any public or private outcry at this exploitation of buildings deemed otherwise worthless. The lumber-hungry homesteaders who bought them managed to remove almost all the frame buildings and strip most of the lime-concrete buildings. In 1915 there were only twenty-two pre-1890 structures still standing, compared to over sixty identified on the last official Fort ground plan. Of these twenty-two, there were fourteen relatively intact, and eight consisting of lime-concrete ruins. Of the intact fourteen, it is evident that twelve were thus preserved because they served the utilitarian purposes of their owners. Of only two—Old Bedlam and the sutler's store—can it be said that they were preserved, by John Hunton, for reasons of personal sentiment alone.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup>Plan of Post, 1888, Cartographic Division, National Archives. Evidence of Salvage transactions is indicated in the somewhat illegible John Hunton *Letterbooks* at the University of Wyoming Library, Special Collections. Sentiment re Old Bedlam and the sutler's store may be assumed since there



REMAINING BUILDINGS AT OLD FORT LARAMIE  
1915-1937

1	Old Bedlam	1849-1850	frame
2	Sutler's Store	1849-1883	adobe, stone, concrete
3	Magazine	1850	stone
4	Old Guardhouse	1866	stone
5	Officers Quarters A	1870	frame
* 6	Hospital	1873	concrete
7	Cavalry Barracks	1874	concrete
8	Officers Quarters E	1875	concrete
9	Platte Bridge	1875-1876	iron
10	Old Bakery	1876	concrete, brick
* 11	New Guardhouse	1876	concrete
* 12	Officers Quarters B	1881	concrete
* 13	Officers Quarters C	1881	concrete
* 14	Officers Quarters D	1881	concrete
15	Chickenhouse	1881	concrete
* 16	Sawmill	1882	concrete
17	New Bakery	1883	concrete
18	Commissary Storehouse	1883	concrete
19	Officers Quarters F	1884	concrete
20	Privy	1884	frame
* 21	Non-Com Quarters	1885	concrete
* 22	Administration	1885	concrete

This is not to condemn Hunton or anyone else for not coming up with the radical idea of preservation by a public agency. The hard frontier times precluded the possibility that any state or local agency could achieve such a purpose, and the United States government had not yet begun to evolve a philosophy of historic site preservation. Nevertheless, it is of interest to ascertain just when the germ of the idea of actual physical preservation of the Fort in perpetuity first appeared, in contrast to mere sentimentality and memorialization. *Exactly when was the fatalistic acceptance of Fort Laramie's eventual extinction reversed in favor of an active campaign to preserve and restore it?*

The pivotal moment seems to have been on June 17, 1915, when dedication services were held near the sutler's store for a large concrete obelisk marker with an imbedded marble plate inscription which reads: FORT LARAMIE A MILITARY POST ON THE OREGON TRAIL, JUNE 16, 1849 - MARCH 2, 1890. THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED BY THE STATE OF WYOMING AND A FEW INTERESTED RESIDENTS.<sup>3</sup> The historic occasion is recorded for posterity in the *Torrington Telegram* dated Thursday, June 17, 1915:

#### BIG OUTING DAY THUR

Thursday of this week was a history making epoch in this valley and it will long be remembered because of granite markers dotting the course of the Oregon Trail, that were publicly unveiled that day, with music by the Torrington band, and addresses by Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, the state regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Ex-Governor Joseph M. Carey, Hon. Ed. L. Patrick, and Mr. Bartlette, of Cheyenne. . . .

. . . There was a large crowd at Fort Laramie for the opening exercises, and the place was an ideal one for the program.

This was the principal marker among the three that were to be

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is no evidence that Hunton used these particular buildings for any discernible purpose.

The fourteen intact structures of 1915 were: old Army Bridge, cavalry barracks, commissary storehouse, new bakery, old bakery, old guardhouse, sutler's store, Old Bedlam, officers quarters A, E and F, magazine, chicken house, and privy. The eight ruins were those of sawmill, administration building, new guardhouse, hospital, non-com quarters, and officers quarters B, C and D.

<sup>3</sup>The date 1913 appears at the end of the inscription. Since the context of the newspaper report clearly indicates that this was the marker dedicated in 1915, the discrepancy in dates doubtless results from the simple fact that the dedication was not held until two years after the inscription was carved. Possibly there was a delay in erecting the marker until John Hunton or other sponsors could scrape together sufficient funds. Although they are not credited on the marker, it seems probable from the context of the newspaper story that the D.A.R. rather than the state of Wyoming was the principal sponsor. The twelve-foot marker survives today (1978) in good condition.



—Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department Photo  
Cavalry Barracks

unveiled that day, and the principal addresses were delivered at that point. . . .

Dr. Hebard is a talented lady, and because of her interest in Old Fort Laramie had a paper touching on the importance of Fort Laramie on the Oregon Trail. . . .

Ex-Governor Carey spoke on the "Pioneer" and because of his acquaintance with the men who wrested these broad acres from the Indians, he gave us an account of the men and the work of those early days that was beyond anything ever written. . . .

The flag was drawn from the marker by Mrs. Hunton who is a daughter of the American Revolution. . . .

There were twenty or more cars at Fort Laramie by the time the speaking began, and the program lasted well up to the dinner hour. The shady quarters about the Joe Wilde home, and the running streams of water were too inducive of comfort for the voyageurs to leave before dinner . . . and those who did not have dinner baskets were fed at the Wilde table.<sup>4</sup>

On that memorable day who came up with the preservation idea? Not John Hunton, whose lengthy correspondence betrays no concern how the buildings would be protected beyond his own time.<sup>5</sup> On the contrary, his evident co-sponsorship of the marker bespoke awareness that in the course of time all the buildings would disintegrate and vanish. Not Dr. Hebard who, while speaking of the fort's history in glowing terms, did not even hint at the desirability of preservation.<sup>6</sup> Nor was it the Honorable Joseph Carey, the impassioned orator. No, the revolutionary idea was born in the head of a member of the audience that day, one James Johnston, editor of the *Torrington Telegram* who went straight to his desk to pen the earliest documentable record of an outright plea for the preservation of Fort Laramie. This was an editorial which appeared in the same issue reporting the dedication:

#### A NOTABLE PLEASURE RESORT

Few people realize the importance of Fort Laramie as a historic spot in Wyoming, and to think that the site of the first fort in the State lies within the borders of our county ought to arouse the patriotism of the present generation to restore the works and make it into a beautiful summer resort.

There are a dozen or more buildings intact, and can be put in shape for use at very little cost. The hospital commands a beautiful sight of the valley, and the dormitory for the privates is now the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wilde. . . .  
. . . The Oregon Trail marker [of 1915] is by far the best one put up on the trail. . . Close to this is the old trading post—the very building where the white man obtained his supplies, and the Indian bartered his wares.

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<sup>4</sup>The other two markers dedicated that day were at Lingle, Wyoming, and Henry, Nebraska.

<sup>5</sup>Hunton *Letterbooks*, *op. cit.*

<sup>6</sup>The Hebard speech is given verbatim in the *Torrington Telegram*, June 24, 1915.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hunton is in the row of buildings bordering on the Laramie River front, the end of which now terminates with the Bedlam house made famous by the writings of Captain Charles King.

... This is the ideal spot for a summer home, or for a picnicking place during the summer months. It is a convenient distance from Torrington, Guernsey and Wheatland and because of the fame of Old Fort Laramie it would be a popular place for gatherings and chautauquas as well.

Because it was inconceivable in pre-World War I times that any government—federal, state, or local—would undertake to preserve an old fort solely as a historical park, for its own sake, all early clarion calls for preservation of Fort Laramie, like Johnston's, revolved around various possibilities of pragmatic or utilitarian uses of the Fort structures, with their preservation only incidental. Even though such uses, had they been adopted, would have seriously impaired the authentic character of the military post, we accept these earnest proposals as evidence of a genuine desire to save the fort, by whatever means. Johnston's notion was a nebulous one which of course bore no fruit, and we can smile today at the naivete of "restoring the works at very little cost." Nevertheless an inspired idea was born and would be echoed thereafter with increasing insistence until the dream would become a reality.

→ Another idea for preservation was voiced the following year in the *Guernsey Gazette* by editor George Houser. This time preservation was to be achieved by "setting aside the old fort as a training school for American soldiers," a thought springing from the spirit of preparedness engendered by the ominous gathering clouds of World War I. On July 4, 1916, there was a patriotic picnic at the site, "not only to give old-timers a chance to meet, but to talk over the possibility of getting the Government to establish a military school at the Old Fort." There was baseball and wrestling matches, but the main event was speech-making: "Two Mighty Good Addresses." Judge Winter of Converse County, "one of the brainy orators of the State," presented to "a vast audience" masterly arguments for government ownership of Fort Laramie. The remarks of ex-Governor Carey were also full of "words of burning patriotism." In reporting the event the editor remarked that, "every available effort is being made for the purchase and preservation of the Old Fort, with everything pointing to success."<sup>7</sup> Just who was making what kind of an effort is not revealed. Though we suspect that Wyoming congressmen approached the War Department with this proposal, it obviously fell on deaf ears. Its merit lay not in its practicability but in its publicity, nurturing the more mature concept of fort preservation by a U. S. government

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<sup>7</sup>*Guernsey Gazette*, June 2, June 22, July 7, Aug. 11, 1916.

agency of some kind, compared to the Torrington editor's thought of a local recreational facility.

While the imaginative and energetic Houser himself was evidently the prime promoter of the military school idea as well as the historic picnic, he reveals that the originator of the military school concept was Will M. Maupin, then editor of the *Midwest Magazine* published at York, Nebraska. Houser confessed that Maupin's idea "is so sensible and contains so much in favor of practical preparedness that we give it in full to our readers":

When Uncle Sam decided to abandon Old Fort Laramie he committed a grave blunder. When he permitted that historic old post to be sold and its splendid buildings to go to wrack and ruin, he committed a crime.

There is just one way for Uncle Sam to rectify that blunder and atone for that crime—re-purchase the old reservation and there, in the very heart of the republic, establish a great military school, a second West Point. Scores of reasons could be brought forward. . . Physically there is a splendid stream of pure water flowing through the old reservation. . . all ready to furnish the power that could generate enough electricity to supply a great Commonwealth. . . The vast stretch of country adjacent would afford ample training for young soldiers. . .

In case this republic should go to war. . . it would be the great middle west that would supply the most and best men. . . And here in the great middle west is the place to establish a great military training school. . . The first step is to re-purchase the old reservation and make it a government park. After the old buildings have been restored as nearly as possible, the work of building the military school should begin. . .<sup>8</sup>

Maupin's concept of keeping a restored fort separate from any new buildings is unique among early vocal Fort Laramie preservationists. In a 1945 interview by the writer, Mr. Maupin claimed some credit for the establishment of Fort Laramie National Monument for, he asserted, he was "always editorializing" in favor of the preservation of that place. He visited the fort frequently, the first time in 1914 to attend a dance at Wilde's place. It is of interest to note that Maupin became the first custodian of neighboring Scotts Bluff National Monument when that area was established in 1919. This was his reward for recommending the establishment of that Oregon Trail landmark as a national park.<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>8</sup>No copies of the indicated issue of the *Midwest Magazine* seem to have survived, either at the York Public Library or the Nebraska State Historical Society at Lincoln. Copies of later issues, however, are preserved by that Society.

<sup>9</sup>Merrill J. Mattes, Memorandum for the Files, July 10, 1945, Scotts Bluff National Monument. Mr. Maupin's visit to the Oregon Trail Museum there occurred on July 3, at his age eighty-two. He had a checkered career as a Nebraska newspaperman and politician. See *Who's Who in Nebraska*, Nebraska Press Association, 1940, page 719.

Of his first Fort Laramie visit, Maupin "well remembers the Cavalry

Another Nebraskan, A. E. Sheldon, superintendent of the Nebraska State Historical Society for many years, claims to have plumped for the preservation of the fort even earlier than Maupin did. In a letter of 1935 to the Historical Landmarks Commission of Wyoming he states: “. . . 25 years ago I wrote and spoke in favor of acquiring and holding this notable historical site where I have camped many times, sometimes for two or three weeks.” That would seem to cast him in the role of preservation advocate as early as 1910, but this writer has been unable to verify this claim in any publications or in the Sheldon correspondence in the Society collection in Lincoln.<sup>10</sup>

During this period another notion of what to do with Fort Laramie was born in the head of the Right Reverend Nathaniel S. Thomas, bishop of the Episcopal church in Wyoming. This was to be a church-sponsored school “where boys could live in a church atmosphere” which would somehow be provided by “this former Post, the most historic in the United States.” The proposal, which preoccupied the bishop from 1915 to 1919, involved an estimated cost of \$130,000 for the purchase of the fort and adjacent agricultural lands, and “remodeling of the Fort buildings.” The discloser of the Thomas proposal writes: “To the Bishop’s credit, I believe, he planned to restore Old Fort Laramie. He had a sense of history and his vision was an early one concerning what could—and ought—to be done with the then ramshackle buildings.” We concede the bishop’s awe of Fort Laramie, “with all its history and romance,” but we cannot discern evidence that he had meaningful restoration in mind, as distinct from conversion to alien purposes. In any event his dream was not revealed publicly at the time so could have had no impact on public thinking.<sup>11</sup>

A development proposal of a more practical nature that did

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Barracks when it was still the hostelry of Joe Wilde. The night of his visit a dance was scheduled on the second floor, but not many people put in an appearance as the wind was blowing about 60 miles per hour.”

Equally interesting is his Scotts Bluff adventure. “When he was the editor of a weekly paper in Gering, he relates that he conceived the idea of establishing a national park at Scotts Bluff to commemorate the Oregon Trail. U. S. Senator Hitchcock advised him to get in touch with U. S. Representative Moses Kinkaid. Kinkaid agreed that it should be a national park, but advised Maupin that it would be easier to make it a national monument since this involved only presidential proclamation, and such a proclamation automatically carried with it regular annual appropriation. The proclamation went through as planned in 1919 and Maupin was made custodian. However, “he thinks we was misinformed about the automatic appropriation since \$12 per year is all he ever received.”

<sup>10</sup>Letter of Jan. 23, 1935, A. E. Sheldon to the Historical Landmarks Commission of Wyoming (HLCW), files HLCW, Wyoming State Archives. Manuscript collections, Nebraska State Historical Society.

<sup>11</sup>Howard Lee Wilson, “The Bishop who Bid for Fort Laramie,” *Annals of Wyoming*, Oct., 1962, pp. 163-174.



receive full publicity is revealed in the *Guernsey Gazette* for August 31, 1917:

Old Fort Laramie, where the soldiers were stationed in the old Indian days of the long ago, is to become a mecca for tourists. Mr. Joseph Wilde has disposed of a half-interest in the old fort to Mr. Carlson, a contractor who put in the big tunnel on the Government ditch, and the new firm are contemplating many improvements on the buildings and grounds. They will put in a store and a hotel and will be equipped to take care of the trade in good shape.

As the tourist travel increases in the state the old fort has become a mecca for tourists and Mr. Wilde has been bothered considerably in trying to provide accommodations to the visitor. . .

A few of the contemplated improvements are: an auto road through the grounds, general merchandise store, gas station, new foundations and concrete floor on the old Cavalry Barracks porch, the old dance hall will be repaired and redecorated, and many other improvements made.

The ruins of the old frontier fort is well advertised all over the United States from its historical importance and will become a popular place for Eastern tourists. The new firm is bound to be successful in their new venture.

While the Carlson project to develop tourist facilities scarcely constituted historic preservation, it did mean that somebody intended to make an effort to keep certain buildings in good usable condition, in this case primarily the barracks and the commissary storehouse, the main buildings in the Wilde plot. That the venture fizzled may be deduced from the fact that in 1919 Carlson sold to Paul McDonald who fronted for H. S. Clarke, an Omaha banker, who was more interested in playing the role of gentleman rancher than he was in catering to tourists. He made certain changes in the barracks but apparently for his own benefit and that of his tenants, not the public. Thus, the actual extent of an early tourist boom at this "mecca", if there really was one, cannot be determined from this or any other known sources.<sup>12</sup>

Despite the scarcity of eyewitness accounts, there is little doubt that after World War I there were numerous impromptu visits to the fort by first-generation automobile tourists who braved the bad roads of the period to behold its faded glory, and then doubtless to push on with their primitive gas-buggies to admire the rumored wonders of Yellowstone Park. Though Wyoming's tourist indus-

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<sup>12</sup>In 1926 James W. Auld bought the place by sheriff's sale. In 1933 he deeded it to his wife Jessica. Goshen County Land Records.

The upper half of the cavalry barracks hotel was divided in half, between guest rooms and dance-hall. The latter section, once a soldiers dormitory, was the only part of the building left in 1937 that still resembled the historic interior. The main floor was scrambled by adaptive uses, both before and after that date, a puzzle to restorationists. See *Manuscript* "Historic Structure Report I, 1874 Cavalry Barracks," John D. McDermott and James Sheire, National Park Service, 1970.

try was then but a fragile bud, it was being nurtured by Nebraska and Wyoming communities who were not averse to an influx of eastern dollars. In 1920 disjointed segments of roads north of the North Platte, rather inaccurately dubbed "the North Platte Valley Highway," was designated a state road, eligible to receive federal aid, and there is the first known reference to the idea of capitalizing on the old Oregon Trail by affixing its name to "a national highway." To promote it the "North Platte Valley Highway Association" came into being in 1922.<sup>13</sup>

Ezra Meeker, the apostle of Oregon Trail monuments and markers, who had made his first covered wagon memorial trek in 1906, turned up again in his old prairie schooner in 1920 to reawaken interest in the old trail. Due in part to his influence Nebraska could now number over fifty such granite monuments, and the Nebraska Highway Department was giving the North Platte Valley Highway high priority. Talk of new or improved road construction was in the Wyoming air also, and Fort Laramie and Yellowstone Park were conspicuous among visible attractions that helped to initiate a vigorous road improvement program.<sup>14</sup> Because of the decrepit condition of the fort there was growing awareness that something would have to be done, sooner or later, if this promising tourist attraction was not to be lost.

Stock in old Fort Laramie perked up perceptibly in 1923 when two dynamic promoters appeared on the scene, a newspaperman who would strongly reinforce George Houser's long lone campaign, and a developer who for the first time would attempt direct action as well as talk. For some years the *Lingle Guide-Review* had recognized the interest of the town of Fort Laramie with a "Fort Laramie Department" and the editor of this weekly did his bit to come out foursquare for history, admonishing once in a banner headline that "Fort Laramie People Should See to It that the Old Fort is Preserved as a Historic Spot." However, journalistic tub-thumping on behalf of the old fort would reach its crescendo in the short-lived *Fort Laramie Scout*, inaugurated in late 1923 and combined with the *Goshen County News* at Torrington in 1927. The proprietor of this free-wheeling periodical was L. G. (Pat) Flannery, who had occupied the old officer's quarters adjacent to the "Hunton House" at the fort in 1919, becoming a confidant of the old man. This was the origin of Flannery's perennial agitation

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<sup>13</sup>*Guernsey Gazette*, April 9, 1920; May 19, 1922.

<sup>14</sup>*Ibid.* July 20, 1906; Sept. 10, 1920; Sept. 24, 1920. Meeker's visit to Fort Laramie in 1906 is recorded also in Howard Driggs and Ezra Meeker, *Covered Wagon Centennial and Ox-Team Days* (New York: World Book Co., 1932) 247-249. Even at that early date, says Meeker, "the old place is crumbling away, slowly disappearing with the memories of the past." If he actually visited the fort in 1920, such visit is not documented, but he did "follow the Trail" again this year.

for preservation, which at times took on the aspect of a one-man crusade.<sup>15</sup>

The developer in question was Thomas Waters of Omaha, district freight representative of the Pennsylvania Railroad. In September of 1923 the *Guide-Review* had come up with a new suggestion, that "Fort Laramie is ideally suited for a dude ranch, which would attract many tourists on account of its historic appeal." The same article referred to "Harry Clark," also of Omaha, as the owner of the fort, but as we have seen what this party had an interest in was that portion of the fort that had been held first by Wilde, the cavalry barracks area, not the more famous officers row of the parade ground, featuring the sutler's store and Old Bedlam.<sup>16</sup> It was Waters who acquired an interest in this most significant and crucial section of the fort from John Hunton in 1920, though Hunton continued to live on the premises until 1923, when he moved to Torrington.<sup>17</sup> Although this absentee landlord conducted a ranch, of sorts, on adjoining land, his true objective was first revealed in the *Gering Midwest*, quoted in the *Guernsey Gazette* for October 26, 1923:

Thomas Waters, well known in western railroad circles, has an ambitious plan that contemplates making the site of old Fort Laramie one of the greatest summer resorts in the West. . . He has purchased a considerable portion of the old reservation together with the buildings thereon, and is now organizing a stock company for the purpose of improving the grounds, adding thereto and making a summer resort that will have a special appeal to our tourists, especially those who are interested in historic events and spots.

He plans the erection of a number of summer cottages, the establishment of a hotel and cafe big enough to take care of a big transient patronage, and the construction of a golf links that will be a big drawing card.

Mr. Waters was quoted further to the effect that "all these things

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<sup>15</sup>*Lingle Guide-Review*, January 1, 1923. This paper seems to have had a wobbly title, being sometimes called the *Family News Review*. Regarding the Flannery-Hunton relationship, see "This Old Gentleman John Hunton," a transcript of a tape recording with L. G. Flannery by Pierre La Bonte, Jr. in 1963. Flannery (1894-1964) edited and published the John Hunton diaries to 1889. (Vols. I to V published by Flannery himself, Vol. VI by A. H. Clark, Glendale, California.) Unpublished diaries after that date are in the possession of Mrs. L. G. Flannery of Cheyenne. "It is her policy that the diaries remain locked up for the time being." Letter of April 15, 1977, Billie (Flannery) Griske to Merrill Mattes.

<sup>16</sup>*Lingle Guide-Review*, Sept. 13, 1923. Brothers Harry and Tom Latta and families were long-term tenants of the cavalry barracks and the commissary, originally engaged by Clarke but continuing there into the 1930s. McDermott and Sheire, *op. cit.*

<sup>17</sup>Hunton mortgaged a portion of his property to Thomas Waters for \$14,000, Oct. 18, 1920. Final settlement, with deed to Thomas Waters, was in Dec., 1925. Goshen County Records. Mattes interview with Curtiss Root, Torrington, Nov. 1, 1977.

will take time and money, but the plans are well formulated and some progress has already been made." Whatever one may think of the Waters plan to convert Fort Laramie into a pleasure resort, complete with lost golf balls, one must give him credit for his pre-vision of future U. S. Highway 26: "What we should be doing is turning the tide of tourist traffic through Gering, Scottsbluff and Mitchell, into old Fort Laramie with all its associations and memories, and thence on into Yellowstone Park."<sup>18</sup>

Evidently Waters was not able to sell enough shares in his Fort Laramie enterprise to put his plans into effect right away, and there was a lull on the old fort front in 1924 when attention was focused on the Guernsey Dam project. In 1925 a scheme of a different sort was concocted. In February of that year Houser called attention to a bill before the U. S. Congress offered by the Honorable Addison Smith of Idaho (House Joint Resolution 328) to designate as "The Old Oregon Trail" a system of federal highways between Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Independence, Missouri, to Seaside, Oregon, and Olympia, Washington. Houser admonished "all Oregon Trail enthusiasts along the route to join in furthering the project." In a later issue he reported that, "a movement is on foot in which a number of Wyoming towns are interested in having a portion of old Fort Laramie set aside as a national monument for future generations. This movement is the result of a stir to have the old Oregon Trail made into a national highway."<sup>19</sup>

Houser's plea is the first recorded instance of Fort Laramie being associated with the magical term, "national monument," the official designation of "objects of historic and scientific interest" set aside by presidential proclamation by authority of the Antiquities Act of 1906. However, this term was not employed by the Wyoming State Legislature when it attempted to beef up prospects for the Smith bill with a petition to Congress, inspired by resolutions received from the Travis Post No. 5 of the American Legion, Department of Wyoming, and the Lions Club, both of Torrington. The language of the twin resolutions reveals for the first time an impressive depth of pro-preservation sentiment valleywide, going well beyond the immediate vicinity of Guernsey and Fort Laramie:

WHEREAS, Old Fort Laramie is, from a historical standpoint, one of the most important points in the West, and

WHEREAS, this property is now in private ownership and the buildings are rapidly falling into decay and will be in a state of ruin beyond repair, and

WHEREAS, the North Platte Valley Highway which passes this

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<sup>18</sup>*Guernsey Gazette*, Oct. 26, 1923.

<sup>19</sup>*Ibid.*, Feb. 6, 1925; March 6, 1925.

fort is the most direct route from the East to the Yellowstone National Park and is used by thousands of tourists each year, and

WHEREAS, numerous civic and patriotic organizations have joined in a request urging the Federal Government to re-purchase this property with the view of re-establishing, restoring, preserving and perpetuating to posterity this historical monument of pioneer days and making it accessible to visitors,

NOW THEREFORE, Be it Resolved, etc.

House Joint Memorial No. 4 was introduced by the Uinta and Goshen County delegations, with an amendment adding Fort Bridger for consideration, and referred to the Committee on Memorials. After some jockeying over fine distinctions of terminology, and debates about adding other sites to the list, the final bill, "Memorializing the Congress of the United States to set aside Old Fort Laramie and Old Fort Bridger and Independence Rock as Historic Reserves," was passed and approved February 25, 1925.<sup>20</sup>

Representative Addison Smith's final version of his bill, for the designation of an Oregon Trail Highway from Kansas City, Kansas, to Vancouver, Washington, "which shall follow the Trail as closely as economic and topographic conditions permit," got nowhere in Congress for reasons which are abundantly evident in a fascinating printed report on hearings before the Committee on Roads. It is fascinating because of the wealth of emigrant journals that are quoted at length to prove just which side of the Platte this or that emigrant party traveled, and the florid oratory of congressional champions. (Willis Hawley, representative from Oregon whose parents were covered wagon emigrants, speaks of the Trail, "as a living thing, breathing of heroic self-sacrifice and devotion to duty. It is the trail which leads to the rainbow's end, the trail of all trails, your trail and mine.") However, discord prevailed among witnesses, not only as to the exact route of the Trail, but also just exactly what did constitute "the Oregon Trail," and whether to recognize such variants as the Mormon Trail and Pike's Peak Trail, not to mention the far more heavily traveled emigrant road to California, and the overarching question of the constitutionality of Congress getting into the business of interpreting fine points of American history. Though Fort Laramie was frequently mentioned in the hearings as one of the crown jewels of the Oregon and all other trails, there appears to have been no discussion of its preservation.<sup>21</sup>

While state and federal legislators and learned historians eulo-

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<sup>20</sup>*Session Laws of Wyoming* (1925) 270-271; *House Journal of 18th State Legislature of Wyoming* (1925) 169; 213; 373; 409; 413; 571; 586; 591.

<sup>21</sup>*The Old Oregon Trail: Hearings Before the Committee on Roads*. House of Representatives, 68 Congress, 2nd Session, on House Joint Resolution 232, House Joint Resolution 328, Senate Resolution 2053 (Government Printing Office, 1925).

gized the distant fort in abstract terms, the fort itself was in mortal jeopardy. An article in the *Guernsey Gazette* for April 3, 1925 reveals that at that time the fort narrowly escaped destruction from fire, at the same time dramatically demonstrating the dedication of local citizens in going to the rescue:

Mr. Cummings, dragline operator, discovered a blaze as he was returning from work, about 11:30 P.M., and roused the Latta Bros., who live on the place. The fire, of unknown origin, supposedly started in a pile of hay. A strong northwest wind was blowing and swept the flames through the corrals, burning fences, feedlots and everything in its path until it reached what is said to have been the old bakery, the extreme southeastern building of the group, which has been used for many years as a stable and blacksmith shop. There was barely time to save the livestock sheltered there. Roof, windows, woodwork and everything inflammable was destroyed, leaving only the stark, lime-concrete walls of the ancient structure. . . .

The alarm was spread, and throughout the night men from town worked with the ranchers to save the other buildings. Lines of men carried water from the river to wet the walls and ground about surrounding structures, and the ceaseless guard against sparks continued until daylight. Mrs. Latta kept the watchers supplied with sandwiches and coffee.

Had the wind changed all the old Fort buildings would have been in great danger.<sup>22</sup>

While the immediate neighbors of old Fort Laramie were obviously sold on the idea of saving it, there was a need to bring its desperate plight to the attention of a wider audience. The year 1926 must be viewed as a climax year in the process of focusing state-wide public opinion on the dire need to save Fort Laramie soon, if it was to be save at all, and there is reason to believe that it was this Fort Laramie campaign which was the primary factor in the creation of the Historical Landmarks Commission of Wyoming the following year. Editors Flannery of the *Scout* and Houser of the *Gazette* were movers and shakers as well as reporters of events, and it was at this time that they enlisted other potent allies in the cause.

Early that year, following the fiasco of the Oregon Trail Highway proposal, Wyoming's then House Representative, Charles E. Winter, made an effort "to get favorable action for preservation of two forts as national monuments that were the gateway to the West—Laramie and Bridger." Judge Winter, the same fiery Fort Laramie orator of 1916, was also known as "the Bard of Wyoming," and a western novelist of some repute, as well as a jurist. In his efforts he enlisted the aid of General Charles King, famous novelist of western garrison life, then eighty-five and a military instructor at a college at Ripon, Wisconsin. But it appears that

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<sup>22</sup>This fire changed the score on surviving structures as follows: thirteen buildings intact, and nine standing ruins.

Winter lacked either the savvy or the clout to sell fellow congressmen on the salvation of abandoned Wyoming forts. Information on the precise nature of his legislative proposal is lacking—it evidently never reached any committee for a hearing—but his efforts were diluted by a project that appears to have had higher priority with him, a bill to provide for the erection of a monument to Sacajawea of Lewis and Clark fame, on the Fort Washakie reservation near Lander, “in the 6th judicial district where Mr. Winter served as judge for seven years.”<sup>23</sup>

Though the Winter “campaign” to have Forts Laramie and Bridger set aside proved to be but another flash in the pan, more effective efforts were in the mill. First among these was the organization, in New York City, of the Oregon Trail Memorial Association, with the venerable Ezra Meeker as nominal president. Among members were the equally venerable ex-cowboy William Hooker, and ex-bullwhacker and artist, William H. Jackson, the latter being one of the most effective apostles of this new movement. To help finance the enterprise Congress authorized the coinage of memorial 50-cent pieces. Another money-making idea was that Meeker, with the assistance of journalist Robert Bruce, would write “a book surrounding old Fort Laramie which he hoped would have a large circulation,” but which seems not to have materialized. If it were financially successful, “the Association would like to help in preserving the Old Fort as a Historical Landmark.” Although most of its philanthropies were engaged in helping to finance Oregon Trail and Pony Express markers, in time the OTMA would play a significant role in promotional events that helped keep the Fort Laramie torch aflame.<sup>24</sup>

In June, 1926, Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard gave the dedicatory speech at a new marker for the Mary Homsley grave near the fort, with a vibrant ode to heroic pioneers.<sup>25</sup> While attention was still riveted on this inspirational theme, the Fort Laramie neighborhood had an unusual visitor, a Mr. Bell, a Pathé News photographer, to make a motion picture of scenic and historic attractions for the Guernsey Chamber of Commerce, which was subsequently shown at theaters up and down the Valley. The production, including artistic shots of the fort ruins, marking “the most famous outpost of the Old West,” was rated by the *Guernsey Gazette* as a “stupendous attraction.” The *Scout* reported that the movie included action shots of Hunton and Wilde in their historic habitat. After the showing Chief Yellow Calf of the Arapahoes addressed the audience in sign language. Hunton’s attendance at this movie, an exception to his long-standing rule to avoid such sybaritic

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<sup>23</sup>*Guernsey Gazette*, Feb. 19, 1926.

<sup>24</sup>*Ibid.*, March 12, 1926; Driggs and Meeker, *op. cit.*, 10-26.

<sup>25</sup>*Guernsey Gazette*, June 14, 1926.

entertainment, and his open dialogue with the chief in the Arapahoe tongue, generated further historic interest among Valley communities.<sup>26</sup>

Another development that summer was the much-publicized Fort Laramie encampment of the Fourth U. S. Cavalry from Fort D. A. Russell, en route in September to the state fair in Douglas. This was billed as "the first time since Fort Laramie was abandoned by the Government that U. S. troops are encamped on the old parade ground, and the notes of the bugle resound once more and echo back from the ancient walls." The regiment, under Colonel Osnum Latrobe, composed of 250 men and 300 horses, "pitched camp in the shelter of the old buildings," where motion pictures of the nostalgic camp amidst historic surroundings were taken by Pathé News and distributed nationwide.<sup>27</sup>

While these events were keeping the fort in the limelight, newspapermen were thumping the tub for preservation at a rising tempo. When the *Cheyenne Tribune-Leader* asked for suggestions as to what should be done with the "John Higgins Trust" donated to the state, George Houser was ready with a novel idea that the state, rather than the federal government, might after all be the most logical protector of the fort:

One very appropriate way of using the bequest of this fine old man would be to purchase the site of Old Fort Laramie as a state park, restore the old buildings and grounds to something of their former appearance. Fix up one of the old buildings for an historical department and move the old records and curios from Cheyenne where they are now seldom noticed, to this beauty spot where these things would become a great attraction.

We talk about the federal government setting aside this old post as a national monument, but the State of Wyoming should not relinquish it and should need no further urging to make a beautiful state park.

The old place is dear to the heart of every Wyoming citizen. . . it revives in the archives of our memory the trials and tribulations of the early pioneers. . . Our citizens, for who else can we lay it to, should be put to shame for any further neglect in preserving this fine old Fort, the most famous outpost of the old West.<sup>28</sup>

Meanwhile Pat Flannery reported a rising tide of enthusiasm for the preservation project elsewhere in the state, citing pledges of support by the *Wheatland Times* and the *Cheyenne Tribune*, as well as various chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Suggestions were made that there be a campaign of public subscriptions to supplement a basic appropriation by the state legislature. While not opposed to state ownership, if that were the only alternative, Flannery editorialized in favor of national monu-

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<sup>26</sup>*Ibid.*, July 9, 1926.

<sup>27</sup>*Ibid.*, Sept. 10, 1926.

<sup>28</sup>*Ibid.*, July 23, 1926.



ment status, so that the federal government could reclaim its own. He asserted, "It is in truth a national monument whether we have it or whether we forget it, but wouldn't it shock and scandalize the nation to see the Washington Monument in a state of neglect or the grave of the Unknown Soldier overgrown with weeds!" He continued, "The movement to honor Old Fort Laramie will indeed be glad tidings to those who find repugnance in the destruction or commercialization of ancient and holy things."<sup>29</sup>

This last enigmatic statement was an oblique reference to the Omaha entrepreneur who had bought the best part of the fort, and who had announced forthcoming improvements. This had elicited the skepticism also of the D.A.R. ladies of Wheatland who asked Mr. Waters to reassure them that "he did not intend to permit the old buildings to be obliterated." Despite Waters' promises to this effect, Flannery was disturbed by the proposed "remodeling of the fort for resort purposes." To him this "seems like an ignominious end for this place."<sup>30</sup> However, for all the talk, no actual "remodeling" was begun in the summer of 1926, as advertised, giving the preservationists cause to hope that something could still be done publicly before the private moratorium was lifted.

At a late August meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the North Platte Valley, in Torrington, attended by Governor Nellie Tayloe Ross, a resolution was passed, "to endorse the movement to make a national park of old Fort Laramie." Commented Flannery:

This is one of the strongest endorsements that this movement has yet received, and should give it much impetus. The Old Fort undoubtedly contains possibilities that could make it into the most interesting national monument of the nation. Aside from its great value to historians and writers, Fort Laramie as a national monument would have a strong appeal to all classes of Americans, for it is symbolical of the most romantic period of our history. . .<sup>31</sup>

As it turned out, in 1926 the key to Fort Laramie's future was in the hands of two men attending the Annual Pioneer Reunion held in Guernsey August 27-28. Among those present was William H. Jackson of Washington, D.C., who first followed the Oregon Trail in 1866 as an employee of the freighting firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell, who made the first photographs of the scenic wonders of Yellowstone Park, in 1872, and whose sketches of Scotts Bluff, Fort Laramie and other landmarks would make him one of the premier salesmen of the old West. Accompanying the aging but spry Mr. Jackson was Robert S. Ellison, vice-president, Midwest Refining Company, Casper, a man of vision dedicated to

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<sup>29</sup>*Fort Laramie Scout*, July 29, 1926.

<sup>30</sup>*Ibid.*, April 22, 1926.

<sup>31</sup>*Ibid.*, Sept. 2, 1926.

preserving historic reminders of pioneer virtues.<sup>32</sup> The strongest and most perceptive case presented to date for Fort Laramie appeared in a guest editorial by Mr. Ellison in a special edition of the *Guernsey Gazette* gotten up for the Reunion. His views are of prime importance in the light of his subsequent activist role as first chairman of the Landmark Commission:

Wyoming is fortunate in having two of the three great out-fitting points on the Oregon Trail between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean. Of these Fort Laramie in southeastern Wyoming possesses an even greater wealth of historic values than Fort Bridger in southwestern Wyoming, and outranks in the history of the west any other trading or military post. . . .

I realize full well the need for most of us to make a livelihood and not dwell too long upon our past, no matter how heroic and glorious, but I also believe that no people can be truly great and hope to endure without due regard for the knowledge of the worthy deeds and sacrifices of our ancestors. . . .

It is therefore, a matter of no mean importance, in my opinion, that we secure and preserve as best we can the site and ruins of old Fort Laramie. . . Just how this can be done best is not easy to outline, but *we must first resolve and want it done.*

Mr. Ellison revealed that a formula for the preservation of Fort Laramie and other major historical properties as well had been given to him by Horace Albright, then superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, and soon to become the second director of the National Park Service.<sup>33</sup> He quotes Mr. Albright:

. . . unless the private ownership of these landmarks can be extinguished the Federal Government would feel that it would be futile to try to handle them as national monuments. . . It seems to me that the first step would be to get the Legislature to pass an act authorizing condemnation of the properties, and at the same time authorizing the

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<sup>32</sup>William H. Jackson (1843-1942), nearly a centenarian, was one of the last Civil War veterans. In 1930 he became Research Secretary for the Oregon Trail Memorial Association. In 1936 he helped to dedicate the Oregon Trail Museum at Scotts Bluff. In 1943 he in turn was memorialized by the dedication of new Jackson wing of that museum, which houses his original pencil sketches of 1866 as well as later water colors. See W.H.J., *Time Exposure*, New York, 1940; LeRoy R. Hafen, editor, *The Diaries of William H. Jackson*, Glendale, 1959.

Robert S. Ellison was a doer, not a writer, though he authored two booklets of note: *Independence Rock* (Natrona County Historical Society, 1930), and *Fort Bridger* (Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming, 1931). He became a regional director of the OTMA. Driggs and Meeker, *op. cit.*, p. 65.

Ellison footed the bill for Jackson's seasonal treks westward, since the famous artist-photographer had only a veteran's pension. Their travels set a precedent for the OTMA treks which became annual events beginning in 1930. Theirs was a historic friendship.

<sup>33</sup>The National Park Service was created by a congressional act of 1916, at the instigation of Stephen H. Mather and Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane. Mather was the first director.

acceptance of private donations for the purchase of historical landmarks. The law ought also to contain authority to transfer such landmarks to the Federal Government.

Mr. Albright also suggested the formation of a state landmarks commission to serve without pay in implementing this procedure, advice that would be followed quickly. Mr. Ellison was among the first to recognize that acquisition alone would not solve the problem, that the expenses of restoration, protection and maintenance would be formidable; accordingly, the virtue in federal ownership was that these expenses could be shared by taxpayers nationwide, not solely those of the state. That failing, his only suggestion for state revenue was to provide "simple cabins and accommodations for visitors" whose payment for such facilities might cover management costs. Looking beyond that awkward hurdle he envisioned "a suitable library and museum building" where manuscripts, books and evidences of pioneer life could be assembled by gift or purchase, and be available to writers and the general public for all time to come." The fort, he envisioned, would become a mecca for millions of Americans who "seek lasting inspiration" from such shrines.<sup>34</sup>

After such clairvoyant flights of imagination, getting back to mundane reality was a real jolt. At this point this took the form of Mr. Waters, the well-intentioned man from Omaha. In April, 1926, he had formed a partnership with M. S. Hartman, executive of the Fairmont Creamery of Omaha, to embark on his proclaimed fort restoration project. In May the *Fort Laramie Scout* quoted Lewis A. Snell, local contractor, as saying that the partners, "plan to start work by restoring the exteriors of the old buildings to their original state, as nearly as possible, beginning about June 15" of that year. However, it appears that, whatever plans there were, there was little or no work on the premises until December. The January 6, 1927, issue of the *Scout* reports that Mr. Snell "had been engaged for the past two weeks in reshingling and remodelling the old Sutler's Store. Other old buildings are being reshingled and it is reported that the owners plan to re-floor the old buildings." The January 13 issue revealed that it was the intention of Mr. Hartman "to make use of the sutler's store as a museum. Mr. Snell was invited to "come to Omaha, with all expenses paid, that he may look over Mr. Hartman's collection of mounted wildlife, old coins, etc., and thus get a better idea of the cases, stands, and other fixtures that he will be required to build." The September 1 issue summarized the season's accomplishments:

Messrs. Tom Waters and M. S. Hartman. . . have made a commendable start toward the preservation of the more historic buildings,

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<sup>34</sup>*Guernsey Gazette*, Aug. 27, 1926.

and plan to continue this work over a considerable period. The services of Lewis Snell. . have been engaged for a year with this end in view.

The crumbling walls of the old adobe "sutler's store" have been patched and strengthened with concrete, new floors laid, and its sagging roof is now supported by a series of new concrete pillars. . . .

The next work to be undertaken is that of restoring "Old Bedlam", a two story frame building renowned (sic) in history and fiction. . . .

Mr. Waters has given instructions that the old material is to be salvaged and reused wherever feasible so that the buildings may be restored as nearly as possible to their original condition. He states that the only object of the work being done now is to prevent further deterioration.

That seems to have been the extent of the Waters-Hartman private restoration project, and we can only speculate that they ran short of funds or had second thoughts about the money-making potential of their investment.<sup>35</sup> Later government restorationists shed tears over the drastic treatment of the adobe sutler's store, with concrete pillars in lieu of the original west wall, and the disappearance of almost all shelving, ledgers, and miscellaneous articles once reported to have survived in quantity. To the extent that the store and other buildings were actually re-shingled, the partners must get credit for thus retarding worse structural dangers from radical leakage and possible collapse. In summary, whatever their deficiencies as restorationists, the partners destroyed no buildings and should get credit for preservation efforts that no government agency would be able to undertake for another decade.<sup>36</sup>

In 1927 the good news was the creation by the Wyoming State Legislature of Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming (HLCW), pretty much along the lines recommended by Horace Albright to Robert Ellison. This independent agency would play a central role in repeated efforts to acquire Fort Laramie.

The Commission was created by an act approved February 26, 1927. It consisted of three members appointed by the governor. The initial appointments were Robert S. Ellison of Casper, chairman; Warren Richardson of Cheyenne, treasurer; and Joseph Weppner of Rock Springs, secretary. There was a small recurring appropriation for reimbursement of travel expenses, printing bien-

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<sup>35</sup>Martin S. Hartman's name appears at intervals in Goshen County land records, in association with Waters, beginning on Feb. 18, 1927, and ending on May 7, 1931. The exact nature of the brief partnership eludes inquiry. Joseph G. Masters, regional director for the OTMA in Omaha, confided to Joseph Weppner, HLCW, that, "I think Hartman is rather more active in the whole affair." Letter of Oct. 17, 1929, HLCW files.

<sup>36</sup>No blueprints for the Waters-Hartman restoration project, if they ever existed outside of these gentlemen's heads, can be found. The flooring in the adobe portion of the sutler's store, allegedly restored, was missing in 1937. Presumably it was removed by unidentified parties searching for coins.

nial reports, and the preparation and placement of historical markers, but no funds for the acquisition, improvement or operation of historic sites. The broad powers of the commission included authority to evaluate any or all historic sites in the state, to provide for roadside monumentation, and to recommend sites for state acquisition. Anticipating resistance by landowners, the law authorized condemnation proceedings to acquire in fee simple with funds appropriated specifically for the purpose, "any real estate which in the opinion of the Commission is of sufficient historic interest as to require that the same be set aside and preserved for the public welfare." Anticipating the strain on state budgets which such acquisitions might entail, the statute also gave the Commission the power to arrange by contract or otherwise with the U. S. Government or its constituted agencies for the preservation and care of state-owned sites. A final major provision, to augment the efforts of the three commissioners operating on donated time over a vast region, was authority to appoint an "interested, capable and working advisory committee in each county."<sup>37</sup>

The Commission's *First Biennial Report* issued in 1928 expressed its sense of high purpose: "Few states possess as many outstanding historic sites identified with the upbuilding and bringing of civilization into the West as does Wyoming. Our wealth in this respect should be regarded as a sacred heritage and a priceless asset." In this report the commissioners gave Fort Laramie prominent billing as "the first permanent establishment in what is now Wyoming, and easily the most famous post in the entire West." The chairman noted that he personally "has attempted at different times since January, 1925, in connection with the Honorable John Hunton, to secure the cooperation of and definite prices from the owners, but it has been impossible to secure same, and the acquisition of the fort will probably have to be handled along different lines." While Ellison had previously mentioned "public subscriptions" and "public-spirited contributions," he had little faith in that kind of solution. His formula would be condemnation if necessary, and appropriation of land acquisition funds by the state legislature when confronted with a hard choice. Fort Bridger, the state's first historical acquisition, in 1929, became available without such recourse, but Ellison knew that Fort Laramie would be a tougher nut to crack.<sup>38</sup>

While the Commission was getting squared away to take some kind of action, the initiative was seized by George Houser, who thought that it might be worthwhile to have another try along the congressional route and save the state a lot of money. At his instigation, in August, 1928, the proposition of "having Old Fort

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<sup>37</sup>HLCW, *First Biennial Report* (1927-1928).

<sup>38</sup>*Ibid.*, HLCW, *Minute Books*, 1927-1929, Wyoming State Archives.

Laramie set aside as a national monument, or in some way of having it preserved for posterity," was presented by the Miller-Rebillet Post of Guernsey to the state convention of the American Legion in Cheyenne. The Legion was, of course, delighted to support this patriotic move. Early in 1929 Houser, now a member of the State House of Representatives from Platte County, introduced "House Joint Memorial Number 1, memorializing Congress to purchase, restore, and preserve old Fort Laramie, and set it aside as a national monument." The Act approved February 14 reads in part as follows:

WHEREAS Old Fort Laramie. . is the most noted frontier post in the West, where thousands upon thousands of immigrants paused for protection and supplies, as they trekked their way westward across the Plains of the Great West, to establish a new empire; and

WHEREAS, this old Fort, to which there is more historic sentiment attached than any other spot in the West, is fast decaying, and should be preserved for posterity, in order that future generations may see it and be inspired to emulate those sturdy pioneer who passed this way. . .

NOW, THEREFORE, be it resolved that in order to accomplish this purpose, Congress be requested to appropriate a reasonable sum to purchase the Old Fort and grounds, and preserve this noted spot in the West. . .

Be it further resolved that the House of Representatives of the 20th Legislature, the Senate concurring, do hereby strongly urge favorable action by Congress. . . and that copies of this Resolution be submitted to the Interior Department of the United States, to the National Parks Commission, and to each of the members of the Wyoming delegation in Congress.<sup>39</sup>

The bill was introduced in congress, but died stillborn in the House Interior Sub-Committee. Approaching the matter more realistically, the HLCW, on October 18, 1929, at a special meeting in Cheyenne, acted to set up an advisory committee representing Goshen and Platte Counties "with the primary object of acquiring and maintaining the site of Old Fort Laramie." Houser and Flannery accepted invitations to serve and they in turn were empowered to name five others: Charles L. Bruce of Fort Laramie; Fred Burton, Guernsey; Dr. G. O. Hanna, Lingle; The Honorable Thomas G. Powers, Torrington; and Rev. E. L. Tull, Wheatland. This committee met at Torrington November 6 and elected Houser as chairman, Flannery as secretary. Also, two independent volunteer teams of appraisers were designated to examine and report on their evaluation of the three coveted properties, held then in the names of Thomas Waters, J. W. Auld, and George Sandercock.<sup>40</sup> At a meeting in Fort Laramie town on December 1, the two teams

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<sup>39</sup>*Guernsey Gazette*, Aug. 15, 1928; *Session Laws of Wyoming* (1929) pp. 259-260.

<sup>40</sup>HLCW *Minute Books*.

of appraisers came up with combined valuations of \$10,650 and \$15,650 respectively, for a total of slightly under fifty acres north of the Laramie River, which just barely encompassed the visible structural remains. While this would impose severance problems for all three parties, the appraisers gave the opinion that "the restoration of Fort Laramie would neither benefit or damage" the rest of the private holdings.<sup>41</sup>

The *Second Biennial Report* of the Commission (1929-1930) confessed to no definite progress on the Fort Laramie front "other than having a plat made of the historic properties described, together with appraisal of fair value by local realtors and ranch owners." It could only express hope for "some definite proposition" for the next session of the legislature. Flannery believed that the situation was critical. He reported early in 1930 that the local committee had received a visit from J. W. Auld of Red Cloud, Nebraska:

Mr. Auld. . . states that unless some action toward acquiring the property is taken soon it may be necessary for him to tear down the historic old barracks, as they are beginning to require extensive repairs, which their value to a private owner for commercial purposes does not justify. . .

The undaunted spirit of the pioneers still hovers there among those ruins of its former greatness — and if Wyoming permits those ruins to utterly perish, we shall truly be ungrateful of what they did for us. . . Their memory will reproach us — and future generations will reproach us — if the scene of old Fort Laramie is permitted to pass and fade, unhonored.<sup>42</sup>

While negotiations languished the project promoters skyrocketed with plans for a mammoth public celebration on the fort grounds, the "Covered Wagon Centennial" commemorating the 100th anniversary of the Smith-Jackson-Sublette wagon caravan of 1830 from St. Louis to the Rocky Mountain rendezvous on Wind River, the first wheeled vehicles up the Platte River Road. The memorable event of August 15, on a scale similar to the one held on July 4 at Independence Rock, was inspired by the Oregon Trail Memorial Association and a presidential proclamation observing the Centennial. It was coordinated by the local advisory committee of the HLCW spearheaded by Chairman Houser and Secretary Flannery. Estimates of attendance that day vary wildly, from 7,500 to 23,000, but whatever the correct figure, it was alleged by Flannery to be "the largest crowd ever assembled in the North Platte Valley." The unparalleled success of the celebration was due to the enthusiasm with which community organizations up and down the Valley, from Scottsbluff to Douglas, participated. The

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<sup>41</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>42</sup>*Fort Laramie Scout*, March 27, 1930.

massive turnout certainly demonstrated "widespread interest in the movement to preserve and restore the birthplace of Western history as a state or national monument." The demonstration of support was all the more convincing because the celebration was held despite some of the most adverse weather and road conditions on record. Flannery paints the vivid picture:

After weeks of fair weather, unusually heavy rains set in the week previous to the Covered Wagon Centennial Observance at Old Fort Laramie. All day Thursday, all night Thursday, the downpour continued. And early Friday morning the leaden skies still dripped, making it appear that the ceremonies would be impossible, and flood waters from the north came tumbling down upon the town of Fort Laramie, inundating its streets and sidewalks under a foot or more of water, sending traffic over the highway to the Old Fort on a wide detour. But rain and flood could not dampen the ardor of those thousands who came from near and far to pay tribute at this shrine of western history — and Old Neptune himself finally gave up the job, the battalions of clouds gave way and the sun came out from his retreat to usher in a beautiful day.

Although the weather eliminated a pageant and several other programmed events, and the muddy roads became a quagmire, by 2 p.m. there were an alleged 5,000 automobiles parked in the vicinity. (The mayor of Torrington had issued a proclamation of his own, and virtually that entire city migrated to the Fort on that day.) Chairman Ellison of the HLCW presided over the formal program, with addresses by Governor Frank C. Emerson of Wyoming and Congressman Robert Simmons of the Sixth District, Nebraska. Telegrams from President Herbert Hoover and other dignitaries were read, and old-timers were introduced. Prominent among these were William H. Jackson, James H. Cook, Finn Burnett, and Mrs. Harry English, daughter of a former post commander.

Local color was provided by a Sioux Indian encampment, and an attack by masked bandits on a genuine Deadwood stagecoach. More excitement was generated by the appearance of an emigrant wagon train which had to fight off an Indian attack before crossing the swollen Laramie River in a very realistic re-enactment of covered wagon days. The emotional climax came with a battalion of infantry and a seventy-five piece band from Fort Francis E. Warren, staging a retreat ceremony, posting guards, and playing patriotic music to evoke mystic memories of the once-great military post amid its present ruins. Fox Movietone motion picture crews recorded these scenes, complete with sound effects.<sup>43</sup>

While the celebration demonstrated plenty of enthusiasm, and

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<sup>43</sup>*Fort Laramie Scout*, Aug. 21, 1930; Driggs and Meeker, *op. cit.* pp. 73-74; HLCW, *Second Biennial Report (1929-1930)*, pp. 12-13.





—Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department Photo

Although not dated, this photograph was probably taken at the Covered Wagon Centennial observance at Fort Laramie on August 15, 1930. It was one of the few occasions when a military band was on hand for a special event at the old Fort after 1890 and prior to its purchase by the State of Wyoming.

the new Fort Laramie Historical Society signed on 200 new members at \$1 per head, after everyone had gone home the same old acquisition problem was still there. There was no money in sight and the landowners, though agreeable to permitting the jubilee, had little interest in forced sale.<sup>44</sup>

The local advisory committee of the Landmark Commission next thought to check out the War Department, having heard that they had something to do with "monuments." The committee contacted Senator Kendrick and Congressman Carter who requested a military inspection of the forsaken fort. Accordingly, in September, 1930, a Colonel Landers was dispatched to make a survey of the remains. Evidently the upshot of this polite exercise was a suggestion that, in accordance with its custom of marking selected old sites and battlefields, the War Department might contribute a monument of some sort if suitable land could be donated. However, this would be merely another stone monument, not the historical park kind of a "national monument" that Ellison and others envisioned.<sup>45</sup> Needless to relate, the Landers investigation was not fraught with portent or consequences. The Interior Department which had inherited the fort in 1890, not the War Department which had abandoned it, would become the fort's ultimate redeemer.

In 1931 there was one more abortive proposal for returning the old fort to military status. Officers of the National Guard, then encamped at Pole Mountain, publicly announced "that Old Fort Laramie is practically the unanimous choice of the officer personnel as a site of future camps." Editors Flannery and Houser were all for the proposition.<sup>46</sup> In retrospect, however, it is difficult to imagine how the old fort could actually have survived such usage. Fortunately the permanent National Guard camp was eventually located at Guernsey.

On June 7, 1931, the Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming held a special meeting at Fort Laramie at the instigation of Committee Chairman Houser "to discuss the acquisition of the fort by the Commission as a historical landmark." Ex-Governor

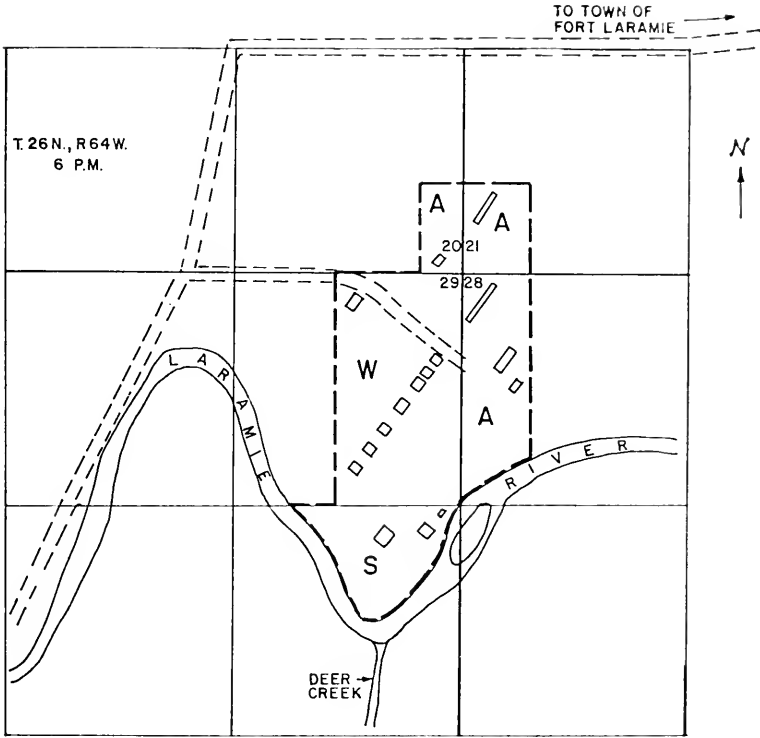
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<sup>44</sup>"The owners of old Fort Laramie, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Waters, and their daughter, of Omaha; J. W. Auld of Red Cloud, Nebraska; and Mr. and Mrs. George Sandercock of Fort Laramie were all present for the Covered Wagon Centennial and Pioneers Reunion last Friday, and showed the committee every courtesy. Mrs. Sandercock prepared a special dinner in her home for the guests of honor." *Fort Laramie Scout*, Aug. 21, 1930.

As a fund raising venture the Fort Laramie Historical Society seems to have had a short life. However, it was still in existence, at least nominally, as late as 1937. This original organization is not to be confused with the present Fort Laramie Historical Association.

<sup>45</sup>*Fort Laramie Scout*, Sept. 11, 1930; HLCW, *Second Biennial Report*, p. 14.

<sup>46</sup>*Fort Laramie Scout*, July 16, 1931.



Proposed Park Boundary -1931 - - - - A...Auld Property  
 Roads - - - - S...Sandercock Property  
 W...Waters Property

## OLD FORT LARAMIE

Original Purchase Proposed by  
 Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming

DATA BY: M.J.M.

Bryant B. Brooks of Casper was now chairman, replacing R. S. Ellison who had moved to Oklahoma to pursue his career in oil. Also present were Dan W. Greenburg, new publicity director of the commission; John C. Thompson of the *Cheyenne Tribune*; several prominent Nebraskans; the entire advisory committee; and Fort Laramie old-timers Malcolm Campbell (1867); Bert Wagner (1869); George L. Willson (1873); and Deadwood Stagecoach alumni Fred Sullivan and Ernest Logan. After a tour of the premises led by knowledgeable Paul Henderson of Bridgeport, Nebraska, the party of over 100 were "guests of the advisory committee at a delicious chicken dinner served by Mrs. George Sandercock" on the rambling porch of the old officer's quarters which was her home.

After the feast the Commission got down to brass tacks with Mr. Waters who had come out from Omaha, the Commission now being fortified with the knowledge that the state legislature had just appropriated \$15,000 "for the purchase and preservation of Fort Laramie."<sup>47</sup> Waters took the position that he had always hoped to make his home there. Nevertheless "he had no desire to profit at the expense of the State or to capitalize upon the sentimental value of Old Fort Laramie," and he would sell for an amount sufficient only to protect his investment. This would be \$22,500 for all of his 640 acres. Brooks explained that the Commission had authorization only to dicker for the twenty-odd acres containing Waters' share of the fort grounds in question, and then explained the Commission's right to exercise eminent domain. This evidently terminated the discussion. Subsequently it was decided that, just to be on the safe side, the local committee should conduct a re-survey for an alternate boundary enclosing around 100 acres, "including the old graveyard," which would double the size of the hypothetical park.<sup>48</sup>

Later in the year, when the Commission met at Torrington to dedicate an Oregon Trail marker there by the Burlington depot, they considered letters from J. W. Auld and M. S. Hartman offering to sell their land at the offered prices, but action had to be deferred in the absence of a similar offer from Waters, Hartman's co-owner.<sup>49</sup>

In view of Waters' intransigence, early in 1932 at the Commis-

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<sup>47</sup>HLCW *Minutes* of meeting, June 7, 1931 at Fort Laramie; HLCW *Third Biennial Report* (1931-1932), pp. 9-10; *Session Laws of Wyoming* (1931), Chapter 138. House Bill 153. General Appropriation Act for two years ending March 31, 1933. Section 21. At this time the legislature appropriated \$25,000 but this was arbitrarily reduced to \$15,000 by Acting Governor A. M. Clark.

<sup>48</sup>*Ibid.*; *Fort Laramie Scout*, July 16, 1931.

<sup>49</sup>HLCW *Minutes*, meeting of November 29, 1931.

sion's request the State Attorney General instituted condemnation proceedings against the several owners. This move had the endorsement of the Fort Laramie Commercial Club, the Fort Laramie Mayor and Council, and the State American Legion.<sup>50</sup> A new Board of Appraisers appointed by the court now came up with a firm figure of \$11,600 for a proposed area of fifty-five acres, or about \$250 per acre, well within the \$15,000 set aside for the purpose, the balance to go for sundry expenses.<sup>51</sup> The turn of events prompted the *Scout* to rhapsodize:

. . . In spite of its ravishment, Old Fort Laramie can still be made the nation's most outstanding and interesting monument to early western history, and if the present movement to bring that about is successful, it will be an achievement for which the Wyoming Historical Landmark Commission and the last session of the Wyoming legislature will probably be remembered long after most of the other acts of those august bodies have been forgotten by posterity.<sup>52</sup>

Though court proceedings were delayed through 1933, the Commission and its local committee also exuded optimism, primarily because of the slump in land values resulting from the Depression, and a conviction that the owners would come around to settling out of court. In December Dan Greenburg, anticipating victory, suggested that the Commission "take it up with Mr. Cameron [sic], Director General of the National Parks, making a letter proposition of deeding the Fort to the Government, providing they would rehabilitate it as soon as possible to its original condition when abandoned, and to tie it in with the regular park service." Invited to their deliberations, Governor Leslie Miller said he was personally acquainted with Mr. Cammerer and would be glad to do all he could to "promote the proposition." He also admonished the Commission to "take it up with Senator O'Mahoney and Congressman Carter."<sup>53</sup> These rosy thoughts were quickly dispelled by events in Torrington, and evidence is lacking that the Park Service was actually contacted at this time.

The unhappy outcome is summarized in minutes of the meeting held at the Trail Hotel in Torrington February 23, 1934. The Commission and Attorney General Ray Lee met with the owners' attorneys to clarify the point that the Commission would go no further than the appraised value, regardless of a court decision:

. . . After many hours of discussion the attorney for Jessica Auld, part owner of the tract, and the attorney for Molly Sandercock, were willing to accept the proposition. But the attorney for Waters and

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<sup>50</sup>*Fort Laramie Scout*, March 10, 1932; Letter March 11, 1932. Joseph Weppner, HLCW, to Robert Ellison, files HLCW.

<sup>51</sup>*Fort Laramie Scout*, April 21, 1932; May 19, 1932.

<sup>52</sup>*Ibid.*, March 10, 1932.

<sup>53</sup>HLCW, *Minutes*, meeting of December 22, 1933.

Hartman, who owned the major part of the property, said he would get in touch with his clients and let us know their decision before the day was over. The Commission, however, did not hear from him, as his clients asked for a jury trial, and this trial was held. . . the following week. . The jury after some deliberation brought in a verdict of an appraised valuation to the owners of \$500.00 an acre. This, of course, eliminated the purchase in any form by the Historical Landmark Commission.<sup>54</sup>

While no one came up with a theory as to why the jury doubled the appraised value (from around \$12,000 to \$25,000) one might speculate that the jury itself was made up of landowners who, when the chips were down, preferred to see actual land values at a higher rather than a lower rate. However, Chairman Brooks pointed out that the original appropriation bill called for \$25,000, afterwards reduced by the governor to \$15,000; the owners knew of this switch and were thus encouraged to "set up an exorbitant price for their holdings."<sup>55</sup>

Given the resounding success of the 1930 celebration at the fort one would have supposed that 1934 would see another such affair, perhaps on an even larger scale, to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the founding of the first Fort Laramie, the log stockade called Fort William by its founders, William Sublette and Robert Campbell. Indeed, Dr. Driggs of the Oregon Trail Memorial Association urged that something like this be promoted, and the idea was seriously entertained by the Fort Laramie Advisory Committee. But as it turned out there was no 1934 celebration of any kind, presumably because spirits had been dampened by the outcome of the condemnation proceedings.<sup>56</sup>

Though discouragement was probably at a record low at this time, coinciding with the severely depressed state of the national economy, a new ferment was beginning to bubble, a thrust of government which promised somehow to rescue Fort Laramie from its threatened oblivion. This was the phenomenon known as the New Deal, the beginning of a still-dominant paternalistic trend by Congress and the federal bureaucracy reflecting a philosophy of direct government action to remedy all economic ills. Begin-

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<sup>54</sup>HLCW, *Fourth Biennial Report* (1933-1934), pp. 11-12.

<sup>55</sup>Letter of Oct. 14, 1936, Bryant B. Brooks to Warren Richardson, *files*, HLCW.

<sup>56</sup>*Fort Laramie Scout*, Oct. 6, 1933. The next public celebration at the fort was held on August 15, 1935, to observe the 75th anniversary ("Diamond Jubilee") of the Pony Express. According to the *Scout* for Aug. 8, 1935, "more than 1,000 persons gathered. . . to witness the re-ride of the Pony Express. The Boy Scout rider eluded Indian pursuers to deliver the mail sack to the speaker's stand." Dr. L. C. Hunt, secretary of state for Wyoming, delivered the principal address. The ubiquitous William H. Jackson was present, and Mrs. Sandercock served another of her famous veranda dinners to special guests — turkey this time, instead of chicken.

ning in 1934 there was a series of government programs calculated to promote public works and relieve unemployment. Although as it turned out Fort Laramie couldn't be brought under any of these emergency umbrellas, the continuing effort to do so kept hope alive during the critical three-year period, 1934-1936, before a real breakthrough could be achieved. During this period the indefatigable L. G. Flannery and other ardent advocates took the initiative away, temporarily, from the Historical Landmark Commission.

The earliest work relief programs of interest to fort defenders were tied in with the National Park Service and Scotts Bluff National Monument, about fifty miles east in western Nebraska. While the origins of the concept of tying various North Platte Valley historic sites together for park purposes may be traced back to the abortive congressional proposal of 1925 aforementioned, the idea gained momentum with a visit to the region in September, 1932 by Horace M. Albright, director of the Park Service. After meeting Nebraska civic leaders at Scotts Bluff National Monument to outline development plans there, Albright met with Wyoming newspapermen in Guernsey. According to Flannery,

The purpose behind Director Albright's visit and these meetings, as we understand it, was to forward a movement to include Scotts-bluff Monument, Old Fort Laramie, Lake Guernsey, the famous Spanish Diggings, and many other interesting historical places of the community in the national parks system, and thus receive federal aid in their development.<sup>57</sup>

In July, 1933 a similar pilgrimage was made by H. C. Bryant, assistant director, National Park Service, in charge of "education." He echoed the current party line for a catch-all historical park:

Mr. Bryant indicated that the proposition is looked upon with favor by the parks service, and that Scotts Bluff might be the central headquarters of the area.

He said the reconstruction and employment relief programs of the national government will probably make considerable money available for roads and park construction, and that the national parks service is paying more and more attention to the historical and educational side of national parks development — and from the historical viewpoint this valley is truly a rich field, with Old Fort Laramie outstanding.<sup>58</sup>

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<sup>57</sup>*Fort Laramie Scout*, Sept. 15, 1932. In his report Flannery expressed concern about the cost of such a far-flung development, including Fort Laramie restoration. This is the only recorded instance where his normal enthusiasm for Fort Laramie was tempered by second thoughts: "It is a fatuous form of self-deception to imagine that we can expand the activities of our government without very high taxes." These misgivings seem quaint in an age when the federal debt approaches \$1,000,000,000,000., and the annual operating cost of Fort Laramie National Historic Site alone now exceeds \$300,000.

<sup>58</sup>*Fort Laramie Scout*, July 6, 1933.

Early in 1934 rancher-paleontologist Harold J. Cook of Agate, Nebraska, son of the noted scout, James H. Cook, was placed in charge of a Civil Works Administration project headquartered at Gering, Nebraska, the post office town for the Scotts Bluff Monument, to make a survey of historic and archeologic sites in the North Platte Valley. In his report on Fort Laramie Cook emphasized its historic importance and the deplorable condition of its remains.<sup>59</sup> The report went to Washington, D.C., where it was swallowed up in a paper mountain, but at this time the Park Service took steps in another direction which galvanized the Fort Laramie brigade. Partly pursuant to Cook's report of the richness of Oregon Trail sites and remains up and down the North Platte Valley, and partly to satisfy the Nebraska clamor for work projects, the Washington, D.C., office of the Park Service announced the simultaneous launching of two related projects: an Oregon Trail Museum at Scotts Bluff National Monument, and the study of an "Oregon Trail National Parkway" to encompass a beaded string of historic sites all the way from Ash Hollow to Register Cliff, a distance of about 175 miles. The latter project was a "dream-boat" proposition which had first surfaced in 1925, and would surface every so often for the next fifty years.<sup>60</sup> In 1934, certainly, it never got off the ground. In contrast, the first wing of the Oregon Trail Museum did materialize in 1935. But in 1934 the official announcement bracketed these objectives, leading to some excited reaction in Wyoming. While finding the NPS ideas "laudable" ringleader Flannery proclaimed:

There is one part of the program with which the *News* believes the people of Wyoming should take prompt and emphatic exception and that is concerning the location of the proposed Oregon Trail Museum. . . The construction of [it] at the foot of Scottsbluff monument, instead of Old Fort Laramie, strikes us as a matter of letting the tail wag the dog. . . . It is one part of the proposed national park development that strikes us as entirely misplaced. . . . There are perhaps a thousand reasons for the building of such a museum at Old Fort Laramie. . . to one reason that can be suggested for such a museum at Scottsbluff.

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<sup>59</sup>Files, Scotts Bluff National Monument. Harold Cook (1887-1962) subsequently became Superintendent of the CCC Camp and interim custodian of that monument, vice A. N. Mather. He was relieved of that post after an altercation with Secretary Ickes over political appointments to the CCC foreman personnel roster.

<sup>60</sup>The National Park Service proposal, motivated by instructions from the White House to develop projects to generate jobs during the Depression, is reflected in news stories appearing in Scottsbluff, Cheyenne, and Torrington papers. The concept bobbed up for the fourth or fifth time in the form of a bill for a "Trails West National Park", extending from Ash Hollow to Fort Laramie, introduced by Representatives Virginia Smith of Nebraska and Teno Roncalio of Wyoming in 1976.



Flannery urged that the citizens make their displeasure known. Subsequently resolutions objecting to the Oregon Trail Museum in Nebraska were passed by local groups and the American Legion. The Torrington Rotary Club thought "the plan to establish a museum at the foot of Scottsbluff is not well advised or logical from a historical standpoint." Responding to the furor, Senator O'Mahoney visited NPS Director Arno B. Cammerer to urge reconsideration. Mr. Cammerer's reply was polite: "You may be sure that this matter is receiving our best consideration. I have always been interested personally in Fort Laramie and hope that something may be developed along the lines you are interested in." Of course the hard truth was that Scotts Bluff National Monument was in existence and, despite the low rating given it by Flannery, it was a bona fide famous Oregon Trail landmark, whereas Fort Laramie, though of undisputed importance, was still in private hands. Mr. Cammerer didn't say so but a museum at Scotts Bluff would in no way inhibit proper development of the Fort as, if and when it could be acquired.<sup>61</sup>

Early in 1935 the idea of a strung-out Oregon Trail Park up and down the North Platte Valley was revived by the National Park Service on the strength of a New Deal scheme to develop recreational and historic parklands on "sub-marginal lands," meaning either unoccupied public lands or unproductive private lands that could be acquired at sub-marginal prices. Verne Chatelain, chief, history division, NPS, advised H. J. Dollinger of the Scottsbluff Chamber of Commerce that the implementation of this scheme required the appointment of a commission "to work for acquisition by the NPS of historic sites along the old trails." In Nebraska such a commission chaired by Mr. Dollinger was promptly appointed by Governor Cochran under the imposing title, "Nebraska Old Oregon and Mormon Trails National Park Area Commission." With little hesitation Wyoming's Governor Miller reacted by the appointment of an "Old Fort Laramie National Park Area Commission," which was empowered to coordinate matters with the Nebraska group, but to set as their own number one goal "the proposition of restoring Old Fort Laramie as a National Monument." In addition to the three members of the Landmark Commission, plus the ever faithful Houser and Flannery, the new commission included such notables as Charles O. Stafford, manager of the State Department of Commerce and Industry, Dr. Hebard, Dr. G. O. Hanna of Lingle, and Dan Greenburg. On February 10 the group met at Torrington sworn to do something about "the outstanding place in history between the Missouri River and the

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<sup>61</sup>*Fort Laramie Scout*, Feb. 8, March 15, and March 22, 1934 quoted in the *Torrington Telegram* for February 22, 1973.

West Coast," even though "not much is left but a pile of ruins." At later joint meetings with the Nebraskans at Torrington and Guernsey the conferees agreed that a budget of \$150,000 might get the ball rolling toward establishment of an "Oregon-Mormon-California Trails National Park Area." Other than that they were at a loss "to ascertain the proper course for us to pursue."

At this point Flannery thought it best to ask Senator O'Mahoney to confer with Cammerer and Interior Secretary Harold Ickes to provide guidelines for their next move. Although Cammerer advised that "we will be glad to cooperate in every possible way in helping to make this worthwhile project a success," neither guidelines nor money was forthcoming. The only tangible result of this nebulous plan was a variety of bills submitted to Congress to set the goal of some kind of an Oregon Trail Park involving mainly Nebraska and Wyoming. However, one such bill framed by Wyoming's Representative Paul Greever, this time labeled "Western Trails National Park," went beyond the two states to include all eleven states involved in the California Trail as well as the Oregon and Mormon Trails, presumably in an effort to develop broad support that would somehow get Fort Laramie sanctified. Governor Miller wrote to the governors of all these states seeking their support. Whatever it took to save Fort Laramie, even if it was incidental to the creation of a rambling legal monstrosity, was worth a try.<sup>62</sup>

This particular bubble burst when Congressman Greever disclosed that "due to its purchase price it was hard to interest Park Service officials in Fort Laramie." After all the bother it seems that Fort Laramie was too expensive to be eligible for the submarginal land purchase program. With that disclosure, as far as Wyoming was concerned, the idea of an Oregon Trail or Western Trails Park was so much window dressing and it could go down the drain. The scheme faded in Nebraska too, when none of the pretentious bills reached the floor of Congress, but of course Nebraska did get individual attention with the extensive development of Scotts Bluff National Monument, complete with museum, a paved road to its summit, and other goodies, including a full-fledged Civilian Conservation Corps camp. Flannery was therefore understandably bitter, even though unfair, in his assertion that "this happens when we join Nebraska in a project. We are being jobbed. Any national park in the North Platte Valley that does not include Fort Laramie is letting the tail wag the dog." Using a somewhat different metaphor Robert Ellison (who, though now an Oklahoman, followed Fort Laramie's fortunes with great inter-

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<sup>62</sup>*Fort Laramie Scout*, February 14 and May 30, 1935. Flannery correspondence *File*, Fort Laramie National Historic Site, Feb. 6 to Feb. 15, 1935.

est) confided to Joe Weppner that now instead of federal ownership he would rather see the state of Wyoming seek and keep ownership of Fort Laramie even if it took ten years to accomplish, and "even if nothing remains excepting its site, than it become the tail to the Scotts Bluff National Monument kite." Ellison seemed obsessed with the idea that any effort to link Fort Laramie with the Nebraska monument would be demeaning, if not fatal.<sup>63</sup>

While these gentlemen apparently needed a scapegoat for their frustrations, there is no way that Nebraska's own aspirations to beef up recognition of the Oregon Trail, or the Park Service program at Scotts Bluff, could have been harmful to Fort Laramie. Actually, there was destined to be a close working relationship between personnel of that national monument and Fort Laramie over the next ten years. This was primarily the result of a keen interest in the Fort Laramie project by Merrill J. Mattes, the first full-time custodian and historian of Scotts Bluff.<sup>64</sup> When he arrived on that scene in October, 1935, the history wing of the Oregon Trail Museum had been completed, the Scotts Bluff Summit road was under construction, a CCC camp was in full operation, and the situation was ripe for a full-scale program of interpretation and public use there, after sixteen years of neglect as a national monument in name only. Despite his intensive involvement in Scotts Bluff affairs, Mattes found time to visit and research numerous other Oregon Trail sites and landmarks in the Valley, including repeated visits to Fort Laramie, and correspondence and visits with Flannery, Houser, and other fort protagonists. With nation-wide implementation of the Historic Sites Act of 1935, Mattes was frequently called upon by the new regional office in Omaha to provide data on western Nebraska sites. Anticipating eventual recognition of Fort Laramie he initiated an extensive research file on the subject, and with the aid of citizen historian Paul Henderson of Bridgeport he assembled a set of historical maps and plans of Fort Laramie as well as other military posts.<sup>65</sup>

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<sup>63</sup>Flannery file, Greever to L. G. Flannery, March 26, 1935. Flannery to O'Mahoney, March 22, 1935. Ellison to Weppner, July 18, 1935; HLCW files.

<sup>64</sup>Mattes was stationed at Scotts Bluff National Monument until 1946, when he was transferred to Omaha to become first, Historian, Missouri River Basin Surveys and, in 1950, Regional Historian, a post he held for seventeen years. From November, 1936 to April, 1938 Engineer Charles E. Randels became "Acting Custodian" and CCC camp director while Mattes as historian devoted full time to developing research and public service programs. In 1938 Mattes resumed full-time custodianship of Scotts Bluff, at the same time becoming "acting custodian" for new Fort Laramie National Monument. He continued in that capacity until October, 1938. While in Omaha Mattes became the principal regional coordinator of Fort Laramie restoration projects.

<sup>65</sup>Over forty years of collaboration between Mattes and Henderson is

In one of their exchanges Flannery complained:

For some 15 years I have been interested in seeing the preservation of Fort Laramie accomplished, realizing it is the outstanding place of historical significance in this part of the West. During this same period I have seen this development delayed and deferred for other developments of incomparable less historical significance. I consider it a blot on our historical record. . . .

In reply Mattes commended Flannery for working to preserve Fort Laramie for posterity, but explained that "it has not been by design but by accident that Scotts Bluff has received attention, whereas Fort Laramie has continued to waste away." The "accident" was the fact that there had been no problem in creating Scotts Bluff National Monument in 1919 out of public domain, at no cost to anyone, whereas Fort Laramie had long been privately owned and occupied. Mattes conceded that, "although I am stationed at Scotts Bluff I will admit it is of less historical significance than Old Fort Laramie." In effect, the Fort Laramie proponents had gained an articulate ally within the ranks of the Park Service, living close by. From this point on he preached Fort Laramie to his superiors in the history divisions of both Omaha and Washington, D.C. offices, and volunteered to work up a comprehensive report on the fort for their consideration.<sup>66</sup>

Before tracing the chain of events that led directly to "the final solution" of the Fort Laramie dilemma it is necessary to report on one last effort to secure the property by a federal relief program.

Flannery, who was now residing in Cheyenne as chairman of the Democratic party of Wyoming, expressed his disgust over the collapse of the Oregon Trail National Park idea by presenting Governor Miller with a "small wooden casket filled with earth from Fort Laramie," in which was imbedded an Indian arrowhead. It is not known if Governor Miller was amused by this gesture of mourning, but it is known that the irrepressible Flannery thereafter contacted the Works Progress Administration (WPA) in Cheyenne

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reflected in the book, *Great Platte River Road* (Lincoln: Nebraska State Historical Society, 1969) which includes two chapters on Fort Laramie. See also Mattes and Henderson, "The Pony Express from St. Joseph to Fort Laramie," *Nebraska History*, June, 1960, pp. 83-122.

<sup>66</sup>Files, Scotts Bluff National Monument. Mattes to Flannery, Dec. 12, 1935; Flannery to Mattes, Jan. 4, 1936; Mattes to Flannery, Jan. 14, 1936. Prior to the creation of Fort Laramie National Monument no historical report was requested, although voluminous data was supplied to the Regional Office, reflected in SBNM files. Following the acquisition of the site by the State, Mattes was assigned to initiate a formal Fort Laramie research program. In 1941 he was designated historian for Fort Laramie, while continuing to serve as Scotts Bluff Custodian. (The title "custodian" for those in charge of national monuments was converted to "superintendent" in 1949.)

and the Resettlement Administration, Land Utilization Division in Douglas to see if something couldn't still be crazy-quilted together to save the fort which, despite all the brave schemes, was figuratively burning while the state and federal bureaucracy fiddled. Advised by Will G. Metz, Federal Emergency Relief administrator, that Fort Laramie would be eligible for a WPA relief program if a sponsor could be found, Flannery got together with R. L. Spurlock, project manager of the Resettlement Administration in Douglas. The result was a marvelous document, dated October, 1935, proposing "the preservation and restoration of Old Fort Laramie" by the novel means of converting it into a settlement community for farm families in need of relief. The government would buy up 4,600 acres of distressed land, including 300 under irrigation, diverting it into subsistence homestead tracts. About twenty families could be so relocated. They would live in the historic buildings, being under obligation to serve as caretakers of the property. There would be truck gardens, hay meadows, a game and bird refuge, and a recreational center. Labor for development purposes would be supplied by the WPA or CCC, and the workers could find quarters in the cavalry barracks.<sup>67</sup>

It makes one blink to imagine how all this would have worked out, and just what the fate of the buildings would have been under the dubious circumstances indicated. Flannery, who was willing to save Fort Laramie by whatever drastic means, sought to quiet the fears of O'Mahoney and Miller by assuring them that somehow the creation of this live-in Utopia "would result in the restoration and preservation of a historic spot which has been criminally neglected." Again, this thrust was blunted by National Park Service misgivings about the cost of the land. As to the availability of WPA, Associate Director Arthur E. Demaray advised Congressman Greever:

As you know this Service is greatly interested in Fort Laramie. However, from a field report just received from our Omaha office, it would appear that no WPA project has been approved as yet. . . . If you see an opportunity for acquisition of the land by the State, and the inauguration through the local WPA of such a program, this Service will be glad to cooperate. . . .<sup>68</sup>

However, it seems unlikely that the service was very enthusiastic about preservation of the priceless remains tied at cross-purposes

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<sup>67</sup>"Proposal prepared by R. L. Spurlock, Project Manager, Resettlement Administration, Land Utilization Division," Douglas, Wyoming, Oct., 1935. Flannery file: LGF to Will G. Metz, Aug. 15, 1935; LGF to O'Mahoney, July 15, 1936.

<sup>68</sup>Flannery file: Demaray to Greever, Aug. 11, 1936; R. M. Davis to L. G. Flannery, Aug. 4, 1936.

to a resettlement project. In any event this would not have resulted in a park under NPS management.

When Flannery was tipped off by Mattes about the new Historic American Buildings Survey (HABS) he contacted Congressman Greever about that also, but was informed that this merely provided for unemployed architects to make measured drawings of historic buildings for the National Archives. There were no funds there to restore old buildings.<sup>69</sup> Flannery could not be accused of failing to leave any stone unturned in his one-man campaign. As fate would have it, however, late 1936 saw the end of catch-as-catch-can efforts to save the fort by intermediary agencies, and a rather sudden convergence of direct NPS and state interests which led to the shining goal which had so long eluded Houser, Flannery and the Landmark Commission.

The National Park System is not a closed circle. When the Park Service was created by the Organic Act of 1916 it consisted of about forty parks and monuments, all in the West. The number of areas has since grown to around 300 throughout the United States in several different categories—parks, monuments, national historic sites, battlefields, memorials, seashores, recreational areas, etc. The park system expands as areas deemed worthy of inclusion for their scenic, scientific or historic values are identified and their cause is pushed by interested citizens or groups with the aid of politicians who get Congress to pass a bill establishing such an area. The director of the service and the Secretary of Interior are routinely asked to comment on the merits of these bills, usually from the standpoint of "national significance." Seldom, if ever, has an area been identified and promoted by the National Park Service on its own initiative. The dynamic force has always been a "grass roots" or democratic process.

The only exception to the process of congressional review and decision is the establishment of national monuments by presidential proclamation. The "national monument" category was authorized by the Antiquities Act of 1906, inspired by public indignation over the wholesale despoliation of prehistoric sites in the southwest. It was concerned only with the preservation of designated "objects of historic and scientific interest" already in federal ownership, as recommended to the president by the Secretary of the Interior. In Wyoming an excellent example of such a monument carved out of the public domain is Devils Tower, which has the distinction of being the nation's first national monument, proclaimed by Theodore Roosevelt in 1906. Scotts Bluff was created in 1919 by order of President Woodrow Wilson. However, there was nothing

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<sup>69</sup>Flannery file: L. G. Flannery to Mattes, Jan. 18, 1936; O'Mahoney to Flannery, Jan. 20, 1936; Greever to Flannery, Jan. 25, 1936.

to prevent the creation of a national monument by proclamation in the case of private lands which might be acquired by the government through donation by others. An example of this was Jackson Hole National Monument, created in 1944 as a prelude to its later incorporation into Grand Teton National Park.<sup>70</sup>

In the case of Fort Laramie the national monument route, or presidential proclamation after donation, was the only feasible one in the 1930s since it was then unthinkable that a Congress battling the Depression had money to spare to buy expensive lands for historical park purposes, especially in the thinly populated West. This was the formula clarified by Horace Albright to Robert Ellison in 1925, and understood all along by the HLCW. It was also understood by proponents like L. G. Flannery, except that "Pat" was never bashful about trying any other formula as long as the national monument idea failed to jell.

It was not until 1936, when the NPS finally dropped its passive role as adviser to a series of relief agencies and for the first time actively sought Fort Laramie as a prime historical property for its own sake, that things finally began to fall into place. The time when this role reversal took place can be pin-pointed. It was on September 5, 1936, when Assistant Director Hillory A. Tolson visited Fort Laramie, was impressed by what he saw, and returned to Washington, D.C. to initiate the positive actions that, so to speak, precipitated the solution.

Mr. Tolson's visit to Fort Laramie was unpremeditated. Strangely enough, despite earlier assurances of official interest in Fort Laramie by Directors Albright and Cammerer, Associate Director Demaray, and park division chiefs Chatelain and Bryant, no NPS official from Washington, D.C. or from the new regional office in Omaha had ever been formally invited by the HLCW to come on out and look the place over, and none had been dispatched to do so on the director's or regional director's own initiative, with the express object of an inspection looking toward the establishment of a park.<sup>71</sup> Even Mr. Tolson's visit was initially

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<sup>70</sup>Because of discontent by some Wyoming citizens with the presidential proclamation re Jackson Hole National Monument, which erupted into a court case at Sheridan, Wyoming in 1944 (State of Wyoming vs. Paul R. Franke, superintendent), the congressional settlement re Grand Teton National Park in 1950 provided that there would be no further national monuments created in Wyoming except with congressional sanction thus, in effect, amending the Antiquities Act of 1906. See Robert W. Righter, "The Brief, Hectic Life of Jackson Hole National Monument," *The American West*, November-December, 1976).

<sup>71</sup>This fact is "strange" because normal NPS procedure, at least subsequently, is that any area proposed for the National Park System is subject to rather thorough inspection by specialists, with one or more comprehensive printed reports for perusal by the director, the Secretary of the Interior,



Old Bedlam, late 1930s

—Courtesy of Scotts Bluff National Monument



for the sole purpose of inspecting Scotts Bluff National Monument and its work program, which he did on the morning of September 5 with Acting Custodian Randels and Historian Mattes. His intention was to drive on directly to the Grand Teton and Yellowstone Parks, but he was prevailed upon first to visit Fort Laramie by the Scotts Bluff historian who on his own initiative, without any official prompting from Omaha or Washington, D.C., had become a Fort Laramie researcher and preservation exponent, and was painfully aware that early action was necessary to save it. Mattes accompanied Tolson and his wife to the fort, followed by Thomas L. Green of Scottsbluff with Randels as his passenger. Mr. Green, a retired banker, was an avid Oregon Trail historian who had shared his lore and enthusiasm with young Mattes. Meeting at the fort the party made a thorough inspection of the premises, with Green and Mattes detailing the long epic history of the fort, and emphasizing its crucial importance as well as the precarious condition of its remains. Tolson was primarily an administrator, not a historian, but he sparkled with enthusiasm and indicated that he would recommend immediate action. He then drove on westward and the others returned to Nebraska, elated by Tolson's reaction.<sup>72</sup> In 1948 Mr. Green remembered the sequence of events in this way:

He stated that about 1937 he accompanied Mr. Tolson from Scottsbluff to the old fort. He stated that after showing Mr. Tolson the area. . . Mr. Tolson said he would say officially that if the area was acquired the National Park Service would take it over. Mr. Green states further that he immediately hurried to Guernsey where Editor Houser, a power in state politics and interested in Fort Laramie, was available. Within ten days. . . under Mr. Houser's sponsorship a bill was before the Wyoming legislature for appropriation of funds to purchase the fort area for presentation to the Federal Government.<sup>73</sup>

Mr. Green's recollections twelve years after the fact were faulty in some details. Scotts Bluff records clearly fix the 1936 date. The visit with George Houser must have occurred some time after September 5, and legislative action did not happen quite that readily. But Green's recollections substantiate the crucial nature of Tolson's visit and its aftermath. It is clear that from this point

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congressional committees, the Bureau of the Budget, and the NPS Advisory Board. Albright in 1932 and Bryant in 1933 probably visited the fort, but if so we find no record of their impressions. Such visits would have been only incidental to their respective grand tours of North Platte Valley historic sites.

<sup>72</sup>*Files*, Scotts Bluff National Monument, including Historian Mattes' monthly report for Sept., 1936; also, Mattes' personal *recollections*.

<sup>73</sup>Memorandum, April 27, 1948, Coordinating Superintendent David H. Canfield, Rocky Mountain National Park, to the regional director, Region Two, Omaha. *Files*, Fort Laramie National Historic Site.

on stock in a genuine "Fort Laramie National Monument" began to soar.

As to the sequel, every step cannot be documented since most of the key communications were verbal. That Tolson soon telephoned Demaray and convinced him that the time for action had arrived is evident in an Associated Press news item appearing in Cheyenne just one week after Tolson's impromptu inspection:

#### U. S. MONUMENT PROPOSED AT OLD FORT LARAMIE SITE

The National Park Service announced Thursday it would establish a national monument at old Fort Laramie in Wyoming if the site were donated to the national government.

Describing the 100-year old frontier outpost as the "most historically important fort in the West, from the standpoint of pioneer explorations," A. E. Demaray, Associate Director of the Service, said Thursday in Washington, D.C., the government was "extremely interested" in preserving it.<sup>74</sup>

Having sent up this trial balloon Demaray then issued instructions to the regional director in Omaha to enter into direct negotiations with state officials, right at the top. This is revealed in a letter of October 12, 1936, from Governor Leslie A. Miller to Warren Richardson of the Landmark Commission:

I received a call a day or two ago from a representative of the National Park Service with headquarters in Omaha who has a great deal to do with CCC camps in National Park jurisdiction. . . . He talked to me about Fort Laramie and tells me that the National Park Service is very anxious to do something about developing the site if ownership thereof could be acquired. They would expect the state to acquire this ownership and then they would find the money to make the necessary improvements.

I told the gentleman, Mr. Donald Alexander by name, that I was unaware as to the present feelings of the gentleman in Omaha who owns the larger part of the land. . . . but that I would contact your Commission and see what, if anything, they knew or could do about it. Mr. Alexander said he had been told that this man's current financial situation was such that he probably would consider reducing his previous asking price. . . . I will of course welcome any suggestions you may make. . . .<sup>75</sup>

The National Park Service had always indicated a willingness to seriously consider taking over Fort Laramie, and the state of Wyoming had been trying to get that very job done for ten years. The big difference now was a matter of attitude by key officials. For the first time the NPS showed not only a willingness but eagerness to assume responsibility for the fort. This fact, representing a dynamic opportunity, registered itself firmly in the mind of Governor Miller, who then proceeded with vigor to settle the Fort

<sup>74</sup>*Wyoming State Tribune*, Sept. 17, 1936.

<sup>75</sup>Correspondence files, HLCW, Wyoming State Archives.

Laramie issue once and for all. It was Governor Miller and R. J. Rymill of Fort Laramie town who now teamed up, by-passing the Landmark Commission, to take the necessary action to solve the problem which had hitherto defied solution—purchase of the requisite lands from private owners.<sup>76</sup>

While expressing pleasure that the Park Service was showing a positive interest, Chairman Brooks of the Commission was cautious: "It might be better to defer any action until after the [Presidential] election as people are very prone to raise the cry of politics on any movement started at this time." Treasurer Richardson was quoted as being "willing and able to buy from private owners, but we will not pay an exorbitant price." Secretary Weppner was bothered by the fact that the \$15,000 previous appropriation had been returned to the treasury, which would impair their negotiating position.<sup>77</sup> But Governor Miller wanted no part of further delays or misgivings, and within a few days he drove to the Fort personally to discuss the problem with key local residents who would have to be relied upon to resolve the land acquisition issue. Evidently encouraged, he later wrote to Pat Flannery that, "in connection with our efforts to revive the Fort Laramie project, "give me the names of two or three people now residing at Fort Laramie who would be willing to approach the owners, to learn the price they are willing to take." Pat suggested R. J. Rymill, Marshall Sandercock, W. S. Chapman, Lloyd Glade and M. S. Fleenor, all of Fort Laramie; O. J. Colyer and D. T. Shoemaker of Torrington; and George Houser of Guernsey. On November 19 the Governor invited Rymill to accept the chairmanship of the new committee and assured him that, "If we can secure the cooperation of all concerned, something can yet be done toward the restoration of Fort Laramie." On December 10 Rymill wrote acceptance, called a meeting of his committee, and initiated contact with the owners then of record: Mollie Sandercock of Fort Laramie, Jessica Ault represented by her attorney R. C. Cather of Casper, and Thomas Waters and M. S. Hartman of Omaha.<sup>78</sup>

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<sup>76</sup>R. J. Rymill (1891-1976), long-time resident and businessman of Fort Laramie town, was in the Fort Laramie acquisition picture beginning in 1929 when he became a member of one of the two appraisal teams in that initial effort. He later became the first official custodian of Fort Laramie after the area was acquired by the state, before its relinquishment to the United States. Mr. Rymill also played a prominent role in Fort Laramie commemorative affairs, notably in 1930, 1937, and 1949. Mattes interview with Anne (Rymill) Pomeroy Oct. 28, 1977.

<sup>77</sup>Correspondence files, HLCW: Brooks to Richardson, Oct. 14, 1936; Weppner to Richardson, Oct. 16, 1936; Richardson to Weppner, Oct. 16 and Dec. 11, 1936.

<sup>78</sup>L. G. Flannery file, FLNHS: Miller to Flannery, Nov. 13, 1936; Flannery to Miller, Nov. 17, 1936; Miller to Rymill, Nov. 19, 1936.

R. J. Rymill files, FLNHS: Rymill to Miller, Dec. 10, 1936; Rymill to

Documentation is lacking, but there can be no doubt that Rymill had some guidelines from the Governor that gave him more flexibility and clout than his predecessors. The 1934 guidelines were for purchase of fifty-five acres for something less than \$12,000. In 1936 the negotiators were authorized to double that figure, but the larger figure was to be justified, not by any increase in land values over 1934, but by bringing in larger tracts of land which would make the potential park closer to 200 acres. A map which shows the original 1931 plan for fifty acres and a revised boundary encompassing about 200 acres, found in the Rymill papers donated to the park, is evidently a "worksheet" for the new proposal.<sup>79</sup> The data for the expanded boundary may have been supplied by National Park officials from Omaha who would be knowledgeable about what constituted a manageable historic park unit, something well beyond the immediate confines of the historic structures grouping. It is a matter of record that Omaha officials did go to Cheyenne to meet with the governor and a legislative committee. The date is not given but we must conclude that it would have been sometime after the governor's receipt of the Alexander telephone call of October 10 and his invitation to Rymill on November 19. Alexander was the leader of the Omaha delegation.<sup>80</sup>

The governor entrusted his mission to the right man. R. J. Rymill would have made a great lightning rod salesman. Although he had to haggle in time-honored fashion with the three owners, the details are immaterial. On January 14, 1937 he was able to report to the governor that he had sewed up options as follows:

Jessica C. Auld	\$4,963.75
Mollie Sandercock	3,012.00
Thomas Waters, et.al.	16,869.00
	24,844.75 <sup>81</sup>

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Cather. Dec. 9; Cather to Rymill, Dec. 18; Rymill to Thomas Waters, Dec. 19.

Mollie Sandercock was the widow of George, son of Harriet, "the widow Sandercock" who bought in at the 1890 auction. Mattes interview with Ada Mary Melonuk at Fort Laramie Nov. 1, 1977.

R. C. Cather and Jessica Auld, both of whom claim Red Cloud, Nebraska, as their home town, were related to the famous novelist, Willa Cather, according to Dave Hieb, Fort Laramie superintendent, 1947-1958, who was classmate of son Tommy Auld at Doane College, Nebraska, in 1929. Mattes interview with Hieb at Estes Park, Colorado, Aug., 1977.

<sup>79</sup>The Rymill correspondence was presented in two parts. The bulk of the significant correspondence was included in that presented to the park by the widow, Nancy Rymill, now of Laramie, Wyoming. The map was among items presented by his daughter, Mrs. Pomeroy, to Mattes, at Fort Laramie, Nov. 3, 1977.

<sup>80</sup>Merrill J. Mattes, recollection of conversation with Don Alexander, Omaha, 1945.

<sup>81</sup>R. J. Rymill to Governor Miller, Jan. 14, 1937.

On January 23 all members of the HLCW convened in the governor's office to learn of Rymill's report. The Governor then stated that,

. . . he was waiting to hear from the Department of the Interior at Washington, and assured the members of the Commission that if they purchased Fort Laramie and then deeded it to the Government, the Government would do its part in rehabilitating the Old Fort.

Mr. Richardson suggested to the Governor that if he were going to ask for an appropriation of the Legislature to take care of the purchase of Fort Laramie, that it would be advisable to ask for \$27,500. which would mean \$3,000 over and above the option price to take care of Fort Laramie until such time when the Government took it over, as the fencing of the property would have to be taken care of immediately; also, the placing of a caretaker would have to be attended to. The Governor was in accord with the suggestion.<sup>82</sup>

The sequel to this meeting was entirely predictable, given the governor's popularity with the electorate and his influence with the Democratic state legislature, whose members now vied with each other for the honor of being identified as having saved Fort Laramie from perdition. House Bill No. 136 was introduced February 1, 1937, by delegates from Goshen, Campbell, Converse, Crook, Niobrara, Platte, Washakie, and Big Horn Counties, and referred to the Ways and Means Committee Chairman Joseph F. Replogle of Fremont County. On February 6 the bill was reported formally to the Speaker. On February 16 it passed the Committee of the Whole. On final vote the House cast fifty-five ayes and one no. The Senate improved on this with a unanimous twenty-four ayes. The bill that was finally approved on February 20, 1937 reads in part:

The Historical Landmark Commission is hereby authorized and empowered to purchase the site of Old Fort Laramie in Goshen County, Wyoming at a price not to exceed the sum of \$27,000.

For the purpose of enabling the Historic Landmark Commission to carry out the provisions of this act and to care for the site of Old Fort Laramie after it has been acquired until same shall be placed under the control of the Federal Government or otherwise provided for, there is hereby appropriated from any money the State Treasurer not otherwise appropriates, the sum of \$27,000.

This Act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage. . .<sup>83</sup>

Anxious to nail everything down, in March Governor Miller went to Washington, D.C., to confer with Director Cammerer to obtain a personal guarantee that "the government will establish a national monument . . . as soon as the state deeds the land to the

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<sup>82</sup>HLCW *Minute Book II*.

<sup>83</sup>*Session Laws of Wyoming* (1937), 110, 459, 461, 565, 611. *House Journal of the 24th State Legislature of Wyoming* (1937), 5, 31, 160, 284, 297, 340, 457.

government.”<sup>84</sup> Though there is no evidence of a co-signed agreement, evidently the director had received assurances from Harold Ickes, secretary of the interior, that the signature of President F. D. Roosevelt on a proclamation would be routine, although no such proclamation could be drawn up until the anticipated deeds had been examined and title cleared. There was one other technicality that was settled while the governor was at the capital. That was the clearance by the Advisory Board on National Parks, Historic Sites, Buildings and Monuments that Fort Laramie was indeed “of national significance.” The Governor was probably invited to the March 25 meeting of the advisory board when Fort Laramie was reviewed and the required clearance given. Evidently the Board had been fully briefed on the significance of Fort Laramie and the issue was never in question.<sup>85</sup> Satisfied on all counts, Miller returned to Cheyenne and turned the concluding formalities over to the Landmark Commission.

At the March 31 meeting of the Commission in Cheyenne, in the office of the attorney general, a resolution was read describing all of the subject properties, acreages, and purchase prices based on secured options, and agreeing to purchase same, subject to customary legal technicalities. This was adopted unanimously, “and the Secretary and Chairman directed to present the necessary vouchers to the State Auditor for acceptance.” The total sum projected in the resolution was \$25,594.75. At its July 31 meeting in Cheyenne the Commission learned from Mr. Richardson that the attorney general had examined and accepted all deeds. A resolution was passed empowering the chairman and secretary to convey title “to the National Park Service, representing the United States Government, the site of Old Fort Laramie, Goshen County, Wyoming,” totaling 214.41 acres.<sup>86</sup>

Meanwhile Rymill suggested and the Commission agreed that

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<sup>84</sup>*Fort Laramie Scout*, March 11 and 25, 1937, quoted in the *Torrington Telegram*, Feb. 23, 1973.

<sup>85</sup>Fort Laramie was discussed at the March 25-26, 1937 meeting of the Advisory Board. This particular session focussed on the preservation of historic and archeologic sites. Fort Laramie was listed as one of the many locations recommended for acceptance. . . as part of the Historic Sites Survey; however, there was no detailed discussion of Fort Laramie *per se*.” Letter of May 4, 1977, from Richard C. Crawford, Natural Resources Branch, Civil Archives Division, National Archives, to Merrill J. Mattes. It appears that there was never an official NPS report on Fort Laramie as the basis for decision. Instead, there was a compilation of data sent by Dan Greenburg for the HLCW. Letter of Jan. 18, 1936, Greenburg to Mattes, and exchanges of December, 1936, between Mattes and Associate Historian Hagen of the Regional Office confirm this. *Scotts Bluff NM files*.

<sup>86</sup>HLCW *Minute Book II*. This breaks down into 58.91 acres for Waters, 76.80 for Auld, and 78.70 for Sandercock. The 213.69 total given in the *Minute Book* is a simple mathematical error.



—Wyoming State Archives and  
Historical Department Photo

W. H. Jackson

the time was ripe for another gigantic celebration at Fort Laramie. The historic occasion made national news, but it seems appropriate that it be reported here by the faithful *Fort Laramie Scout*:

Old Fort Laramie was re-dedicated to public use at ceremonies Monday July 5, with many present who had spent a part of their lives on the now hallowed ground when it was in its heyday generations ago.

Thousands of men, women and children from Wyoming and adjacent states, and hundreds from other states, made up the crowd of more than 10,000 who came to see and to participate.

A bright sun above, fleecy clouds floating in the sky, hardly a zephyr moving leaves of the giant cottonwoods under which the dedicatory exercises took place, formed a fitting background for the ceremonies.

The United States flag again was raised over the fort by a military detachment from Fort Warren after abandonment by the government in 1890.

George Houser was on hand, twenty-one years after initiating the crusade to save the fort. Ironically "Pat" Flannery was not present to share the fruits of victory, being stationed now in Washington, D.C., but he sent a telegram as did Senator O'Mahoney, Representative Paul R. Greever, and Arno B. Cammerer, National Park Service Director. The Park Service sent no high official, either from Omaha or Washington, D.C., but was represented, informally at least, by Merrill J. Mattes, Scotts Bluff historian, who went over to photograph the proceedings and to visit with the old-timers drawn to the event, for this would be the last sizeable gathering of this dwindling band who knew Fort Laramie before 1890. The most distinguished member of this select group was the ninety-four-year old patriarch William H. Jackson, who had bull-



—Wyoming State Archives and  
Historical Department Photo

Governor Leslie A. Miller





—Wyoming State Archives and  
Historical Department Photo

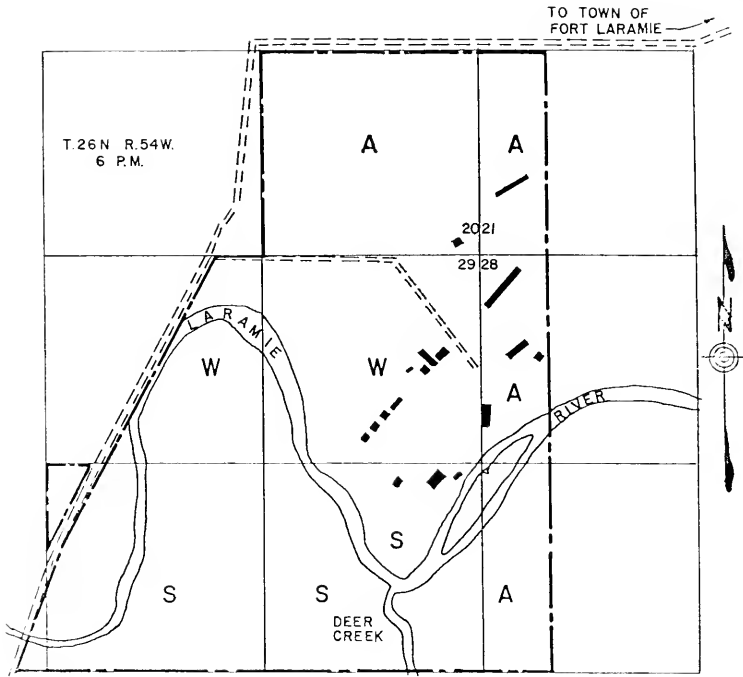
John Hunton

whacked his way through here in 1866. Some others are identified in a news story in the *Scottsbluff Star-Herald*:

A pony express rider, Ed Kelley of Guernsey, delivered a pouch of congratulatory messages from notables, among which was one from Mary Jerard, granddaughter of Mary Homesley, who in 1852 was buried [near the fort] . . . Mary Blakeman, daughter of Dick Parr who was chief army scout of the period, sang a solo.

A number of old pioneers were introduced. . . Among them was Charles Nylen of Douglas, a bull-whacker of 1873 and twice a member of Gen. Crook's expeditions. . . William Powell of Douglas was another teamster. . . of 1876.

J. C. Argesheimer. . . of Cheyenne, was the youngest soldier at the fort at one time. . . His father was commander of the post band. Fred Sullivan of Lusk, was a deputy of the county, and Capt. J. H. Cook, and Russell Thorpe were present, the latter's father being the owner of the Cheyenne-Deadwood stagecoach line.



--- State Purchase 1937  
National Monument 1938

A... Auld Purchase  
S... Sandercock Purchase  
W... Waters Purchase

## OLD FORT LARAMIE

As Purchased For Park Purposes By:  
Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming,  
and Originally Established as a National Monument  
by Presidential Proclamation

HISTORICAL DATA BY: M.J.M.

DRAWN BY: R.A.M.

Among speakers were Tom Wilson of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, John C. Thompson of the *Wyoming State Tribune*, Addison E. Sheldon of the Nebraska State Historical Society, and Dan Greenburg. Governor Leslie A. Miller was, fittingly, the principal speaker:

The governor referred to the historical significance of Fort Laramie and expressed gratification that it had been acquired by the State after years of effort and was to be transferred to the federal government. . . . He forecast that doubtless it would be restored to semblance of its condition during its occupancy as a . . . military post.<sup>87</sup>

July 5, 1937 was a day of patriotic fervor, with a nostalgic look backward at the glorious past, and high expectations for the resurrection of historic Fort Laramie as a unique symbol of that past. It would be another year before all the technicalities could be ironed out and the old fort would actually become federal property. But the long crusade was over, and a bright new era of active professional preservation and restoration was dawning.

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<sup>87</sup>*Fort Laramie Scout*, July 8, 1937, *Scottsbluff Star-Herald*, July 6, 1937; Mattes, *Scotts Bluff Historian's Report for July, 1937*, files Scotts Bluff National Monument. Also present, assisting with the photography, was Scotts Bluff CCC Camp paleontologist Paul O. McGrew, who later became director of the Geology Museum, University of Wyoming, Laramie. His wife, Winnie, escorted her grandfather, the old frontiersman, James H. Cook, of Agate, Nebraska.

### What Is Indian Summer?

In the early days of the United States, as soon as vegetation became dry enough to burn, the Indians, in retardation of settlements, began setting prairie and timber fires to burn the settlers out and discourage them. This period of the year, in consequence of the multitude of fires and hovering smoke, came to be known as Indian Summer. As climatic conditions were different in different localities, Indian Summer was not the same in all sections.

But the period, let it be where it might, was very much dreaded by the settlers and great preparations were made to ward off fire destruction. This applied more particularly to the timbered sections where the Indians could easily sneak up in close proximity to the settlements to start their fires.

I have often heard my grandparents speak of the dread of Indian Summer. The great destructive timber fires of today could justly be said to occur during Indian Summer.

—By G. E. Lemmon  
W.P.A. Manuscripts Collection, No. 242  
Wyoming State Archives and Historical  
Department

*“Glass-Eye Bill”*  
*Western Letters*  
*And*  
*Letters From Wyoming*

INTRODUCTION

By

C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

William Wailes, the writer of these letters, was the son of a stockbroker of the same name who lived at Headingley, a suburb of Leeds. The stockbroker's elder brother had inherited the Wailes estate, Beacon Banks, Husthwaite, which had been in the family since 1525. The elder William was himself only quietly prosperous but was allied by his marriage to the more important family of Fairburn. The founder of the Fairburn fortunes was William Fairburn, born at Kelso in Scotland in 1789. His father, Andrew, had been a farm steward. After he had moved to a farm near Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1803, he became a friend of George Stephenson, the great engineer. Encouraged by Stephenson, his son William set up the London engineering firm of Fairburn and Lillie. From manufacturing textile machinery he went on to make iron ships and boats and assisted Stephenson in building the Menai Bridge. He was made a Baronet in 1869 and died in 1874, leaving seven sons and two daughters. A younger brother of Sir William was Peter Fairburn, also born at Kelso, another engineer who came to Leeds in 1828 and set up the Wellington Foundry, a gigantic concern in his time. He was Mayor of Leeds in 1857-1858 and 1858-1859 and was knighted after the opening of the town hall by Queen Victoria. Andrew Fairburn, son of Sir Peter (who married Margaret Kennedy of Glasgow) was born in 1828, went to Cambridge University and the Inner Temple, was Mayor of Leeds in 1866-1868 and Member of Parliament, was knighted in 1868, built himself a country house at Askham Grange near York and was High Sheriff of Yorkshire in 1892. He was Chairman of Fairburn, Lawson, Combe, Barbour Ltd., machine makers of Leeds and Belfast, and was a man of considerable wealth. In 1862 he married, but without issue, a daughter of Sir John L. Loraine, Bt. In the ordinary way his estate should have gone on his death to the elder William Wailes, who had married his sister - but was actually bequeathed to the younger William, whose letters we shall

print. The younger William was born in 1862 and educated at Harrow and Jesus College, Cambridge, where he was a lightweight boxer of note, played the violin very badly and revealed his lifelong interest in horses. Left to his own devices, Bill (as he was always called) would have been commissioned in a cavalry regiment but his father insisted on his joining the infantry if he went into the army at all. Refusing to follow a military career on those terms, William left for U.S.A. almost immediately, encouraged by the fact that the Dean of the Cathedral of Denver, Colorado, was a cousin. As from August 3 we know of his travels from the letters he wrote to his mother. We should know a great deal more if his diary for this period had survived. He was an assiduous diarist, as we know from the records we have of his later life, but some of his papers would appear to have been destroyed or lost.

Although quite young, Bill wore an eyeglass or monocle, which quickly gained for him the nickname of Glass-eye Bill. Of his more dramatic adventures his letters tell us nothing, perhaps because he did not wish to alarm his mother. We hear, however, as a matter of oral tradition, that there were incidents in his life which came nearer the real or imagined world of the Wild West. One character set out to kill him, it is said, but he boasted too widely of his intention. Expecting the visit to his ranch house, Bill was on the roof (after dark) and jumped on top of the intruder, disarming him before he could do any mischief. On another occasion a friend came to him and proposed that he and Bill should eliminate a newcomer to the district who was thought to be undesirable. Bill vetoed this plan and talked his friend out of the intended homicide. When a lunatic was placed under the charge of a sheriff's deputy, the officer handcuffed the lunatic to Bill who was thus made the jailer for the time it took to reach the asylum.

After Bill's marriage there was a sad case of a neighbour ill-treating his wife. Bill lured the man into an argument over a horse while Bill's wife abducted the ill-treated woman and took her out of her husband's reach. If there were more lurid events than these, Bill said nothing about them. That he had in his time used firearms in self-defence is not improbable.

He was in Colorado for much of 1883-1884, went back to England and then sailed again for U.S.A. in 1885. This time he went to Wyoming and started his own ranch at Elkhorn Creek, mainly it would seem for the breeding of horses. His letters end in October, 1887, but he continued to live on his own ranch until 1894, at one time having Giles Strangways, a friend from his college days, as assistant or pupil. In 1892, meanwhile, he was back in England and there married Katherine Lillian (always known as Lily) Alderson-Smith on January 14th. She was the daughter of Mr. J. Alderson-Smith of Wheatcroft Cliff, Scarborough, a barrister with an inherited interest in Smith's Bank of Aberdeen. The

marriage was covered in great detail by the Lady's Pictorial of January 23 and the couple left soon afterwards for Wyoming. It was on this occasion that a deathless poem was written:

BILLY AND LILLY

There was a little woman  
 Her name was Lily Smith  
 In Scarborough was her domicile,  
 Upon a sunny cliff.  
 She had three pretty sisters  
 And soldier brothers two  
 and six long haired doggies  
 Which always barked at you.  
 This maiden met a little man  
 His name was Billy Wailes  
 They met in quiet places  
 In sunny flowery dailes  
 And soon his love was spoken  
 A ring was on her hand  
 Their troth will ne'er be broken  
 Though he's in Yanky Land.  
 His hair is gold and curly  
 And hers is brown and straight  
 I hope he won't be surly (1)  
 And she won't be irate.  
 They will leave the dear old England  
 For a very distant shore -  
 And there they'll wander hand in hand  
 For ever ever more.  
 He'll build a wooden dwelling  
 Among the prairie wild  
 And there his horses selling  
 He'll guard his gentle bride.  
 I would that I could see Bill  
 So noble fine and good  
 Sitting by his loving Lill  
 In their modest house of wood.

Mabel Crossley

Their first child, Neville, was born in 1893 and left in the care of the Alderson-Smiths. For Bill and Lily Wailes the alternatives now presented were those of bringing up their children in the wilds of Wyoming, allowing their children to be brought up by the Alderson-Smiths at Scarborough or else abandoning the ranching life altogether. They decided to sell up and go back to England and a short diary kept by Lily covers the period during which they sold their horses and set off for home. After a brief period spent in studying agriculture in Anglesey, Bill set up as a farmer at Blackwall, Kirk Ireton, in Derbyshire. A second child, Dorothy, was born there in 1896 and they continued to farm and hunt until 1902. Then Sir Andrew Fairbairn died and "Glass-Eye Bill"

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(1) This hope was not entirely fulfilled. He could be very surly indeed.

inherited his estate and fortune; Askham Grange and a large interest in the family firm. When he heard of the fortune which his uncle had left him he is said to have fainted in his lawyer's office. Under the terms of Sir Andrew's will he had to change his name to Wailes-Fairbairn, which he did, coming to live at Askham on June 16th, 1902. It was there, on September 4th, that Lily gave birth to a third and last child, Lorna.

The former cowboy was now a country gentleman and his activities were, in part, those appropriate to his position in society. He had already been commissioned as an officer in the Yeomanry. He now became a Justice of the Peace. He was Joint Master of the York and Ainsty Hunt and came third in an Inter-Regimental Race in 1912. He later became Deputy Lieutenant for the West Riding and the City of York. In 1913 he paid licenses for keeping fifteen male servants; the electrician, the butler, two footmen, one coachman, two horsemen, three gardeners, five grooms and one gamekeeper. The women servants would have been at least as many again—all this on an income (in 1910) of £12,265. But while conformist up to a point, he was an unusually energetic landowner, retaining something of the frontier spirit, planting and felling his own trees. He looked and dressed like his own gardener or gamekeeper and was often mistaken for someone of the sort. On one occasion he had put dynamite to the root of a felled tree when a keen member of the Salvation Army came up to him and remarked that "The trump of doom is sounding!" To this Bill rejoined "I wouldn't be at all surprised!" At this point the tree blew up and the salvationist ran for his life. Keen as he was on the life of the Yorkshire countryside, he still had the urge to travel and we hear of visits to Egypt, to the Sudan, to East Africa, where he shot a lioness, to South Africa and finally, in 1910, to Alaska. Lily, not without her own taste for adventure, went with him on many of his travels. Bill kept a diary while in Alaska but not, apparently, when he visited British Columbia in 1911. By the standards of his day a shooting trip to East Africa was pretty normal. A visit to Alaska was more eccentric and this was followed by his involvement in the planned rising of the Ulster protestants against "these swine of radicals" who then formed the liberal government of Britain. Bill's intervention in Ireland began in 1912 or 1913 with his resignation from the Derbyshire Yeomanry. He and Lily supplied rifles and ammunition to the rebels and he assumed the command of a rebel cavalry squadron at Enniskillen. Before he could actually engage in a treasonable warfare against Britain, that country went to war with Germany in 1914. Bill was now commissioned as major in the South Nottinghamshire Hussars, his son Neville joined the Yorkshire Hussars and his home, Askham Grange, became a military hospital. Bill saw active service in Macedonia, from which theatre of war he was finally in-



valided home with malaria. This was in 1919 when country life at Askham was resumed. He was now less prosperous, half his income of £24,770 going in tax and the remainder serving to maintain only eight male servants. All his children married, Neville in 1916, Dorothy in 1916 and Lorna to James Johnstone in 1925. He himself died in 1933 and Askham Grange, where Bill had often entertained royalty, has ended as an Open Prison for Female Convicts.

The story is incomplete without a brief reference to the next generation. William's son Neville, educated at Harrow and at Jesus College, Cambridge, was with his father on the visit he paid to British Columbia. Qualifying as an engineer, he joined the family firm of which he eventually became a director. He was an excellent linguist and travelled widely in Europe. He had two children, Andrew and Diana, both still living, and he died as the result of a hunting accident in 1939. Dorothy Wailes Fairbairn, now known as Marylin Wailes, has had a startling career in which she has been successively distinguished as a dancer, horsewoman, painter, musician and musicologist. She did much to introduce dressage into British equitation and is now well known as a painter and as an authority on medieval music. Her younger sister Lorna has been, like Marylin, one of the best horsewomen in England, her career reaching its high points when she rode in the Olympic Games in Stockholm in 1956, in Mexico (1968) and finally at Munich when aged seventy; in each instance riding horses trained by herself.

## WESTERN LETTERS

S. S. "Egypt"  
Aug. 3rd 1883

My dear Mother,

I am starting to write you a letter and then it is certain to be finished by the time we reach New York.

We arrived in Queenstown at 3 p.m. on Thursday and had to wait about an hour and a half to take in passengers, then we started and saw the last of Ireland about 10 p.m. on Thursday.

So far the weather has been delightful and the sea fairly smooth. It was very smooth as far as Queenstown but of course when we have got out into the Atlantic there is a roll which has disposed of a few of the lady passengers and as a wind is springing up and getting stronger, no doubt there will be more vacancies at the dinner table to-night. Luckily for me I take my meals with great regularity and hope to do so in spite of rough weather.

My fellow passengers are rather a queer lot, a great many theatrical people, one very pretty actress, all of them going over to America because they get three times the salary they do in En-

gland. I have an actor, a reciter and an old American sleeping in my state room. The reciter is a weird looking young man and wears his hair long behind like Irving. Most of our passengers are Americans and very amusing to listen to. One, in explaining how beautiful their Indian Summer was, ended by saying "Yes, I guess our Indian Summer was pretty tall." My neighbour on the right at dinner is an oldish actor who eats everything he can, always remarking "I paid 75 dollars and I want to get it all \_\_\_\_\_ out." He also always calls Steward in a tragic voice which makes everyone laugh.

We amuse ourselves by playing "rope quoits" and "Shuffle board".

The Steerage passengers are a queer lot and a lot employ most of their time in feeding the fish. They also do not seem to be very well off. One woman has a fairly good boot and stocking in one foot but her other foot is bare, so I suppose when the deck is cold she will stand on one like a stork.

We have not been going very fast as we have a direct head wind which makes us pitch a little and we have only averaged about 12 knots an hour since we left Queenstown.

Aug. 4th I continue my epistle of yesterday. The sea got rather rough last night, but was smooth again this morning.

We got up about 7.30, have a sea water bath, dress, walk on deck till breakfast. I am always in time for breakfast here because, you see, we have breakfast a little more than half an hour later every morning, although we always have it at 8.30. This is because the farther west we go the later it gets. I do not know whether you will understand this, but I find it a capital way of doing things. When we get to New York we shall be having breakfast when you are at luncheon, so I conclude if a man keeps travelling west all his life, he will either live longer or get more meals. I don't quite understand this but I will go behind the wheelhouse soon and quickly think it out and let you know what decision I arrive at to-morrow. It is getting rougher again and soon the ladies will grow pale and smell their salts and the gentlemen will "feel sleepy" and go to their berths — of course we believe them.

Mrs. Formby was kind enough to send me a present in the shape of an awfully nice hunter watch and chain. It was very kind of her. I also had a long knife given me and three tobacco pipes. The steerage passengers are an awful lot and a good many Irish among them.

Aug. 5th. We had a shoal of porpoises swimming alongside of us for about half an hour. I also saw a \_\_\_\_\_ duck on the water. We are exactly eleven hundred miles from a shore, I believe, so, if we sink, we shall have a good long swim ashore.

We got up another shilling sweepstakes for to-day's run last night, but naturally I did not win again as I did yesterday. The sea is very calm again to-day and if it keeps so we shall be in New York to-day week. We get loads to eat and it is pretty good, but not so good as I expected as I heard great things about it. The wind and sea air is bringing all the skin off people's faces and making them look most peculiar but it does not seem to have any effect on mine, except to tan it a little.

Some of the actresses are in a great state about their faces because unless they look pretty, they do not get such good salaries.

Aug. 6th. Nothing much more to tell you as one day is much the same as another, except that we saw some Mother Carey's chickens yesterday and a whale was sighted this morning. It was foggy most part of the early morning and we had the fog timer which is worked by steam going all the time. The \_\_\_\_\_ is not beautiful but I dare say it answers its purpose. We may be having a dance on deck to-night, so I expect some fun. We went 320 miles yesterday (24 hours) and shall make almost the same to-day.

Aug. 7th. We danced last night to the playing of an old fiddler who is a steerage passenger. We danced Virginias, Reels, Rackets, Valses, Polkas and Highland [Flings] and Lancers. The actresses on board danced very well. I danced with most of them. The sun is very hot, we are approaching the \_\_\_\_\_ banks of Newfoundland. . . .

We saw some blackfish this morning; they jump about ten feet out of the water. They look at the thermometer every now and then to see if the water is cold and whether there are any Icebergs in the neighbourhood.

Aug. 9th. I have no news to tell you to-day as one day is exactly like another. We play "Poker", "Euchre", "Nap", "Whist" and Chess, etc. I am sorry to say that much mild [gambling] is indulged in by the younger of the community. I look on and smile blandly. We have an entertainment to-morrow night in the aid of the orphan something in New York. If you look in the papers of Monday or Tuesday you will see of our arrival at New York in the Shipping Intelligence, as I don't expect we shall get in till Tuesday afternoon. We had to stop twice yesterday to let the engines cool which made our run about 20 miles less than we ought to have done. In fact, we only made 278 miles and our average distance is 305.

And now I have no more news and other letters to write so  
Believe me

Your ever affect. son  
W. Fairbairn Wailes

P.S. Write to General Post Office, Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.

Briggs House,  
Chicago,  
Illinois, U.S.A.  
Aug. 17th 1883

My dear Father,

I had no time to write more than one letter so I wrote my Mother.

I arrived in New York on Sunday Aug. 12th about 3.30. New York Bay and New York Harbour are very pretty and surrounded with trees.

When we got into quarantine, the doctor came aboard; also the Chief Custom house officer. The doctor passed us all right and then the Custom house officer made us swear we had nothing dutiable. Then we got into docks and our luggage was put on shore. Luckily for me I was introduced to the Chief Custom House Officer by a young American called Johnstone and they did not even pull anything out and only just opened the lid and shut it up. Then I took a coupe to the Broadway Hotel (old Anthony House) which cost me \$1.50 (6/2d) but that was the cheapest way as I had five packages and if you send them by express man, they charge you 4d a package which would have been \$2.

One of the actors who was on board was very kind to me and told me he would put me up to a winkle [*sic*] or two if I went and stopped at the Broadway with him, so when I got there, I found he had taken the best room in the house for me at \$1 a day which was the same he paid for a much smaller one. We then went and saw a few places and then had dinner for \$0.80. Next morning he came in and told me not to let them clean my boots (cost 0.25) but to have them cleaned in the street for \$0.5. We then had breakfast \$0.35 and then went round to see the different places and also to the great "Wall" Street to get our money changed. I got \$4.83 for every £1 that is in notes, for gold they offered \$4.84. We then went and had lunch which is a great institution in New York. You go into the swell bars and order, say, a glass of lager beer for which you pay \$0.10, you then order any lunch you like for "nothing" and very good it is. You need not even order a drink but can have a lunch and a glass of water for nothing. I had some soup and some stew of potatoes which would cost in England at least 2/- or 1/10. They say there are people who have "a free lunch route" and go first to one place and then to another till they can eat no more and then that lasts them till next day, when they have another. I was rather disappointed with New York, especially Broadway, which I expected to be a magnificent street but which is narrow and badly paved, although it is long enough.

The Squares in New York are all lighted with electric light and

people sit there till all hours on the seats. It seemed fearfully hot there at first and one could not move without perspiring. I do not know what the heat was but I think rather under than over the average temperature. It made me feel so weak for the first two days that I could hardly crawl about and had to go and lie down and rest, but I have got over that now. I spent a good deal of money in New York because I wanted to see it but I calculate a man could live comfortably on \$2.00 a day and provide himself with everything but clothing. Howell, the actor, introduced me to everybody he thought would be useful to me and he knew nearly everyone. I was offered £15 a week to take a small part in a piece that is to be brought out but I refused it, with thanks, as there is too much indoor work for me. Howell introduced me to a Mr Fitz \_\_\_\_\_ and he gave me a lot of his cards and if I take them to nearly any manager in the States and mention that I am a friend of his, I can get a good place free of cost. Howell saved me a good deal of money and in some cases insisted on paying for things himself. He was very angry because I gave \$2.50 for 100 iron and quinine pills to take out west, but on trying to do it cheaper himself he found I had not been swindled.

I left New York on Tuesday 14th at 9 p.m. My ticket cost me \$54.80. It is unlimited and I got it from Mr. Tim Brock, 317 Broadway. We had been going an hour before there was an accident in front of us which blocked the line and kept us nearly four hours waiting till the wreckage was cleared. I don't know whether anyone was hurt. I did not see anyone lying about. From New York I went to Buffalo via Albany, \_\_\_\_\_ Syracuse and stayed there the night. I arrived at Buffalo at 2.30 p.m. of the 15th Aug. (Wed.) After I had my lunch I started for Niagara Falls. I have not time to give a description of them. I was driven down to the rapids by a man who saw Captain Webb swim there and he said he swam the rapids easily, but sunk in the whirl pool. The rapids look awful and the water is 20 feet higher in the middle than at the sides and the waves are very high. After I had seen the falls I went back to Buffalo to bed. Don't they whistle the quarters out of your pocket at Niagara. On Tuesday the 16th I left Buffalo at about eight and arrived at Cleveland at 1.30. Here I stopped till 8 p.m. I was not aware till afternoon that President Garfield's body was embalmed and guarded by soldiers there or I should have certainly gone to see him. I left Cleveland at 8 p.m. or rather before. I got in here (Chicago) at about 8 this morning.

I take things easy and sleep just at night in the cars, which is not A.1. unless you have a sleeper and then a night in bed at some hotel, so that I stop here for the night.

Buffalo I do not like, Cleveland is not so bad and Chicago is beastly.

I called at the General P.O. for letters but was disappointed to find none there.

I leave for Denver to-morrow morning and shall take sleeper for once, as I shall have two nights running out of bed.

Now with love to all,

Believe me,

Your affect. Son,

W. Fairbairn Wailes

P.S. When any of you write, register your letters 2½ and then they dare give them to no one else.

(Three Bar) 1 - 1 Camp  
35 South Echley  
Colorado, U.S.A.

My dear Mother,

I am writing to relieve your anxiety as to my whereabouts.

I was sent here last Thursday week at an hour's notice and did not know there would be so much trouble in getting letter sent.

When you write address

W. F. Wailes

C/o American Cattle Co.

First Floor, Tabor Block

Denver

Colorado U.S.A.

I have not got a letter from any of you since I left—but I only called at Chicago and Denver post offices. We are here 40 miles distant from any post office and 35 from any inhabited place and then there are only the Railway Stations and Section House at Echley.

I did not know till I went to bed last night that any one was going to Denver and may start immediately. I can write no more now but when I have leisure I will write some of you a long letter and send it when opportunity occurs.

Ask ——— to send me the "Field" newspaper to the address I gave you and if you could spare the Times or any newspaper it would be a boon.

Best love to all and let Edie and everyone know my address,  
and believe me,

Your ever affectionate son,

W. Fairburn Wailes

Sept. 1st 1883

Not sent off

till latest in

all probability

c/o American Cattle Co.,

1st Floor Tabor Block,

Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.

My dear Father,

I have some time to spare now, so shall employ it in writing to

you. I did not come by way of Kansas City and B ——— but by Chicago and Red Cloud and from Red Cloud by the new Railway (Burlington) and Migsoure River to Denver. That part of the journey is over the great American Desert and unfenced. Consequently a great many cattle are killed by the cars, they killed within the hour when I went down to Denver.

I took my letter of introduction to Mr ———, but he said he could do nothing for me, as he had too many hands already. I told him as I was going away that I had done hard work before and could ride and he immediately told me to call again next day and when I called he introduced me to Mr ———, one of the overseers and he said he would send me here.

M ——— said "I have a horse here I want taking to the camp ( 1 - 1 Three bar camp). Come with me and I will help you to choose a saddle and bridle etc. and you can start at once." So we went and got a saddle and bridle etc, which cost me about \$7.15 and got the old horse from a stable and put two saddles on him and my blankets into the saddle, then he gave me his directions which are as follows "Go to the sand creek house near the B & M railroad, get on the right hand side of the railroad and follow it 140 miles till you come to a wire fence. Go through the gate and go south for about 35 miles and you will come to the Hiocuree creek. Follow that up for a mile or two and you will find the ranch and if the horse gives out and can't go on, leave him somewhere and meet me on Sunday at Echley and we shall have a wagon sent to us. Well, I got on that old horse and in about two days, rode him sixty miles to a place called Corona on the B & M. I could hardly get him out of a walk then, so I left him and went on to Echley and met him there. There we were met by a man with two horses in a wagon. They had come from the ranch (35 miles) that morning. To my surprise they gave them each a bucketful of water, turned them round and started back home without resting them. I thought they would never reach but they came in about six hours, so that they had been driven 70 miles without a rest that day. The two nights I was riding the horse I slept on the prairie and did not relish the coyotes howling around me every now and then, but I don't think they ever harm anyone. We arrived here on Sunday evening last, got supper and went to bed (i.e. the softest plank on the floor we could find). We got up about 5 a.m., had a wash and breakfast and then started to lay in hay for winter use with one man cutting with a two horse machine, one raking with a horse rake, and three of us loading the wagon and stacking it. We put up about twenty tons of hay by Thursday morning, that is more than five tons a day. I was not used to the sun (90° in the shade) and working hard all day, and by Thursday morning was nearly done. As I expect it would take ten men in England to stack twenty tons of hay in 3½ days, the

heat I found awful and drank so much water to slake my thirst that by Thursday I was very ill but am all right again now (Sunday night). So much for my first experience of hard work under a blazing sun.

The only fault I find with the country are the mosquitoes. They are awful and if there is one about, 100 to 1 it bites me. All my face was in little lumps with them a little time ago. I am glad to say that the first frost will kill every one of the brutes and I shall have peace for 4 or 5 months.

All the "boys" went to join the round-up to-day and I and a man called West are left in camp and we are short of horses so cannot go.

A great many cowpunchers were here to-day, as this camp is a sort of meeting place for them. They are picturesque enough yet hardly very peaceable looking as they nearly all wear long revolvers in a sort of belt behind them and a belt full of cartridges. However, there is not much shooting done and I have never seen anything of that sort yet. There was a man shot in Denver about a fortnight ago in a saloon, but that is the only one I have heard of. I can't say that life here is all safe, you see we either sleep on the floor or outside on the grass or in the shade or anywhere. Then there are these beastly mosquitoes but except that, everything is right. We get lots to eat and have a "French cook." Talking of the cook, he has gone on the "round-up," and consequently we have to do everything for ourselves. The beds do not take much making and there are not many dishes to wash and so we have only to make our bread and cook our meat.

One of the boys persuaded me to get on a "buck jumper" to-day but much to his surprise it could not get me off. I must own that it did not buck very badly and only continued for about a minute at a time. They call the brute "Buckskin" because they say he can nearly buck himself out of his skin.

I and West are going up to another ranch soon about 15 miles down the Ancharee. We shall be there all alone and have nothing much to do.

There are lots of Antelope round here and also wild horses but I have never seen the latter yet. Also in a month's time there will be thousands of ducks up the beck so I shall have some sport.

The ranch consists of two rooms, a kitchen and an eating room. The furniture is not luxuriant and consists of a table, some roughly knocked up benches and a few boxes etc.

There are no trees around the ranch. In fact, I do not suppose there is a tree within a hundred miles of this so the scenery is not beautiful, nothing but sandhills and undulating prairies for hundreds of miles. Coming to the ranch from Echley we came through



a fenced-in pasture 20 miles by about 17 — rather a large field I thought it.

I have no more news but will write Muriel an American letter soon to show her how I can talk regular "down East" Yankee. I will also write to Arty soon.

With love to all,  
I remain,  
Your ever affectionate son,  
W. Fairbairn Wailes

1 - 1 Camp  
Sept. Something.

Dear Muriel,

I have been flying around some since last I saw you, so have not had time till now to write you an American letter.

I will try to write you a genuine one to show you how I am getting on with the language which is pretty slick I guess.

I stopped in Denver a few days and let me tell you Sis, that city licks creation, it's a right down square spot and don't you forget it. It has a bully Cathedral church there which certainly does show rather white against York Minster, but for all that it shadows it, you bet, and if it was only as old I guess it might be as big.

The fleas here are mighty numerous, but I fix them every night and guess by the fall they will break their backs with travelling for I turn my blankets the opposite side every night, so as they can't get through them, they have to go to the edge and back to get where I am located. They don't treat me white and I kill as many as I can, you bet your sweet life on that, and don't you forget it.

It has been kinder warm here, almost as if the old fellow below was beating time back but I guess when Jack Frost comes, he will get the drop on him, it will be somewhat cooler.

We have run out of tobacco here and have been obliged to smoke tea leaves and dried grass etc. but I did not seem to cotton to it at first and hardly do now.

Now look you here, Sis, I have no more time to write to-night as I am going to bed in the blue room and have told my valet to call me early, but when next I have time, I will tell you things which will make you see stars, stretch me stiff if I don't.

There are mosquitoes here as big as camels and when they bite you, you have to pick out the sting with a hay fork and put a mustard-plaster on the place or you go under before sundown.

I shot a skunk the other day and picked him up and some of the boys wouldn't speak to me for about four days. I wonder why? It seems strange to me that a fellow must be disliked just because he picks up a skunk.

Write to me soon and tell me the news, my address is C/o American Ranch Co.,

1st Floor, Tabor Block, Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.  
Love to all and believe me,

Your affect. Brother,

W. Fairbairn Wailes

P.S. Ask your Father to write to the Alliance bankers, to tell them to forward any money there deposited to their New York Agents, to be forwarded to Colo. National Bank, Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.

Three Bar Camp,  
October 4th 1883  
C/o American Cattle Co.  
1st Floor, Tabor Block  
Denver  
Colorado, U.S.A.

My dear Sister,

I have just received my first mail from England and your letter among the others.

All the boys are away "rounding up" beef and I am left behind to take care of the ranch. I have lots to eat and drink, and not very much to do except look after the pasture fences and keep the shanty clean but still I don't care much about it, it is rather dull now I have run out of ammunition and can't shoot. While I could shoot, I never felt dull, as there are such loads of wild duck about.

I have not yet written to thank you for your presents which were various, but do so now. I use them nearly every day.

I should not like to be seen in Oxford Street as I am at present — long boots, spurs, corduroys and a flannel shirt complete the costume — all very dirty, I am ashamed to say. I really don't know how I shall get civilised again if I stay here much longer. For five weeks, until the other night, I had slept on the ground or on the floor with only a couple of blankets, and when one of the boys went away and left his bed, I tried to sleep in it but could not manage it and have had to take to boards again; this bed is the only bed for miles and is looked upon as a sort of curiosity.

I am glad to hear that my nephew and niece are flourishing, they are two capital children as children go, but you know I am not partial to them till they get about five or six years old, however, that is not their fault. When I come back, no doubt I shall make great friends with them. The air here is splendid; as a rule there is always a breeze something like a sea breeze, which makes the heat much more tolerable, but when that breeze drops on a hot day it is awful.

There are no ferocious animals here except mosquitoes which are fierce, wolves, coyotes, a sort of fox, rattle snakes by the thousand and skunks. The rest are in every way harmless. The

wolves very seldom attack a man except when they are starving; coyotes never do; rattlesnakes are bad, but skunks sometimes go mad and get into a house and whoever they bite is sure to die of it.

Besides these there are antelope, very few buffalo, a good many wild horses, thousands of wild chicks, snipe, wild geese, sandhill cranes, herons — so you see there is lots of shooting to be had. A flock of wild ducks got up in front of me the other day and they were so thick I killed nine with one barrel but only picked up six, the other three got among the weeds and I lost them.

There are a good many antelope and I expect to get a good many soon when I have time to hunt them. I will keep you some skins. The horns and head I am afraid I cannot manage to get you as I cannot stuff them and they would get bad before I could get them stuffed, but I will do my best.

I am going to Denver in about a month's time and shall stay there for about a week. The Governor requests me to attend the Cathedral services while I am there, so I suppose I shall have to.

If you would send me the "Field" to the address at the head of this letter I should be awfully obliged, you have no idea what a boon a newspaper is, especially an English one.

It is near sunset so I must go and milk the cow and I will finish this to-night. I am not obliged to milk the cow but as I am fond of cream I rob the calf regularly and no doubt he thinks it very rough.

People here ride if they only have to go a hundred yards or so. I ride if I have to fetch the cow even if she is close by. This cow is the only tame cow for miles, the rest are all wild and you could no more milk them than fly.

I have no doubt you have heard all about my journey from my mother and the others probably. If they did not I will tell them to do so in future as it is impossible for me to write to everyone.

Eddie wrote to me and sent her letter to Russel, Kansas, so probably she will have it returned. I also received one from her to-day.

I had rather an amusing adventure the other day. I was left up at another ranch 16 miles away from here all alone. While I was there some wild horse hunters came past. They stopped and had dinner and during the conversation they asked me if I had seen any Indians. I said no. They said well, there are some about, you had better keep a look out. About two hours afterwards two men came past in a buggy, going as hard as they could and when they asked me if I was all alone and I told them yes, they said they would not be in my shoes for a thousand dollars. They said the ——— had broken out of their "Reservation" and were over-running the country. They also asked me to sell a gun or revolver.

This I refused to do as I wanted them myself. Well, I was then by myself for four or five days. After that I was in a perpetual fright the whole time. Every little noise at night used to make my

flesh creep and once a skunk came by, grunting slightly as they do, and I thought it was an Indian creeping up on me. If that skunk had shown himself he would certainly have been shot in mistake for an Indian.

However, no Indians turned up and I heard afterwards that the \_\_\_\_\_ had crossed the creek lower down but that they were under an escort of soldiers as they always are when travelling. You could imagine the fright I was in. If you only knew what Indians are when they break away from their reservations.

They broke away only three years ago and came up this very creek. They killed ten men and tortured them all before doing so. One man they actually skinned alive. I believe those four days brought me down six pounds in weight.

Ten years ago no white man dare come here, the Indians were so thick, and there are loads of cowpunchers who can tell you the Indians have chased them. One man the other day said he was once about two miles from camp (about 7 years ago) and he saw some Indians coming before him. He got about half a mile start of them but they had good horses and he had a bad one and they so nearly caught him that he said his hair seemed to stand on end. They fired at him a good many times but as they were galloping so fast they always missed him. So much for Indians.

I am glad you have had some nice tennis parties. I think tennis does Fred good. He ought to hunt a little or shoot, it would do him no end of good and he can't excuse himself on the score of expense, tell him so from me.

If he likes I can ship him a couple of bronco buck jumpers which will give him all the excitement and exercise he requires without the trouble of going to the meet, and if you have nets spread round to prevent serious accidents, I think it might be beneficial. If those won't do I can ship him what the cow punchers call a "real mean horse" but I won't be answerable for the consequences.

I rode a colt the other day. Not a bad buck jumper, and the fifth buck sent me flying, but I must say in justice to myself that I was never fairly in the saddle and never got my stirrups. He was not a bad bucker, or however well I got fixed in my saddle he could throw me. In England I used to think I could ride moderately well, but I have come to the conclusion that I cannot ride a bit. To see some of these cow punchers catch a horse with a lasso (one that has never had a rope or anything on him before) put a saddle on him and ride him is a sight worth seeing.

Horses here are never what you would call broken. They just catch them and ride them immediately. Consequently some of them are curious.

I hope you will write to me regularly and send me good long letters and I will try to do ditto. Fred, I know, is too lazy, but I

shall visit the sins of the fathers upon the children when I become that millionaire bachelor uncle.

How long has this engagement between Bee and Fred Wailes been brewing? I never had a suspicion of it. I like Bee very much and I certainly don't see anything wrong in Fred. However, that is their business, not mine.

Denver is a very pretty town but I must add a very wicked one. Our illustrious cousin (always claim people as cousins when they become very \_\_\_\_\_ ) will have his work cut out.

Theatres, Music hall, gambling dens by the dozens and every other wickedness you could think of, etc. Shootings regularly every week or so in the drinking saloons. The \_\_\_\_\_ bandit "Frank James" is on trial now. He was a train robber and also has killed an awful lot of men, but at the same time I hardly blame him for it. His story is a sad one. Before the war, or rather at the beginning of it, a troop of guerillas killed his father, sister and brother in cold blood and also shot his mother's arm off. From that day both he and his brother Jesse James have been tracking the men who did this and killing them. Do you blame them?

I have not seen Herbert. I wrote to him from New York asking him to meet me in Chicago but I neither heard from him nor saw him.

And now I must conclude and with best love to yourself and family,

Believe me,

Your ever affect. brother,

W. F. Wailes

Three Bar Camp

October 2nd, 1883.

Address :

C/o American Cattle Co.,

1st Floor, Tabor Block,

Denver, Colo.

My dear Father,

I have no news, but as I have some spare time I am going to explain to you as well as I can how stock raising is managed here. We will suppose that a man called A intends starting in the stock raising business and chooses a spot on the \_\_\_\_\_ creek or middle fork of the Republican for his ranch.

He first buys a quarter section, a piece of land a quarter of a mile square on the creek. On this piece of land which he buys he builds his ranch which consists of a wooden house of two rooms. He also builds a corral (i.e. a small piece of land about 40 yards square enclosed by high and strong wooden fences) a stable and sheds. He encloses with wire fences about a square mile of land as a pasture for his horses, etc. Then he buys his stock, say 500 yearling heifers and 500 two year old steers. The

horses he puts in his pasture adjoining his ranch. In the present case he will have hardly anything to do that year on account of the age of his cattle, because the heifers are not old enough to calf, and the steers are too young to sell as beef. We will therefore skip a year and suppose he is at work.

In the spring he sends out his cow punchers (i.e. men who ride after the cattle) on the different round ups.

A round up consists of driving all cattle off the divides to a spot previously decided upon. For instance, take the case of rounding up on the Crickaree, or any other river.

[Diagram in original letter not reproduced]

Say all the cow punchers and their bosses meet at A with their mess wagons etc., they send the wagons etc. east as far as B where they intend to round up the cattle, then they send out their boys in a half circle on each side of the creek up on the divides and they drive all cattle in they can find to B. From B they round up to C and so on. Of course cattle are often missed over because there is such an extent of country but if they are missed in one round up probably they are found in the next. When the cow punchers have driven in all the cattle they can find they proceed to "cut out" what cattle is wanted. If they are only rounding up to brand calves they only "cut-out" or "drive out" of the big bunch into a smaller one all cows with unbranded calves. This bunch of cows and calves are driven into a corral and there a fire is lighted and the calves are branded with the brand of their mother's owner and they are then turned loose again on the prairie. If they are rounding up for beef, they drive out 3 year old and 4 year old steers or bullocks. These are sent to whatever place the cattle are shipped from and their destination is generally Chicago.

The first year A begins to work he hires cow punchers at from \$30 to 45 per month. These he sends to the different creeks to look after his stock which is rounded up there. These cow punchers go to the place appointed by the different stock owners and then the round up commences and goes on as I have already explained. A's cowboys see that all A's calves are branded and collect his steers if beef is wanted.

There will be rounds up on all the creeks about the same time as cowboys are sent all over. Here on this ranch where there are so many cattle, they send boys even as far as the Smoky Hill River in Kansas and to the north and south forks of the Platte River and to the Republican, also the north and south forks of the Republican and even to the Arkansas River. Very likely a cow puncher is away from his ranch from March till October. They go out in the spring, very fat both themselves and horses and by the fall when they come back the horses are bony and the men hard. There is little wonder the horses get thin considering sometimes they are ridden 60 miles without a rest in one day. Each cow-

puncher is provided with from 7 to 12 horses and these are driven in a band with the mess wagons from one spot to another. About the end of August A will cut hay to feed his horses and bulls on during the winter. Of course the amount depends on the number of horses and bulls, the steers and cows and calves run out all the winter without feeding; the stock that is generally lost by reason of the cold generally had cows, the rest generally do well.

The horses and bulls are kept in the pasture and fed on hay if necessary all through the winter.

I have now explained as well as I can how the business is carried on.

The number of horses and stock A has is merely given as an example.

In my opinion stock raising is one of the most paying things going in the present day and also one of the surest.

All the people out here put their money in cattle who can. This company i.e. American Cattle Co. is buying up all the ranches they can, that is, they buy a man's ranch, quarter section and his cattle.

They will soon own most of this creek, for the possession of water is everything. They own on the Ancharee this ranch (1 - 1 camp) the meadows 16 miles west, Duck springs 12 miles beyond that the next ranch east is Sheild's which will probably soon become theirs; the ranch east beyond Sheild's is Heglers, for which they are now bargaining.

This ranch was only started this spring, the meadows I helped to build myself. Duck springs is not yet properly started, besides this they have claim shanties on the various pools and waterings on the creeks, these are merely log huts just to show the spot is occupied.

The great objection to stock raising is that a man must have a good round sum to start with from \$20,000 to \$30,000, so I guess I shall have to try and start a company and put what I can raise myself into it.

You see you cannot go much further west than this to do any good, as you would get the other side of the Rocky mountains.

As soon as I thoroughly understand the business I am going to look round and see if I cannot find a spot where a small sum of money will do. I shall go through Wyoming and Montana.

Talking of Montana, the cow punchers here consider it a better country than this for stock raising. One great reason why a man can't start with a small sum here is that if he only has 500 head it will not pay him to keep perhaps five or six cow punchers. If he has no cow punchers or not enough he would never find his cattle on the different round up. The only way for a man of small capital would be to fence in about 20 square miles of prairie and put his cattle in there and dispense with cowboys, but there is the cost of fencing and, besides that, there is a rumor that all fences

on government land are to be pulled down and that next year the law will come out. If it does a man will have to buy land before he could fence it in. There is a pasture between here and Echley the railroad station on the B & M road which is between 17 and 20 miles square. We go through it to get to the station. It is rather amusing how people lose themselves as far as time goes here. I heard the following conversation between a cowboy and a bone picker the other day. Cowboy to bone picker:

Say boss, do you know what time is it.

Bone picker: Well, I can't say exactly as I have no watch, but (looking at the sun) I guess it's half off three.

Cowboy: What's to-day?

Bone picker: I think it's Thursday.

Cowboy: Do you know the day of the month. I believe it's the 29th.

Bone picker: Well, I can't say unless I reckon it up, but I guess it's the end of September or somewhere in the beginning of October.

You see, you lose count of days and if you offered me \$5,000 dollars down I could not tell you whether it is Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, but I know it's one of those.

I have not yet had a letter from any of you, I can't quite understand it.

I inquired at the General Post Office before I left Denver but there were none there then. And so far none have come to 1st Floor, Tabor Block etc, at least they had not about a fortnight ago. I have forgotten the address of the Alliance Bank, I wish you would ask them to forward any money deposited there for me to their New York agents and ask them to advise the Colorado National Bank in Denver of the amount. I owe you \$42 or £10 which you lent me before I left England. If you will tell me that a cheque for \$42 on the Colorado National will do I will send one, but I don't know how they will manage cashing dollars at an English bankers, or whether they will give you £10 for a cheque for \$42. Here, or rather I should say in New York they give you \$4.80 to \$4.83 according to the rate of exchange at the time.

I owe McKemmie, tailors, Edinburgh, for the suit of clothes I had to get to take my degree in. Shall I pay him or will you pay him for me and I will pay you.

I am left alone here to take care of the ranch while the other boys are rounding up for beef. We are short of horses and I shall have nothing to do till next spring. However, I lived here for nothing till I did some work for them, they will most probably pay me a trifle for what I have done at haymaking and post hole digging. However, although I am alone I can amuse myself by shooting. There are loads of ducks and when anyone is here to look after the ranch I can hunt antelope of which there are a good



many. I have only to ride around the pasture fence every day or two to see that it is not broken down and that is all I have to do. One of the boys called Jim Gray got his leg broken the other day while rounding up cattle. His horse put his foot in a hole and fell on him. I hear he won't be well for six weeks. Jim is a character. Last winter he got lost in the snow with two of his horses and when he was found he had both his feet frozen and half of them had to be amputated so that now he only has two stumps. When they found him, he had had nothing to eat for two days and all they had to give him was three biscuits, one he ate himself and one he gave to each of his horses, so you can imagine the sort of man he is.

I am going to Denver for about a week in a month's time and shall call on the Dean. Tell Arty to write to me and send me his Leeds address as I expect he has changed his lodgings. I dislike being alone for one reason and that is I have to cook, clean my own dishes and sweep this place out. I am a pretty fair cook now and can make tip top biscuits or bread.

The round up here the day before yesterday and we had a dance. The dances consisted of breakdowns, jigs, waltzes polkas and stag dances. It should have just suited Mama to have seen those cow punchers dance. When they danced quadrilles, the question which was generally asked was which of you boys are girls? Then take your hats off. To see them dancing in long boots and spurs with big rowels and wide brimmed hats would make people "over there" stare.

They were collecting beef for the next shipment in about a fortnight's time so a big bunch of steers had to be herded all night, each man is "on guard" for two hours and his duty is to ride round the cattle and prevent them breaking away. Three or four are generally on guard at the same time. Sometimes the cattle are restless and keep trying to break away and then it is hard work for those "on guard." The night in question the cattle were scared and I heard the boys galloping and shouting all night. I was on guard the other morning from 2 a.m. to 4 a.m. and am ashamed to say I went to sleep in my saddle, but the horse I was riding was an old stager and kept going round the bunch and if they had broken he would have tried to stop them and his galloping would have roused me up.

If you have any particular news write your letter so that it will reach Denver about the first week in November and then I shall most probably find it in Denver.

No more news so must conclude — Best love to Mum and all the rest and Believe me,

Your affect. son,  
W. Fairbairn Wailes

c/o American Cattle Co.  
1st Floor, Tabor Block,  
Denver, Colorado.  
Sept. 25/83 U.S.A.

My dear Edie,

I have not heard from any of you yet so suppose you have not written to the right address.

When you get this, write to the above address as soon as you can and let me know all that is going on.

I am at a Ranch on the Arickaree Creek, 30 miles south of Eckley on the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad and about 140 miles from Denver. As the crow flies, the nearest inhabited house is 16 miles off and the nearest town I should think is Kit Carson 80 or 90 miles off.

We send to Denver for all our provisions etc. because we can reach the B & M Railroad which is 30 miles across the prairie, so you see the country is not thickly populated.

I am left here all alone to look after the ranch while the others have gone on the "round up", to ship beef to Chicago. I do not much like it but they always give a newcomer the unpleasant work; I have nothing to do but look after the fences of the pasture and look after the house like some old woman. I was thrown from a horse this morning for the first time since I came here. Certainly he had not been what in England they call "broken". All the breaking he ever had was a week ago when our "broncho buster" or "rough rider" caught him and put a saddle on his back and rode him for a little. Since then he has been running wild in the pasture (a portion of prairie about three miles round fenced in). Well, we drove all the horses into the corral this morning, lassoed this one and pulled him out, then I put my saddle on him and got on. The effect was rather like an electric shock. I was not properly in the saddle before we were in the air, and as soon as we came down again we went up again. I never managed to get me into the stirrups or I think I could have stayed there longer than I did. The fourth buck sent me into the horse's neck and the fifth sent me flying. He then amused himself by trying to buck the saddle off but we caught him before he managed it.

People in England cannot conceive what a "buck jumper" is but when I tell you that they jump so high and come down so hard that a man has been known to have been a dead man before he left the saddle, you will have a slight notion. Men have been known to ride a buck jumper till the shock injured them internally and killed them as they sat in the saddle and it is not uncommon to see a man bleeding from the nose and ears after he has ridden one.

Altogether I like the life very well although at first I found it rather rough I now have made my "downy couch" either on the

ground or on the floor for five weeks, a couple of blankets and the soft side of a plank make an excellent bed when you get used to it. The only thing I really hate is washing up dishes and that sort of work. The ranch consists of two rooms, a kitchen and a room where we eat.

We had a French cook, or rather a cook who was a Frenchman when first I came here but he has left us and we have a man now who cannot cook a bit. When he is away we have to cook for ourselves. My first attempt at making bread was not a success for I forgot to put any lard into it and it came out like a board and the boys turned up their noses at it and threw it away, but since then I have greatly improved and believe I could beat half the English cooks at making bread provided I was allowed to use Dr. Price's cream baking powder. We have venison in the shape of antelope when anyone shoots one and that is splendid. Also wild ducks in thousands about a month from now, so you see we feed pretty well.

There are no dangerous animals here except rattlesnakes, of which there are thousands, and some other snakes and wolves which very rarely will attack a man except when starving in the winter and seldom then. Besides, there are a good many sorts of birds and buffalo which are very scarce. Also coyotes, a sort of wolf. They make a horrible howling at night sometimes, especially if there has been any beef killed and hung up.

Denver is a nice clean little city and in a few years will be a charming place. A good many of the streets have trees at each side, but those are not grown yet. It is not at all like an English town, for nobody seems to be in a hurry in the streets.

There is a splendid opera house in Denver, also lots of gambling saloons where they play every gambling game you can possibly imagine.

How did you get on after you left the ship on Aug. 1st? Had you to stay in Liverpool all night or not? I have not written to Leila yet but shall do so shortly.

My fellow cow punchers are a very decent lot of fellows. They are rather rough of course but not so rough as you would expect. When they go to a town they throw off the cow puncher and act the gentleman.

I am going up to Denver in about a month's time, probably for about a week, I shall then come out here and stay till next spring.

I don't know any news to tell you so much conclude.

I expect you are at Biarritz but shall send this to Askham in case you are there.

Do write me a long letter and tell me all the news, as it is much more interesting when one is out here than when a person is at home and within an hour or two of his friends.

I wonder how old Dash is getting on. I have not heard but I will tell you when I do hear.

With very best love to yourself and Aunt Clara,  
Believe me,

Your ever affect. brother,  
W. F. Wailes

October 4th 1883

1 - 1 Camp

P.S. I have just received my first mail from England and among the letters one from yourself. Your other letter addressed to "Bussel" Texas will never reach me because Bussel is in Kansas, not Texas. Probably you will get it back. I am glad you have enjoyed yourself at St Andrews. I told you Johnnie Fairbairn was a good sort of fellow but you did not seem to think it.

I don't know whether you will be able to read this by the time it reaches you as most of the pencil seems coming out but there is not a good pen in the place.

This is the first really wet day I have seen since Aug. 1st when I left England. When I first came here I used to gasp it was so hot and the sun took all the skin off my arms and face, but it is much cooler now and to-day it is rather cold.

The cattle were "rounded up" here the other day and that night we had a dance in the Shanty. It would make you laugh to see all the cow punchers waltzing together in long boots, big spurs, revolvers etc. to the music of an old fiddle. You see, ladies or we will say women are scarce here. The nearest I know of is seventy five miles off. However, everybody seemed to enjoy themselves without the girls (take that) so it did not much matter.

I hear Beatrice Wailes is going to enter the bonds of matrimony. I am going to congratulate her by post this afternoon. I have no news but you might like to know exactly where I am, so I will try to draw you a map.

[Map in original letter not reproduced]

I have put an X where our camp is. The creek it is on will not be marked in any map but it is the Arickaree or middle fork of the Republican river. There is no timber here not a tree to be seen. The nearest tree is 23 miles east of here. It looks very desolate and in fact this is what is called "the great American desert" and I think the name is very appropriate. The boys ran some buffalo the other day, but they only had their six shooters with them, so could not kill them from any distance. The horses were afraid of them and would not "run" up to them but one of the boys put three bullets into one of them while riding at full gallop seventy yards from them, pretty good shooting, don't you think so? They can shoot awfully straight with six shooters, they can kill a hawk or goose on the wing sometimes but of course with no certainty.

Tothie will be with you I expect when you get this, remember me to her and tell her that I was glad to hear she enjoyed the first ball so much.

With best love,  
Believe me,  
Your ever affect. brother,  
W. F. Wailes

A postcard from the Dean of Denver (Mr Hart)  
November 30th, 1883

Scene : Street, Denver, Colo.

Time : November 10th Day -like - Cloudless sky.

Dean : Hallow! Mr Standard — have you been to the ranch lately?

Mr S : "Yes! Dean, I was there last week."

Dean : "How is that cousin's son of mine?"

Mr S : "Fine! — he's a Rustler — that young man is —  
"He dug 600 post holes all by himself — and when  
"I was there he killed his first Antelope  
"and he was 'feeling good' — I can tell you that  
"young man will do!" —

The Meadows Ranch,  
35 M S  
Nov. 25th 1883

My dear Mother,

I have had so much to do for the last month that I have not had time to write to anyone. The company have been building a new Ranch here so that we have been working from morning till night and had time for nothing else. We have partly built the house, also we have built stables, sheds, and a small pasture twelve miles round and various other things, so you see we have had lots to do and plenty to be done. I have not had my horses given to me yet but expect to get them shortly as a lot of new horses will be bought, most probably from Texas, in which case I shall provide myself with a sandbank, a coffin, and someone to dig my grave as Texas horses are the most vicious brutes living and a man ought to be prepared before he get upon one of them.

I have been riding the horses belonging to a man who got his leg broken six weeks ago or I should have been without horses at all.

We have given up sleeping out of doors now but continued it for some time after the frosts set in, so now we all have to sleep in the shanty on the floor. I am going to Denver shortly and will write and tell you how I like the city people. Of course I shall call upon the Dean and go to his Cathedral on Sunday.

I have received lots of papers from you but only one letter.

I had much rather have no papers and a few letters from you instead.

I don't know where to write to as you may have left Harrogate so shall send this to 28 Albion St., Leeds.

Tell Arty that he ought to write to me. I have no time to write to him first as I have so many members of the family to correspond with.

Do you know that I have only seen two women since the 26th August and only one of those to speak to and she was not a very refined looking lady as her mansion consisted of a covered buggy and her only possessions are frying pan and tin kettle, moreover, she was very dirty to look at, in fact not at all a pleasant personage. No time for more now but will write again when I get to Denver. With love to yourself and all the others,

Believe me,

Your ever affect. son,  
W. F. Wailes

c/o American Cattle Co.,  
Hayles,  
Nebraska, U.S.A.  
December 5th 1883

My dear Father,

I received a whole batch of mail the other day, two of your letters, two of Mama's, two of Edie's and one of Leila's.

Before I heard from you asking me some particulars about the business of stock raising, I had already written to you telling you how it was managed etc., but will now answer the questions you ask in your letters.

As to the value of this ranch or rather the (1-1) three bar ranch, that is rather a hard question to answer because the company owns so many ranches so to speak in one.

The original Three bar ranch separated from others owns about 4,700 head, and as cattle bought like that cost \$30 a head for cows and \$10 a head for calves, the value of stock would be about  $4,000 \times 30 + 700 \times 10 = \$127,000$ , then horses, say 70 at an average of \$45 = \$3,150, then the value of the range say \$3,000; value of fencing 400 (4 miles of it) value of ploughs, waggons, implements \$500.

\$127,000
3,150
3,000
400
500

---

\$134,050

---

Roughly speaking, say, £27,000, that is a great price you will say, so it is.

The value of steers, fat for market (4 years old) is \$42 for native 25 Colorado cattle \$34 to \$36 for Texas cattle, shipment to Chicago costs \$125 (I think) a car which contains 20 head, they sell them in batches just according to what are fit for market, perhaps 400, perhaps 700. How many 1 - 1 steers were shipped this year I can't tell you.

A word about the Peane Cattle Company in case any of your clients have shares therein. They shipped this year everything that could be called a steer, thereby making the dividend higher than it ought to be and consequently next year the dividend is bound to be low. That is when swindling, if there is any, comes in. Everything that will do to be shipped, say by yearlings, two or three years old steers instead of four years old are shipped. Consequently a larger dividend, the following year very few were shipped, small dividends. The result: holders get frightened and sell out and other people who are interested can buy in. You need not say who told you anything about the "Peano Cattle Co." in particular as in this country it is just possible that someone might "get on my track".

The value of a ranch as quoted opposite seems large but a man can start a ranch for a much smaller sum.

Say he prospects for a range and finds one which is comparatively easy more north, he takes up a claim for 160 acres somewhere on water; for this he only pays \$1.50 an acre 2.3 \$240 for the claim that is all he need spend on land. He then must have a small pasture, say 4 miles round. That will cost him \$400. House \$180. Implements \$200. 20 horses (Texas) at \$25 = £500 and then if he chooses he can buy yearling rawhide (Texas) heifers for \$16 a head. Say he buys 500 head = \$8,000 and 20 bulls at \$50 = \$1,000.

Claim	240
Fence	400
House	180
Implements	200
20 horses	500
500 Texas heifers	8,000
20 good bulls	1,000
	<hr/>
	\$10,520
	<hr/>

Say he could do it for \$10,500

If I had been here three years ago I could have bought any of these ranges for \$240. A man called Shields who has a ranch 30 miles east on the creek started on it four years ago with nothing and in debt. Now he has about 500 head of cattle and is out of

debt. That was because this country was overrun with Indians seven years ago and no white man dare live here, and four years ago Shields came as the first settler. His wife died last week, so he will most likely sell his whole concern and will get about \$17,000 for it I expect. Now all the country nearly is filled up and there is no range left. Consequently a man has to buy the claim, cattle, horses and range instead of appropriating it as first come.

This country is very new yet and it seems strange to think that only three years ago the Utes (Indians) came up this creek and slaughtered every man they found in all seven. This year too we have had a band of Indians crossed the creek going north, but nobody that I heard of was molested, though assuredly if they found any man alone they would shoot him.

I was all alone up here when they crossed some miles below. If they had crossed up here they would certainly have scalped me. Luckily they didn't. One old hunter came upon them but ran for it and escaped.

I was rather amused at two men who came past in a light buggy. They were nearly dead with fright and offered me fabulous prices for a revolver or gun which, of course, I refused to sell. As they left, one of them looked at me very sadly and said "I hate like hell to leave you," as if he had seen the last of me on this earth. I do not want you to suppose from this that there is any danger in living here. On the contrary, the country is very peaceable and it is only when Indians 'break' away from their 'Reservations' and go about loose by themselves as these had, that they are dangerous and even then they would avoid two or three armed men. It is only if they found a man alone that they are likely to molest him. I also expect that Indians will never again come up the creek unless guarded by soldiers which is the usual manner of moving them.

There is one thing I have forgotten to tell you, and that is that a man can't buy yearlings and nothing else from any place near his range. If he buys stock from someone near him, he must buy the whole "brand" for if, for instance, A bought a yearling branded 1-1 from us, any of our boys would take that yearling from him and claim it as belonging to the 1-1 brand. Therefore, if a man wants to buy yearlings he must go a long way off, say Texas, buy yearlings or calves, put his own brand on them and drive them off say, 500 or 600 miles.

If one man A owned cattle on this creek and branded his stock X and another man B on the same creek branded his O, & A came along and found a "mavrick" or "unbranded" calf belonging to an O cow and branded it X, that calf would stay with its mother branded O while it was branded X and during the "round up" they would find this and would say "Hullo, what's this, an O



cow's calf branded X." And as the calf belongs to the owner of the cow the owners of the O brand would take the calf branded X whether the owner of the X brand had obtained it lawfully or not. This is another reason why a man must buy the whole brand or none.

Our manager, Lee West, is generally on the ranch and superintends during the round up, and also at other times, and works at the same time himself. He has gone off to Mr Cook to claim one of his own horses which had strayed, and the man who found it won't give it up. I noticed he put his six shooters on before he started, so I suppose he is going to argue the point. He is a very good sort of fellow to work under and an uncommonly good manager. As to cow punchers, they are very different people from what I expect you to imagine them to be. They are mostly young fellows of about 20 or 25. They are generally pretty well dressed except at the end of the year when their clothes are worn out. They wear long boots, sometimes "shapareros", high spurs, a flannel shirt, sometimes bright red, an ordinary coat in Winter and a broad trimmed hat also \_\_\_\_\_ but not least they "pack a pistol" a long barrellled six shooter carried in a sheath, fixed to a cartridge belt. The rest of their outfit consists of a saddle quirt and head gear to their horse, and a bed of three or four blankets and a waggon sheet. They talk very like an Englishman fairly well educated never missing out their h's but using some very queer expressions and I am sorry to say swearing more than necessary. They also chew tobacco and drink whiskey when they can get it and gamble at "poker". That is a cow puncher proper.

The winter here is pretty severe but a man does not feel the cold so much. Last winter the thermometer reached 40 below zero.

I am glad to see by your letters that you have had some sport on the Tweed. I have killed lots of ducks, a prairie grouse, jack rabbits and an antelope. I have some feathers from a duck I shot two days ago which I think would make into a good fly, so will send them to you in case you might like to try them. I have written till I am tired so must conclude and go to bed.

Love to all and Believe me,  
Your ever affect. son,  
W. F. Wailes

The American Cattle Co.  
Haigler, Nebraska,  
U.S.A.

The Meadows,  
December 9th 1883

My dear Edie,

I hear that you have not had a letter from me yet and still I have written to you twice if not three times. I think I have received all your letters except the one sent to Bussell, but as I have

not been to Bussell yet I have not had an opportunity of getting it. I hope there were no State secrets in it or any correspondence of a treasonable nature as the post office clerks may open it and read it if it is not claimed shortly. You seem to have been having "a good time" during the Leeds Festival, the music must have been splendid.

I expect Bertie Lennard will by this time have come home for the Xmas vacation. Selwyn College had not been built when I left Cambridge, or rather it was not finished. I am afraid there is no one there now to whom I could write to and tell them to call on him except one individual and I am afraid he would not assist Bertie in his studies or anything else.

You would enjoy going over to Goldsbro' again. I should like to have been with you. We had lots of fun there when we were young. Upon my word, I feel quite fifty and often wonder if I shall grow much older.

By the way, I don't know whether I told you in my last that I am engaged to an Apache squaw, a descendant of the famous "Sitting Bull". I can't say that she is pretty but she is a good girl and that is the point I consider most. I take her away from her father's wigwam early in the spring. I will send you a piece of the wedding cake. I know you will like her if you can only put up with her craving for raw meat, tallow and other food of that sort. I get 800 acres of land with her and shall get 600 more for each of my "papooses" and also don't pay taxes, so you can't say that I have made a bad match.

The weather here has been lovely till two days ago when we had storm but it has already cleared up. It is frosty and cold but the sun always shines. The thermometer goes as low as 40° below zero sometimes but it has only once been down to zero this fall.

I have shot lots of ducks and an antelope but have not been successful with the antelopes since and never found out the reason till yesterday when I discovered that the sights of the rifle had got damaged by being let fall or something of that sort and consequently won't hit its mark if it is held straight but I can easily have it repaired in Denver. I am going to Denver for a week or so on the 18th instant in hopes of seeing Herbert Wailes who is on his way through to Frisco. I always thought Emmie Lascelles had been married more than a year ago but you speak of her in your letter as "Miss". I am afraid I have no interesting news to tell you as one day here is much the same as another. We have not much riding to do now as the season for collecting cattle is over, but to-day I have been in the saddle from 7 a.m. till 3 p.m. and from 4 o'clock till 5, but that is not considered much in the summer when a man is riding 16 hours out of the 24. If there is still a railway war going on, I am going down to Pueblo, to see

the place. There are a lot of peaceable Indians round there and I am going to try and buy some buffalo robes and Indian earthenware. There are very few buffalo round here, the "boys" have only lassoed two and shot two the whole summer.

I hope you and Tottie will both enjoy yourselves at Biarritz this winter. Give that young lady my love and tell her that I am exceedingly happy and therefore by her own showing, exceedingly good. My behaviour will bear the strictest investigation.

I will write to you when I am in Denver or when I return and if I am received into polite society, I will tell you what I think of the Tony people. As yet I have only mixed with the " \_\_\_\_\_ " and find them very different from the same class at home.

Denver, Colo.  
Dec. 26th 1883

My dearest Mother,

I am writing too late, to wish you all a merry Xmas but hope you have had one.

I am sending you some photos to be divided amongst the whole family, Leila and Edie included and also a \$1 bill to be divided between Mabel and Hilda.

I have been staying with the Dean since Xmas eve and we had a grand Xmas service in the Cathedral. Karl, the great tenor singer sang the solo in the Anthem.

Denver is a very dull place unless you know lots of people.

I went with the Harts to a sort of Xmas party on Christmas night and we had a little dancing. There were one or two pretty American girls there.

I go out into the ranch again the day after tomorrow and shall probably not be in a town again till the beginning of next September. You can see from the style of this letter that I have no news of any sort.

We have had the great fighter John Sullivan here. He was going to spar in a friendly way at the Exposition buildings, and I should have liked to have seen him, but I thought as I was a guest of the Dean of Denver, it would look rather queer, so gave up the idea.

Give my love to everyone and wish them all a happy new year and with the same wish to yourself and

Believe me,  
Your ever affect. son,  
W. Fairburn Wailes

Denver, Colo.  
Dec. 23, 1883

My dear Sybil,

Thank you very much for your letter which amused me very much. I have unfortunately lost it, so can't answer it.

I came up to Denver on Thursday from a place called Haigler in Nebraska. I had a sixty-five miles ride to get to the Station and then 140 miles by rail. I am glad you told me it was your birthday as otherwise I should have forgotten it. I can't get you a present here, so send you a piece of paper instead which no doubt Papa will cash for you and then you can get a present for yourself.

Dean Hart has asked me to spend Christmas with them, so I move my camp there tomorrow — Last Thursday I slept in a bed for the first time for nearly five months and found it so uncomfortable that I had serious thoughts of pulling the clothes off the bed and sleeping on the floor, but towards morning I managed to get to sleep.

Mrs. Hart is very anxious that I should go to two dances here but as I have no intention of spending \$60 on a suit of war paint, I shall have to make some excuse.

This place is almost as civilized as London and you can get luxuries cheaper. When you go into a restaurant to get your dinner, they ask you if you will have "Buffalo steak", "Hashed venison" or "Saddle of Antelope". People drive about in sleighs and have bells on them, the town is lighted in some parts by "electric light" so it looks very pretty at night.

Tell Mabel to write to me when she has time and write me a letter sometime yourself. Now goodbye and don't eat too much plum pudding or you will be ill tomorrow and believe me,

Your affectionate Brother,

W. Fairburn Wailes

P.S. Wish everybody a merry Christmas for me.

Jan. 6th '84

The Meadows,  
30 M.S. Otus, Colo.  
Address : C/o American Cattle Co.,  
Nebraska, U.S.A.

My dear Edie,

I am writing, though rather too late to wish you a merry Xmas and Happy New Year. I wonder what sort of weather you are having at Biarritz. Here, it is what you might call "chilly". Our meat freezes so hard that we have to cut it with an axe. Although we keep it in the house with us and the other night one of the "boys" had a bottle of medicine which he put in his blankets to keep it from freezing and in the morning it was frozen hard, fortunately for me I can stand lots of cold and don't seem to feel it as much as the others do. Also the cold is a different sort to what we have in England and does not seem to get to a person's bones in the same way. I have been paying a visit to Denver and have been there about nine days. I stayed with Dean Hart most of the time and on the whole spent a pleasant Xmas. I had a ride of nearly seventy miles to get to the railway station, but as it was

snowing hard I took two days about it and did things easily. I am afraid I was hardly a presentable object when I boarded the cars at Haigler. I had not had my hair cut for about fourteen weeks and had not been shaved for three, my clothes were rather the worse for wear and altogether I was not fit to walk down "Bond Street". I noticed all the passengers stared at me as if I was a wild animal. However, when I got to Denver I soon put on the "war paint" of civilization and felt glad to do it too.

Denver is quite a fine city and in some parts looks rather like London. The streets are lighted in some places by electric light. There are tramways all over and fine shops, but one thing one misses are fine horses and carriages. You never see a London looking carriage and pair and very seldom a spirited looking horse. Most of the swell carriages have nigger coachmen who look and think themselves finer than anybody else.

Another queer thing is that you never meet what you could call a "gentleman" and very seldom a "lady". For my part I would much rather associate with "cow punchers" than most of the so called gentlemen. The former are much the most genteel of the two. I went to a sort of dance on Xmas eve and enjoyed myself pretty well. There were some American girls there who "guessed" and "reckoned" a great deal. One of them was rather pretty. I expect you are enjoying yourself at Biarritz, at least I hope so. Write and tell me all your doings.

Sybil, Mabel and Hilda all wrote me letters a short time ago, they are most amusing, especially Hilda's.

How did you enjoy yourself at Leila's? Had you lots of fun or did you amuse yourselves by looking over the various domestic animals. I expect you will be having lots of dancing and tennis at Biarritz but suppose you play tennis indoors as it will be too cold for outdoor games. I sent you a photograph of American scenery as a Xmas present. I could not get anything like the country I am in now as there is nothing to photograph, not even a tree, the nearest one being twenty six miles away, so got you some mountain scenery. I sent them to Mama to be distributed so you must get it from her.

We have very little to do now except eat and sleep so I have lots of time for shooting but lately the weather has been too cold to make the plains enjoyable, but when the cold weather breaks up, I shall get some antelope and will save you a skin or two.

Now I must conclude as I have literally nothing to tell you. If Tottie is with you give her my best wishes and tell her I hope she also is "happy" which of course includes being "good". Give my love to Aunt Clara and Claudia and Believe me,

Your ever affect. brother,  
W. F. Wailes

Address C/o American Cattle Co.  
Haigler,  
Nebraska,  
U.S.A.

The Meadows,  
December 7th 1883

My dear Leila,

Thank you so much for your letters and newspapers, they help greatly to relieve the monotony of a winter camp. The newspapers have been made both ornamental and useful. The graphics and Sporting and Dramatic have had the pictures cut out of them and pasted over the boards inside of the Shanty and serve both to look at and also to keep the wind from coming through the cracks.

Miss Helen Mathers has the post of honour as being the prettiest picture in the room and occupies a conspicuous place unlike the Royal Academy, we "sky" the good pictures because the room is only about seven feet high and we "floor" all the bad ones.

I am glad to hear that Fred has made such a hit with his \_\_\_\_\_ and hope the few I have will prove of some worth; but I really don't know much about them myself.

You seem to have been working hard in the village but I suppose Fred is a sort of Squire there and the Squire's wife is sure to be dragged into all business connected with schools and church. I hardly know what I am writing for the cook will sing such songs as "Sweet [Adeline]" etc and as he does not know one end of a tune from another, it is rather distracting, I wish he and "Sweet [Adeline]" were both in, well in jail, we will say, for fear of using strong language. I am very glad Fred has taken a farm, however small, I think it is an excellent idea and will give him lots to do and improve his appetite!!! "Just before the battle Mother" now, Basso profundo fortissimo and the tune the old cow died of him. Excuse strong language, I can't help it.

I have heard of Bee's engagement and sincerely trust that it will be a happy match. I myself like Fred Wailles, but that does not prove he will make a good husband. Anyhow, she will get quantity (6ft. 4in.) if not quality, but don't say I said so.

As you say, it is very hard to get letters posted. Haigler, my address, is 65 miles east of here and the nearest place we get our letters from.

My work has been pretty hard lately, since the riding for the season ended. I dug 600 post holes 2½ feet deep in hard ground, or rather most of the holes were I could dig 80 a day. Let Fred try in a hard piece of ground and then tell me if he will give me a job at digging when I return to the old country, if nothing more remunerative turns up. After the post-hole digging I put in the posts and then stretched the wire. There were about five of us working and we put up 12 miles of fence in about 3 weeks.

We then built stables and a cellar as the meat here freezes if

you leave it out at night and then the only way to get a piece of it for your breakfast is to chop it with an axe as you would hew a tree. At present I have an easy time of it; I have only to feed and water 5 horses and a mule and clean the stable; the mule is a brute and I believe will eat me before I get rid of him. When I take him down to the well to water him he picks out a dirty place and rolls in it and you will have to wait till he is ready to get up. I find flaying his hide with a blacksnake, i.e. long whip of rawhide, the only antidote. I now and then turn him loose and to catch him again is a caution, the only way is to drill him into a "cral" and then lasso him there. I am not yet expert with the lasso, and he has a habit of galloping past you and when you throw the rope at him or rather in front of him so as to just catch his head, he stops short and it drops harmlessly in front of his nose; I had my revenge to-day though, he passed me at a gallop and I threw the rope at him and luckily caught him. He then galloped off to amuse himself by pulling me about at the end of the rope but he happened to go past a post and quickly took a turn round it. When he got to the end of his tether he nearly broke his neck. Some men here can gallop after a cow and throw the rope round their hind legs while they are running and throw them down and tie them there is less than a minute from when they threw the rope. They are also pretty expert with a six shooter which they all carry and can snuff a candle with it or kill a duck with it. Some of them can ride a "bucking" horse with a "dime" (10 cent piece) between each foot and the stirrup and not let it drop out. I used to think I could ride in England, but I have come to the conclusion I don't know the first rudiment of it. To see a man here catch a colt that has never been touched and in fact perfectly wild, saddle him, get on to him and ride him makes me feel ashamed of myself. Of course the colts have no mouths and a bridle is no more use than a piece of thread. In fact, some don't use a bridle at all. Sometimes a horse will buck till the blood runs out of the man's ears and mouth and men have been known to have been dead before they left the saddle. This is because the horse jumps high in the air with all four legs off the ground, then straightens them out and comes down with them quite stiff which causes such a terrible jar that it sometimes hurts a man internally - I think I have received all the papers you sent me but sometimes the "Times" never arrives, people here like to read the "Thunderer" as that paper is called and so borrow it.

There are seven "cow punchers" here altogether, they wear gloves, six shooters, spurs like this [sketch in original letter not reproduced] a broad brimmed hat, a coloured shirt and high boots, sometimes a red sash round their waists. I am afraid some of them are too apt to shoot and gamble at "Poker" but otherwise they are good fellows enough. We have an old fiddle and we

dance together, ladies dance without hats, we dance valse, polkas, schottishes, colt's dance, quadrilles and rackets and sometimes one of the boys performs a solo in the shape of a break down. We had a dance the last day of the round up and danced square dances in which one man sang the tune the thrilling refrain of which was "swing that girl" "that pretty girl that is behind you". Some of the girls were very bronzed looking beauties standing 6 ft. or thereabouts, but they were swung with vigour by their partners in spite of that.

I have heard that Edie is going to pay you a visit soon. She complains that she has received no letters from me and I have written to her twice.

I have shot an antelope and lots of ducks etc. so have had a pretty good time.

I am going to Denver on the 18th inst. in hoping of catching Herbert who will be passing through on his way to Frisco. I must now conclude and if you find any mistakes in spelling etc. put it down to that infernal songster.

Love to Fred and the babies and Believe me,  
Your ever affect. brother,  
W. F. Wailes

Address

C/o American Cable Co.  
Haigler  
Nebraska,  
U.S.A.

The Meadows,  
Jan. 12th 1884

My dearest Leila,

I believe I owe you a very long letter but can't pay my debt as news is scarce.

I am left all alone up here again for about 10 days I expect, so I have lots of time to write if I had only something to tell you.

I have been up to Denver for about ten days and returned here on the 4th Inst. The ride to the station was unpleasant, 60 to 65 miles in a snowstorm, no roads, thermometer below zero, one of the slight inconveniences of living out of a town; the ride home colder but no snow. I had a pretty good time in Denver and stopped with Dean Hart, he is a very nice fellow but Mrs. H \* \* \* \* \*. They made me go to church on Xmas day when I wanted to go and see Sullivan sport at the Exposition buildings that was rough, wasn't it? There were roars of laughter when I told the "boys" about it.

I had an amusing time on the cars, I was ragged tanned, my hair had not been cut for four months and I had not been shaved for three weeks. I also had the customary "six shooter" on my belt and was taking a rifle back to Denver to get it mended when I walked into the first class car and sat down. All the people



who had come from the east and who were not used to western ways, stared as if I was a wild animal, the ladies especially. I believe they thought I was going to "hold up" the train and rob them. The express men on the cars wear from one to four "six-shooters" as now and then the cars are held up and the train is robbed, which is done in this way; about four men are required, two with double barrelled shot guns go into the cars and put them to their shoulders and call to everyone to "hold up" their hands, which of course they do. If they won't, the man fires at them, then the other two men go to each end of the train, one presents a sixshooter at the engine driver and orders him to stop, the other holds up the "express man" and "goes through" the mail bags and goods. So now if any man boards a train with a gun, the conductor turns him off there and then until he will consent to give up the gun till the end of the journey. Denver is quite a city and has a splendid Opera house. Also another place just like a theatre called the "Academy of Music", two or three music halls and another small theatre. The streets are lighted by electric light in some places and there are swell shops almost as big as Marshall & Snelgrove at Scarbro'. East of Denver there is hardly a town for five hundred miles except Omaha. All the other places on that time consist of a section house and Depot - I did not forget your birthday but could not get a letter sent at the time and when I could it slipped my memory. I sent you a small Christmas present in the shape of a photograph which you will get from Mama who has them all. Photos are so fearfully expensive here that I could not afford to send more. I have had a letter from each of the children, they are most amusing, especially Hilda's. I expect I shall find them all changed when next I cross the pond. I saw some young fellows called Parsons when last I went to Denver, I knew them a little when first I went there, they were gentlemen in the old country and are so still. Nevertheless, one works on the railway and the other is clerk in an auctioneer's office. Everybody works here and is not ashamed of it. When first I knew them they were "running" a fruit store, selling lemonade etc. but the people of Denver don't patronize lemonade when they can get whiskey, so the store went to smash.

I have lots to do when I am alone here and when I marry, shall be able to show my wife how things should be done. In the morning I arise from my feather bed and spring mattress and go and feed the horses, then I come back and light the fire and proceed to cut the meat for breakfast. This has to be done with an axe, as it freezes hard, although we keep it in the house. Breakfast consists of steak, hot rolls, buckwheat cakes and molasses, potatoes, coffee etc. After breakfast I wash the dishes and sweep out the mansion. That takes me till about noon when we have dinner. Then I generally go out shooting till near sun down, then I feed

the horses and make my supper. After that I write or play the fiddle and then I go to bed. I am getting a great cook, my "forte" is hare soup made out of Jack rabbits. I also make pastry and apple pies and of course bread.

I must now conclude as I want to go to bed.  
 With love to Fred and the babes,  
 Believe me,  
 Your ever affect. brother,  
 W. Fairbairn Wailes

P.S. I received most of your papers for which I am awfully obliged.

C/o American Cattle Co.,  
 Haigler,  
 Nebraska, U.S.A.  
 Feb. 3rd 1884

My dear Mabel,

I am writing to you and Hilda tonight and then when anybody goes down to the post office I can get them posted.

I hope you order good dinners when Muriel is away. You should learn to cook them too and then when I have a log hut of my own you could come and do the housekeeping. I have to cook here sometimes, so know something about it. After you have had beef hot, then you have it cold, and after that if any is left, you "hash it", that is the way to do in order to economise. When we want beef here, we axe and then we make pancakes and turn them by tossing them in the air.

The breakfast we have:  
 Underdone beeksteak  
 Hot rolls or pancakes  
 Coffee and milk and sugar  
 Tomatoes or sugar corn  
 Molasses  
 Potatoes  
 For dinner we have:  
 Antelope or beef roast or boiled  
 Biscuits  
 Coffee, etc.  
 Tomatoes or sugar corn  
 Molasses, etc.

For supper we have the same but sometimes have dried apples or "dried prunes" stewed. When the spring comes we shall be able to shoot some ducks. Don't go to the butcher's and order it, but we take a rifle and shoot a cow and then cut it up and use it as we want it.

We used not to have any butter or milk here, as we had no cow but had to drink our coffee without milk and sometimes without

sugar but we have lots of milk now and also some butter we bought at the grocer's who lives sixty miles away.

In the morning when it is cold I get up first and light the stove and then get into bed again and then when the room gets a little warm, one of the cow punchers gets up and begins to get breakfast, then I get up when the house gets the frost out of it and we get our breakfast. I grind the coffee while he chops the meat with axe and have them.

I am glad you enjoyed yourself on the 5th of November.

We have had no high winds like you have - it must have been terrible.

Give my love to Mama and everyone at home and Believe me,

Your ever affect. brother,  
W. F. Wailes

C/o American Cattle Co.,  
Haigler,  
Nebraska  
U.S.A.

Feb. 17th 1884

My dear Mother,

I have been unable to write to you lately because I have had no chance of sending any mail, but one of the "boys" is going down the creek tomorrow and will post this.

I have very little news to tell you, none in fact. The weather here has been very cold lately, one day I should think it reached nearly 40° below zero.

We have not had a stranger for more than three months now so that it is rather dull.

I shall be left alone for a week or so after tomorrow but hope to get some mail when anybody comes back again.

I hope you have at length settled the "house" question and have got one to your liking.

I don't know where you are now so shall enclose this in my letter to Mabel.

With best love, Believe me,  
Your ever affect. son,  
W. F. Wailes

April 8th 1884

My dear Edie,

The "boys" having gone away for ten days I am all alone again and I always find that rather an advantage when I have to write letters, as when they are here there is always laughing and talking going on. They went away the day before yesterday, to take some horses down the creek and to get provisions somewhere or

other. I am always the one left alone and have spent half the winter by myself. Some people can't stand it, but I have very little objection as long as I can shoot. I was once left for sixteen days and never saw a human being all that time. I have about sixty horses to look after and about ten to take especial care of in the stable. A good many of our cattle have been driven south by the storms and have reached some fencing on the Smoky Hill river about two hundred miles south and as they can't get any further south, they are dying by the hundreds so some of us will have to go there and cut the fences and let them go on and as the owners will object, I expect there will be an epidemic of "buck-shot" but you need not alarm yourself about me, as I shan't be sent, but some older men who know the country well, I have not got my horses yet as we don't begin "rounding up" till May. Some of the horses' names are peculiar, we have "the Master", "the Colonel", "Big Medicine", "Chocktoo", "Ward Beecher", "Alcabre", "Big Buckshot", "Stockings", "White Cloud", etc. I have about seven invalids to look after at present, they have eaten a weed called "Coco" and have gone stark raving mad. This coco is to a horse what I suppose Opium is to a man and although it is bad for him, he can't help taking it. Some of them get so foolish they don't even know what a bucket of water or a feed of corn is (fact) and when you get onto them they generally rear over backwards. Also, when they have to step over any little thing, even if it is only three inches high, they either jump over it or step very high. I and my squaw have separated, we quarrelled about some meat. She liked it raw and I like it cooked. The consequence was I sent her back to her father's "Tepee". At parting the tears stood in her lustrous eyes, and she positively yelled, for she was passionately fond of me. You must not expect any letters from me after the end of April till October, as we shall be working hard all that time and very seldom get more than four hours for sleep, sometimes not so much, consequently I shall have no time to write. We are riding from five in the morning till about 7.30 at night and then there is branding etc. to be done and then we have to "stand guard" for two hours during the night to prevent the cattle getting away. Sometimes we have to ride hardest during that two hours so you see there is not much time for writing.

The last two antelopes I shot I killed in three shots — not so bad for a tenderfoot I think, at nearly four hundred yards distant. Here I can get nothing but antelope and wolf skins, as there is nothing else but wild horses and I suppose you do not covet their hides.

Eddie writes "I think I have given you the pith of his letter. It was a good long one nearly 3 sheets. I don't like the thought of not hearing from him till October, but it is not so bad, when one does not expect to get letters. What hard work he will have."

The American House,  
Denver,  
Colorado, U.S.A.  
March 27th 1884

My dear Mother,

I should have written to you before to congratulate you on the celebration of your silver wedding, but was unable to get a letter posted, so concluded to wait till I came up to Denver.

I am sorry to hear you have been ill with blood poisoning, but trust you are now convalescent. Please write and tell me how you are, as I shall be most anxious to know. Write to "The Post Office", Glendive, Montana, U.S.A., as I shall probably be there shortly.

I am going up into that north country and shall probably settle down there as from all accounts it is a better country for cattle than Colorado; so you must not be alarmed if I don't write again for a month or even more, as I shall probably cross from Sidney in Nebraska to Little Missouri in Montana, a distance of, I suppose, 800 miles and no railway the whole way. I shall either go by stage if one runs all the way or shall buy two horses and ride one and pack my bed and "war bag" on the other. I could go round by Omaha, but it would be more expensive and take over a week. Still, I have not decided yet which I shall do.

I have had a very disagreeable time the last few days. I went to a little place called Otus on the B & M R R R and had great trouble to get the train going west to stop. There are only two trains in every twenty four hours each way. The method of stopping it was to stand on the line and flag it with any white article of clothing. This I did two days and it never would stop for me; at night it passed at 3 a.m. and I signalled it to stop twice with a lantern before I managed to start. This necessitated sleeping on the ground by the side of the rails which is cold in March. I may mention that at these little side stations they have no platforms and the train stops anywhere, as there is nothing but one house there. I have not called on the Harts yet as I am not respectable yet. This morning I had my hair cut and got shaved and tonight I shall be able to get a pair of trousers repaired sufficiently to be respectable. At present I have only on common blue trousers worn by navvies and cowboys.

It is blowing a young cyclone to-day and it is almost impossible to walk against it, sometimes it is so strong.

Please don't send any more papers to me as they will only be wasted till I get settled down.

I am very sorry to hear about Artie's illness, but I trust every one will soon recover.

This hotel is magnificent in every way, everything beautifully clean and cooking unsurpassed anywhere, but the charges are high

being \$2.50 a day which includes everything, but I find that cheaper in the end to taking a room and taking my meals elsewhere. I have to write to Leila Formby, Edie and others to tell them to write to Glendive instead of Haigler, so must conclude or shall have no time.

With my best love to all and yourself especially.  
Believe me,  
Your ever affect. son,  
W. F. Wailes

Denver, Colorado,  
April 1st 1884

My dear Father,

I start for the North tonight so will write now as probably I shall have very little time for writing when I get up there.

The American Cattle Co. agreed last fall that if I would work for my board they would pay me wages in the spring, but when I put in my claim they refused, saying "they did not employ green hands" so I left them and am going to try my luck in Montana; this was just what I expected as I only had a "verbal agreement" with them, so I wrote them early in the spring in order that if they refused I should have time to look for work before the round-ups commence or probably they would not have said a word about it for six weeks or so. It is not of much consequence as I had intended to go north in the Fall, and if I go there now I shall have an opportunity of comparing notes as to how the cattle have wintered up there and down here; according to reports the cold has killed fewer north than it has here, on account of the broken nature of the country which gives them more shelter from the wind.

I shall go to Glendive, get a couple of horses and look for work on the Yellowstone river.

My address will be Post Office, Glendive, Montana, U.S.A. but don't expect to get answered for some time as I shall leave there immediately and shall not be able to send for my mail perhaps for some weeks.

I have been staying with the Dean since Friday last and enjoyed myself fairly well there. It was very kind of them to ask me there. Their two girls are at school at Scarbro'.

I go to Glendive via Omaha, Council Bluffs, St Paul, Mosehead etc., three times as far as it would be to go straight north and cheaper than "Staging" from Sidney to Deadwood in the Black Hills and then going 250 miles on a "buckboard" from Deadwood to Little Missouri and from there to Glendive. I might have ridden it but grass fed horses would never have made 800 miles

and corn fed horses are hard to get at this time of the year, besides which grain would cost 10c a pound which is a ruination. I acknowledged the receipt of £40 a short time ago but am not certain that the letter was posted, so do so again now. This winter has been very severe one on cattle and a good many have died, but if they did not die now and then these "cattle men" would get too rich.

Foot and mouth disease is reported to have broken out in the settlements of Kansas but has not yet got among the plains cattle, and as every affected beast will be killed immediately I trust it won't spread.

There is an election going on here for city magistrates but everything seems to be going on quietly, I heard one man say to another "What's \_\_\_\_\_ paying?" the other replied \$2. "Ah," said the first man, "I wish I had known that before." From this I conclude that bribery and corruption is practised in "the land of the free" as well as elsewhere.

Best love to all,  
Believe me,  
Your affect. Son,  
W. F. Wailes

Northern Pacific Railway Company,  
Glendive Station,  
April 21st, 1884

My dear Mother,

I expected to find some mail waiting for me at the post office here, but suppose you did not expect that I should get here so soon, anyhow, no news is generally good news; I shall be here again in about a week's time and perhaps shall hear from you then.

I am working for a man called Mindenhall at Fallon, thirty miles west of Glendive and may remain there the whole summer but cannot be sure as it depends the number of cattle he will be able to ship. Anyhow, he will pay me for the time I do stay with him as I am riding his "bad horses" and "bronchos" which the "boys" won't ride.

I left Denver on April 1st and came here via Council Bluffs, St Paul, Fargo and Mandan. It took me four days and four nights and I found it very unpleasant as the trains from St Paul were crowded with emigrants and consequently a man had to sit bolt upright all the time. The weather here is beautiful though it is still frosty at night, but it is usually quite warm in the middle of the day.

Glendive is a small place of about 600 inhabitants and boasts of a court house, a livery stable, a few stores and lots of saloons.

What the inhabitants find to do I don't know as there is nothing I can see to "run the town." I have no news so must conclude.

Your ever affect. son,  
Best love to all,

Believe me,

Your ever affect. son,

W. F. Wailes

P.S. Address: Post Office, Glendive, Montana Territory, U.S.A.

Address

Post Office

Glendive

Montana Territory

U.S.A.

Terry.

May 2nd 1884

My dear Father,

I have no doubt you would like to hear what I have been doing lately, so will do my best to tell you.

I struck Glendive about the 5th of April and stayed there a few days in hopes of getting work but failed, as nobody wanted hands till the round up began about the 20th of May, so I bought a gentle horse, which turned out a terror and started west. I stayed at a cow camp at Fallon for a few days and then heard that Mindelhall wanted help so went down to see him, but he told me he could not give me work for the summer as he had all his hands already but that he would pay me well (if I was worth it) for two weeks. According I worked with him for two weeks and helped to brand about six thousand head of cattle, and also rode half of his bad horses which the other boys would not ride. I left him last Monday as he had finished branding and am glad to say I got well paid. Yesterday I rode up here and if I can't get something to do by the end of May I shall get another horse and look out for a good location to settle in next fall as I promise you to settle within a year if possible and this time next year I hope to be able to start for myself.

I am very glad I left Colorado as I am confident that this is by far the best stock country and the percentage of loss here was much lower than it was in Colorado during last winter.

They have a different method of buying stock here than in Colorado, for instead of sending to Texas for cattle they send back east and bring back American Yearlings at \$21 a head delivered on the range. Now Texas cattle could be got here for \$18 at most but it is hard to say which is most profitable in the end, but for my part I should choose Texans.

There is an outfit about to start stock raising on Cabin creek about 30 miles from here and they are going to ship Texans to



Fort Pierre and drive them from there up here and I think they are the people who are going to make the most of it and I shall keep my eye on them and see how they get on.

The country here is much newer than Colorado and consequently there are lots of ranges unoccupied and if I am unable to get work, it would be my best plan to travel round and seek a good range for with the small number of cattle with which I shall probably have to start a range upon which they can be kept is half the battle and not very easy to find, for with any number of cattle under a thousand head, it pays a man better to ride a range and keep them upon it which he can do with two other men than to let them go and have to hire five or six men to attend the "round-ups".

The sort of range suitable for doing this would be one where there was plenty of water both summer and winter, plenty of shelter in winter from the winds and where some hay can be cut. If a man could get a range like that he could get along with 3 men himself included, instead of 6 extra men. His method would be to build a good "shack" (log cabin) on the range and build a small pasture for his horses and weak cows in winter. In summer he ought to keep his cattle right away from his range and never bring them there till as late as possible in the fall, he would have a good house close to them and be able to ride a range every day and keep them there till spring.

The Yellowstone is as big as the Tweed, but much deeper and about as muddy as the Tweed is when "the Spates" but some of the creeks running into it look like trout streams.

No more news so,  
Believe me,

Your ever affect. son,

W. Fairburn Wailes

Address W. F. Wailes,  
Post Office,  
Glendive  
Montana Territory,  
U.S.A.

Terry. May 2nd 1884

My dearest Mother,

I wrote you a short note the other day from Glendive, but had very little news to tell you. I have to-day written to Glendive to have my letters forwarded here so that I hope shortly to know how everything is going on in the old country.

I am thinking of getting another horse and making a tour of discovery up in the Musselshell country or down the Powder river but have not made up my mind yet.

There are lots of Indians and half breeds round here but they

are nearly all peaceable. I met half a dozen yesterday morning on the prairie between this and Fallon and wished them "good morning" at which a grin "like a basket of chips" overspread their face and they gave a grunt as is their way of expressing themselves. The squaws and children come round the "Section house" (sort of hotel) and pick up bits of meat and potato peelings which I suppose they make into broth.

This town consists of two saloons, a section house, blacksmith's shop and four houses, and is considered in this country "quite a place".

How are you and all the others? I am very anxious to hear as you had been ill the last time I heard from you.

I wonder where you have "located" yourselves or if you are still wandering about in search of a house.

I expect by this time Edie will have returned to Askham, so shall write to her there shortly.

The valley of the Yellowstone is not exactly attractive in appearance though it far surpasses Colorado; there are hills on every side and some timber though not much. A buffalo was killed about a mile from the town the day before yesterday but that is the only one for some time past, but I hear this morning that there is a herd of 45 in the neighbourhood.

This letter is extremely stupid and uninteresting as I have no news, but I wrote it more with the view of letting you know where I was than for anything else.

My best love to everyone and tell Muriel to write to me shortly. I do hope to hear from you shortly, so please write.

And believe me,

Your ever affect. son,

W. Fairbairn Wailes

Address Post Office,  
Glendive,  
Montana Territory,  
U.S.A.

Terry, May 4th 1884

My dearest Edie,

I have some spare time so will endeavour to write you a letter.

I expect this will find you at Askham so will address it there.

This part of America is not beautiful, but it does not look such a howling wilderness as the Great American Desert in Colorado; there is a little timber here and a great deal of broken country, hills with deep ravines between them called here "collies" on the top of some of the bad lands are pine thickets which look thick at a distance but which are really rather scattered. Then there is the Yellowstone river which adds to the scenery considerably at a distance, but when you get near it, it is nothing but thick mud and water, it is as wide as the Tweed and in some parts wider.

I have been working for a man called Mendelhall at Fallon on the Yellowstone and have been riding half his bad horses for him, it is not exactly nice work riding buck jumpers, but as he paid me well, I did not care the value of my neck being \$5. Fallon is quite a town as there is a section house, two houses and two tents, the one being a saloon.

The said saloon nearly caused a tragedy the other day, for our cook had paid it so many visits that he got quarrelsome and fought with another man, being beaten he came into camp while we were having supper, the other man following him, he then turned to me and asked me to pour the "boys" some coffee and as I bent over to do so, he sprang at me and tried to get my pistol from my belt and shoot the other man. I dropped the coffee pot and managed to keep the pistol or there would certainly have been a "stiff" in camp.

I came across the celebrated Cheyenne Bill here yesterday. He has been in prison for over two months because he happened to be a witness in a cattle stealing case and as he had not the money to give bail for his appearance, he was locked up till the other day when the case was settled. He is a very gentlemanly looking man of about 26, ————— and rather good looking and is said to be able to throw a lasso better than any other man in the west. He can also ride "anything that wears hair." I was at a place called Little Missouri about a month ago and there came across a French Marquis (Marquis de [Mores]) who is a cattleman here, he is a very handsome young fellow about 25 and very rich. He was obliged to shoot a man a little time ago in self defence and was fined \$500 for it.

This is certainly the place for young ladies to come who are in want of husbands for there are more good looking men here than ever I saw before and reminding one of English Army men. Still, they have their faults, such as being too free with pistols and expectorating tobacco juice on the floor etc. but little faults might be overlooked. They are also rather tanned which spoils their appearance.

There are lots of Indians and half breeds round here. I met six the other day on the prairie and they nodded and said "How" (How are you) and then grinned a grin as wide as the Missouri river. I saw some of the ladies of the tribe buying cloth in the store here and they behaved just like an English lady buying a bonnet. They wound it round them to see how it looked and if it pleased them, they "————— a —————". One had her papoose with her and it wore a black hat with a hole in the crown.

It is a great fun to ask the warriors who have feathers in their heads, How many white men they have killed? They stick little sticks in the ground for men and then go through a patomime to

explain they killed them. They explain with scorn how the white man camped in a hollow where he could not see round him and then show you how they crawled upon him and shot him as he was cooking his supper. Then they ask you how many red men you have killed and the proper thing to do is to tell them three or four dozen. You are no warrior unless.

How is everything at Askham? Is the building finished? I have not heard from home for some time and am rather anxious as I want to know how Mama is.

I am thinking of buying another horse and going up Powder River but I have not made up my mind yet.

Write soon and if you address to Glendive, I shall get it somehow. If it is important and if you do not wish it read, write on the outside.

"If not called for within ten days return to Miss E. Wailes etc."

With best love and kisses from,  
Your affectionate Brother,  
W. F. Wailes

Address Post Office  
Glendive  
Montana Territory,  
U.S.A.

Terry, May 6th 1884

My dearest Leila,

Two of your letters came to hand yesterday, one of which had been forwarded from Haigler, Neb.

We have had lovely weather for the last few days and this morning it was so hot that one could hardly sit in the sun.

I have been hanging round here for the last five days waiting for a stockman whose ranch is 70 miles south, to try and get work from him. He wants someone to ride wild horses for him and get them gentle enough to ride on the round up. I have been riding a good many bucking horses lately and have been well paid for it. Luckily have had no casualties except that one horse fell on me twice though without doing much damage.

I had an idea that Harrogate was a lively place, but you and Fred did not seem to find it so.

There are a good many Indians (Cheyenne) and French half breeds round here; some of the half breed children are very pretty.

The Squaws fasten their papooses to a board for the first three or four months of their life and that is the reason Indians are so straight, they look like this:

[Sketch in original letter not reproduced]

and when properly fixed to the board are never taken off, and can

be stuck up on end or laid down just as the fond mother thinks best. I should advise you to get a board for my niece and then you can put her anywhere without fear of her getting into mischief, only be careful not to put her away or forget her.

The Indians live in Tepees or sort of tents this shape:

[Sketch not reproduced]

and the smoke goes out of the hole in the top or out of the door. They can't bear to live in a house. The Government put up a lot of shanties on the "Crow" but on returning found them used as stables and on asking the reason was told "White man tepee no good but to put pony in." It is warm enough to sleep on the prairie without any shelter and my bedroom is a few steps South of the Main Street.

I intend to speculate in a town lot here to the amount of \$15 and most probably I shall make 100 p.c. on the transaction.

Cheyenne Bill and myself went to Miles City to do the Town and had lots of fun there, but I must say that I never saw a respectable person there, they are all gamblers and Saloon keepers, niggers, Indians and soldiers. The city boasts of about \_\_\_\_\_ inhabitants and there are a few really nice houses there.

Thanks for your good wishes for my birthday but as I am in want of nothing, please do not trouble to send me anything now, but if you could get me two pairs of real knitted woollen stockings as thick as it is possible by November I should be very thankful for them and they would save my toes considerably in the fall, as it is impossible to get such things in this country. This letter is very uninteresting but nothing happens in this part of the world worth recording unless someone gets shot, or gets lynched for stealing horses.

Write again as soon as you have time, but don't trouble to send me any papers as I shall have no time to read them.

With best love to Fred and the children.  
Believe me,

Your ever affect. brother,  
W. Fairburn Wailes

Address :  
Box 30  
Post Office, Terry,  
Montana Territory,  
U.S.A.  
May 17th 1884

My dear Mother,

Just a line to tell you that I am going up into the Musselshell country with some cattle "on the trail", so don't be alarmed if you don't hear from me, as I shall be 200 miles from a Railroad.

I can't write as I have had a bad finger and had it lanced into the bone yesterday. My leg is nearly well.

Best love to all and Believe me,  
Your affect. Son,  
W. Fairbairn Wailes

\* \* \* \* \*

### LETTERS FROM WYOMING

Cunard Royal Mail

Steamship Aurania  
February 16th '85

My dear Mother,

Just a line or two to tell you how we are getting on, the sea is very calm and the sun has been shining all day, so it seems like a good omen. Arty will tell you all about L'pool so it is no use my doing so. I met two of the men who crossed with me in the "Gallia" and they did not know me I have changed so. We seem to have rather a nice lot of passengers on board and some swells, James Gordon Bennet and Count Kissler among the number. The engines shake the ship badly I can hardly write. We stay 7 hours at Queenstown so possibly I may go ashore to see the country. Poor Dash did not like leaving me at all and pulled at his chain, I am afraid he is rather down in the mouth now. There are very few women on board, also a newly married young couple who stick close together. I have no news as you may imagine when you read this letter.

The Aurania is a much bigger ship than any I have crossed in, being over 7,000 tons register.

We have dinner now so I must conclude.

With my best love to all,  
Believe me,

Your ever affect. son,  
William Fairbairn Wailes

Cunard Royal Mail Steamship "Aurania"

Sunday 22/2/85

My dear Mother,

I am just writing you a few lines to assure you of my well being, though probably you will hear of the arrival of S.S. Aurania long before this reaches you.

The weather during the voyage was lovely to begin with till the 18th and we made 421 miles every 24 hours, then the weather changed and we had the tail end of a storm and afterwards some rough weather and a head wind and our days run was only 320 miles.

We saw an iceberg the other day, it was very fine. This boat

in spite of her size is a very "dirty" boat in rough weather and the sea flies the whole length of her topmost deck which makes it very unpleasant to try and walk about.

We are within 100 miles of land, so probably we shall get there in safety, anyhow when you get this you can tell we have arrived.

I shall leave New York for Chicago on Monday and shall arrive there about Wednesday.

Tell my Father that I will write to him from Chicago.

I have no news as you can see and probably you will get my letter to Edie forwarded to you.

Love to all and Believe me, Your ever affect. son,  
W. Fairbairn Wailes

Cunard Mail Steamer Aurania

February 18th 1885

My dearest Edie,

I will just write you a short letter now while I have time and will post it in New York. So far we have had lovely voyage and very smooth for this time of year. It has also been very warm, quite like an English summer, the sun has shone every day since we left L'pool and we have had little or no rain. We are now nearly half way across.

I was very sorry to leave home which is only natural, but of course I did not show it as that only makes matters worse. Arty and Formby came to see me off and came on board the ship.

I saw Uncle Andrew on Monday night for a little time and thought he was looking very well indeed.

There are some very nice people among the passengers, two or three Western men. The "Aurania" is a splendid ship and is over 7,000 tons, much bigger than the "Egypt" or "Gallia", but she is terrible to roll and shake, she rolls so badly that one has to fit oneself into one's berth with pillows to prevent rolling backwards and forwards all night. We had some American girls on board but I can't say that any of them are very beautiful. Also the well known James Gordon Bennet, he sits next the Captain and has great arguments with him on seafaring matters.

These sea voyages are fearfully monotonous and they always make me eat so much that I feel ill though not seasick. I have no news as you can see. We went ashore at Queenstown as we had to wait some hours for the mails and rather an amusing time. The Irishwomen come down to the Quay and sell lace and shilalaghs etc. and they were very sharp at repartee if you venture to argue with them. One remarked to three of us "God bless you, you three beautiful juveniles if you will buy a bit of shamrock from a poor woman." We refused to buy, whereupon she gave us some gratis, but followed us a long way begging.

I hope you and Tottie are enjoying yourselves. Tell Tottie I

will send her a Xmas card next Xmas as a slight return of her beautiful sketch of you and me on horseback.

I will conclude for the present.

Sunday 22nd

Are within about 100 miles of New York, so shall probably get into the harbour at midnight. I can't say we have had such a lovely passage after the 18th. It came on to blow on the 19th and we had rough weather till yesterday. On Friday we came across an iceberg about five miles to the north. It looked very pretty and was about 100 feet high and about two hundred feet long. In consequence of the ice breaking up so very early, we had to go 100 miles south of our proper course. The "Aurania" is not a pleasant vessel in a rough sea for in spite of her size, she ships seas over her bows and the spray flies over her entire length.

I shall probably leave New York tomorrow (Monday) by the first train available and shall reach Chicago about Wednesday the 25th.

I have no news so much conclude. Give my love to Aunt Clara and a little to Tottie, if she will accept it, and with lots to yourself.

Believe me,

Your ever affect. brother,  
W. F. Wailes

Briggs House,  
Chicago,  
March 1st 1885

My dear Mother,

I don't know that I have anything particular to tell you but as it is Sunday I may as well write you a short letter. Chicago at the present time is the dirtiest place you ever saw; piles of dirty snow 4 ft. high which looks like mud adorn each side of the street.

When I came here on Wednesday the streets were full of sledges which looked very pretty, but now the streets are only white mud so it has put a stop to it all. The aristocracy of Chicago drive very fine sledges, two horses, a coachman with fur coat and cape and the inside of the sledge covered with fur etc.

I haven't seen a pretty girl since I landed in New York, I don't believe there are any here.

I have been to three theatres, one of them was a sort of pantomime called Zanita (?) and was the gaudiest show I ever saw. The dresses (what there was of them) were wonderfully good, the manager had evidently gone in for quality and not quantity. There was also an army on the stage and I must say I never saw such a fine sight on a stage before. There is a very good opera company here, I was going there last night but the prices of admission were too high, viz \$2.50.



A large building in Dearbourn St. caught fire about ten days ago and as all the fire brigades in Chicago were turning their hoses on it at the same time, and as it was freezing hard, it now presents a wonderful sight. It is literally covered with high blocks of ice and looks as if it was made of icicles.

I leave Chicago tomorrow night (Monday) and shall go to Cheyenne from there through Idaho (?) into Montana, so probably shall not be in Miles City for a month, nevertheless, you had better address letters there as my movements are uncertain and your letters would probably miss me if addressed anywhere else. No more news.

Love to all and believe me,  
Your affect. son,  
W. F. Wailes

Inter Ocean Hotel,  
Cheyenne,  
Wyo. Territory  
March 8th 1885

My dear Father,

I must write to you to-day and tell you how matters are going on.

Pfeiffer met me here on the evening of the 4th and since then we have been working hard getting horses, wagons, etc. to seek a \_\_\_\_\_ with. I have bought a pair of very fine chestnuts and paid a higher price than I had intended to pay for work horses, viz. \$125 each instead of \$90 or \$100 but they are both young, 4 years old, both sound and in three or four months unless we have an accident with them will be worth \$50 more. They are not very tame at present, but two or three weeks' work in a wagon will help to tame them. You see, young horses are worth more every day, old horses less. I have also bought one saddle horse and apparently a very good one for \$50, the price I intended to pay, also a wagon which had only been used a month and not damaged for \$85 instead of \$110, so I got a little back on that.

We intend starting for Sweetwater river about 80 miles north of Rawlins Springs in Wyoming. I should have started on Friday, but the bank at Denver did not send me any money till Saturday and by the time it reached here on Saturday, they had closed the Post Office till 8 a.m. tomorrow morning. So far I have done very well and made what I think will be excellent bargains. I am also here just at the right time, the snow is just making the country fit to travel, i.e. it has mostly melted.

Lee West sent a message to me by George Pfeiffer that there was a man called Freeman in Nebraska who was hard up for money and wanted to sell some yearlings, so if I can I shall buy them in preference to yearlings from the States, because they have

been bred on the range and are more likely to get through the first winter than cattle that have been brought up under cover.

The people here call me a Jew because I am so hard to drive a bargain with but there is nothing like running down the price of things you can.

I wrote to a man called Elliot in Iowa who is a dealer in young cattle. I asked his prices for yearlings. He wrote back and said \$25 a head and he will take no risks in shipping, so I am going to write a polite note this evening and decline his offer, as I think I can do much better.

George P. and I harnessed our team and drove them around the town two or three times yesterday. They were rather wild and we nearly killed two or three people but otherwise everything went well.

If I buy Freeman's cattle, I can trail them up the Platte river which will be much cheaper than shipping them by the cars.

I have no other news of a business nature, so will conclude and remain your affectionate son,

W. F. Wailes

Address: Post Office,  
Cheyenne,  
Wyoming T.  
To be left till called for.

Rock Creek,  
Wyoming.  
March 21st 1885

My dear Mother,

Just a line to let you know that I am still in the flesh.

We have had a terrible time coming here from Cheyenne with our wagon, it took us ten days and is only about 100 miles.

We sometimes had to drive 30 miles to get five and I have been employed mostly in digging our teams out of snow drifts, sometimes all four horses would be half buried, it is also chilly sleeping out.

Am going northwest address Miles City, Montana.

Very best love to all

Your ever affect. son,

W. F. Wailes

March 27th 1885  
Camp,  
South N. Platte River.  
Address, Post Office,  
Fort Fetterman,  
Wyoming T.

My dearest Edie,

I received your letter dated Feb. 21st yesterday March 26th.

It had followed me from Chicago, from there to Cheyenne and from Cheyenne here.

As you see by the heading of this letter I have somehow or other got into Wyoming instead of Montana. I thought by starting from Cheyenne and going through Idaho I should do better, but as I went on, reports made me change my mind and I turned north and am going up into the head of the Belle Fourche river, and if I can find no range there, I shall go west to the Big Horn river north of the Shoshone Indians and if I can do nothing there, I shall go down the Big Horn river into Montana.

I can't say that picnics at this time of the year are pleasant. I bought two horses to drive in a wagon, a wagon and other necessities in Cheyenne, also a saddle horse, and we started for Laramie City on the foot hills and through the Cheyenne Pass. It took us eight days to go 48 miles as every hundred yards or so, we had to dig our horses out of the snow. From Laramie City we went across the Laramie Plains to Rock Creek with just about the same pleasant travelling. From Rock Creek we had to go to Fort Fetterman on sledge runners which we fastened into the wagon and took off the wheels. At Laramie I had to buy another horse and we drove four horses instead of two. At last we have got out of the snow and I am very thankful of it as we have been in it from March 7th till yesterday. We have both been snow blind from the sun shining on the snow and I cannot rejoice in a single spot on my face that has skin on it, the wind having just bitten all the skin off.

There was a slight fall of snow last night and we had breakfast in it but that is summer to what we have been accustomed to.

We have a good deal of trouble with our horses; the two I bought to drive are very fine ones, both chestnuts and big for western horses. They had only been driven two or three times when we started and one of them has or had to be thrown down or "Scotch hobbled" every time we wanted to put a bridle on to him; however, about two hundred miles hard driving has made much more tractable. The bad one we have called "Jim Gray" because he has much the same sort of a disposition as a gentleman we know of that name and the other one we call "The Baby" because he is so harmless. We have two more horses, a white one called "Snowflake" and a bay horse which we call "Onery" (a western expression for everything bad) between ourselves, and "Sweetbriar" when we try to sell him.

I can't say that Fort Fetterman is anything like Scarborough, nor would it make much of a pleasure resort. It boasts of about six houses, a post office and a store, perched on the top of a barren looking mound. There are no trees or any vegetation close to it. People in Fetterman can only exist, not live.

George Pfeiffer is with me as Parsons could not manage to come.

The Governor took it much more quietly this time and I left him in apparently good spirits. He also presented me with a box of cigars just as the train was starting. I kept them till about a week ago and I must say they were a great comfort when we were half frozen.

Now I have finished all this uninteresting story of our wanderings.

Give my love to Tottie and tell her that I hope her shadow will grow no less during Lent in spite of fasting. What a lot she will eat when Lent is over. I have the photograph she took of us in my pocket book. I cannot call it a caricature, it is too true to life. That reminds me that I rode another horse belonging to that man in Harrogate and he rather startled the natives.

We have to ride James Gray shortly and probably he will disconnect our backbones, as he has never had a saddle on his back.

You must have been having lots of balls at Biarritz if you have got tired of them, but I expect by the end of Lent you will be ready for more.

I am sorry to hear that Hamilton is still so ill, it must be terrible.

I hope that next time I hear from home, they will have heard of a house, but as yet I have only got letters sent to the Briggs' house, Chicago.

I have no news, so with best love, remain,

Your affect. brother,

W. F. Wailes

P.S. If this letter is badly written etc. you must excuse it is I am still half blind and it may be dirty as I have not enjoyed the luxuries of soap since March 10th.

Camp on Porcupine Creek  
80 m North Fort Fetterman,  
Wyoming.

April 12th - 24th 1885

My dearest Mother,

I am going over to see Andrews and Hudson tomorrow, their ranch is about 45 miles south of here and shall endeavour to get this posted.

This country is not very populous and there is no railroad nearer than 170 miles, hence the difficulty in getting mail and writing letters.

I have got the foundation of a shanty laid here and did think of settling here but we saw a man today and he told us of a better place, so we may move there.

The weather here is fairly warm now and spring has fairly set in, and we are very glad of it, as it was very unpleasant during

the cold weather. I wrote to some of you about two or three weeks ago from Fort Fetterman but we have seen no-one who knew anything for so long that I don't know whether it is the 12th or 24th of the month.

The country round here seems a good one but the water is terrible and has made both of us ill and that is the reason we think of moving.

The Indians have been through this country and have frightened away all the game but we managed to kill ———, antelope and ducks to keep us going.

I have no news much as you may imagine. It has been nearly the same thing every day since we left Cheyenne.

Going through the Laramie mountains we had a very rough time; also going from Rock Creek to Fetterman we had to take the wheels off our wagon and make a sleigh out of logs and put the wagon and wheels on the top. That lasted for three days and then when we got out of the mountains there was no snow, and we travelled on wheels again.

I expect in about two weeks to start South for Nebraska where I hope to get some cattle and by the time I get them up here I expect it will be the middle of July. After that I shall not have very much more to do this year.

I have been thinking about you all at home today. I wonder if you have got a house yet and where you are. You are quite as bad as I am in the way you wander about.

When you next write to Leila, thank her for her letter to me and tell her I will write as soon as ever I get the chance.

I must now conclude as I want to write a few lines to my Father. Love to all and Believe me,

Your affectionate son,  
W. F. Wailes

Address: Post Office,  
Fort Fetterman,  
Wyoming Territory,  
U.S.A.

Address:  
Fort Fetterman,  
Wyoming T., U.S.A.  
May 12th 1885

My dearest Mother,

I intended to write to you the other night but had so much to do that I could not spare the time.

I am going to Denver tomorrow to see the Harts as I want to see the Dean on business and as I am obliged to let my horses rest I am wasting no time.

We are camped about five miles from Cheyenne by the side of

a prairie pond and are more comfortable than we have been for a long time. The weather here has been terribly severe; we had two inches of snow on the 7th of May. What do you think of that? Today it has been fairly warm though not so hot as it ought to be.

I shall be very glad to hear that you have succeeded in finding a house as I am sure you are heartily tired of lodgings by this time.

I heard from both Leila and Edith at the same time as I heard from you; the letters had been in Cheyenne some time and had been advertized in the papers.

Edie seems to be enjoying herself at Biarritz and Leila seems rejoiced than Lent is over and that there will be a little more gaiety.

I was sorry to hear that Fred had sold his cows. I think it would give him something to do to look after a small farm.

I hope my Father will get off for some fishing soon but I expect the weather has been worse in England than here though of course not so cold.

The stockings you gave me have all worn out at the heels (I mean those I have worn). I don't know how it is, I cannot get any socks that will not wear out quickly at the heels.

I have had a most amusing day trying to sell a horse to a Jew; he knew nothing about horses but his natural aptitude to hard bargain held him in good stead and I don't think I can make much out of him.

We have invested in a sheet iron stove and now we can soon make our tent so hot that it is unbearable. I wish we had had it two months ago. This letter is uninteresting but I have no news at all, it is the same thing every day.

I see by the papers that the war with Russia is likely to come to nothing and I sincerely hope so as I imagine we should have been whipped.

Love to all, and Believe me

Your ever affect. son,  
W. F. Wailes

Inter Ocean Hotel,  
Cheyenne, Wyo.  
May 13th 1885

My dear Edie,

I have about an hour before the cars start for Denver where I am going today, so I will endeavour to write you a letter.

I got your last letter dated April 4th about three days ago, it had been advertized in the Cheyenne papers.

I should very much like to have been at the Biarritz Hunt Ball, I expect it proved very amusing. You must tell me in your next how it went off and how the Texas cow boy behaved.

I hope Claudie is quite well again now but the measles is not a very dangerous illness. Tell him from me not to do it again as it is not a healthy disease the second time.

I shall probably see Parsons tomorrow and shall be able to make some arrangements with him.

I am sorry to hear that Mr Haydon is going to be liberated as in my opinion he is not fit to be at large and I am sure I sympathise with Uncle Andrew, it must be a terrible nuisance for him.

I dare say you have heard by this time that I have so far been unsuccessful in finding a location. I found three, but the big cattle men round ran me out of the country saying I was crowding them out and as the small number of cattle I shall have could not be worked without their assistance I had to go. It was very annoying but of course I hardly blame them as here it is every man for himself.

I start out again next Monday, I think, as my horses had got so thin I was obliged to give them some rest, so I have been camped for about a week five miles north of Cheyenne.

I have heard of two good locations and I am going to see them, one I have already seen I think will suit me.

I will give you an experience of ranch life just to show you that it is not altogether a paradise.

We were camped on Porcupine Creek and thought of locating there and so I thought I would go over to the D.V. Ranch (Andrews and Hudson's) which is an English outfit and see what they had to say to it.

We got breakfast about 5 a.m. and started to go over to Antelope Creek about 12 miles south, in order to have a look at it. A cowpuncher had told me that there was a wagon road ran straight from Antelope Creek to Andrews and Hudson's Ranch and as I did not know which way it lay except that it was south of me I had to depend on that.

We got over to Antelope Creek and rode up and down that for an hour or so looking at it and then I started to go south on a dim wagon road I found. I rode down the road for about twenty miles when it got fainter and fainter till there was no road at all. Then of course I was in a fix. I did not know whether to go east or west as I did not know which the ranch was. I rode up and down the Dry Cheyenne river, looking for the ranch, till it began to get dark and my horse began to get tired, so I concluded that I had better strike for the stage road and get to a ranch called Brown's Springs where I had once been when we came north. I did not know how far it was, but calculated that it was between 30 or 40 miles, so I turned west and rode and rode till my horse could go no farther and it had got quite dark. Then the only thing to do was to stay where I was till sunrise, as it had begun to thunder and rain till I could not tell north from south.

By this time I must have ridden nearly sixty miles and was beginning to get hungry and thirsty, so I followed a cattle trail till I found a water hole, took a drink of water and hobbled and picketed my horse so that he could not get away and then wrapped myself in a sage brush and a few thunder clouds and tried to go to sleep, but it was damp in the extreme and cold too and it rained all night. As soon as the sun (rose) in the morning I saddled my horse and went west. I crossed two roads, but would take no notice of them as they might go for 40 miles before they got anywhere or perhaps dwindle away to nothing. I rode about 15 miles or so when I saw a ranch in the distance. I found it was only about 7 miles from Brown Springs and only 4 from Andrews and Hudson's so I had calculated the distance to Brown's Springs about ten miles further than it was. I got something to eat and then went over to Andrews and Hudson's. There I fed my horse who had had nothing to speak of to eat for nearly two days, and then I had another meal myself.

The next morning started northwards to go to camp and of course I knew where to find that in spite of roads.

I followed a road for about 27 miles as it led in my direction and then left it and struck out for camp. I rode about 10 miles when my horse refused to go any farther and laid down with me, so I had to step off. He did not look ill so I thought he was only doing it for obstinacy so I kicked him up and led him about a mile and then got onto him again. We went on about a mile more when he again laid down in a bunch of cactus, then I knew he was either played out or sick and determined to try and walk to camp. I took the saddle off him as he lay on the ground and tied him to a sage brush and started to "hoof it" to camp.

Now I knew there was a road running east and west from the OV ranch to Antelope creek. I walked north till I came to a road running east and west and came to the conclusion it was my road and that I was too much to the west of camp. So, I turned east and walked about 6 miles when suddenly I found myself on a creek. I did not seem to know. I knew if I let myself get bewildered I should get lost so I sat quietly down and thought where I had been. I concluded I must be on Antelope creek so I walked down it till I found the trail of our two horses where George and I had crossed it three days before, then I knew where I was, but by this time it had got so dark that I knew I might go within a hundred yards of camp and not see it so I dare not leave the road, so I turned west again and determined to try and reach the OV ranch. Well, I walked and walked till my feet got so sore, I could only hobble and was so tired I thought I could walk no farther. To make things pleasanter it had begun to snow and there was a fearfully strong wind in my face which made it very hard walking. Three times I laid down and tried to go to sleep but it was too



cold and I had to get up and hobble on. At last I said to myself that the first gulch I could find with a little shelter from the wind it should be my stopping place if I froze to death. I walked on and on and could find no shelter till at last the walk became a crawl; at last I came to a gulch and intended to stay there whatever happened. I went down into it and drank out of a pond and was looking for a place to lie down in when I saw a glimmer of light in the distance. You bet I made tracks for that light. I hobbled at the rate of about ten miles an hour and found I was at the OV ranch. I was glad to get some coffee and fruit and go to bed. My feet had hardly any skin on them and I was altogether feeling rather unhealthy.

The next morning I borrowed a horse and went to find mine or bring back my saddle if he was dead. I found him about nine miles off and am glad to say alive though rather weak. I brought him back to the OV ranch and fed and watered him and let him eat for two or three hours and then saddled him up and started for camp again which was twelve miles off. I got about two miles when the horse laid down with me again. Then I knew he was about ridden to death and started back to the OV ranch on foot. This time I had to walk in my socks (or what was left of them) as I could not walk two feet in my boots.

I borrowed a horse from the OV men and at last got home to camp.

The next day we left the Porcupine and went over to Antelope creek and found my horse on the way. George remarked that he looked as if I had pulled him through a key hole and so he did.

Well, bad luck did not end here. We went over to Antelope creek and camped and it again began to snow and as soon as we had our supper we got between our blankets and went to sleep and in the middle of the night crash went our tent and we found ourselves in the snow. Then the only thing to do was to stay in our blankets and try to keep warm. Well, we laid there under the snow from about 7 p.m. one night, all that night, all next day, all the next night till about ten o'clock next morning and never showed our noses out except once when I made a rush for the wagon and got us each some raw tomatoes. In fact, we stayed in bed about 40 hours under six inches of snow.

Now the weather is pleasant though we had two inches of snow on the 7th of May.

I expect this letter will bore you as it is so very egotistical but you always are asking me to tell you what I am doing. I expect to stay with the Harts for two days at most and then I shall come back here.

Best love to Aunt Clara, Tottie and Claudie and with the same to yourself,

Your ever affect. brother,  
W. F. Wailes

June 3rd 1885  
Fort Fetterman,  
Wyoming.

My dear Father,

I have at last fixed on a location and if nothing happens shall settle there. It is on a creek called Elkhorn which heads in the mountains and runs into the Platte river. Where I want to locate is about 35 miles south by a little east of Fort Fetterman. The grass is very good there and the water is good though it only runs a very small stream. At the head of the creek there is very fine summer range but during winter there will be too much snow. There is plenty of small timber on the creek and lots of dead and fallen trees which will do for firewood and there are plenty of pines on the divides between the creeks.

There is no other water to speak of for some little distance round so probably we shall be able to hold the range to ourselves.

There is another ranch five miles down the creek, but that won't hurt us though of course they will not like us coming in.

There is a saw mill within twenty miles and any amount of good timber within ten miles as far as I can judge the distance.

Laramie peak is in sight from the top of the divide but it may be a long way off though it only looks about fifteen miles.

The old freight road from Cheyenne to Fetterman crosses the creek about eight miles or so from the head and as they freight with wagons all winter there can't be very much snow there or freighting on wheels would be an impossibility.

The place will have to be surveyed at the cost of \$20 a claim, so that surveying may cost altogether \$100.

We started to look at a place called Bates' hole, but heard such bad accounts of it from reliable sources that we came back.

As far as I can see we cannot do better than this but there is no certainty that we shall get in there yet though probably we shall succeed.

We are having very thundery, cloudy weather, a thing I never saw in America before. I am afraid it in time will become a second England as far as climate is concerned, as it gets wetter every year.

I got your letter dated May 16th today but it was not numbered. I also got a letter from Mama, Sybil, Leila, Edie and one from Uncle Andrew and one from Mrs Quarrie.

Love to all and believe me,

Your ever affect. son,  
W. F. Wailes

P. S. Address for next month or so: Post Office Box 22 Fort Fetterman Wyoming T. U.S.A.

Address:  
Post Office  
Fort Fetterman  
Wyoming T.  
U.S.A.  
May 21st 1885

My dearest Muriel,

I owe you a letter but am afraid have not very much news.

I start north again on Saturday next and expect to soon get located there.

I have bought another broncho today and we are going to put him into the wagon for the first time tomorrow and the day after that we start north so he will be pretty tame in a week or so.

I have been to Denver on business but contrived to have a very jolly three days at the Dean's. He was not at home as he has gone east to try and raise money to build with, either churches or schools.

I rode one of my horses the day before yesterday for the first time but he did nothing to create amusement.

The horse I bought today pulled three of us round the corral for about ten minutes when we lassoed him; I am afraid he is going to be a "terror".

There are some wonderfully fine houses in Cheyenne built in the old English style and most of the residents are rich cattlemen. There is an opera house, a club and a tennis club. What do you think of that for the "wild and wooly west"?

One young lady here has a fine house and stable, a herd of cattle and forty thousand dollars and sweet seventeen. I think I shall freeze on to her.

Tell Mabel, Sybil and Hilda to write to me when they have time.

You will probably not hear from me again for a month from now as I am going out of the way of post offices.

Write again soon and when I have some news I will write.

Best love to Mama and the whole crowd,  
and believe me,  
Your affect. Brother,  
W. F. Wailes

Camp on Elkhorn  
35 miles South Fort  
Fetterman

No date  
Rec'd. on June 30th 1885

Wyoming T.  
Address: Post Office  
Box 22 For Fetterman  
Wyoming T.

My dear Muriel,

I don't remember whether I answered your letter or not, but as

all our horses have got away and George has gone to look for them, I have lots of time now if I only had the news.

I am determined to stay where I am if I possibly can. There is lots of room in the country and lots of feed for cattle. From the top of the divide we can see Laramie Peak very plainly, a high mountain, as it is only about twenty miles to the foot of it as far as I can judge the distance by looking at it.

To the west of us there is only one inhabited creek to cross and then there is 50 miles of mountains with no-one in them.

In the mountains there are lots of Elk, or were, last year, and a few bears and lots of deer, so people say, but I have not been there and don't believe all I hear. We are going up into the nearest mountains tomorrow to look for good logs to build with and when we have found a way of getting up with the wagon, shall take it up and bring down all we can and begin to build fences, corrals, and we shall build a house as soon as we get time. Till then we shall live as we have been, in the tent when it is fine and out when it storms, as it always blows down do what we will.

For the last three days it has been blowing a hurricane from the west and the consequence was that it tore about half a dozen big holes in the tent and blew it down. I expect it will go over to England and give you a blow there. It passed here on June 4th; tell me in your next when it reached you.

Mama told me in her last that you had gone up to town to stay with the Hamiltons so I expect by this time you are enjoying yourself thoroughly and I am sure I hope you are, as it is awfully dull in Harrogate. I hope Mama is better now than she was, I expect she fidgets at having to live in lodgings and I am sure I should if I was in her place.

Eddie is in London now. Perhaps you will see her. She says it is not going to be much of a season this year.

I must now conclude this uninteresting epistle.

Believe me,

Your affect. brother,  
W. F. Wailes

June 17th 1885

Camp on Elkhorn Creek,  
Address:  
Post Office,  
Box 22,  
Fort Fetterman,  
Wyoming T.

My dearest Mother,

I intended to write to you before but kept putting off hoping to have something interesting to tell you. However, write now and tell you what I can.

I have been very busy in the mountains, felling pine trees to make logs to build a house with. We have got nearly enough now but shall not begin to build till we get it surveyed.

I am sending George into Fetterman on Friday next to try and find out where the surveyor is and as soon as he has surveyed the place I shall know what to do.

I have a great deal of building to do, besides a house, stables, corrals, icehouse, grainery and store house, about five miles of fencing, so I have my hands full. The house is only to have two rooms, so it is not a very grand affair. One bedroom is to be 13ft. by 10ft., the other about 13 x 13. The walls are nothing but logs, chucked up with mud and the roof logs covered over with soil etc. Still, it will be quite good enough for me at present. We have no drains so there will be no smells.

Mrs. Quarrie, my great aunt I suppose, wrote me a very kind letter the other day, inviting me to go and stay with her next winter, but I am afraid I shall have to decline till I get richer and can afford to travel.

I was very sorry to hear that you had been ill but I hope by this time you are all right again. I also hope to hear that you got a house very shortly, it must be getting very uncomfortable being so long in lodgings.

Mrs Levy is a very lucky woman to have so much money but that does not make up for her son's ill health which will, of course, prevent him marrying.

The mosquitoes here are very fine ones and a man ought to have a gun or pistol always handy to defend himself if one comes near him. I am often afraid that one of them will carry off a horse.

My horses are all right and everything else is the same. I am going to buy a cow soon, as milk would be a great blessing, also some chickens.

The mosquitoes are so bad that I can't write any more tonight as I have to stop every two words to fight with one.

Will write again soon, Love to all and  
Believe me,

Your affect. son,  
W. F. Wailes

Fort Fetterman,  
June 26th 1885

My dearest Mother,

I hope by this time you are comfortably settled in your new lodgings and also hope you are better than you were a short time ago.

Everything has been going on the same as usual. I am building a log shanty, it only has two rooms, a kitchen and another room

and I am going to ensure the drains being in order by having none at all. The stable will be on one side of it and the henhouse at the other so as to always have lots of fleas about. Spring cleanings will not be allowed and as much dirt as is comfortable will always be found both inside and out. In fact, it will be awfully comfortable.

None of you have written to me lately so I shall revenge myself by not writing to anyone else.

Will write again in a day or two, till then,  
Believe me,

Your ever affect. son,  
W. F. Wailes

Post Office  
Box 22  
Fort Fetterman  
Wyoming T.  
U.S.A.

June 30/85

My dearest Edie,

I have not written to you for about a month so must try and do so now.

I expect the surveyor here tonight as I sent George into Fort Fetterman with the wagon to fetch him yesterday.

As soon as the land is surveyed I shall have to go to Cheyenne again.

We have begun the house, such as it is, and have got about a quarter of it finished. It is to have two rooms, one fifteen by twelve and the other 10 by 15, so it is not very large.

I have tried to draw you a plan of where the house is to be but I don't think you will be able to make much out of it; also a picture of the house.

I shall make it as comfortable as possible and have an underground cellar if possible and an icehouse. Also poultry house and a stable for a tame cow, as well as stabling for six horses.

We are going to put up a fence about four miles round as soon as we can, so as to get some hay this year and finish the house later on.

I hope you are having a jolly season and that everyone is not mourning for lost relatives. Have you been to the Inventions yet as I hear there is to be an Exhibition of them.

George shot a very large antelope the other day and I will try and save you his horns if I can as they are very large for an antelope's.

I find it awfully hard to write a letter as it is the same thing every day. We get up about 5 a.m. and I saddle a horse and go

and find our other horses while George cooks breakfast. After breakfast we work till night, then I go for the horses again and picket one. We get our supper and go to bed.

How can you expect me to write a letter with no other news than that.

There are a great many emigrants going north towards Buffalo, which is a farming country. Most of them are very poor and now and then we see girls driving cattle quite barefooted. It must be fearfully rough for them.

I have been very lucky so far with my horses. Only one has bucked with me this spring and that was little "Buckskin Joe". I did not think he was big enough to do anything, but he certainly made it very interesting for me for a few minutes. We have never ridden Jim Gray or Blue Dick yet as we have no corral which will hold them. We have a corral of poles piled up about 6 feet high but it is not strong and Dick lost his temper the other day, jumped over it and knocked part of it down, and also himself and another horse, so we have concluded to wait till we have them safe.

Are you going to the Eton & Harrow or Oxford & Cambridge matches this year? Do you remember the last time we went there how it rained and we could get no proper shelter?

The weather here has been lovely for the last three days and I hope will continue so, though so little rain just now is bad for the grass.

I hope both Tottie and Claudie are convalescent by this time. Tottie's picture of the dead horse was greatly admired by some cowboys the other day. They declared it was the image of me and that the horse looked quite natural. Tottie is a born artist.

You would laugh at me if you saw me now. The arms have got torn off my shirt and it is split down the back. The legs of my unmentionables are also in a decayed condition, also my coat. I do not know what I shall do when I go to Cheyenne; I shall have to sneak into town by night and buy some clothes.

Goodbye now and write soon as I have had no letters for two weeks.

Believe me,

Your ever affect. brother,  
W. F. Wailes

P.S. I am going to make some apple tarts tonight. Don't you wish you had a chance of having some. Ask Tottie if she likes tarts.

Address:

Box 22

Post Office

Fort Fetterman

Wyoming.

My dear Mama,

Bordeaux Post Office

July 18th 1885

I intended to write to you from Denver or Cheyenne but was so pressed for time that I could not manage it.

I have not heard from any of you for about five weeks, so suppose you are all right or you would have written. I am on my way back to the ranch, with a mowing machine, horse rake, etc., and shall begin making hay as soon as possible.

It has been very hot here between 90° and 100° in the shade and we have had no thunderstorms for two weeks. I shall not be able to get to Fort Fetterman for some time yet I expect, as I have so much to do.

No time to write more as I have some loose horses outside and can't leave them.

Will write again very shortly. Love to all and

Believe me,

Ever your affect. son,

W. F. Wailes

Address:

La Bonte Post Office,

via Bordeaux, Wyoming T.

My dearest Mother,

July 29th/85

Fort Fetterman

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

I have been terribly hard worked lately, what with breaking young horses, making hay, cutting logs for building purposes, that I have to wash my clothes by moonlight or go unwashed.

I have just bought eight more horses that have just arrived in a large herd from Texas and shall not have them turned over to me till noon today, and as I have to get home tonight, it will take hard riding—40 miles in six hours.

Since I have been away at Cheyenne they have opened a new mail route and there is going to be a Post Office within 7 miles of us so that it will only be a short ride to get our mail and not close on 80 miles as it is now.

Also, they are going to build a railroad through the territory, so that it seems impossible to get away from civilization and wherever civilization gets, money is hard to make. For my part, I am very much disappointed. I had got a range 130 miles away from the nearest railroad and between 35 and 40 miles from the nearest Post Office and had hoped to be undisturbed, but as soon as the railroad comes through it brings in a host of settlers which is bad for stock raisers. However, it can't be helped and I think if I am crowded out I shall go to South America.



I expect by this time you have gone to the seaside for the children's holidays, so I will direct this to 28 Albion Street.

I was in Denver for five days about three weeks ago. Edith Hart is going to leave this country for Germany on the 1st of August. She will be in England within the next year or two and if she does come to England I hope you will invite her to stay with you as the Harts have been very kind to me. Also, if you would invite Wilson Hart sometime I would be much obliged.

My house will cost me in all about \$60 = £12. \$50 wasted I think but a man must keep up appearances to a certain extent, even here. There are window nails, hinges to buy, and I am putting a floor in it of lumber, and roofing it with lumber when logs would have done. I feel that I have been extravagant, but I do like a house to be clean though not uncomfortably so, and a log roof has to be covered with mud and the mud drops through between the logs. I believe I told you in my last that we had a hospital and a good Doctor. He has lots of cases in there now; one poor fellow has had his leg broken and sinews twisted, ribs smashed and lungs hurt, a horse fell on him, so he will be a resident of Fort Fetterman for some time.

We are having warm weather, over 90° in the shade, and yesterday there was no breeze, which made it terrible.

I have no more news so must conclude. I hope to hear that you have got a house next time you write. I am sure you would be much happier in a home of your own and it would be so much better for the children. This is stale news I expect, so I won't write any more.

I do hope when this reaches you that it will find you well and happy.

With best love to all,

I am,  
Your ever affect. son,  
W. F. Wailes

Address: Horseshoe Creek P.O.  
Via Bordeaux, Wyo. T.  
U.S.A.

Elkhorn Creek  
Nov. 1st 1885

My dearest Mother,

I have nothing much to write about but I owe you a letter, so will give you all the news I have.

Everything is going on well here and we are having lovely weather; an occasional cold storm and now and then as warm as July in England. Today I have been riding all day in my shirt sleeves although there was snow on the ground when I started this morning. I have the inside to my house nearly finished, that is the partition dividing the house into two rooms is finished but we

have no windows or doors yet and I am afraid shall not have for a month to come.

The furniture consists of a table we made out of boards, some empty boxes we sit on and a shelf. It is not much to have but it is better than eating off the floor as we used to.

Tomorrow I am going to have the ground ploughed which will be our garden next year. I shall grow enough potatoes, onions, beetroots, radishes, squash melons and turnips to give us green food and help to feed the chickens.

I have been hunting deer all day although it is Sunday, in order to get some fresh meat, but I got nothing but a few grouse as all the deer seem to have left the country. Next week I shall begin putting up stabling for ten horses and when that is done I shall begin to fence, and after that build irrigating ditches, so to irrigate the land and grow lots of hay, so I have my hands full for a year to come.

I am riding nearly every day watching the horses, as they choose a certain place and then stay there always and we have to watch them and find out where they go. Some will stray twenty miles away. Most of them I am glad to say are staying within six miles of the ranch.

Next week I shall send George into Cheyenne with the wagon to get a cooking stove, plates and dishes etc., as we can only have tin ones and they are hard to keep clean.

I hope to hear from some of you tomorrow x x x x x x x x

I received the photo in safety but can't say it flatters any of you but I am very glad to have it all the same.

I must now conclude as that is the amount of my news.

Love to all and believe me,

Your ever affect. son,

W. F. Wailes

Elkhorn Creek,  
Dec 6th 1885

My dearest Mother,

I received yours of Nov. 13th a few days ago. I am very much obliged to you for getting me shirts and drawers as it is impossible to get any good ones here. I generally have to wear them about a week and then throw them away.

I really do not know how you can send them, unless you direct them to Dean Hart's where I can get them some day when I am in Denver. I don't know how you would send them by steamer but probably you could find out at any ships agents.

I am very sorry to hear of Grannie's illness, but I am glad to hear that she is better than she was. I hope soon to hear that Uncle Andrew has been returned for the Ilkley Division, as I am

afraid he will be very much disappointed if he does not get into Parliament again.

I have very little news here. The house is at last finished and consists of two rooms and a cellar. The doors and windows are also in. I have bought a cooking stove, as before we only had a little sheet iron one which had become burnt out; also some thick white plates, cups and saucers and a large wash tub, so I have everything I want. We have a table but no chairs, a little piece of looking glass and a comb.

The stables will be finished in about two weeks and so will the well which has run dry although it is 18ft. deep, so we have to carry all our water about 200 yards which is not very convenient.

The drainage of the house will cause us no trouble as we throw all the refuse outside and the chickens eat it up.

I was in Fetterman the other day and the place is beginning to get nicely in anticipation of the railroad coming through there; the place is full of gamblers, and people who seem to live on nothing, cowboys, miners, bull whackers and mule skinnners. They all gamble and fight, you see they play Faro, Bank, Keno and Poker.

They sit with their "pile" (money) beside them and their pistols on the top of it. I found a man shot through the head the day I got there, and attended the funeral. About twenty or thirty people followed the hearse which consisted of a spring wagon and whoever wanted to smoke, smoked, and all hands who were not too lazy helped to cover him up. When the railroad comes through they will have "a dead man for breakfast" as their saying is, every morning and then they won't take so much trouble about the funerals.

I may go to Denver for a few days at Christmas but I am not sure. If Mrs Hart who died was the Dean's mother, I think I had better not go; but I really don't know if I am mistaken or not.

No more news,  
Best love to all and

Believe me,  
Your affect. son,  
W. F. Wailes

Elkhorn Creek,  
Dec. 14th 1885

My dearest Mother,

I am just writing to wish you all a merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

I hope in a year or two from now to be with you for Christmas at least, but it is so far off it is no use talking about it yet.

Thank you very much for the Christmas presents of shirts etc. which I am to get. They will be very useful and I hope I shall receive them in safety.

I may go to Denver for a few days at Christmas as the wagon has to go in to Cheyenne for grain but I am not sure yet, as I don't know what relation Mrs Hart that died is to the Dean and if it is his mother I should not like to go there and trouble them at such a time.

We have had some very cold weather for two or three days. I should think it must have been 10° below zero on Thursday and Friday last, but it has cleared up and I hope the sun will be warm for a week or so. I expect in the old country it is foggy and rainy and cold; I prefer it below zero to that.

I hope soon to hear that you have got a house and are comfortably settled for the next ten years or so, though I don't think you could manage ten years in one house, but I hope to hear that you have got a house for some little time at least.

I must now conclude as I have no news and only wrote to wish you a merry Christmas.

Best love to all,  
and believe me,

Your ever affect. son,  
W. F. Wailes

La Bonte P.O.  
Via Fort Fetterman  
Wyo. T., U.S.A.  
My dearest Mother,

Elkhorn Creek,  
Feb. 13/86

I ought to have written to you sooner but I scarcely ever get any time to spare at all. I have been away from the ranche for ten days, riding the range. It is just a year today since I left Liverpool and I hope it won't be much more than a year more before I can afford to come back at any rate for a month or two. You have no idea how I should like it but I have neither the time nor the money to spare, so it is not to be thought of for a year yet; however, that will soon pass, time goes too quickly.

I hope to hear soon that you have got a house and left Harrogate for although I think the place healthy still it is too cold for some people.

I have not heard from any of you for a month or two as our mail here has been stopped, but I hope to get some mail tomorrow.

I have been very fortunate this winter so far and have not had any casualties among the horses. The winter here has been exceptionally mild though it has been a terrible one everywhere else.

There is a great emigration from here to the British possessions, everyone is going there. How they will like it I don't know, but I expect it will be cold.

I heard from Arty a short time since but he does not seem to have got any work yet which is a great pity, but I hope soon to hear better news.

I hope Leila is continuing in good health. I am anxiously waiting to hear from someone how she is.

I hear that some boxes are waiting for me in Denver, but I do not know whether you have sent them or who, or if they come from the old country at all, as you said that you could not send them till March.

I have no more news as usual. I start out tomorrow to ride the range again and bring in saddle horses to prepare them for the horse round up and shall probably be away three days.

The wagon is going into Cheyenne for a load of grain, etc.

I am going to Rock Creek or rather beyond there to the Little Laramie River on business shortly.

Tell Hilda I will write to her soon.

Best love to all and Believe me,

Your ever affect. son,

W. F. Wailes

Horseshoe Creek.  
Via Bordeaux  
Wyo. T., U.S.A.

My dearest Mother,

I have received several letters from all of you lately.

I received one from Father yesterday asking if I wanted anything. Tell him I want "Armitage's Horse Doctor"; it costs 21/- or 30/-. If he won't make me a Christmas present I will pay for it myself. I have the same book already in the warehouse, but I have looked for it there myself and cannot find it and if I wait till the things are removed, I may wait five years, as it would be very useful to me now I prefer to buy another rather than have none at all. The winter is nearly over now and has here been a very moderate one, much more so than usual.

I have not lost a single horse by death, which is a rather unusual thing the first winter after they have been driven on the trail, so I am lucky, but south and east of Wyoming the winter has been severe and the loss among stock considerable.

I have also had a colt born on the 23rd Feb. and am expecting a dozen more, but next year I hope to have 65 or 70 young ones.

Everything is going on well here excepting that a horse fell on me on Friday last and slightly hurt my leg so that I can't get my boot on; however, my leg is not broken and I am riding in some thick stockings and an over shoe on one leg and a boot on the other, so you need not make yourself uneasy.

I am delighted to hear that Leila is going on so well, and I trust will continue to do so. I wrote to her to congratulate her.

I heard from Edie yesterday who seems to be having a more enjoyable time at Biarritz than she expected.

You want a house? How will the enclosed suit you, I am afraid it is too far from a town.

I hope you are feeling better than you were. Harrogate suits some people or not others. I am sorry to hear about your gouty fingers, I am afraid it runs in the family. No news, so must conclude,

Best love to yourself and all, and Believe me,  
Your ever affect. son,

W. Wailes

I cannot get any stamps within 23 miles of here so you will have to pay extra postage.

44 Ranch  
Moram P.O.,  
Via Bordeaux,  
Wyo. T.  
October 10th 1886

My dearest Leila,

I expect you are mad because I have not written to you lately. You can vent your anger on Fred for me.

I really don't know what to tell you about unless it is my last disappointment. You know the Governor gave me a lot of surgical instruments, air pump, lancets, knives, etc. and I have never been able to use them. Well, the other day two men about four miles from here quarrelled and one went to the wagon for his rifle intending to perforate the other, but the other was too quick for him and dropped him with his six shooter trying shooting him in the leg. He then got on his horse and came here and told us he had shot a man and that we had better go and take something to stop the bleeding. He then rode for the mountains.

This was the grand opportunity I had been waiting for. I took the Governor's "Nyd?" case and a few instruments and started with the wagon to the scene of action. When we got there, I found the man had crawled to the creek, cut his boot and the leg of his trousers off and stuck his leg in the creek. He had been lying there about two hours and I was disgusted to see so little blood. I had hoped to be at least able to apply some of the things in the Nyd(?) case I then cut off his "lingerie" with a pr. of scissors and examined the wound; I had hoped that the bullet had lodged in the bone in which case I should have probed for the ball and if that had been unsuccessful, should have amputated there and then. But I had evidently struck a streak of bad luck, as the ball had gone right through without so much as cutting an artery or single vein. It was too bad and I was disgusted. There was very little blood and no probing or amputation to be done and the world seemed a blank to me. At last a bright thought siezed me. I explained to him that as the bullet had gone through his leg there must be wads of leather and lumps of trowser and

lingerie that the bullet had jammed in there and had stuck in the wound and I told him they must be got out and was going to begin to sink a shaft in his shin till it struck some leather or pants or lingerie, when he flatly refused to let me operate. I never saw such an obstinate man. I tried to soothe him and told him it would not hurt him much etc. and I tried all the arts a dentist has to try to persuade a patient that he is not going to do anything when he has the pinchers behind his back, but it was no good. He did not know what was good for him and told me in forcible language that he would be D----d if I should use a single thing on him, so I had to content myself in bathing it with cold water and we sent him to a doctor in Douglas who knows nothing. It is too bad I have all those instruments and don't believe he would have even allowed me to use the Horse stomach pump I have. People don't know what is good for them or appreciate kind offers.

The Sheriff is after the other man and I am afraid they will call on me as a witness although I saw nothing of the shooting; still, anyone does for a witness in this country as they pay you ten cents a mile and \$1.50 a day while you are in court.

I enclose something for Fred. Tell him it was on a clean piece of paper and untorn one but I have carried it about for so long that I doubt if he can make it all out. It was published in "Bill Barlow's Budget", the Douglas weekly paper.

They have built a \$10,000 hotel in Douglas and lots of large stores but prices do not seem to have much improved.

I hope you chaperoned those girls properly in Edinburgh. They seemed to have enjoyed themselves pretty well there, likewise Mama.

What is Fred's latest hobby? I hear nothing of dogs. Tell him I think Angora goats would pay if he could muster up enough energy to shear them. He might start a skunk ranch as a man "back East" has done in order to get their "hides" and the oil but they are slightly unpleasant things to handle.

Tell Gladys that I am much obliged for her letter and will answer it some day when I have time.

Best love to all and Believe me,

Your affect. Brother,  
W. F. Wailes

Moram P.O.,  
Via Bordeaux  
Wyo. T., U.S.A.  
October 10th 1886

My dearest Mother,

I have not written to you for a long time but it is so hard to write to different members of the family and tell them all different news.

You appear to have enjoyed your visit to Edinbro' from what Edie says and I am very glad of it. It does you good to be roused up a little.

Edie seems rather amused with Miss Forster. You must have had your time employed in keeping her from being run over in the streets.

I do not know whether I told you that George Pfeiffer who is working for me, has got married to a girl of about 19, he gave her father a pony for her. She does all the cooking, so I am rather lucky than otherwise. She also looks after the chickens etc. and even feeds the horses when we are both away and as I pay her nothing and she eats nothing to speak of, it is decidedly advantageous to me. The Shanty is much cleaner since she arrived and she also washes my clothes when I allow her and mends them. I like a woman well enough about the place but I much prefer her being somebody else's wife.

It is the tenth of October today and yesterday it was as hot as ever I felt it in England.

I have grown about a ton of potatoes in my garden and raised 100 chickens which we shall soon start and eat as they cost too much to feed in the winter. Next year I hope to have enough eggs, chickens, butter, milk and vegetables to live on, and that will save a considerable amount of money.

I am also going to buy two or three pigs and fatten them in a pen, and kill them at Christmas which will provide us with enough lard and bacon for six months and then I shall only have flour and little other things to buy. Times are so bad one must economise. Please tell Papa that cows have fallen terribly and worse than horses. In fact, one man in Douglas was giving two cows for a good horse and I should have exchanged with him but it would have cost \$20 a head to have brought the cows through the coming winter, whereas horses will do without hay.

I received a letter from Edie and Sybil's painting this morning. If she did it all herself I think she will be able to earn her own living in the future. In any case I am much obliged for it and will write to all of them shortly.

I know you will be delighted to see Arty again. He must have been away more than a year. The horses are doing splendidly and are fat but the cattle on the range are very thin and I expect a hard winter will cause a great deal of loss among them.

I am going to write to Mrs Quarrie sometime soon as I never answered her letter.

Best love and believe me,  
Your affect. son,

W. F. Wailes



44 Ranche,  
Elkhorn Creek,  
Wyo.

December 5th 1886

My dearest Mother,

I have no particular news to tell you so cannot write you much of a letter.

So far we have had the hardest winter on record. Snow has scarcely been off the ground since November 1st and it has been decidedly cold.

Uncle Andrew and Claudie will I suppose by this time be nearing India. I expect they will have a most enjoyable tour. Uncle Andrew wrote to me a short time since and told me he might return via San Francisco and New York. If so he will let me know and I shall probably see him on his way through Denver. I am at present engaged putting up more buildings and stables and as usual riding the range looking after my horses; I am afraid I have had one or two stolen as there has been a great deal of horse stealing done round here lately. If we run across any of the thieves "A short shrift and a long rope" will be programme—there are plenty of convenient trees round here.

This country is becoming too old to be a good country and next year I intend, if I have the time and the money, to go to British Columbia before it gets too old.

People here were fools enough to think that this railroad was going to do them good, and instead of that it is ruining a good many people; supplies are very little cheaper, and things that were sold for good prices before the railroad came in now fetch nothing.

You can tell Papa that I hear from the best authority that Andrews sold steers this year for \$5 less than he gave for them two years ago, losing about \$8 a head on the transaction.

There have been a good many Elk and bears killed round here lately as the snow has driven them out of the mountains.

Tell Artie I will write to him when I have news and the time to spare.

Best love to yourself and the rest,  
And Believe me,

Your ever affect. son,  
W. F. Wailes

La Bonte P.O.  
via Douglas, Wyo.

Elkhorn Creek,  
Wyo.  
Dec. 26th 1886

My dearest Mother,

I ought to have written this a month ago in order to reach you by Xmas but have had no time, so you must forgive me. I must

wish you a very happy Xmas and New Year and yesterday I wished I was at home.

I expect Fred and Leila were with you as usual and no doubt Fred did justice to the oysters, champagne and cakes. I should like to be home next Xmas but I am afraid it is impossible till times get better and money more plentiful.

This morning the Thermometer was about 20° below zero but yesterday (Xmas day) was beautiful, not a cloud to be seen but there was plenty of snow on the ground and today it is snowing again.

I have nearly got my new house finished; I am having a private room for myself and another larger room built, so I shall soon be pretty comfortable.

There was to be a prize fight in Douglas yesterday but unfortunately I was not able to go and see it; a prize fight is uncommon here, they generally shoot instead.

I suppose Uncle Andrew and Claudie are in India. I envy them, they will be out of the cold. Uncle Andrew may return via San Francisco and New York in which case I might possibly see him.

I had hoped to hear that you had found a house to suit you by this time but from Edie's last letter I see you have not.

I have not had any letters from any of you except Edith for two weeks so probably there are some on the way. This morning is our mail day and I was disappointed not to get any.

I have been having a good deal of trouble about some hay I bought as the man I bought it from first sold it to me and then before I had time to cart it to the ranch he sold it to another man. Consequently, there was war all round but I managed to get the best of them as I started with my wagon as soon as I found it out and took it away in the night and then followed the custom of the country and went to call on my Friend with a double barrelled shot gun loaded with buckshot. I asked him if I could take the hay that belonged to me and he was very polite and said I could, so the man who bought it over the second time got left.

Hoping Hilda is better and with best love to yourself and the rest of the family,

I remain,

Your affect. son,  
W. F. Wailes

Moram P.O.,  
Via Douglas,  
Wyo.  
Jan. 31st 1887

My dearest Mother,

I have just received your letter dated Jan. 10th. I am so sorry

to hear that you have been ill but I sincerely hope that you will be quite well again long before this reaches you. You must take great care of yourself.

I am sure Mabel will make a first-rate Nurse. Have I forgotten to write to any of them? I think I have answered all their letters but am not quite sure. Please tell me when next you write.

The winter here has been severe but I hope we shall have an early spring.

I am writing this at the road ranch (i.e. Hotel) so can scarcely write you much of a letter but I will write again shortly.

Tell Arty I will write to him whenever I have any news that will interest him.

Very best love to yourself and the same to all the rest and Believe me,

Your ever affect. son,

W. F. Wailes

April 10/87

My dearest Mother,

I must write you a few lines at least as it is some weeks since I wrote to you.

I received yours of March 18th last week. I was very much disappointed to hear that Uncle Andrew had changed his plans, as I was looking forward to seeing him.

Please send me some simple cooking receipts if you can, I have milk, butter, eggs, flour, rice, oatmeal, cornmeal to make things out of.

How are those oatmeal cakes made that we used to have at home and how are Scotch scones made?

I am glad to hear that Arty and his wife are settled at Boston Spa. I think it will be so much better in every way for them to live together. Tell Arty when next you see him to write to me, I have no time to write to him.

I hope my clothes will arrive in safety in Denver as I have literally not a respectable garment to put on but luckily that does not much matter out here.

Thank you very much for the photographs of Mabel, Sybil and Hilda. Mabel seems to have changed a good deal and I don't suppose I shall know any of them when I get home again.

We begin riding bronchos again next month if the grass has grown sufficiently to picket them. Also we shall begin rounding up as soon as possible.

You do not say in your letter where Tom Kennedy's new house it? Who has got his old house?

I built a hot bed the other day to force some vegetables; I expect to have potatoes, lettuces, cabbage, cauliflower, beans, peas, melons, squashes, pumpkins, cucumbers, turnips, radishes, Kohl Rabi,

nutmeg, melons, Rhubarb, mustard, pepper, parsley etc., so I have no intention of starving this summer.

I am also growing oats, wheat, alfalfa and tame grasses to ensure lots of hay next winter, so you see I have plenty to occupy my time from 5.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m.

Best love to all, and Believe me,

Your ever affect. son,  
W. F. Wailes

P.S. Send me a receipt for currying rabbit, venison, etc.

Moram P.O.,  
via Douglas,  
Wyo. June 16th 1887

My dearest Mother,

Many thanks for your kind birthday letter which I received a few days later than the event, also for your letter containing the receipts.

I hope the dance at Crayke Castle went off well. I expect it did, Aunt Emma is always so kind to everyone that it would be sure to be enjoyable.

I hope Mabel enjoyed herself and had lots of partners. She ought to have had, as I am sure she dances well. You cannot wish that I had been there more than I do myself, but I am afraid the way things are turning out that it will be many a long year before I can get home again to England but you may be sure that the very first time I have money enough to get there and back again I shall do so.

I hope Papa had good sport at the Tweed in May. I am sure outdoor exercise is necessary for him.

We have been having terribly hot weather for the last two weeks and no rain. If we don't have rain soon all the grass will be burnt up and spoilt and already my 3 or 4 acres of oats, wheat, etc. are "wilted" with the sun. Today I am glad to say it is cooler for although I am used to a good deal of heat this is too much, I imagine the hottest day you ever felt in London which is a hot place in summer time and then double the heat and you have the temperature. The mosquitoes are rather bad too this year. Last night we made a "smudge" (i.e. a fire that is made of green wood) in a bake oven and put it inside the door of the house to drive the mosquitoes out so we got a good night's sleep.

Last week two mares that I am looking after for another man got away from me and I rode over 250 miles before I found them and got them back. Now I have got them back I have hobbled them well, prevent them getting away very fast.

My garden is not prospering for want of rain but those things that will grow with very little water are growing well. I have onions, lettuce, potatoes, mustard already and shall soon have

peas, beans, cabbages, tomatoes, beets, turnips etc. and all the water melons and pumpkins and other melons that we can eat.

Game is beginning to get scarce and I have only killed one antelope in the last month, though it certainly is useless to kill them now as the meat soon spoils and  $\frac{3}{4}$  of it is wasted. They are about the same size as a sheep but three of us can eat a whole one in a week or ten days.

I suppose people are talking a good deal of "Buffalo Bill's show", his real name is Bill Cody and he comes from near here. Also a good many of the men who ride for him are Wyoming cowboys and I know one or two personally.

I am sorry to hear that the A Smiths have got the measles, but I suppose it is nothing serious to have the measles a second time.

I received a letter from Arty a few days ago. Tell him I was very glad to get it and will answer it some time.

Best love to all and Believe me,

Your affect. son,  
W. F. Wailes

Moram P.O.  
Via Douglas  
Wyo.

Oct 10/87

My dearest Mother,

I am ashamed of having left you so long without a letter but to quote Dr Johnson "I do not love you less because I do not write." The fact is I have had my hands full of work and no news of any sort. I received letters from Hilda and Sybil the other day and was very glad to get them.

We have just had our first snow storm lasting from the 7th inst. to morning of the 9th and had a severe frost last night but today it is bright but not warm.

I have no meat to eat, nothing but bread and potatoes so I must go and kill an antelope today and now they are so scarce and wild that it is a matter of some difficulty. It would amuse you to see me crawl out one when I am really hungry and want some meat; I take off my hat and boots so that they can't see or hear me so well and sometimes crawl half a mile on my stomach to get some place that will shelter me, then I wind about the hills and gulches out of sight till I get within a hundred yards or so and then I sit down and rest till I get my breath and my nerves are steady and then I crawl round the edge of a hill or behind some sage brush and pick out my animal, generally a young buck, and shoot at him. Sometimes they give you a good fair shot and at other times they are off like a flash down the nearest gulch or over the nearest hill. If you shoot one through the heart he will sometimes run off as if nothing had struck him and after going about a hundred paces, he will fall over backwards. If you shoot one in the body and

break no bones nor touch a vital part they will run with the rest but after going half a mile or so they will stop and go into a hollow and lay down. Then is your time to get close to them and finish them. If you only break a leg they can run nearly as fast as a horse and then your only chance to get them is to get on your horse and run them down and lasso them or run alongside of them and put another bullet into them; it is lots of fun when you have not to hunt for your dinner but when you know that "no hit means no dinner" and you have an aching pain in your jaws and your mouth is watering, it is not quite so funny.

I suppose you will shortly be in the new house and I shall be delighted to hear that you like it.

I am getting terribly homesick and would give anything to get home again, but I suppose I must wait till I make enough money and that won't be for two or three years yet.

The horses are doing as well as can be wished for and if it was not for these wretched American laws I should soon be rich, but as it is it is going to be a struggle.

I wish you would buy me some more eye glasses Nos. 8 and 9 but mostly No. 8 as that is the strength I use but as they vary in different places it would be better to be sure to have them strong enough. I enclose a circle to show the size; they do not need to be quite as large as the circle but very nearly as I have drawn the circle by drawing round the one I am using with a pencil.

This house smells delicious at present. We have killed eight skunks under the flooring and there is one more to kill. The smell of drains is rather unpleasant but the smell here beats all the united sewers in London.

The broncho-buster at the HR cow ranch was killed last week; the horse turned clean over forwards with him and he never spoke again. They have planted him down by the creek and piled a heap of stones on him. He must feel as if he had eaten too large a dinner with all those stones on his chest.

I expect you are sorry to leave Edinbro' and I expect the girls are too.

Goodbye for the present.

Tell everybody I will write to them as soon as they write to me again, as I am so far in their debt, it is useless to try and catch up so I may as well declare myself bankrupt and we can then all start again level. Best love to yourselves and everybody else and Believe me,

Your ever affect. son,

W. F. Wailes

# *Eben Swift's Army Service on the Plains, 1876-1879*

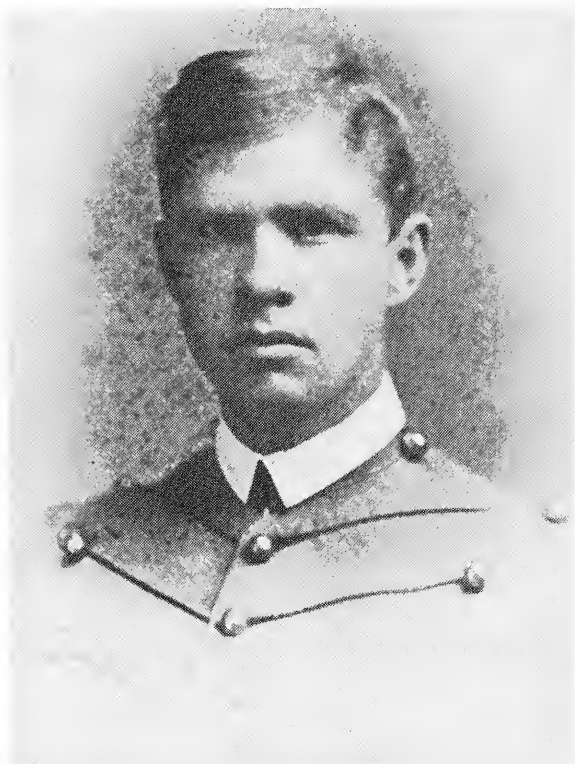
Introduced and Edited by Paul L. Hedren

It is rare when a fresh, first-hand account of army life on the American frontier emerges for utilization by students of the Indian wars and the "Old Army." The "Personal Memoranda of Major General Eben Swift," on deposit in the Library of the United States Military Academy, constitutes one exciting new discovery. Written in retirement, this memoir recounts personal experiences dating from the time of Swift's childhood with his father, Captain and Assistant Surgeon Ebenezer Swift, on the 1850s Texas frontier, through the First World War. In retrospect, Eben dwelt, and proudly so, on his service with the Fifth Regiment United States Cavalry beginning near the end of the 1876 Sioux Campaign and continuing into the 1890s. His remarks pertaining to two important personages in the Fifth Cavalry, Colonel Wesley Merritt and Captain Charles King, are especially enlightening and help round out the careers of those men. Equally illuminating are his comments about soldiering on the frontier, particularly from the viewpoint of a "green" West Point graduate.

Eben Swift was born in Texas on May 11, 1854. His childhood was spent at the elbows of army officers while he listened to accounts of Indian fights, the Mexican War, and service along the Oregon Trail with the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen. It seemed only natural that Eben should be a soldier, and in due course he received an appointment from Ulysses S. Grant to attend the United States Military Academy. Upon graduation in 1876 Swift was appointed to the Fourteenth Infantry, but he transferred at his own request to the Fifth Cavalry in October, 1876.

Swift's service with the Fifth was marked by frequent field service, and steady responsibility. As he recounts in this extract from his "Personal Memoranda," he was appointed Regimental Adjutant in 1878, and continued in that capacity until 1887. Eben was promoted to first lieutenant in 1884, and to captain in 1893. These promotions were not meteoric, but it was not uncommon for any officer during this period to remain in grade for a decade or more.

In 1896 Swift was ordered to Springfield, Illinois, for duty as Regular Army instructor of the Illinois National Guard. At the onset of the Spanish American War, he was appointed major of the Seventh Illinois Infantry. Later in 1898 he received a commission as lieutenant colonel of the Ninth Illinois Infantry, and



—United States Military Academy Library  
Cadet Eben Swift

then colonel of the Fourth Illinois Infantry. While in Cuba, his infantry unit was mustered out of the volunteer service and Eben rejoined the Fifth Cavalry as a captain.

When the War Department at the turn of the Century raised an infantry regiment comprised of native Puerto Ricans, Swift was promoted to major in the new unit. He then went on to duty with the First and Eighth U.S. Cavalry Regiments, and the Second Cavalry Brigade during the 1916 Mexican Border conflict.

In 1917 Eben was promoted to major general in the National Army and was ordered to Camp Gordon, Georgia, to organize and command the Eighty-second Division. He nearly accompanied his division to France, but General Pershing declared that there should not be any general in Europe over age sixty. Since Swift was then sixty-three, he remained behind when the Eighty-second left America.



On May 17, 1880 Eben married Susan Bonaparte Palmer, the daughter of Brevet Major General and Mrs. Innis N. Palmer. Palmer was a retired colonel of the Second Cavalry Regiment. His memoirs suggest that Eben was an immensely happy man, both professionally and personally. And he was a sentimental man. In 1930, at the age of seventy-six, he wrote:

I am a very lonely, sad old man now. My dearly beloved Susie departed this life for a better one a month ago today. . . .

Some people think that youth is a mistake, middle age a struggle and old age a regret, but I have not found it so. On the whole I have enjoyed life and have no regrets. I feel that I have done my share in disseminating military Knowledge and preparing for national defense. I have successfully raised a family of two girls and three boys and have eleven hearty grand children, two of them cadets at West Point. Now I am very, very tired and want to be with Susie.

The memoirs which follow detail Eben Swift's service with the Fifth Cavalry on the Northern Plains from 1876 through 1879. Aside from spelling corrections and the addition of explanatory notes, the text is as Swift wrote it.

\* \* \* \* \*

The "Custer Massacre" occurred while I was on my graduation leave and my regiment went on the Black Hills and Yellowstone expedition commanded by General Crook.

I reported on September 1st at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, to get transportation to my regiment. A detachment of four hundred recruits (Custer Avengers) was about to leave Fort Laramie, ninety miles to the north, so I was ordered to join that command at once, and march with them to the Black Hills of Dakota.

On graduation I had provided myself with a beautiful Hatfield suit and four dress uniforms, a dozen white shirts and other equipment to match, but not a single article suitable for service in the field.

It is a strong indictment of West Point methods of that day and the so called lectures of our tactical officers that we should be turned loose in this way.

As time was short I went over to the quartermaster's storehouse and bought an enlisted man's blouse, long trousers, campaign hat, all ill-fitting of course. Someone gave me a pair of old shoulder straps. No alterations could be made in the few hours at my disposal and I am sure that I looked as green and raw as any recruit in the outfit.

I started in the old-fashioned stage coach, ninety miles by road to Fort Laramie. The horses moved at a fast trot and were relayed every four hours. This trip by coach has been seen often in Buffalo Bill's Show and has been described often. We reached Fort Laramie after dark. I did not go to the post but stopped at the sutler's store, sleeping on the floor with others. The place was

filled with a half-drunken crowd. No soldiers, a lot of cattle men, and one fight.

The next morning I reported to Captain Deane Monahan,<sup>1</sup> commanding the detachment of recruits. Other officers were Lt. Ward,<sup>2</sup> Fifth Cavalry and Sam Cherry<sup>3</sup> of the class of 1875. Monahan was of the old sergeant type of pre-war days. He put Ward in arrest before we left camp but found no fault with me. The men were divided into four troops, mounted on new and untrained horses and each man was leading a horse, as the regiment was partially dismounted by the losses of the campaign.

It is a commentary on the military service of that day to tell of green recruits on green horses, rushing forth to field duty. My First Sergeant was George K. Kitchen, an old Fifth Cavalryman, a soldier of the highest type so I had little trouble and learned much from him by letting him run things. Not for a moment did he disclose the fact that he knew I was as green a recruit as any of the rest of the men.

On the first night out from Fort Laramie, a sergeant reported to me for orders for the "herd guard." I had never HEARD of a herd guard and was much embarrassed. I pretended not to hear him and said, "What?" He repeated. I was stumped but a sudden inspiration came to me and I said, "Usual orders." It just happened that this was the right thing to say to an old soldier, but I had not the faintest idea what it was all about. That first night I was officer of the day, sleeping quietly in my tent when suddenly I was awakened by scratching on the tent pole. I called, "What is it?" The answer was that "The Indians are all around the camp." I jumped up and said, "Turn out the guard," or something just as foolish, but the terrified recruit did not move. As I started out of the tent, I heard the quiet voice of Ward in the next tent as he said, "Swift, oh, Swift, make those damn fools go to bed, will you." Often I have thanked him for those words, for they called me to myself and saved me from making a sad exhibition. I saw the situation at once. Around a big campfire the men were crowded, imagining a Custer Massacre for themselves. I quickly had the fire put out and sent them to their tents.

The balance of the trip went smoothly, guided by California Joe,<sup>4</sup> a tough old ruffian of the forties, still suffering from bullet wounds which he had gotten in some brawl.

We reached the camp of the regiment of October twelfth, near Custer City, and were cordially received.

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<sup>1</sup>Captain Deane Monahan, Third Cavalry.

<sup>2</sup>First Lieutenant Edward W. Ward, Company F.

<sup>3</sup>Second Lieutenant Samuel A. Cherry, Company F, Fifth Cavalry.

<sup>4</sup>Moses E. Milner. Milner was murdered at Camp Robinson, October 29, 1876.

It was a motley crowd, with untrimmed, scraggly beards; clothes roughly patched with canvas, gunny sacks, or anything at hand; hats of buffalo skin or none at all; foot wear of rags; horses, skin and bones.

When I reported to General Merritt, as I stood before him in my hastily acquired uniform, I felt that he was thinking in this way, "Well, this is about the greenest looking recruit in the batch. A West Point graduate? They have changed if they turn out such as this."

The fresh horses we brought were objects of interest as the regular mounts were pretty well broken down. One troop lost every horse. My troop lost none, which goes to show that the hard service had not been entirely to blame. My nice easy-going sorrel was taken by Jack Hayes.<sup>5</sup> I protested vigorously but it was of no use.

I was assigned to "B" Troop, the grey troop, under Captain Montgomery,<sup>6</sup> one of the old sergeants of the ancient regime before the Civil War. He did not fall on my neck, but said that he did not need a lieutenant, who was generally in the way, had to be provided with a horse and a striker, fed, etc., etc. I lived to see him my fast friend, to get his approval and his friendship until he died. I was introduced to the contract surgeon of the regiment,<sup>7</sup> who was messing with "Monty." He said, "Mr. Swift, the first duty of a lieutenant is to know how to make a toddy." I confessed my ignorance and he gave me the necessary lessons, and I was the "toddy maker" from then on.

On October fourteenth, the second day after our arrival, the regiment started off on a ten-day scout, down the south branch of the South Cheyenne River, to the mouth of Rapid Creek. My father had presented me with a fine field mattress, made after his own plans. No man in the command had such a luxury so I was ashamed to use it. Bob London<sup>8</sup> had no such sentiment and offered to take care of it for me so I slept on the bare ground. On the scout we saw only a few hostiles who disappeared quickly. We were told that the object of the scout was to prevent the Indians of the Red Cloud Agency from joining the hostiles. The result is not known to me. We returned to the crossing of Custer City and Red Cloud roads, near Buffalo Gap<sup>9</sup> and then marched to Camp Robinson, Nebraska; at which the Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition was abandoned on October twenty-fourth. A fairly good idea of the sentiment of the command may be gotten

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<sup>5</sup>Captain Edward M. Hayes commanded Company G, Fifth Cavalry.

<sup>6</sup>Robert H. Montgomery.

<sup>7</sup>Acting Assistant Surgeon J. W. Powell.

<sup>8</sup>Second Lieutenant Robert London, Company I, Fifth Cavalry.

<sup>9</sup>Buffalo Gap lies in the foothills to the southeast of the Black Hills.

from a song, written by Charlie King,<sup>10</sup> to the tune of "The Regular Army O!", of which this is a part:

But 'twas out upon the Yellowstone,  
 We had the damndest time,  
 Faith, we made the trip with Rosebud George,  
 Six months without a dime.  
 We campaigned in the sage brush,  
 The ditches and the mud,  
 And we never saw an onion, or a turnip, or a spud.<sup>11</sup>

Rosebud George was the nickname given to General George Crook. The paymaster was there and all hands got their back pay as well as their full rations. It was quite natural that the change from horse meat and putrid buffalo, with nothing to wash it down, should be celebrated in good old army style.

Never will I forget the evening and the night of the first day at Camp Robinson.

The enlisted men found plenty of "speak easies" around, I suppose. There was no room for them at the sutler's store. It was taken by the officers for themselves, hundreds of them, I should say, a howling mob. Among other performances was Hoel Bishop,<sup>12</sup> riding his horse into the billiard room and trying to get him to jump over the billiard table.

I looked on in wonder, did not touch a drop, alone, silent and unknown.

The only casualty that I can remember was Lt. Keyes who hap-

<sup>10</sup>First Lieutenant Charles King, Company K, Fifth Cavalry.

<sup>11</sup>The song "The Regular Army O," written by Edward Harrigan about 1874, was immensely popular in the old army and was sung by regulars at many a campfire. Swift had confused and combined a few lines. The verse attributed to Lieutenant King is as follows:

But twas out upon the Yellowstone,  
 we had the damndest time,  
 Faith, we made the trip wid "Rosebud George",  
 six months without a dime.  
 Some eighteen hundred miles we went,  
 through hunger, mud, and rain.  
 Wid backs all bare, and rations rare,  
 no chance for grass or grain.  
 Wid bunkies starvin' by our side,  
 no rations was the rule;  
 Sure twas ate your boots and saddles, you brutes,  
 but feed the packer and the mule.  
 But you know full well that in your fights,  
 no soldier lad was slow,  
 And it wasn't the packer that won ye a star,  
 In the Regular Army O.

<sup>12</sup>Second Lieutenant Hoel S. Bishop, Company G, Fifth Cavalry.

pened to be on pledge and broke it. General Merritt had him court-martialed and he was dismissed.<sup>13</sup>

Then on to Fort Laramie, and thence to Fort D.A. Russell, which was to be headquarters of our regiment; and where we arrived on November seventh. I had ridden about five hundred miles.

So much for my first month of service.

At Fort Russell I put on my fine Hatfield uniform, cheered up and began to think something of myself. Montgomery told me that I was to go on roll calls morning and evening, stables and all drills. About all he did was sign the morning report. As the other captains divided the duties with their lieutenants, they voted my captain as a pretty mean man. I did not resent it at all, was glad of it and knew it did me good.

It was here that my West Point training came into play. I took that troop of cavalry, drilled and instructed it with full confidence. As judge advocate of the regiment of the frequent courts, I swore the court without looking at the book, wrote up the record and turned it in promptly.

The Captain became quite friendly, the stern General seemed to give me a look of approval, and Charles King, the adjutant, told me that he had picked me as his successor—little thinking how soon the prediction would come true.

The winter of 1876-1877 was passed at Fort Russell. It was a bleak station. Sometimes the snow banked up to the eaves of the houses and we had to dig our way into the stables. As much military duty as weather permitted was performed. The General was a strict disciplinarian. Every man who missed a duty was tried by court-martial. I think a hundred men were in the guard house at once, after one pay day.

Reveille and morning stables were almost in the dark. The General was present but after an attack of illness he discontinued the practice for himself.

On May twenty-ninth, 1877, my troop, with four others, took the field and were ordered to march to the Big Horn Mountains, the scene of the operations of the previous year, the favorite hunting ground of the Indians. We took the old Bozeman Trail by Chug Water, Fort Fetterman, where we crossed the [North] Platte, Cantonment Reno,<sup>14</sup> on the Powder River, the remains of

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<sup>13</sup>Second Lieutenant Edward L. Keyes, Company C, Fifth Cavalry. Keyes "ceased to be an officer" April 28, 1877.

<sup>14</sup>Cantonment Reno, established in 1876 as a supply base for Colonel Ranald Mackenzie's operations against hostiles in Wyoming, was located three miles south of old Fort Reno. In August, 1877, the post was designated Fort McKinney. In June, 1878, the post was relocated on the Clear Fork of the Powder River.

old Fort Phil Kearny, across the scene of the massacre of Fetterman's command a few miles beyond the Big Piney, and on to the Clear Fork of the Powder, where we made camp.

It was here that Fort McKinney was established as was the present town of Buffalo.<sup>15</sup> It was a beautiful site. The streams were full of mountain trout. The mountains and plains abounded in wild game such as mountain sheep, elk, black tail deer, antelope, buffalo and mountain grouse. No wonder the Indians were willing to fight and die for it in preference to rotting and starving at the agencies. On July seventh, Generals Sherman and Crook, escorted by one of our troops, arrived from Fort Washakie.

I joined with my troop and four others and we escorted the party to Fort Custer at the mouth of the Little Big Horn in Montana. We stopped over one day at the scene of Custer Battle Field, less than a year before and we must have been the first to visit the place since General Terry's command had been there and buried the dead.

We had brought with us a band of about twenty-five Indians from the Cheyenne agency at Red Cloud, who were now enlisted as scouts. They had evidently been in the fight and knew all about it but never would acknowledge the fact. They claimed that when the soldiers appeared they ran in great fear and buried themselves in striking camp and helping the women and children and old men to get away. They guided us over the field and pointed out the routes taken by Custer, Reno, and Benteen. Some unburied bodies were found. Others had been dug up by wolves. Many dead horses were lying around. Rags of uniforms and broken bits of equipment were scattered about. I have always regretted that I did not make careful note at the time, since so much controversy has sprung up in recent years, and this was the only opportunity I know of to have gotten first hand information from the Indians. The outstanding feature that I gathered was that the fight lasted only a few minutes before the "Soldiers were all dead."

It was evident that Reno was wrong in retreating from his position in the creek bottom. The Indian of the plains does not go into the woods to fight.

After returning from Fort Custer we continued to patrol the valleys of the Little Big Horn, Rosebud, Tongue and Powder, and remained until August.

The Nez Perce tribe of Indians, under Chief Joseph, retreating before Generals Howard and Gibbon, had entered the Yellowstone National Park in their endeavor to reach Canada. General Sheridan had planned to head them off by blocking the northeastern

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<sup>15</sup>Swift has confused the relative location of Fort McKinney. The new post was located between Cantonment Reno and Fort Phil Kearny, and not beyond the latter post as he suggests.

and eastern exits from the Park. General Merritt, with the remainder of the regiment, marched from Russell by way of Fort Washakie and reached a point on the Stinking Water about where Cody now stands. South of Heart Mountain, our command broke camp on the Clear Fork and with pack mule transportation, marched north by the ruins of old Fort C.F. Smith on the Big Horn, on the old Bozeman Trail and Pryor's Gap, at the north end of the Big Horn Mountains. We joined Merritt on September eighteenth at the Stinking Water. This name is a translation of a Shoshone word which was given from the fact that a lake of black pitch emptied into the river at some point below where we camped. The river appears as the Shoshone River on modern maps.

Chief Joseph had chosen the Clark's Fork at the northeast entrance-exit from the Park. By hiding his old men, women and children in the mountains, he was able to start on a blind trail to the south with his fighting men. The troops followed, leaving the main trail, and leaving it free for the party that had been left behind. Joseph then made a loop and got back to the main trail, followed by the Seventh Cavalry troops. The party that Joseph had left behind had already moved out when the troops had left the road free. It was then a stern chase.

General Sheridan was much disappointed as I can testify from reading his dispatch to General Merritt.

The news of this reached the General about the time of our arrival so we marched to the north to the Clark's Fork trail. We were too late, of course, and all we found were the abandoned horses which had been left behind by the pursuing troops, Seventh Cavalry.

We started back on September twenty-second and arrived at Fort Washakie on the twenty-eighth, left on the thirtieth. We marched by Lander, the Little Popo Agie River, McGraw's Crossing of Bear Creek, across the mountain range to the Sweetwater River to St. Mary's Station<sup>16</sup> at the old emigrant road, "Oregon Trail," along the Sweetwater Valley. It was the road followed by Albert Sidney Johnston<sup>17</sup> with the Mormon Expedition in 1859 [1857], and we entered not far from the South Pass where my father had spent a horrible winter. . . . The broad trail, a mile wide, was still clearly traced. We crossed the Platte River at Reno Butler on October sixth, reached Fort Fetterman October ninth, Fort Laramie October thirteenth, where the Wind River Expedition was disbanded. We left on the twenty-second and were back again at Fort D.A. Russell on the twenty-fifth. We had been away about five months, had marched about fifteen hundred miles, from point to point, not counting side scouts and windings on the road.

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<sup>16</sup>A stage and telegraph station in central Wyoming.

<sup>17</sup>Colonel, Second Cavalry.

After a rather short rest we were called out again on January sixth, 1878. This time the trouble was at Ross Fork agency of Bannack Indians, near Fort Hall, Idaho. The Indians were excited over the arrest of one of their men on a charge of murdering a white man. They had left the agency and were camped near by. We took the Union Pacific Road to Corinne, Utah, marched with pack train and three troops to Fort Hall, arriving on the fourteenth. That night we proceeded to the Ross Fork agency, located the Indian camp, surrounded it and, at daybreak, called on them to surrender. The Chief, Buffalo Horn, a fine looking fellow, in full war paint, came out and surrendered. All was over in a few minutes. I am happy to record that no fool was there to fire a shot and cause a big killing. We escorted the Indians back to the agency, retreated the way we came and reached Fort Russell on the twenty-fifth. We had marched three hundred miles or more and had performed a delicate piece of work in a good soldierly way.

Our trip was largely through the Mormon country. I must say that these and other Mormons impressed me most favorably. They were an industrious, fine looking, honest, moral community. There was not much polygamy. It is a pity that they had been persecuted so much by fanatics.

On January twenty-eighth, 1878, a few days after our return, early in the morning, I met General Merritt on the board walk in front of the officers' line of quarters. He stopped and said, "Mr. Swift, have you anything to do at this time?" I answered, "No Sir." He said, "Find Lieutenant Charles King, put him in arrest and take over the duties of adjutant." I at once went home, put on my full dress uniform, as was done on such occasions, found King in his bedroom at his quarters, reported back to the General, and assumed the duties of the post and regimental adjutant which I continued for more than ten years, when a regulation was made limiting the length of the incumbency of regimental staff officers to four years.

It was a dazzling promotion. No other second lieutenant was holding that position. It was the prize that every young officer wished and hoped for. It carried extra pay which amounted to three hundred dollars a year and that was a lot of money in those days. As there were fourteen first lieutenants in the regiment, two of them being regimental staff officers, I had to wait for my regular appointment until the number was reduced to thirteen. This happened on June fourth, 1878, when First Lieutenant Riley<sup>18</sup> resigned. My position was that of acting adjutant until then, when I was regularly appointed regimental adjutant. As a second lieu-

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<sup>18</sup>Bernard Reilly, Jr., Company I, Fifth Cavalry.



tenant, I would ordinarily have been promoted then to the vacancy created by Riley. I was keeping the senior out of his position until I myself was promoted to first lieutenant and the number of first lieutenants would again be fourteen. This did not occur until 1884. I must say that all concerned treated me with great consideration notwithstanding their disappointment. I had also been kindly treated by King, whom I admired greatly. I deeply deplored the event which caused him so suddenly to lose his position and to leave the regiment.<sup>19</sup>

On May twentieth, 1878, we took the field again for our camping grounds of the year before in the Big Horn country. This time the General was in command and I was the adjutant. We occupied an old camp site on the Clear Fork until July fifteenth. The hunting and fishing were as fine as before. Among side trips one to be remembered was up the Clear Fork to its source in the Big Horn Mountains. There we found a beautiful mountain lake filled with trout and a setting of wild flowers of every hue, so thick as to hide the green leaves and grass. It looked like the bottom of a big bowl, perhaps the crater of some extinct volcano, but the mosquitoes were the biggest, most ruinous, venomous and fearless that I have ever seen. They tortured men and horses so much that we left as soon as we could.

We moved our camping grounds around from place to place to get grazing for the horses and camped on Rock Creek September fifth. Meanwhile, our old camp site at the Clear Fork had been chosen for a military post and then troops were assigned to build it. The name was Fort McKinney, in memory of Lieutenant John A. McKinney who was killed in Mackenzie's fight some months before.<sup>20</sup>

The Bannack Indians were giving trouble again, this time in the country south of the National Park. We received orders to march to Fort Washakie once more. This time we crossed the mountains by an old Indian trail instead of going around the northern end of the range as in the year before. These mountains are heavily wooded. We moved along the highest part in a blinding snow storm. A herd of mountain buffalo were there too, moving along

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<sup>19</sup>King's story is a sad one. In 1874, while commanding a detachment of Fifth Cavalrymen, he received a serious shoulder wound in a skirmish with Apaches at Sunset Pass, Arizona. King, on advice from his doctor, used alcohol to relieve excruciating pain and he became an intemperate drinker. He was promoted to Captain, Company A, Fifth Cavalry on May 1, 1879, but then retired from the army on June 14, 1879 for "disability resulting from wounds received in the line of duty." As late as 1878 the wound discharged bone fragments, and at the time of his death in 1933 it was still a torment.

<sup>20</sup>The reference is to Colonel Ranald Mackenzie's fight with Cheyenne Indians, November 25, 1876, on the Red Fork of the Powder River.

with us, blinded like ourselves, by the snow, unmindful of our presence, almost as near as our men and horses. A few were shot but the General ordered it to be stopped. We followed a zig-zag trail down the west side of the mountains out of the snow and camped in the beautiful green valley of the Big Horn River at the foot. We reached Fort Washakie on September fourteenth.

Fort Washakie was at the agency of the Shoshone Indians and was named after their chief. He was a handsome old man, wearing his long hair down on his shoulders. He reminded me of the picture I have seen of Henry Ward Beecher. The Shoshones were a high type of Indian, sober, moral and honest. By some outrageous policy of the Indian Department the Arapaho tribe had also been recently sent there. They were a degenerate lot, under Chief Sharp Nose who was a rascal.

The chiefs came to call on General Merritt. They sat on the porch of Major Upham's<sup>21</sup> quarters, on each side of the General. All conversation was in the sign language which took the place of English. The post guide was interpreter.

The manners of the chiefs were natural but gentle and with certain polish. Their gestures were graceful and their smiles were attractive. After paying their compliments to the General in the most approved way, each chief told the General about the many virtues of the other. Washakie said that Sharp Nose was a great warrior, a valuable friend of the white man, a faithful ally in war. Sharp Nose told of the noble qualities of the young son of the Shoshone chief and predicted as fine a career for him as his father's had been. I was sure those Indians hated each other and I could never understand why they indulged themselves in diplomatic compliments of this kind.

The General then broke up the Wind River Expedition of 1878, and on September twentieth we started back on about the same trails as those we used the year before. Again the Sweetwater Valley was filled with great herds of antelope always in view. We passed by Fort Fetterman on the twenty-eighth and arrived at Fort Laramie on October sixth. The General was then called away for some reason, to the east, and left at once. When he reached Fort D.A. Russell he telegraphed me to come and straighten out the band which had been left behind at the post and was in a bad condition of discipline and otherwise. On the next morning I mounted my horse and, with Killegrew, my orderly, rode the ninety miles to Russell before dark, had a shave and a bath, put on my good clothes and in the evening sat beside Miss Susie Palmer at the theatre in Cheyenne City, not a bit tired by my ride and quite content.

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<sup>21</sup>John J. Upham, Fifth Cavalry.



—United States Military Academy Library

General Eben Swift, 1918

On November twenty-second the command was home again, having traveled pretty much the same country as in the years before; say fifteen hundred miles, not counting side trips but just as the crow flies.

Hall,<sup>22</sup> Eaton,<sup>23</sup> London and myself had a house and we all messed together. The game of poker had a strong hold on the army in those days. I have seen officers in the field, before the tents were pitched, put a blanket on the ground and sit down for a game. I have never played and I often thought that General Merritt knew about this and that it was one of his reasons for

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<sup>22</sup>First Lieutenant William P. Hall, Regimental Quartermaster, Fifth Cavalry.

<sup>23</sup>Second Lieutenant George O. Eaton, Company A, Fifth Cavalry.

making me adjutant. My companions were fine fellows but they did play. Perhaps I did not join for several good reasons. One was that I was determined to pay my debts that I had incurred on graduation. Another reason was that Susie Palmer was teaching me the game of backgammon and another game between. As I had to receive the reports at tattoo roll call I would walk to Camp Carlin, a mile or more away, where she was visiting, play backgammon until midnight, run all the way back to Russell, and get up for reveille in a few hours. I cannot remember whether I ever won a game of backgammon or not. It is hard to play two kinds of a game at the same time. On the nineteenth of December Miss Susie promised to marry me.

On January nineteenth, 1879, less than two months after the return of the command from the Reno Expedition we went out on another of our winter campaigns. On this occasion it happened that Dull Knife's band of Cheyenne Indians, who had been sent to Indian Territory by General Crook, had started back again, crossed the state of Kansas . . . , and entered the state of Nebraska.

General Merritt had not yet returned to the regiment, so Major Ferris,<sup>24</sup> the senior officer of the post and captain of infantry took command of our six troops of cavalry and marched away. As Captain Montgomery was absent I went along and commanded my proper troop, "B", in addition to my other duties.

As usual we marched with the pack trains and no wagons. A mule was assigned to each officer for his use. Lieutenant Bob London, a North Carolinian, had always suffered on those cold expeditions. He wore such heavy clothing that he could hardly walk when the command was to dismount and march on foot. He decided that he would carry a Sibley stove and pipe on his mule. He was well pleased with his scheme until Ferris saw the stove and ordered that it be abandoned. London was indignant and swore that he would make Ferris pay for this government property, thus abandoned without cause. I never heard the end of the matter.

We marched by Fort Laramie, Red Cloud, the agency at Fort Robinson, the Spotted Tail agency at Fort Sheridan, Nebraska Newman's (Harman's) ranch on the Niobrara River, and then south to Snake Creek. We went into the Sand Hills, south of the Niobrara River and across the headwaters of the Fork. As the ground was covered with snow no trails could be found, so we returned to Fort Robinson. On arrival we found that the Indians had been surrounded in another direction by the guides of the post and had surrendered after a fight. I went into the guard house to see them. Dull Knife was badly wounded, lying on the bare

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<sup>24</sup>Captain Samuel P. Ferris, Fourth Infantry.

floor, evidently in great suffering. He was a fine looking type of the Cheyenne tribe, with a dark and weather-beaten face. He was tenderly cared for by two pretty young daughters with rosy cheeks, not yet disfigured by toil and trouble. We returned to Fort D. A. Russell on February twenty-eighth, having traveled about seven hundred miles in midwinter. As I had not shaved, my face was covered with a growth of red beard. Much to my surprise and chagrin, the ladies, old and young, with some officers and cattle men came out to meet us as we approached Fort Russell. The other fellows had spruced up and had teased me a lot about my red beard, and the effect it would have with the ladies. I am sure it was a shock to one of them but the result was not very serious.

Miss Susie went to her home in Washington shortly after this. At a later date during spring or summer I became much disturbed over the letters which I was getting from home about the failing health of my mother so I got the General to give me a leave of absence for one month. I hastened home and found her spending much of her time in bed, the post surgeon at Fort Wadsworth<sup>25</sup> in consultation and Miss Wilder nursing her. I shall always be thankful for that visit and it was the last time that she was ever able to speak to me. I often search my heart to find if I have done all my duty to her. Few men, I suppose can satisfy themselves on that point. Most of us can think of many things that they wished they had done. I can at least cherish the memory of those blessed days, at West Point, at the time of my graduation, when she showed her happiness and pride in me. With the first money that I could call my own I bought her a gold chain which pleased her very much. Afterwards, at Cheyenne, I sent her a gold cross to wear with the chain. During that short leave of absence I had happy days caressing her. When my young brother came home from school he too wanted to have all her attention in the same way and I became very jealous.

I have my father's letter to his sister in which he tells of his last visit to his own mother. He suffered as I have done, cherished the same hope that this life on earth is not the only one.

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<sup>25</sup>Fort Wadsworth was located on Staten Island in the New York Harbor.

## WHAT WILL WE DO WITH 1929?

By Wikes Wamboldt

Could anything have been more appropriate or significant than the naming of January, the first month of the year, after the Roman deity Janus—the god of all beginnings—the god with two opposite faces, one looking back into the past and the other facing forward.

Isn't that the cue for you and me and for everyone else as we begin this new year of 1929? Should we not be as Janus, looking backward and looking forward, studying the past for the lessons it will teach, and facing the future with hope, strength, and confidence?

This is a good time to review the past, not only the year but the past life. What things have we done, what things have we left undone? Based on all that has gone before, what will we do with 1929? What will we do for ourselves, for our families, for mankind?

We have heard the remark, he or she has a past. Who is there who has not a past? One's past, no matter how ignoble, is a valuable part of his life, because from it he can draw a commendable future.

But in reviewing the past make not the mistake of viewing it with regret. Regrets are useless things; they inject hopelessness into the soul, and waste valuable energy.

Most folks learn by making mistakes. If one has to learn to stand on one's feet through having one's feet slip, there is no cause to regret the slip. The child learns to walk by falling down. Man learns to live the same way. Repent—face about—but do not regret.

Do not worry about that water that has gone under the bridge; there is more coming down stream; keep your eye on that.

1929 is another year. We have a brand new chance to begin life all over again; you and I; to mold things afresh with the knowledge gained from all our past experiences to guide us.

Let us not fret about the mistakes we made in 1928, but make sure we do not repeat them in 1929.

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# *Broken Hand and the Indians: A Case Study of Mid-19th Century White Attitudes*

By

ROBERT L. MUNKRES

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In 1846 Thomas Fitzpatrick was appointed as the first agent for the Indians of the Upper Platte and Arkansas. His qualifications, unlike those of most of his successors, were first rate. More than twenty years as a mountain man gave him a knowledge of the region and of the native population unsurpassed by any other white man. An education acquired before he left Ireland as a sixteen-year old gave Fitzpatrick a literacy level superior to that of much of the adult population of the entire country. The combination of these two factors resulted in reports and private letters which are a veritable goldmine of information. One further quality should be here noted—Fitzpatrick's relatively frequent use of irony and sarcasm in dealing with those ideas, programs and people which did not, for whatever reason, impress him. In conjunction with interpreters Fitzpatrick noted "that the most ignorant and weak-minded are those who most readily acquire a knowledge of the Indian tongue orally." While his conclusion is debatable, such statements "spice up" his reports in a most unbureaucratic manner.

The purpose of this article is not, however, to detail Fitzpatrick's history which Leroy Hafen has already done in his admirable biography *Broken Hand*—nor to dwell further on his general qualities. Rather, this article will examine the reports and letters written by Fitzpatrick during his service as agent for the Upper Platte and Arkansas, first to delineate those topic areas he believed to be of primary importance then to examine his ideas and attitudes in each of the areas.

Although Fitzpatrick expressed himself on a wide range of topics, based upon frequency of reference and extent of treatment in his letters, five topic areas stand out: (1) recognition of Indian claims to the land; (2) social, moral and cultural characteristics of Indians; (3) missionaries and treaties as civilizing influences;

(4) force as a civilizing influence; and (5) Indian policy—past, present and proposed. While it would be extremely difficult to rank these topics from Fitzpatrick's perspective, it is quite apparent that, collectively, they define the boundaries of his primary concerns. With this in mind, we will examine his ideas and attitudes in each of the areas, recognizing that historical studies cannot provide solutions to continuing problems, but properly used may help one learn to ask the right questions about problems of public policy.

In general, Fitzpatrick was suspicious "of the propriety or good policy of the United States government admitting and acknowledging, the right of the Indian tribes, to the soil in almost an unlimited extent and not only to the soil but to every animal, vegetable, etc. on that soil."<sup>8\*</sup> Nonetheless, in a letter to Thomas Harvey he wrote "such is the case and on it we may speak and act"; as an agent of the government he did so, regardless of his personal views.<sup>9</sup>

Fitzpatrick, however, saw more clearly than many that tribal divisions complicated the matter because Indians as individuals generally claimed no land, Indians as members of tribes did. For instance, "The Cheyennes . . . claim this river (Arkansas) . . . But if the right of preemptive [*sic.*] stands good, the Aripohoes [*sic.*] have much the best right, as they occupied this country long before the Cheyennes ever saw it".<sup>8</sup> The Cheyennes, in turn, had been forced south from the Cheyenne and White River country "to the river Platte (on) both branches of which they still occasionally reside".<sup>8</sup> Who had forced the Cheyennes south? Not surprisingly, "the Sioux coming in such numbers from the North. . . ."<sup>8</sup>

Given the government position noted above, Fitzpatrick pointed out to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs that "the justice or injustice of the different claimants" might result in "great dissention [*sic.*] and lead to considerable trouble" should efforts be made "to purchase a spot of ground for the purpose of erecting military posts, or for other purposes, before the claims are properly adjusted and acknowledged . . . ."<sup>8</sup> In connection with such "adjustments", Fitzpatrick dourly noted that, in any event, "those tribes could hardly ever think of such a thing as getting paid for their land, without such a proposal were made to them, or that they were advised by intermeddling [*sic.*] white men . . . ."<sup>8</sup> The essence of the latter attitude was, perhaps, eventually reflected in the government's willingness to negotiate with those Indians willing to do so, and to impose "agreements" on those who were not.

In spite of the substantial contact he had had with various tribes of the plains and the mountains, Fitzpatrick's general attitude to-

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\*Footnote numbers throughout this article are keyed to the list of letters appended at the end of the article.



ward American Indians did not differ appreciably from that held by the major portion of the white population. In December, 1847, writing at Bent's Fort, he described "The Indians from South to north as far as civilization extends" as being "in the very utmost state, of the lowest degradation, that is possible for human beings to arrive at".<sup>9</sup> He then added that "This state of things is inevitable, and is the only destiny marked out for those people."<sup>9</sup>

Some two months earlier, he had made the same points to the same person—Thomas Harvey—in somewhat greater detail. He suggested that "the real character of the Indian can never be ascertained, because it is altogether unnatural for a Christian man, to comprehend, how so much depravity, wickedness and folly, could possibly belong to human beings, apparently endowed with a reasonable share of understanding".<sup>8</sup> Furthermore, Fitzpatrick argued, a completely impartial examination of the record would show that their "very innate principal of wickedness and depravity is the great cause of hastening them off to destruction".<sup>8</sup> Not surprisingly, he then concluded that even the combined wealth of Europe and the United States "could not redeem or save those people in as much as I consider them a doomed race, and must fulfill their destiny".<sup>8</sup>

Despite this attitude, Fitzpatrick nonetheless considered it "a generous, and praiseworthy exertion in the government to do all it can for them".<sup>8</sup> In the same letter Fitzpatrick included a substantial description of Indian customs, which he likened to those of the Israelites. The description, which follows, is interesting and useful because it demonstrates that Fitzpatrick's knowledge of Indian ways was indeed much greater than that of the average employee of the Indian Service.

In regard to the manners, customs, habits etc. of the wild tribes of the whole western territory, a truer and more correct type than any I have seen may be found in the ancient history of the Jews or Israelites after their liberation from Egyptian bondage. The "Medicine Lodge" of the Jews, and the sacrifices, offerings, purification, ablutions, anointings, may be all found and practiced by those people. The custom of Indian women at certain periods, and after childbearing are almost that of the Jewish women. They have to undergo a probation of a certain number of days on all occasions besides ablutions and purification before they are considered fit to enter on their domestic duties; during this probation they are considered unclean, and altogether unfit to enter the lodge or join with the family, which indeed they never attempt, but erect a hut for themselves where they remain the whole time, having their food brought to them.

The manner of mourning for a deceased relative is very similar to that of the Israelites; in such cases the men will cast off all their finery, and put on instead (if they put on anything) the most worthless garments and keep their heads and often the body bedaubed with white clay during the time of mourning, which sometimes lasts ten moons. This might be called putting on the sackcloth, and ashes. The women on the other hand cut off their hair and otherwise disfigure their persons by cutting with a flint, or sharp stone, their face, arms, and legs in such a way as to let a great deal of blood flow in

the operation which is never washed off until she ceases to mourn. If the deceased happens to be a distinguished man, they will kill for his use two or three of his favorite horses, and inter with him arms, pipe and tobacco, with many other articles which he was known to have fancied when alive. They dont seem to be inclined to bury their dead in the ground, although they sometimes do so, and in a very careless manner, as the wolves invariable dig them up; they will sometimes put them high up in large trees, until decomposition takes place and nothing left but the bones, and hair, which they will gather carefully, and perhaps carry about with them for a length of time, or until they find a favorite spot, where they will deposit them without ceremony, and I believe privately. But their favorite places of interment is in in caves, or crevices of rock from which they are never removed.

There could be very numerous and similar analogies made between the manners, and customs, of those people and that of the Jews; but when we see nearly the same traits of character, manners, customs, are manifested in every part of the Globe, where a barbarous people have been found I have come to the conclusion, that man in that state is pretty much the same sort of being throughout, except what difference may natrly arise, from the physical adaptation of the country they inhabit, in supplying their wants.<sup>5</sup>

The generally negative attitude described above, was, of course, also reflected in typical Fitzpatrick responses to specific situations. For instance, whenever he found Indians "very officious and professing great friendship", he proposed "to double the guard, and become more vigilant in guarding against surprise".<sup>8</sup> He argued for the vesting of discretionary authority in agents because "the fickleness and uncertain disposition of the people to be dealt with are such as to render all calculations problematical . . .".<sup>6</sup> On one point, however, he stated his conclusion with great uncertainty. In a communication sent to Lt. Col. William Gilpin in February, 1848, he argued that nothing "could be more uncertain or dangerous" than to use Indians as adjunct forces to the regular military; "Their well known faithlessness and treachery and between whom no difference exists in regard to villany ought to be forever a bar against such proceedings".<sup>6</sup>

The moral and cultural weaknesses which Fitzpatrick believed to mark Indians probably helped shape his opinion that the socio-political operation of the tribal system as compared with the system of the whites was sufficiently different to justify the conclusion that an effective Indian system simply did not exist. The Indians of the high plains, according to Fitzpatrick, "have no fixed laws, or anything like permanent institutions, by which to regulate their concerns, either between themselves, or other tribes, except what may be decided on, from time to time, in their councils, and from emergencies arising out of the uncertainty of their relations with other tribes."<sup>8</sup> He then added that "to this fact alone may be attributed their constant warring on each other . . .".<sup>8</sup> To say the least, such a conclusion reflected a low level of comprehension of the role of warfare among the Plains Indians.

On June 24, 1848, Fitzpatrick noted that "the name of chief amongst those tribes of the Rocky Mountains is nothing more than nominal; as they have no power whatever to enforce law and order".<sup>10</sup> It is again difficult to avoid the conclusion that substantial differences between Indian and white standards was taken to imply the effective absence of the former. One wonders whether anyone ever questioned the intellectual integrity of negotiating treaties, and nominally expecting obedience to them, with leaders who were assumed to have no power. This, and other matters related to treaties, will be further considered below.

Probably the principal quality perceived in Indian character by whites was that of being "warlike", and Fitzpatrick was no exception. To D. D. Mitchell he described the Indians of the Upper Platte and Arkansas as "the most numerous - the most formidable - the most warlike - the best armed - the best mounted savages of any similar extent of country on the face of the globe . . ." <sup>11</sup> The importance of the location of these "many formidable wild - warlike and roaming tribes of Indians" was very directly stated: " . . . it is through the country of these same savages that all our great thoroughfares to the Pacific and our late territorial acquisitions pass".<sup>11</sup> Fitzpatrick also concluded that Indian tribes resident in the area "must always occupy that great desert from the western borders to the Rocky Mts. All of which is well adapted to the maintenance and support of an Indian population".<sup>3</sup> "Broken Hand's" prophetic capabilities were obviously as limited as are our own!

Indians, then, posed a substantial threat to white travelers because "the Indians of these wild regions know no greater virtue than to plunder & destroy their fellow man be he of whatever nation or colour".<sup>5</sup> Even when "the waggons and caravans contain little else than pork and beans", still "the Indians, in their wantonness takes pleasure in destroying and capturing these very articles, which they do not want at all and is more for the purpose of showing what they can do, with that sort of people than anything else".<sup>9</sup>

One thing is quite certain. Indians never understood the political framework within which whites evaluated and conducted war. On October 19, 1847, Fitzpatrick described for Thomas Harvey "a war party of Cheyennes, thirty five in number all young men, and well mounted".<sup>8</sup> In answer to his query, the leader "very candidly told me they were bound for the frontier settlements of New Mexico for the purpose of plundering the scattered inhabitants."<sup>8</sup> Fitzpatrick, after insisting "on his turning back and changing his intentions", went on to explain to him "the impropriety of such a course, as well as the policy of the United States towards that country and people".<sup>8</sup> The leader agreed to follow Fitzpatrick's advice, "and with his party returned to his village. But he has not yet comprehended why we should take such an

interest in the affairs of a people with whom we are at war".<sup>8</sup> War, for Indians, was not an instrument of what whites might call public policy. To the contrary, "This law of retaliation, or such mode of remuneration in the shape of payment for the slain is the only law recognized by the natives of this country".<sup>8</sup> In support of this assertion, Fitzpatrick provided the following example.

The Cheyennes who were encamped near, came to the Fort (Bent's) for the purpose of honouring us with a dance, which is the usual custom of those tribes, when they wish to exhibit their satisfaction for the treatment received. They were dressed in all the wildness and decoration of their native costume, and altogether made a very interesting appearance. They commenced and pursued the dance with all the wild and varied gesture of such scenes, until an old woman entered the circle of the dance, and apparently bleeding from every pore, her face, legs, and arms were bleeding profusely, which gave her a most hideous appearance. In this state she exhorted the warrior in her behalf 'to take pity on her, that she was old, and had her only son killed by the Aripohoes last spring, and never has been atoned for.' At this critical juncture a courier came running in, with intelligence that people were discovered in the distance. The warriors immediately, broke up the dance, mounted their best horses, and pursued the strangers, and late that night returned with two Aripohoe scalps, and a squaw as prisoner. This circumstance no doubt reconciled the old woman for the loss of her only son.<sup>8</sup>

The "law of retaliation" just noted appeared nowhere with greater frequency than as a part of inter-tribal warfare between hereditary enemies. That Fitzpatrick was well aware both of the frequency of warfare and of the depth of the enmity which motivated it will shortly be made apparent. It is, however, interesting to note that such knowledge seemingly did not effect his earlier conclusion that the lack of institutional structure was the sole cause of such warfare.

In the area included in his agency, Fitzpatrick encountered one of the most deep-seated of all inter-tribal enmities — the Pawnees against virtually all of their neighbors! In December, 1847, for instance, Fitzpatrick noted that "The Indians here (Bent's Fort) and on the Platte are all quiet so far as the whites are concerned, but are making havoc amongst the Pawnies (sic.) who seem to be all out on the plains, at the present time. Not a week passes, but what brings news of the Pawnie scalps having been taken by Sioux, Cheyennes and Aripohoes".<sup>9</sup> In the same letter he further reported that while the Indians of his agency were "well disposed, so far as regards the whites, . . . they cannot be prevented from pushing their war expeditions against the Pawnies, and for which we cannot blame them such, as the Pawnies are continually annoying them".<sup>9</sup>

It is quite obvious that Fitzpatrick felt little sympathy for the Pawnees, regardless of their plight. In the spring of 1848, he noted that since they were "too rascally to live in peace with any other nation", it was not surprising that "the Pawnies at this time

are completely invested by enemies", particularly "the numerous bands of Sioux, Cheyennes, and Aripohoes, who are all gradually nearing the Pawnies, with full determination of 'wiping them out'."<sup>10</sup>

From Fitzpatrick's point of view, there were two principal points at which inter-tribal warfare could have a significant impact on government policy. Both were spelled out in letters to Superintendent of Indian Affairs Thomas H. Harvey. In the first place, "the Pawnie Indians are destined soon to become a source of great trouble and difficulty to the United States government not altogether as regards them individually, but more on account of the interference which the Government will be obliged to interpose if they which to prevent their extermination".<sup>10</sup> ". . . to prevent the Indians from warring on each other" will be "A very great difficulty which the Government will have to combat" because "those Indians (are) much more easily dealt with on any other subject than peace with the Pawnies, who are their hereditary [*sic*] enemies and will continue to be so, as long as the Pawnies prosecute their Marauding expeditions all over this country".<sup>9</sup> The difficulties in preventing bloodshed were compounded because "there is no law to punish individuals for committing depredations on other tribes, nor not even in any case, (thus) their relations of good fellowship must always be in a very precarious state".<sup>8</sup>

The second reason for the government's interest in stopping inter-tribal warfare was probably considered by them to be more important than the first. It was, Fitzpatrick argued, necessary for the protection of whites "to prevent the organization and departure of large War parties" because if such parties were not "successful against their enemies, will often commit acts of violence on any party they meet rather than return home without counting a *coup*".<sup>8</sup> Fitzpatrick was, however, quite pessimistic about the prospects of stopping "This . . . "sad work". observing that "there is a great prospect of its continuance as I see no manner of preventing it without embroiling us in still greater difficulties with the Prairie (sic.) tribes."<sup>10</sup> Perhaps his pessimism is reflected in the fact that government policy eventually exploited inter-tribal enmity as much as it attempted to extinguish it. Where the latter was seriously attempted, it generally took the form of efforts to extinguish the tribal structure itself. This point leads us to a consideration of missionaries, education and treaties as instruments of government policy and of Thomas Fitzpatrick's reaction to their use.

Unlike those whites who were convinced that the introduction of Christianity among the Plains tribes would both pacify and "civilize" the Indians, Fitzpatrick's attitude toward missionaries was decidedly ambivalent. With mild irony, he remarked that "It has been a matter of some surprise with many that Missionaries have never attempted anything for the benefit of the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. But instead have crossed the continent on to

the Pacific, and even into the Sandwich Islands, without at all stopping to examine into the condition of a people much nigher home and quite as much in need of instruction as any people on the face of the globe".<sup>8</sup>

On the one hand, Fitzpatrick argued that "There is a great deal which ought to be taught an Indian before the attempt is made to Christianize him".<sup>8</sup> On the other hand, in the same letter in fact, he suggested that, as Indians became aware of the disappearance of wild game, "a great field will be shortly opened to the Missionaries and Philanthropists, of the United States, and although I disapprove much of the conduct of the Missionaries yet I believe that their introduction amongst those tribes at this time, would have a very beneficial and satisfactory result. . . ."<sup>8</sup>

Fitzpatrick's reservations did not so much concern the long range goals of missionary activity as they did the methods missionaries deemed appropriate for the achievement of those goals. Missionaries, he argued in a letter to Thomas Harvey, "are by far too sanguine, and enthusiastic in their endeavors to christianize them, which no doubt arises from ignorance of the Indian character and habits".<sup>8</sup> Instead of attempting "the improvement of their physical conditions, which together with their morals ought to be the first thing that a Missionary undertakes, . . . the Missionary begins at the very place where he ought to give the last touch: nearly the first thing the Missionary performs is to baptise the subject, the Indians thinking the ceremony some great 'Medicine' which will render him invulnerable or produce some good luck will submit to the ceremony with a good grace, until they find that those who have passed through all the ceremonies of religion, have no better luck in hunting, and war than they had before come to the conclusion that the white man 'Medicine' is not so strong as his own, and therefore loses all faith in the white man's 'Medicine'.<sup>8</sup>

Fitzpatrick concluded by expressing his own belief in the limitations of Indian "development": ". . . if he (an Indian) can by education be brought to be an honest, moral and generous being, it will certainly be a great achievement, and what is considered by many impracticable".<sup>8</sup> Even if "Christian Education" appears to have been successfully applied to Indian "pupils", there are at least two final difficulties to be noted. First, "In regard to the Indian youth who are taught and brought up at the different missionary institutions",<sup>8</sup> when they return to the tribal home, the cultural gap created by education many times cannot be bridged. Confronted with such a crisis, the returning youth "often falls into the very opposite extremes of his education and forgets the God he was taught to worship, and instead adopts that of his parents, and associates, and frequently surpasses their all in immorality and dissipation".<sup>8</sup> Finally, regardless of where they may be, "in all cases of emergency, and where they supposed the interposition or aid of the Great Spirit necessary, they would invariably fall back on their

superstition and mumery to invoke the divine aid . . .”<sup>8</sup> That Fitzpatrick had very little regard for the level of Indian cultural development is more than apparent.

Fitzpatrick may have had somewhat mixed feelings about efforts to “Christianize” Indians, but there was nothing obscure about his attitude toward treaties — he doubted that most were worth the time spent negotiating them. “There is not a single day in the whole year”, he informed Superintendent Harvey, “that I could not make a treaty, with any of the Indian tribes of this country, if I happen to have sufficient merchandise on hand to make presents worth the inconvenience and trouble assembling the nation”.<sup>9</sup> Under these circumstances, Indians will sign treaties regardless of the provisions contained, but they will carry out the provisions only until “a favorable opportunity offers for its violation”.<sup>9</sup> Why, in Fitzpatrick’s estimation, did Indians so readily violate treaties? Because “they think (violation) will cause a renewal of negotiations (sic.), by which means more and a still greater quantity of merchandise will be distributed in order to bind them more closely to the compact”.<sup>9</sup> In answer to the argument that Eastern Indians did comply with treaties, Fitzpatrick brusquely observed: “Give them the same opportunity which the Indians of this country possess, of avoiding the fulfilment and they will be found equally faithless, as those and all other Savage nations”.<sup>9</sup>

Implicit in the foregoing is the one true weakness which Fitzpatrick saw in the treaty-making process. “Such treaties”, he wrote, are “less than useless, before we make all the Indians aware of our capability to enforce the stipulations thereof.”<sup>9</sup> Clearly, he felt that education, evangelism and negotiation were, at best, of limited use. There was, however, one instrument in the use of which Fitzpatrick did have some considerable confidence — the effective use of physical force for the purpose of “chastizing” those who violated agreements. Such violations, he argued, will remain the norm “so long as . . . tampering and temporising nonsense is carried on”.<sup>12</sup>

Fitzpatrick advanced his recommendation for physical enforcement of treaty provisions impartially; that is, he felt that all the tribes needed periodic demonstrations of United States strength. The Pawnees, for instance, “richly deserve chastisement, and if this were done which is not difficult if rightly set about, I for one will consent to travel the Oregon or Santa Fe road, the year through, with one attendant”;<sup>8</sup> “. . . it is not”, however, “by treaties, presents, lenient or temporising treatment that the Pawnee Indians will ever be brought to a sense of their duty to themselves and others”.<sup>10</sup> So far as the threat of an Indian war was concerned, Fitzpatrick wrote “I have no such apprehensions . . . if we can give the Comanche and Kiaway [*sic*], such a beating as they deserve”;<sup>8</sup> further, “these are my views on the subject of the Comanche, as well as all other Indian wars — we must carry on

the war against them on their own soil in their own country — make them feel our power — and show them that we can reach them even in the most remote corner. They will then sue for peace, & submit to any terms we choose to propose”.<sup>5</sup> Finally, “. . . the Aripohoes, and Cheyennes have been competing whose conduct should be the most pleasing. The best and surest method to keep them in this pleasing mood would be to show them symptoms of our ability to chastise offenders”.<sup>7</sup>

Fitzpatrick’s frequent references to the need for exhibitions of strength were based on two principal assumptions which were the subject of an August 11, 1848, letter to Commissioner W. Medill. First, “. . . these Indians are not at all aware of our capacity or power to chastise them & never will believe it until they have proof of the fact, and that can only be done by giving some of those tribes (who have been committing depredations with impunity so long) a severe chastisement — that once done I firmly believe would be the means of putting a stop to the frequent robberies and murders in that country”.<sup>5</sup> The second assumption was a direct extension of the first. If “severe chastisement” was not forthcoming very soon, it was Fitzpatrick’s opinion that “we may expect to have nearly all the (now peaceable) tribes of that country to contend with also . . .”.<sup>5</sup> Should such an event come to pass, it would, of course, “cost much blood & large expenditure” by the government “to subjugate (the tribes) & bring (them) back to a state of tranquility [*sic*]”.<sup>5</sup>

The emphasis on “chastisement” which is consistently evident in Fitzpatrick’s reports apparently was not matched by his confidence in the effectiveness of the American military in the Southwest. In December, 1847, he wrote to Thomas Harvey “that the country is at present in a far less state of security, and tranquility, than before the commencement of the Mexican War, or before the marching and countermarching of the United States troops, to, and from New Mexico”.<sup>9</sup> Almost three years later, at the end of July, 1850, Fitzpatrick still manifested the same concern, this time to D. D. Mitchell: “We find the condition of New Mexico since its occupation by our troops to be in a far worse, and most insecure state from the incursions of the Indians than before that event: notwithstanding enough of Troops have been stationed there to exterminate all the Indians of the country on this time”.<sup>12</sup>

In view of this situation, very early in his service as agent for the Upper Platte and Arkansas Fitzpatrick solicited “the War Department to withdraw the force which have just arrived in this country for its tranquilization as I am very certain, that this force will only encite (*sic*) ridicule (*sic*), and be instrumental of doing more mischief to the cause than can be remedied perhaps in five years to come”.<sup>9</sup> He went on to add that it would be much better “for the government to leave the country as heretofore, when every man or when every party be they large or small, had to protect



themselves and property and battle nobly for their own existence and the protection of their property".<sup>9</sup>

The latter point reflects feelings which may almost be termed "aggressive nostalgia" and which led Fitzpatrick to defend with considerable vigor the superiority of old time trappers, traders and hunters over the contemporary military. Such old timers, "have always maintained, a highly respectable standing amongst the Indian tribes, and which now seems to be in a fair way to be entirely lost".<sup>9</sup> To support this contention, Fitzpatrick cited for Superintendent Harvey an incident of the preceding summer of 1847 in which "a party of Comanche Indians, 30 in number killed and scalped 8 men, in front, and in the very face of a Battalion of 500 mounted men, and then marched off with shouts and exultations, and with the utmost impunity".<sup>9</sup> He went on to complain, "Show an instance of this sort occurring in the last twenty-five years amongst the trappers, traders or hunters? There is none. On the contrary, the trapper, trader and hunters, have always beat the Indians of this country, three to one, and often ten to one against them, and which gained them a reputation amongst the Indians which I regret to see on the decline".<sup>9</sup>

Fitzpatrick then waxed particularly eloquent over the fighting prowess of the "Old Timers" who "constantly coming in conflict, with their savage foes, thereby learning the treachery, cunning, and the great inferiority of the Indian, compared with the white man, became fully able with greatly inferior numbers not only to protect themselves and property; but also defeated the Indians on all occasions".<sup>9</sup>

As a result of such victories at arms, the Indians "finding this a dangerous as well as unprofitable business abandoned the Santa Fe trail" and instead "directed their expeditions against some of the Departments of Mexico, where they incurred less danger, and acquired more booty".<sup>9</sup> Fitzpatrick concluded, however, that "no sooner than the Indians learned that 'greenhorns' were again on the trail than they changed their operations from the south to the north; and as I am informed intends making the Santa Fe Trail the Theatre of their warring operations for the future".<sup>9</sup>

Fitzpatrick did, however, believe that a solution to the dual problems of Indians and of Mexican guerrillas was available. In his opinion, a volunteer "force can be raised, organized, and with one proper officer to take command, that will settle this country in one year and besides will cost the government fifty per cent less than any like number in the service".<sup>9</sup> In estimating the size of the proposed volunteer force, Fitzpatrick promised that "one hundred men could be raised in this country who will promise to exterminate . . . that band of Guerillas who has been annoying all Mexico, as well as the whole army of the west for eighteen months past".<sup>9</sup> Should the force be unable to fulfill that promise "in or at the end of two months, from the date of the organization of said

force . . . those hundred men will ask no remuneration for service".<sup>9</sup> In any event, considerable saving could be realized if the military could manage to prevent government property from falling, in substantial amounts, into Indian hands. In the immediate past, such was not the case, which led Fitzpatrick to conclude that "The Indians, of this country are great gainers by this war, and will continue it as long as possible, because it has been the main support of many of them for the last eighteen months".<sup>9</sup>

It is clear from the foregoing that Fitzpatrick's ideas as to the correct method of dealing with Indians were as ambivalent as were those of official policy makers. In his letters, a great many of the ideas which subsequently figured in debates over Indian affairs clearly appeared. That he shared with virtually the entire white population a belief in the eventual demise of Indian culture is apparent in his reference to them, noted earlier, as a "doomed race". Further, he and most others accepted without question the right of whites to impose their socio-economic system on the high plains. Should the indigenous inhabitants object, Fitzpatrick approvingly cited the government's acceptance "of the great importance of some adequate means for the complete subjugation of the Indian tribes, and the tranquilisation of that whole region between this place (St. Louis) and the Pacific Ocean".<sup>11</sup> His statements, noted above, concerning "chastisement" speak eloquently to his ideas as to how such "tranquilisation" was to be accomplished. Above all, however, he despised the bickering ineffectuality of many involved in Indian affairs, believing as he did that "when ever any business or fighting has to be done with Indians, it ought to be done handsomely and effectually, or not at all".<sup>11</sup>

Irish though he was, Fitzpatrick much admired British Indian policy in the Columbia River country as it was administered by the Hudson's Bay Company.

I have never met with but few Indians which I thought were prepared to receive instruction in civilization and christianity, which are some of the tribes on the Columbia river and its tributaries, and to the severe but just administration of the Hudson Bay Co. may be attributed their now prosperous state. On their first acquaintance with whites they were disposed to be as mischevous as all other Indians, But after the British took possession of that country, and the Hudson Bay Co. established there, the Indians were taught very severe lessons on all and every occasion, when they misbehaved, and not the slightest injustice or crime were ever allowed to pass unpunished, and at length ascertained that, to do unto others as they would have others do unto them, is by far the best policy! they also learned that the God of the white people were by far the most powerful and have for many years been desirous of learning how to worship, and please him, and long before a Missionary went into that country, those people were honest, kind, and inoffensive as any I have ever met, either civilized or savage, and I believe in a few years will be in a more prosperous state than any Indians within the boundary of the United States.<sup>8</sup>

In addition to the emphasis on the civilizing capacity of coer-

cion, one more Fitzpatrick idea should be noted. In 1849, he expressed to Superintendent Mitchell his regret "that no allowance is made for the reception and maintenance of Indians occasionally visiting this place (St. Louis), more particularly the Wild Tribes of the Prairies, as I know of nothing, that would have a greater tendency in eradicating their prejudices and humbling their haughty and vain spirits, than occasional visits to the United States".<sup>11</sup>

Unlike most of his fellow westerners, Fitzpatrick on occasion recognized the damage being wreaked on Indian land as well as the necessity of at least some payment as a matter of simple justice. With the usual disclaimer that "I am by no means partial to any of the Indian race", Fitzpatrick was "willing to allow them that which the Government of the United States, in its philanthropy, and wisdom admits to be their just due and appropriation of a few thousand dollars . . . would only be a partial remuneration for the entire ruin of their country".<sup>9</sup>

Though he had himself been part of the process, Fitzpatrick recognized more fully than many of his compatriots the destructive element which was part of the white movement westward. In December, 1847, he noted in a letter to Thomas Harvey that the area between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains was interlaced with "all our well beaten, and marked thoroughfares . . . (which) have been travelled for the past twenty-five years by American Citizens . . .", and that, for the same period "all the valuable fur peltries of that whole region . . . (were) caught and carried off to American markets . . ." to the point that "these animals wearing furs of value may be considered almost extinct in the country named."<sup>10</sup> Fitzpatrick then noted one final resource which had been extracted from the country by whites. "Besides the extermination of those valuable furs", he wrote, "if we attempt to make a calculation of all the animals killed in this district by American Citizens up to this time (December, 1847) for food, reckon the amount even at one cent per pound, it would be found to amount up to an enormous sum . . .".<sup>9</sup> He concluded with a rhetorical question: ". . . why, then, may the Government not appropriate a few thousand dollars yearly for a few years for the purpose of teaching the inhabitants and acknowledged owners of this ruined district another, and less precarious mode of subsistence".<sup>9</sup> It is to Fitzpatrick's credit that he could directly, if infrequently, state that "in accordance with strict justice we owe them (Indians) much . . .".<sup>6</sup>

So far as the ultimate goal of federal policy in Indian affairs was concerned, Fitzpatrick's ideas did not differ appreciably from those held by many other whites. If Indians were to survive they must settle on the land and work it as farmers. The essence of his recommendations was that "nothing is more desirable or advantageous than making the effort to settle down those roaming tribes

of the Prairie . . . to . . . permanent settlement . . . in agricultural pursuits."<sup>6</sup>

On two key points, however, Fitzpatrick did differ from the policy makers of his day; both were described in a February, 1848, letter to Lt. Col. William Gilpin. First, he recognized that a considerable period of time would be required for successful policy implementation. In this connection, he observed that "no policy can be adopted will have more beneficial results, than the gradual settlement of the different tribes. I say gradual because such a change in the habits and customs of such people must be brought about by slow, gradual, and judicious action".<sup>6</sup> The arbitrary shortening of the effective period of the 1851 Treaty of Fort Laramie from fifty to fifteen years illustrates the degree to which Fitzpatrick's advice was acted upon. Secondly, Fitzpatrick, recognizing that his agency was "more isolated and remote from the protective influence of the government", recommended that "our policy or systems ought to be different, by letting no violation of law escape unpunished, committed either by Indians or White Man".<sup>6</sup> The record of corruption in the Indian Service after Fitzpatrick's death in 1854 is, by itself, eloquent testimony to the gap which existed between such a recommendation and bureaucratic-legal reality.

If a man so well versed in the ways of the mountains as Fitzpatrick held such narrow and negative views concerning Indians, it should not be thought surprising that policy-makers, who were possessed of less knowledge and subject to more pressure, encountered the same difficulty. Unlike some of the latter, however, Fitzpatrick's performance, as distinguished from his words, was marked by honesty and impartiality towards those whom he professed to disdain. Perhaps the principal lesson to be learned is that of not too lightly or easily assuming the complete "rightness" of one's own claims, values and views. As Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was born in the year Thomas Fitzpatrick led the first wagon train across South Pass, observed, "To have doubted one's own first principles is the mark of a civilized man".\*

Records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Selected Documents  
Concerning the Administration of Indian Affairs at the  
Upper Platte Agency, Record Group 75.

Letters of Thomas Fitzpatrick

1. To Robert Campbell. Dated Santa Fe; August 24, 1846.
2. To Robert Campbell. Dated Santa Fe; September 3, 1846.

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\*Cited in Samuel J. Konefsky, *The Legacy of Holmes and Brandeis: A Study in the Influence of Ideas*, (New York: Collier Books, 1961), p. 51.

3. Copy of a letter from Mr. Fitzpatrick communicated to Col. Medill by Thomas H. Benton as conveying valuable information applicable to our Indian relations beyond the Missi.
4. To Col. C. Wharton, Comdg. Dated Fort Leavenworth; January 6, 1847.
5. To Hon. W. Medill, Commd. Ind. Affrs. Dated Washington City; August 11, 1848.
6. To Lt. Col. Wm. Gilpin, Comd. Batt. Plains, Missouri Vol. Dated Bents Fort, Arkansas River; February 10, 1848.
7. To Thomas H. Harvey, esqr., Supt. Indian Affairs, Saint Louis, Mo. Dated Bents Fort, Upper Arkansas; February 18, 1848.
8. To Thomas H. Harvey esqr., Supert. Indian affairs, Saint Louis, Mo. Dated Bents Fort, Arkansas River; October 19, 1847.
9. To Thos. H. Harvey esqr., Supert. Indian affairs, St. Louis, Mo. Dated Bents Fort, Arkansas River; December 18, 1847.
10. To Thos. H. Harvey esqr., Supt. Indian affairs, Saint Louis, Mo. Dated Saint Louis; June 24, 1848.
11. To D. D. Mitchell Esqr., Sup. Ind. Affairs, St. Louis, Mo. Dated Saint Louis; May 22, 1849.
12. To D. D. Mitchell Esqr., Supt. Ind. Affairs, St. Louis, Mo. Dated July 31, 1850.

STATE OF WYOMING  
HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

CHICAGO, ILL., 1905

WYOMING

We sing Wyoming and her goodly land,  
Fang of warm sagebrush in the face of  
Winds that blow to be corrected from the way,  
And whimsy trails that loiter everywhere.

Her cattle roam a thousand hills,  
Her flocks are gathered to a man's breast  
Green pines with long beards in the wind  
Are sluggish sentinels on many a crest.

Here is the glory of wide sunset skies,  
Coral isles on wetward-seeping snow,  
Or gold tumultuous to the zenith tossed  
In wildering ecstasy by crimson breeze.

We sing Wyoming and her tilted hills  
That fall asleep for long mid-summer dreams,  
When quiet skies are lit with primrose light  
And fisher birds dip into shadowed streams.

Yea and the wonder of far purple peaks,  
Ruforested ambrosial heights,  
And phantom ranges of the silver brows  
Where ravelled clouds are rent by heaven's lights.

— Dr. June E. DeGreey

—Wyoming State Archives  
and Historical Department

Quarterly Bulletin, Vol. 1, No. 1

# *History of Annals*

By

KATHERINE A. HALVERSON

In spite of name changes, repeated funding crises and suspended publication for two periods of time during the last fifty-five years, *Annals of Wyoming* has, with this issue, reached the milestone of Volume 50.

Today's publication bears little resemblance to its predecessors, especially the *Quarterly Bulletin*, which appeared on July 15, 1923, and which later became the *Annals of Wyoming*. The editor was Mrs. Cyrus Beard, State Historian, who stated in the foreword: "It is the desire of the State Department of History to publish quarterly a small brochure on Wyoming History. The present number is the first of these little pamphlets to be issued. The material presented has all been written by Wyoming people on Wyoming subjects. The Department solicits such contributions."

The modest "little pamphlet" was eight pages in length and a poem, "Wyoming," by June E. Downey, appeared on the front page. The lead article was "Biographical Sketch of James Bridger," by Maj. Gen. Grenville M. Dodge. Other articles included "Girlhood Recollections of Laramie in 1870," by Nancy Fillmore Brown, "In Retrospect," by Annie K. Parshall, letters on historical subjects from J. B. Gillett, E. A. Brininstool, and Ernest Pope and "Expense Account of Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, December, 1875."

The title *Quarterly Bulletin* gave way in July, 1925, to *Annals of Wyoming*. Mrs. Beard, reporting on the *Annals* in her Fourth Biennial Report of the State Historical Department, wrote that "The edition of *Annals* is limited to 1000 copies, of which twenty-five of each issue are placed in the permanent files," but she offered no explanation for the name change. This thirty-page issue had a heavy grey paper cover and for the first time there was an illustration, a full-page photograph of "Elk Mountain in Carbon County," by J. E. Stimson. It was credited to the State Department of Agriculture.

Mrs. Beard continued to enlarge the historical magazine and by late 1926 it had become a quarterly of forty-eight pages. This was possible, according to the editor, by dues in the Wyoming Historical Society which came into the State Historical Fund and which were applied to the publication of *Annals*. This small burst of affluence didn't last long, however, as the Biennial Report for the period ending November 20, 1928, noted that in January of that

year "it became necessary to discontinue publishing *Annals of Wyoming* because of lack of money. This was very regrettable as the little pamphlet was a magnet for drawing out Wyoming history and since its discontinuance there has been a noticeable fall off in the number of original manuscripts sent to the Department for permanent files."

In 1933 the State Legislature had placed the Historical Department under the State Library. Miss Alice Lyman, State Librarian and State Historian Ex-Officio, reflecting the depression conditions of the 1930s, wrote in her 1934 Biennial Report that "the quarterly publication *Annals of Wyoming*, has been discontinued, thus following the economy program of our Governor, Leslie A. Miller."

The *Annals* next appeared regularly as Volume 10, No. 1, in January, 1939, under the editorship of Nina Moran, Librarian and Historian Ex-Officio. She wrote in the foreword of that issue, "With this issue we are very happy to announce the revival of the publication of *Annals of Wyoming*, which will be known as *Wyoming Annals* . . . (it) will be published quarterly as in the past. The first issue of each year will appear in January. The subscription will be one dollar (\$1.00) per year as formerly."

The previous title of *Annals of Wyoming* was resumed in April, 1939, when Gladys Riley, State Librarian, became editor. Use of a half-tone illustration on light buff paper changed the appearance at this time, and pictures were being used somewhat sparingly to illustrate some of the articles.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of Wyoming Statehood provided the impetus for a distinct change in the appearance of *Annals*, which throughout 1940 had a metallic gold cover with a photograph and the Golden Anniversary seal on the cover. Each issue of the quarterly was about eighty pages.

However, financial problems had again beset the magazine, and Mrs. Riley reported late in 1940 in her Biennial Report, "by reason of the fact that approximately only one half of the amount actually required for the publication of the *Annals* was appropriated in the last biennial budget, it was necessary to take the additional amount required from the fund originally allowed for supplies, equipment and books. This resulting shortage has been a considerable hindrance, especially in building up the historical library, and because of this shortage it will be necessary to make request for additional funds to continue publication of the magazine for the next biennium."

Changes in editorship occurred fairly frequently in the next few years. Mary McGrath succeeded Gladys Riley as State Librarian, and she was followed by Ellen Crowley, under whom Mary Elizabeth Cody served as *Annals* editor.

In 1951 the State Historical Department was established by



legislative act and Lola M. Homsher was appointed head of the new department. As State Archivist she assumed the editorial duties for *Annals* beginning in January, 1952, with Volume 24, No. 1. Subscription price had increased to \$2.00 and single issues were \$1.00 by then.

*Annals of Wyoming* was adopted as the official publication of the Wyoming State Historical Society after that group was organized by Miss Homsher in 1953, and minutes of the Annual Meeting of the Society and accounts of the annual Society-sponsored historical trail treks have appeared regularly in the *Annals* since the late 1950s.

A major change that came about in connection with the organization of the State Historical Society was that membership of the Society became the subscription list for *Annals*, with each member receiving the magazine as a benefit of membership. Until the mid-seventies a part of the cost of publishing the magazine came from Society dues, but cost of printing increased to the point where this was no longer feasible. Legislative appropriation has funded *Annals* in the last few years.

Lola Homsher served as editor through October, 1965. Following her retirement as director of the Department she was succeeded by Neal E. Miller who was editor until October, 1970. He was succeeded by the present editor, Katherine A. Halverson.

Cover design for *Annals* has changed a few times since 1954, but photographic reproductions have consistently been used in some manner. The first notable departure in cover design was in April, 1965, when a full-color forty-four star United States flag was used to commemorate Wyoming's seventy-fifth anniversary of statehood. Contents of this issue were devoted to the acquisition of statehood in 1890. In the nation's bicentennial year, 1976, a full-color reproduction of the Wyoming Territorial seal appeared on the cover of the Spring issue and the articles in that issue were keyed to events of 1876 in Wyoming. The current issue, with a color picture of Fort Laramie, topic of the lead article, is in recognition of Volume 50 of *Annals of Wyoming*. This special issue is considerably larger than usual.

In recent years the *Annals* has averaged about 150 pages to an issue, and usually carries eight or ten illustrations. Cost is the limiting factor, as it has been throughout the years, in regard to length, number of pictures and the use of full color on the cover. The publication, as it has from the beginning, concentrates on articles dealing with the history of Wyoming and the West. The majority of the contributing authors are still from Wyoming, although a greater number of out-of-state authors, writing on Wyoming subjects, are represented now than in earlier years.

Three cumulative indexes to *Annals of Wyoming* have been published. The most recent one includes Volume 46, published

in 1974. Volume 1 of the cumulative indexes covers all the miscellaneous historical publications which preceded the *Quarterly Bulletin*, these being the 1897 Collections and the Historical Collections of the 1920s.

In 1978 the mailing list for the *Annals of Wyoming*, including individual and institutional members and exchanges, is approximately 1350. A sufficient number of each issue is printed to meet the continuing demand for past issues. Price of single back issues at the present time varies, according to the supply available, but current issues are \$2.50 each.

Although the earliest state funded historical publications had no direct relationship to *Annals of Wyoming*, it would be remiss to overlook them. In 1897, Robert C. Morris edited Volume 1 of *Collections of the Wyoming State Historical Society*. He also edited the *Second Report of the Society* in 1900.

State government did not underwrite any other historical publications for more than twenty years, when the Biennial Reports of the State Historian for 1920 and 1922 each included a section entitled "Wyoming Historical Collections."

Looking back, it is gratifying that *Annals of Wyoming* in 1978 has become a substantial historical journal. However, the greatest satisfaction in retrospect might be the realization of how many of the suggestions and recommendations of early day *Annals* editors have become reality. Their foresight may have provided some of the guidelines for what *Annals* is today.

# Wyoming State Historical Society

## TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING

Greybull, Wyoming

September 9-11, 1977

Registration for the twenty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Wyoming State Historical Society began at 7:00 p.m. at the Elks Lodge. Refreshments were served, and music presented by the Harry Jerup group made it a very pleasant evening.

### SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

The meeting was called to order at 9:00 a.m. by the president, Ray Pendergraft, in the Elks Lodge. The president asked the following members to serve on committees: audit, Henry Jensen and Mrs. Betty Breitweiser; parliamentarian, Dr. T. A. Larson.

### COMMITTEE REPORTS

*Scholarship Committee* Dr. T. A. Larson reported that one scholarship was granted, to Kerry Ross Boren, on March 19, 1977, to write a history of Sweetwater County. No scholarships previously granted were completed. There are four outstanding scholarships. There was one Grant-in-Aid awarded during the year to the Laramie County Chapter for a book, *Cheyenne Landmarks*. This was granted in September, 1976, and completed in November, 1976. Three grants awarded in earlier years have not been completed. One application is being considered.

It was suggested that there be a time limit set for the completion of this work. If the recipient does not complete the work in a given length of time he should apply for more time. If he does not complete his project in five years the money should be returned to the Society. This is in committee to be studied.

*Awards Committee* David Wasden will make his report at the banquet.

*Projects Committee* Mabel Brown reported that the request for Legend Rock area to be made into a state park has to be acted upon by the state legislature before more work can be done.

*Movie* "Wyoming from the Beginning" has been selling slowly, but steadily. The school district's 1977 budgets cover more copies of this movie, and it is hoped more will be purchased. Eight have been sold to date.

*Wyoming Historical Foundation* Ed Bille reported that the Foundation needs new officers. There is \$450.87 in the account but there is a great deal of money to be gotten for worthwhile

projects if the Foundation is given a new life. He has been chairman since 1967 and he feels that a fresh approach with new ideas and new board members could effectively raise money.

Hal Jensen said that we should be planning a new movie on another phase of Wyoming history, or another field such as railroads, oil industry or cattle industry, and that there are many energy related industries that would contribute now.

Motion made by Chester Blackburn that the Executive Board be requested to set up and to build an organizational structure to ask for contributions for projects. Seconded. Carried.

A chairman needs to be found to replace Ed Bille, but this, too, should be done by the Executive Board.

*Trek* David Wasden said that the three-year trek over the mail and stage route from Rawlins to Montana was completed. He thanked all who had assisted him. Hal Jensen complimented the committee on the completion of the three-year trek.

#### PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Ray Pendergraft said that he had been afraid that the year following the Bicentennial activities would be anticlimactic. It did not prove to be so. He was able to visit several county chapters, and found this very rewarding. The movie was completed. The Trek was very successful, and he wished to thank the Trek Committee. The By-Laws had been revised so that new chapters can be accepted if population growth warrants it. He thought maybe the office of President should be extended to two years to better utilize the knowledge they had acquired and complete their projects and made their term more successful.

There was a question from the floor as to how many county histories have been completed to date under the Scholarship program. Katherine Halverson reported that histories are on file for the following counties: Big Horn, Carbon, Converse, Hot Springs, Johnson, Laramie, Sweetwater, Teton and Washakie.

CHAPTER REPORTS were read, and are on file at Executive Headquarters in Cheyenne.

#### SECRETARY'S REPORT

*Executive Secretary* Bill Williams said the positive side of the Society is that it is growing in stature and ability to promote state history and in preserving it. There has been a steady growth in museums. There is a sincere effort being made to gain more support and be able to maintain this growth. He has designated Mrs. Halverson Acting Executive Secretary to take over his duties so that she may be able to work more closely with the county chapters. Museum laws are being studied by the Society's Legis-

lative Committee with the hope of removing archaic language, and to effect a reorganization.

### BUSINESS MEETING

Hal Jensen moved that beginning this year the president of the Society receive a life membership from the Society for his service.

A motion was made by Bill Williams to amend the motion to make Article II Sec. 2 of the Society By-laws read, "All past and future presidents and their wives be granted a joint honorary life membership in the Society during the lifetime of the past president." Seconded. Carried.

Bill Williams made the motion that the Executive Board appoint a committee to review and report back if there is a necessity for a two-year term for the president, or the vice president. Seconded. Carried.

Jay Brazelton spoke against a two-year term as it is hard to secure a president now, and six years is too long a period to be committed to serving as an officer in the Society.

It was requested that joint members receive two ballots for the election in the future.

Curtiss Root tentatively invited the Society to hold its 25th annual meeting in Torrington in 1978.

Henry Chadey offered to host the annual Summer Trek in Sweetwater County. It would be one day only to traverse the area of Flaming Gorge, and into the Brown's Hole which was an area frequented by Butch Cassidy, Tom Horn, and other outlaws. They would provide printed material instead of reading a paper at each stop, a catered luncheon and no banquet.

Motion was made that we accept Mr. Chadey's invitation for the second weekend after the Fourth of July for our annual Trek. Seconded. Carried.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Wasden were thanked for the beautiful floral arrangement in the meeting room, and on the luncheon tables and the banquet tables. Their gladiolas were gorgeous.

Mention was made that Dr. Larson was honored by the Governor recently for his Bicentennial Book, *Wyoming, A History*.

Meeting recessed for lunch.

The lunch was served by the B.P.O.E. Does Auxiliary. Myrtle Godfrey spoke on the "Spring Creek Raid" in which her brother was a participant. Mrs. Godfrey did a great deal of "remembering" and came up with an interesting first-hand account of the raid.

Music was furnished by the Winter Brothers. Everyone was invited to visit the Paint Brush Room of Big Horn Federal to view the Art Show, sponsored by the Big Horn County Chapter and the Easel Riders, Greybull Art Club. Many beautiful paintings were entered.

Best of show award went to Thomas Berger, Lakewood, Colo-

rado, for "Sutler's Store at Fort Laramie." In the professional category first place winner was Mitchial Lange, of Byron, for "Grown Over," and second place in that category was awarded to E. Riley Ecton, of Worland, for "Worland Ferry Crossing." Lucille Patrick Hicks of Cody was first place winner in the amateur category with "A Jerkline Outfit" and second place in the amateur category went to Ruth Zvorka, Basin, for "Iron Horse Comes to the Wind River." All winners received cash prizes provided by the Wyoming State Historical Society and local groups.

At 3:30 the meeting was reconvened.

Mrs. Alice Harrower, of Pinedale, was introduced and commended for her work in Sublette County with the Historical Society and the Museum of the Mountain Men.

A letter from Mrs. Violet Hord was read. She regretted very much having to miss the 24th Annual Meeting. Appreciation was expressed for her work in the Society and the Wyoming Historical Foundation.

Ray Pendergraft read his original poem on early Worland, "When the City Went A-Skatin' on the Ice."

Meeting adjourned at 4:30 p.m.

#### SATURDAY BANQUET

A no-host hospitality hour preceded the banquet at the Elks Lodge.

The banquet tables were attractively decorated with the flowers from the Wasdens and fossils from the Big Horn Basin. A delicious dinner was served by the B.P.O.E. Does Auxiliary.

The mayor of Greybull welcomed the Society to the city of Greybull. Ray Pendergraft was the master of ceremonies, and introduced special guests and past presidents.

Anita Hindman, Cody, "The Kate Smith of the Rockies," introduced "The Westernaires", a men's quartet, and the "Barbershop Belles", a ladies' quartet. Several delightful numbers were presented.

Dr. George C. Frison, Head of the Department of Anthropology, at the University of Wyoming, gave a very interesting talk on "Artifacts of the Big Horn Basin."

Dave Wasden, chairman of the Awards committee, presented the following Awards:

Junior Historian: Amy Green, LaGrange high school, first place certificate and \$50 award; Tammy Hauf, Torrington high school, first place certificate and \$25 award. Harvey Reel, Huntley high school, third place certificate and \$25 award.

Publications, books: Hillsdale Homemaker's Club, for "Hillsdale Heritage," certificate: William Dubois, James Ehernberger and Robert Larson, Cheyenne, for "Cheyenne Landmarks 1976," honorable mention.

Publications, periodicals-newspapers: Mary Blackburn, Ralston, newspaper article, "Heart Mountain Relocation Center," certificate; Mabel Brown, Newcastle, for "Bits and Pieces" magazine, certificate; Dorothy Fifield, Torrington, for a series of newspaper articles, honorable mention.

Fine Arts: Ken Fulton, Powell, for a Bicentennial diorama depicting the first homesteader families, honorable mention.

Fine Arts, music: Cody Music Club, for musical production, "A Bicentennial Jubilee," certificate.

Fine Arts, painting: Wilbur Lease, Newcastle, for "The Old Homestead," certificate; Gary J. Keimig, Casper, for paintings of wild life, honorable mention.

Annual services award: Mrs. Arlyne Nott, Green River, for outstanding service to her community during the Bicentennial year celebration, certificate.

Ray Pendergraft presented Goshen County with his special chapter award for contributing the most to Wyoming history in 1976-1977.

Curtiss Root announced the results of the election. Officers for 1977-1978 are: David J. Wasden, president; Mabel Brown, first vice president; James W. June, second vice president; Ellen Mueller, secretary-treasurer.

#### SUNDAY MORNING

A sour-dough pancake breakfast was served in the Greybull City Park by the Big Horn County Chapter. Tours for the day were to the *Basin Republican-Rustler* newspaper plant, Basin; short tour to Visitor Center, Big Horn Canyon National Recreation Area, Lovell; and a 3-hour tour to Visitor Center, Horseshoe Bend, Devil's Canyon overlook, buffalo pasture, tepee rings, Hillsboro, a ghost town, and Barry's Landing.

ELLEN MUELLER  
Secretary-Treasurer

## *Book Reviews*

*Peopling the High Plains: Wyoming's European Heritage.* Gordon Olaf Hendrickson, ed. (Cheyenne: Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department, 1977.) Index. Illus. 206 pp. \$7.95.

In reviewing a collected work the reviewer is always wise to begin by saying that the "essays are uneven;" and I will invoke that privilege. However, I might add that despite their unevenness they are intriguingly good and they contribute once again to my thesis that working historians (as against those who are still taking bows for previous work) are a vital and untapped national resource.

The project, even though recognized as a first step, provides a vital step toward the understanding of the unique ethnic heritage of the State of Wyoming. A particularly interesting essay is John Paige's "Country Squires and Laborers: British Immigrants in Wyoming"; a brief and necessarily hurried sketch of Wyoming's (in fact America's) largest immigrant group. He very carefully deals with the variety of immigrant types and intranational ethnic groups. Well written and informative, it provides an important overview. I cannot help but wish however that he had used some of the many British sources available in Wyoming. I think they would have provided him with a "feeling" if not main information. One contribution they might have made would have been to lead Paige to deal with the unique character of British Immigration; that they assimilated rather than trying to maintain ethnic settlements or urban areas as did the Germans and the Italians.

Donald Hodgson and Vivien Hills have written a somewhat different, if not all that well documented, interpretation in "Dreams and Fulfillment: Germans in Wyoming," which projects and defends the thesis of German support—if not creation—of much of the myth of frontierism: hard work, diligence, productivity. While an interesting theory and certainly presented well enough for consideration, it seems to forget that much of the frontier "ideal" was being presented in Europe through such media as the "penny dreadful" and the "shilling shocker" at times which pre-date the German immigration period. That the Germans took the idea to heart is perhaps more a statement about the nature of the German people rather than one about German immigration.

Professors David Kathka and Earl Stinneford leave a lot of unanswered questions in the wake of their respective studies of the Italians — "The Italian Experience in Wyoming" — and Eastern Europeans—"Mines and Miners: The Eastern Europeans in Wyo-



ming"—in Wyoming. For the first group the problem lies in the intention of the immigration; primarily a question about the permanent nature of the settlement. There is also a related question which Kathka handles well, and that is the difficulty of a Catholic heritage that was not only not "Wyomingish" but was not even acceptable by American Catholics.

The essay dealing with the Eastern Europeans is made weaker by the very basic question at who he is talking about. The "Eastern Europeans" is such a group that it includes persons as totally different in life style and immigration patterns as the Polish and the Yugoslavians. Understanding the limitation imposed on the auditor by his topic, I think it is a remarkable essay. I am a little disturbed by the suggestion of the title, that these persons were the miners of Wyoming. I think a careful study of the Welsh and Irish would indicate otherwise.

I have not mentioned in any detail the study of the Basques by David Cookson — "The Basques in Wyoming" — and the Greek immigrants—"Faith, Hard Work, and Family: The Story of the Wyoming Hellenes"—presented by Dean P. Talagan. Each, however, is a piece of good, sound, and informative work. Perhaps the major factor in their importance lies in the fact that so very little has been done in these areas that this ground-breaking seems particularly significant.

Gordon O. Hendrickson's conclusion essay, "Immigration and Assimilation in Wyoming," is well done. In the main he avoids the tendency in such essays to either generalize to the point of irrelevance or to paraphrase the preceding essays in some sort of Reader's Digest version. He does neither. I would suggest, however, that it is important to remember, and social science researchers often forget, that ethnic interviews must be taken with a grain of Clio's salt. The very national heritage and pride that caused groups to retain the cultural evidence of their roots will cause them to remember more distinctly the conditions of their arrival than the causes of their leaving. Wyoming immigrants, like most, had one thing in common, the dream of new beginnings or more profitable endings. The story of their success and failure as ethnic groups perhaps needs to be counterbalanced by the same understanding of their failure to preserve major ethnicity and the emergence of the Wyomingite—a unique ethnic group of its own.

The authors, the researchers, the advisory council, and certainly the editor, are all to be congratulated for this small, limited, but very significant first move in an important historical concern. It is hoped that these persons will continue their work and provide us, in due time, with more in depth and revealing studies.

*Graceland College*

PAUL M. EDWARDS

*The Yellowstone Story.* By Aubrey L. Haines. (Boulder: Yellowstone Library and Museum Association, in cooperation with Colorado Associated University Press, 1977.) Index each vol. Illus. Maps and charts. Vol. I, 385 pp.; vol. II, 543 pp. \$20.00.

*Yellowstone Story* is a scholarly triumph, finally providing us with a long overdue full-scale definitive history of the world's first and most famous national park. It could have been achieved only by someone wholly dedicated to the task, capable of painstaking research over many years, the organization of a century's accumulation of data, and distinctive literary skill. That someone is Aubrey Haines of Bozeman, Montana, retired from the National Park Service after an unusual career as both engineer and historian. While he had some random assistance and encouragement from a few colleagues who shared his vision of a comprehensive Yellowstone history (including this reviewer as former Regional Historian) he did not have sustained official support. This is not the fruition of a Park Service research project. Aubrey Haines did it mainly by himself, making sacrifices of career and health in the process.

There have been several Yellowstone histories, most notably the perennial editions of the one by Hiram Chittenden, an earlier Yellowstone engineer turned historian. With this new definitive work, all previous efforts fade into insignificance, while future historians must be content with merely extending Haines' footnotes.

The fabulous Yellowstone has a mystique all of its own, something that goes beyond images of bears, geysers, glass mountains and painted canyons. It is the supreme symbol, not only of our expanding national park system, but a whole new democratic and global dimension in human affairs—the preservation of superlative scenic, scientific, and historic areas as public parks, in perpetuity, for the inspiration and enjoyment of everyone. *Yellowstone Story* is a literary work equal to its grand theme. It is a measure of its intellectual scope that it deals in depth, not only with minutiae of the park area itself, but with evolution of the park concept, going back to the royal gardens of ancient Persia, ducal game preserves and English commons. Haines' chapter entitled "The New Creation", about the culmination of this revolutionary idea in the Yellowstone Act of 1872, and the melange of idealism and political opportunism which precipitated it, is the central diamond of his many-jeweled masterpiece.

In a characteristic fit of modesty Haines assures the reader that his work is "not exhaustive" but contains "only as much as necessary to an understanding of the flow of events." Actually, very little of significance has been omitted from this massive work of

two volumes, over 900 pages, over 1400 footnotes, around 700 bibliographical entries, 100 contemporary photographs, and 44 excellent maps. He portrays personalities, tells anecdotes, and describes both natural and man-made features in rich and elaborate detail. Because of its complexity, this book could have been heavy going. But Haines is that rare scholar who has a facile pen and a delightful way of organizing and captioning his material. The imaginative chapter titles, adorned with quaint bits of contemporary poetry and oratory provide the exact flavor for each episode.

Volume I deals with Indians, fur trappers, miners, explorers, park establishment and the precarious period of feeble civilian management and park despoliation to 1886, aptly entitled "Paradise Almost Lost." Larger Volume II covers the period of U. S. Army administration, 1886-1917, and the modern era of management by the National Park Service, U. S. Department of the Interior. Simple chronology does not convey the scope of this work; one can only mention a few random highlights.

Credit for "the park idea" has to be shared by many promoters, including the profit-minded Northern Pacific Railroad. The term "Yellowstone Park" does not appear in the Act of Establishment, but evolved by usage. While no paragons themselves, the early civilian Superintendents cannot be condemned; they were given "Mission Impossible." Insufficient credit has gone to Vest, Lacey, Pomeroy and other visionary Eastern Congressmen who protected the infant park against legislative attack and encroachments by would-be exploiters, including a few Wyoming and Montana Congressmen schooled in rapacity. The greed of Railroad and Reclamation interests, like that of early park trophy hunters and geyserite collectors, ignited the fires in which the shield of wilderness was forged. On the other hand, wildlife policies have been wobbly and controversial, tracing a zig-zag path to this day.

The "Yellowstone Crusade" to enlarge the park led to the creation instead of Grand Teton National Park. Fort Yellowstone at Mammoth Hot Springs, and its substations throughout the park, were unique among Army establishments; the Army did a magnificent job in pioneering effective management principles. Today's rangers evolved from the early "rabbit-catchers" and patrolling cavalrymen, the main difference being that they have things a lot easier and get paid far more handsomely. The ubiquitous automobile, the means of democratizing the park, was considered a curse to begin with, scaring the daylights out of horses. Today it is the cause of another dilemma—pollution and overuse. If we are to preserve the wilderness, or what's left of it, should all tourist facilities be removed from Old Faithful and other interior points to the park perimeter, and people trundled in and out by mass transit conveyance?

*Yellowstone Story* is dedicated to deceased Jack Haynes, vener-

able park photographer, concessioner, and guidebook author. The jackets bear brilliant color reproductions of Thomas Moran's incomparable paintings. From pristine wonderland, to "national white elephant," to battleground for Indians and environmentalists, to national playground, this record will stand as one of the grand epics of park literature. Its surprisingly modest price should ensure wide readership.

*Littleton, Colorado*

MERRILL J. MATTES

*"I'd Rather Be Born Lucky Than Rich": The Autobiography of Robert H. Hinckley.* By Robert H. Hinckley and JoAnn Jacobsen Wells. Charles Redd Monographs in Western History, no. 7. (Provo: Brigham Young University Press, 1977.) Index. Illus. Paper.

Robert H. Hinckley's purpose in writing his autobiography was to tell the world just how lucky he has been in his life. Born, raised, and educated in Utah, Hinckley describes how he was lucky enough to build up one of the largest Dodge dealerships in Utah, manage it through the Depression and, at the same time, serve his country as a bureaucrat in the Roosevelt Administration of the 1930s and 1940s. The book closes with an account of his contributions to the development of American television.

Frankly, the book is a disappointment. Rather than giving his reader informative insights into the inner workings of the Roosevelt Administration (including the Works Project Administration and the Contracts Settlement) or an in-depth description of the development of American television, Mr. Hinckley spends most of his time telling the reader about all the "famous and important" people he has been lucky to meet. Space is devoted to photographs with such captions as, "For Bob Hinckley from his old friend, Franklin D. Roosevelt," and "To one of the finest fellows I have ever met, with my good wish, Angelo J. Rossi, Mayor, San Francisco." The reader is further treated to photographs of Mr. Hinckley with such notables as Harry S. Truman, Lyndon B. Johnson, Harry Hopkins, and others. The text is full of anecdotal accounts of Mr. Hinckley's encounters, however brief, with prominent Americans of the twentieth century.

No doubt such mementoes and memories are worthy of a certain amount of pride and, perhaps, even a certain amount of reverence for Mr. Hinckley. Most readers can find a certain amount of enjoyment in them, too. But the reader who expects some real insight and valuable contributions to the knowledge of the period is disappointed. Solid historical information is sacrificed for name-dropping.

The book's style is rather dull, repetitive, chatty, and most unorganized. For example, on one page (p. 29) in the chapter titled, "The Depression," the reader is given a description of the development of the car dealership from 1920 to 1954 without a mention of the 1930s. Upon turning the page, the reader is whisked into the sixties. This page is one of eight in a twelve-page chapter on the Depression that does not even deal with the Depression.

Another aspect of the book's organization that detracts from its readability is the excessive number of typographical errors that are found therein. Certainly, one would think that a university press would not be guilty of such an amateur performance.

The book reads much like an oral history and I suspect much of it was, indeed, dictated by Mr. Hinckley. As an oral history, the book is valuable as a record, however poor, of what happened to one individual as he followed the script of the old American success story. It is a shame that we could not have been told more.

*University of Wyoming*

DAVID A. COOKSON

*Education and the American Indian. The Road to Self-Determination Since 1928.* Second Edition. By Margaret Connell Szasz. (Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, 1977). Index. Illus. 252 pp. Paper. \$5.95.

In preparing the second edition of this 1974 study of American Indian education, the University of New Mexico Press might well have considered some serious revisions. Szasz chronicles a sprawling malaise of decisions and counterdecisions made by the federal government over a fifty-year period affecting Indian education. Unfortunately, the book's material does a good deal of sprawling of its own, as the author's intricate bureaucratic subject matter often leaves the reader wallowing in a mire of tediously presented information.

Materials surface time and again in slightly altered fashion. Chapters 4 through 8, for example, continually rehash nuances of the same New Deal pronouncements. Since the cast of characters does not change appreciably, nor do their sources of data, the reader learns the same details over and over again. The most notorious example of this occurs in Chapters 6 and 7. Cross-cultural education falls in Chapter 6 but, just in case the reader chafes for details, Ms. Szasz rolls the issue out again for an encore in the succeeding chapter.

A few paragraphs incorporated into Chapter 6 would have served the same purpose. A minor but especially galling point also crops up in Chapter 6. Not content to refer to whites as

"whites," the author begins to slip in the term, "Anglo." While this may be acceptable Southwestern street language, one suspects a conscientious editor of a scholarly study could have substituted a bit more erudite terminology. The racism incipient in this term should more than mitigate against its usage. All whites are no more Anglos than all Indians are Cherokees. Ms. Szasz demonstrates her ability to misuse this banal label in this chapter alone by citing at least three decidedly "non-Anglo" whites.

Unevenness of coverage also mars this work. The pre-World War II period, which represents only one-third of the years under study, covers one-half of the book. One learns of the Progressive Education movement in great detail and discovers that Commissioner John Collier's aberrant social behavior extended to a self-destructive, "almost anti-white, racist attitude." For all of distracting pontificating about the inability of whites to make intelligent decisions concerning Indian education, Szasz tells the reader very little about Robert Bennett and Louis Bruce, the only two Indians to have been Commissioners of Indian Affairs during the period.

On a positive note, the book contains a good amount of important historical information. Szasz traces the philosophies of the various Commissioners of Indian Affairs and their Directors of Education, handles well the application of Progressive Education principles to Indian schools, and demonstrates the nearly disastrous effects termination had on Indian education and culture. The study's attitude toward government, at all levels, is almost unsparingly negative. Successes, however flawed, receive little credit. As a final salvation, however, the author's epilogue suggests that self-determination measures taken under the Nixon and Ford Administrations should permit Indian "direction and leadership" of education. Szasz implies that this should finally permit the evolution of an effective education program.

Most conscientious whites realize that the government has made a horrible botch of Indian education, indeed of the entire question of Indian affairs. Self-determination seems a logical solution. The author, rather than capitalizing on current attitudes, engages in a long invective which does much to weaken her case. Gleeful demolition of straw men is not sound scholarship. The material does not read well at all and seems much too detailed and "loaded" for classroom use. Fortunately, this study does compile much data which should be of some use for the scholar when the whole issue of self-determination and education might be placed in calmer perspective.

*University of Georgia*

S. J. KARINA

*Sketches of Wyoming.* Publications Coordinator: Dana Van Burgh, Jr. (Casper: Wyoming Field Science Foundation, 1977.) 86 pp. \$5.00.

"Let us walk softly here,

Seeing the change come down," from W. S. Curry's poem, "Ghost Town", accurately describes the feeling one finds in *Sketches of Wyoming*. Dedicated to two Wyoming historians, Frances Seeley Webb and Violet Hord, it is an attractive little book of poetry, tidbits of Wyoming history, and a lovely collection of pen and ink drawings. These last, of important and loved remnants of Wyoming's past, are starkly effective against the book's heavy white paper. The temptation to cut out one or two for framing is stayed by the desire to keep the whole intact for repeated readings and enjoyment.

Odd bits of information pop up in the brief historical sketches. For instance, did you know that, though packaged foods were available since 1765, they "too often contained filings, gypsum, bark, Prussian blue (a poisonous coloring), and sawdust"? Does it sound familiar? Even with today's laws we haven't entirely escaped such problems. Or had you any idea that women's lib was started much longer ago than we thought, even among the Indians? Shell Woman of the Northern Cheyennes was not only a medicine woman but plied a ferry across La Prele Creek near Fort Fetterman when the waters were high.

Wooden oil derricks, deserted mansions, isolated graves along old trails, log barns, charcoal kilns, hotels, a church, bridges, even a water wheel, all speak of high hopes that crashed, dreams that vanished, great plans that went awry; of man's never-ending pursuit of material gain that turns to smoke (or sawdust) before his eyes; in short, nostalgia for a time that was, and is, and will always be, as we look back longingly, thinking the past better than the present and safer than the future.

Many places scattered over Wyoming are represented here, from one corner to the other. Wyoming people should delight in it. Strangers can take it home feeling they have brought away at least a whiff of Wyoming.

It is, possibly, of interest to note that *Sketches of Wyoming* is a publication of the Wyoming Field Science Foundation, a non-profit foundation created to provide financial support for the field science programs: science-history field trips around Wyoming and adjoining states. The foundation's philosophy reveals "that a total response to Wyoming . . . is better than an exclusively narrow sphere of knowledge. As students and adults, artists and writers have worked together to research, write, publish, and publicize, they have gained an appreciation of each other's talents, an awareness

of the basic principles of disciplines other than their own, and a realization that all art and science have a common foundation."

Money from the sale of foundation publications returns to the foundation to be used for future projects, field equipment, and scholarships.

*Newcastle*

ELIZABETH J. THORPE

*Black Diamonds of Sheridan: a Facet of Wyoming History.* By Stanley A. Kuzara. (Cheyenne: Pioneer Printing and Stationery Co., 1977). Illus. 227 pp. \$11.00.

*Black Diamonds of Sheridan* is both more than and less than a history of the coal mining communities of Sheridan County. Stanley A. Kuzara, a native son of the coal camps, undertook the compilation of this book with the knowledge that he lacked the skills, tools, and perceptions of a professional historian. Recognizing his shortcomings, Kuzara sought to relate his reminiscences of life in the Sheridan area mining towns and to supplement these personal notes with numerous newspaper stories extracted from the Sheridan newspapers.

Organized according to the many coal camps of the area, *Black Diamonds* moves from camp to camp presenting, largely through reprinted newspaper stories, an outline history of each camp's origin, heyday and decline. The several Dietz camps, eight in all, as well as the Hotchkiss, Acme, Model, Carneyville, Monarch, and Kooi camps all receive Kuzara's attention. In addition, chapters about Kuzara and his family, the Sheridan Railway Company, and the methods used in working the mines are included in the book. An especially useful chapter relates many of Kuzara's personal reminiscences of the mining camps.

While the focus of the book is on the mining camps and their development, other equally interesting and useful information is also presented in this study. For example, since the majority of the miners were Eastern European immigrants, the study naturally sheds some light on their social and economic reception in Wyoming. Newspaper stories give the host society's reaction to the miners while Kuzara's Polish origins allow him to comment effectively on the immigrant, particularly the Polish, social activities in the area.

The volume is not an interpretive history of the Sheridan mining camps, yet it provides much raw material which others can use in preparing such a history. The compilation of newspaper stories about the mines in a single volume will allow students, otherwise unable to scan the Sheridan papers, an opportunity to view some of the documentary history of the camps. The use of materials



such as geological reports, other state newspapers, mining company records, personal papers of individual miners, and other histories of the state could have made this volume an interpretive history of Sheridan County mining, but that was not Kuzara's intention.

Coal mining in Wyoming is an industry with many economic ramifications for the state. It needs a full interpretive history encompassing the technological, geological, and environmental developments in the mining industry from the opening of the first Union Pacific mine to the present strip mining operations. Likewise, in depth studies of the miners themselves will add significantly to our understanding of Wyoming's cultural heritage. Stanley Kuzara is to be commended for illuminating a portion of Wyoming's history which could easily be lost. Hopefully, others will expand on his work.

*University of Minnesota  
Twin Cities*

GORDON O. HENDRICKSON

*A Clash of Interests: Interior Department and the Mountain West 1863-96.* By Thomas G. Alexander. (Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1977.) Maps. Notes. Appendix. Index. 256 pp. \$11.95.

The federal government played an integral role in the development of western territories. However, the benefits and detriments of the territorial system and of the policies of the national government are debatable. In an attempt to arrive at a more judicious appraisal of their influences on territorial affairs, Thomas G. Alexander has extensively investigated the federal government's economic activities in the mountain territories of Idaho, Arizona and Utah for the period 1863-1896. The product of his research is not a narrow economic history. By necessity, it also is an analysis of the political climate of the times.

In this study Alexander shows that the changing power structure in Washington greatly affected the territories. From 1863 until 1874, Republicans dominated the national government, and on the whole they were responsive to the wishes of the territories. However, the election of 1874 ushered in a Democratic Congress. Led by fiscal conservatives such as Representative William Holman of Indiana, the Congress became more parsimonious. The salaries of territorial officials were lowered, funding for land surveys was cut back, and the Holman Rule was passed in the House. The Holman Rule, which stipulated that no amendments could be made to appropriation acts unless they reduced the number of federal employees or cut expenditures, curtailed the limited power of territorial delegates, who could propose legislation affecting their re-

spective territories even if they could not vote on it. In effect, the territories were subjugated financially to the decisions of the frugal Democratic leadership in the House. The Holman Rule was repealed in 1885, but only after Grover Cleveland, an equally conservative Democrat, had assumed the presidency.

While monetary restraint slowed territorial development, it was not the sole cause of discord. Many politicians from other regions did not understand the needs of the emerging economy in the Mountain West. It was dominated by mining and lumbering, not farming and ranching. Thus the Cleveland administration's impediments on the use of the public domain or on the acquisition of federal land did not so much prevent the monopolization of land as it hindered economic growth.

An area of federal activity on which Alexander makes several insightful and controversial points is the Indian service. He maintains that the reservation system worked properly when the agents were adequately paid, competent men. Moreover, he says that the Whites did not want the Indians exterminated; rather, they desired only peace and order. Finally, he concludes that the Indian service was not filled with fraud but was made ineffective by encumbering bureaucratic dictates. Furthermore, it defeated its own aims, for it segregated the Redmen from White communities and taught them unmarketable skills, all while hoping to acculturate them into White society.

Obviously, some will disagree with Alexander's interpretations. However, a more significant criticism is that he does not fully examine the ramifications of national party politics in territorial administration. Not only were territorial posts patronage sinecures, but also they were vehicles for party organizing. Unfortunately, that dimension of political concern is hardly mentioned. Nonetheless, *A Clash of Interests* convincingly exposes the fluctuating relationship between the federal government and the federal territories in the Mountain West during the latter half of the nineteenth century, when differing perceptions, needs, and goals fostered anxiety and animosity on both sides. In all, this is an informative and provocative scholarly monograph which deserves the attention of historians of the American West.

Oklahoma State University

THOMAS BURNELL COLBERT

*Great North American Indians.* By Frederick J. Dockstader. (New York: Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1977). Index. Bib. Illus. 386 pp. \$16.95.

Frederick J. Dockstader, *Great North American Indians*, is a compilation of 300 brief biographical sketches. The author em-

phasizes that these are not necessarily the most important Native American leaders; space limitations and the difficulty of obtaining sufficient information have affected his choices. Dockstader arbitrarily has eliminated any individual still living. He has attempted to decide "the importance of the individual to the Indian people, rather than the evaluation of a career from the White point of view."

This is a book worth attempting. Such familiar biographical sources as Hodge's *Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico* (1910) and Gridley's various *Indians of Today* volumes are now dated. A volume such as this one could synthesize the best of modern scholarship and provide for both the general reader and the specialist incisive portraits of a wide range of significant Native American men and women. This kind of study, in sum, could illustrate the variety of contributions of American Indians to their peoples and to America.

*Great North American Indians* does not, however, fulfill its considerable promise. It is a handsome book, nicely illustrated, well indexed, and reasonably priced. It does provide in one volume a handy reference source which begins to acquaint the reader with an array of important personalities. It is a conscientious attempt to provide portrayals of more than military leaders, more than patriot chiefs. Nonetheless, the book is marred significantly by some central shortcomings.

The volume has a good many factual errors and, I believe, omissions or misplaced emphases about the careers of many individuals. When one man takes on such a gargantuan task, this perhaps is inevitable. Dockstader also includes a large, but uncritical bibliography. The reader would be better served by one a mite briefer, but more selective.

This is a book essentially about Indian men of the "lower 48": no Alaskan, no Mexican, and but one Canadian man are included. Only 22 of the 300 people are women. There are as well problems relating to tribal representation. While no one would deny the central place of Dakotas in American Indian history, one of ten people in this volume is a Sioux. By contrast there are, for example, no Northern Arapahoes, no Chickasaws, no Papagos; such vital communities as Zuni, Taos and Laguna are neglected.

Naturally one may quibble about who Dockstader included and who he did not. The book is particularly weak in the area of 20th century Indian history. The Pan-Indian movements prior to World War II have been slighted. It is inexcusable not to have included Sherman Coolidge and Thomas Sloan. Philip Gordon, Charles Daganett, Oliver Lamere, Hiram Chase, Charles D. Carter, Marie Baldwin, and Laura Cornelius Kellogg are among others missing. In the Southwest, such leaders as Sotero Ortiz and Pablo Abeita were bypassed.

I question as well the restriction placed against those, who through no fault of their own, happen still to be alive. A classic example of this limitation occurs when both Julian Martinez and his son Popovi Da rate entries, whereas Julian Martinez' wife, the still more illustrious Maria, does not (she is discussed under Julian Martinez' name). Then there are distinguished individuals who passed away right before the book was published and so are not mentioned: the great Flathead scholar D'Arcy McNickle and the crusading Eskimo editor Howard Rock are but two cases in point. Even if Dockstader wanted to steer clear of contemporary Indian politics, there are many vitally important Native Americans in many fields who should be a part of this book: Scott Momaday, Oscar Howe, Annie Wauneka, Ben Reifel, Allen Houser, Ada Deer, Vina Deloria, Sr. and Jr., James Welch, Alfonso Ortiz, the great Navajo weaver Mabel Myers. A book such as this one should illustrate the ongoing, enduring Native American spirit. One best does this by including the living as well as the dead.

*University of Wyoming*

PETER IVERSON

*Ghost Towns of Wyoming.* By Donald C. Miller. (Boulder: Pruett Publishing Company, 1977.) Index. Bib. 110 pp. \$12.50 cloth.

This is a nice readable book for the armchair traveler who likes good photographs of ghost towns and old buildings, and does not care if history is slipshod and often inaccurate. Also the armchair traveler does not need any detailed directions on how to reach these ghost towns. A map in the front of the book gives their locale. Since towns are discussed alphabetically, hunting for them on the map furnishes some excitement. I found Oakley!

Listed as ghost towns are Afton, Atlantic City, Centennial, Encampment and Sunrise. Perhaps people living in these towns won't mind this classification. Hartville is called a "village." Manville "still exists." "A few people still live" at Riverside. Savery "is a small town south of Rawlins"; only sixty miles south according to the Wyoming Highway map. Superior still exists with a "handful" of population.

Information on most towns is very sketchy giving the impression that the author, Donald C. Miller, gathered his facts from a pile of books on his desk and never visited many of the places about which he wrote. And his pile of books was not large enough! There are some glaring errors in his book.

"What remains of Fort Stambaugh" is pictured on page 101. Nothing remained of Fort Stambaugh in 1975 but a flat stone marker buried in the sage. It took me some time to find the stone.

Cambria is in Weston County. The coal mined there was bituminous and used for coking. It was not anthracite.

More about Cambria, quoting page 14: "The school house was on a hill above the town. Three hundred and sixty-five steps (perhaps 600) led to it. About forty dwellings were situated on the same hill (actually located in South Dakota) which became known as Antelope City." Page 15: "Antelope City, South Dakota."

No part of Cambria or Antelope City, just west of Cambria, was even near South Dakota. The Wyoming-South Dakota state line is about ten miles east of Cambria.

There are several errors about Silver Cliff, now Lusk, Niobrara County. Quoting page 79: "One of the town's characters was Old Mother Feather Legs who ran a whorehouse in a dugout."

The lowly mansion of Mother Featherlegs (note correct spelling) was fourteen miles south of Silver Cliff in what is now Goshen County. There is a stone marker on her grave with the correct spelling of her name. She never had any connection with Silver Cliff.

Also the "large barn" that now marks the site of Silver Cliff according to Mr. Miller, has been gone so long that no one knows exactly where it stood.

Lusk

MAE URBANEK

*Agriculture in the Great Plains, 1876-1936.* Thomas R. Wessel, ed. (Washington: Agricultural History Society, 1977.) Index. 263 pp.

Thomas R. Wessel of Montana State University has edited an excellent series of articles on agricultural history in the Great Plains over a sixty year time span. These papers were presented in their original form at a symposium sponsored by the Agricultural History Society, the U. S. Department of Agriculture, the Montana Bicentennial Administration, and Montana State University. The book can be divided into six very broadly defined categories: changes wrought by the environment, technical and farming innovations, politics and the farmer, government policies and organizations, technical advice to historians, and a summary.

Since the publication of Walter Prescott Webb's *The Great Plains* in 1931 historians have focused on the importance of the environment and geography to settlement and farming in this region. Four writers in this edition clearly indicate the continuation of this trend. W. H. Droze analyzes the seventy-five year effort that went into changing the environment by planting trees on the plains. James Forsythe shows how such environmental

factors as temperature, rainfall, soil, and terrain greatly affected the early settlers in Ellis County, Kansas. And Dan Fulton describes the way many farmers and government organizations failed to deal effectively with the special problems of the Great Plains.

Environmental influences on the plains dictated many technical innovations in the agricultural sector. This area constituted the largest number of articles in *Agriculture in the Great Plains*. C. H. Wasser details the development of technical range management through programs such as the Bureau of Plant Industry and the agricultural experiment stations. Hiram Drache tells the very important story of how Thomas Campbell helped create the modern, large-scale, heavily mechanized farm on the northern plains. In two separate articles, Kenneth Norrie and Mary W. M. Hargreaves discuss the growth of a technique crucial to the growth of agriculture on the Great Plains: dry farming. Though criticized by some experts and modified through the years, this process proved to be a successful method of improving an always uncertain environmental situation.

The frequently cruel environment of the Great Plains also prompted farmers to seek political solutions to their problems. This comprises the third category of papers. Robert Calvert focuses on the Granger movement in Texas and the experiences of A. J. Rose to illustrate many of the characteristics of that farm organization. Garin Burbank analyzes the development of agrarian socialism in Saskatchewan and Oklahoma. Both emphasize the essential conservatism of the plains farmer as well as his willingness to flirt with various political solutions to his problems. In contrast to these movements, Richard Farrell shows that farm newspapers remained conservative and relatively apolitical during the years 1860 to 1910.

Movements like the Grangers and the agrarian socialists prodded the government into responding to the needs of the plains farmer. An article by Paul Gates describes the development and crucial importance of the Homestead laws to the settlement of the Great Plains. Karl Quisenberry shows how the dry land experiment stations laid much of the technical ground work for successful farming in the region. And Merrill Burlingame interrelates the work of the Montana Extension Service and M. L. Wilson to the creation of a modern national agricultural policy for the Great Plains.

Other chapters in this edited work include one on suitcase farming by Leslie Hewes, one on farm income by Robert Ankli, a brief history of the North Platte irrigation projects by L. Carl Brandhorst, and critical articles by Terry Anderson and Donald Hadwiger. In addition, John Schlebecher argues for the need to see and handle historically important objects such as plows and

Gilbert Fite provides the reader with a fine summary of the change and growth of Great Plains farming.

As with all edited works, *Agriculture in the Great Plains* contains chapters of varying quality. However, overall the book is an excellent and often fascinating one. The work contains only two weaknesses, one technical and the other substantive. The book could have been constructed better. The articles are scattered with no apparent pattern or series of themes. These are there but the reader must hunt for them. Also the papers leaned very heavily toward commercial farming and the role of the government in agriculture. More information on the small farmer, farm labor, tenants, and the like and a more critical analysis of government agricultural policies would have greatly enhanced an already good work.

*Louisiana State University at Eunice*

JAMES W. WARE

*Indian Dances of North America.* By Reginald and Gladys Laubin. (Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press, 1977). Index. Illus. 538 pp. \$25.00.

The compilation of a compendium of descriptions and analyses of Indian dances of North America would be a difficult, if not impossible, task. However, Reginald and Gladys Laubin of Jackson Hole, Wyoming, have attempted to deal with this large and complex topic but in a somewhat more restricted fashion. The Laubins, professional dancers and students of the art form, have devoted their professional careers to performing and studying Indian dances. Their contact with Indian people has been extensive and they have performed with tribal dancers and were adopted by White Bull and One Bull of the Sioux. Supported by a Guggenheim Fellowship, the Laubins conducted research in libraries and museums around the country to augment a pool of knowledge from observation and participation in Native American dances.

The authors devote several chapters to early accounts of native dances, utilizing reports from explorers and travelers. Other chapters are devoted to music, masks and painting and their role in dancing. The bulk of the book is devoted to descriptions of dances, with emphasis on the Sioux and other plains tribes. Accounts of most dances are brief, but the Ghost Dance and Sun Dance are chapter subjects. Acculturation, the disappearance of many dances, and lack of source material obviously limit coverage. The Laubins do not attempt to systematically categorize, describe and analyze all native dances, or even those for a given region. Their coverage is selective and emphasizes the Northern Plains. The

chapter on the Southwest, for example, is far from complete; only a half dozen pages are devoted to California tribes; the Five Civilized tribes receive brief mention, and Canadian tribes are largely ignored. It is perhaps true to some extent that scholars have only recently begun to appreciate the role of dancing in Indian cultures, but it should also be remembered that excellent research has been conducted. James Mooney's work on the Ghost Dance is but one example, and numerous studies of the Sun Dance have been published. Nor should one ignore the invaluable work of Francis Densmore on Indian music. While some of these works appear in the notes, it is impossible, lacking a bibliography, to discern the thoroughness of the research or whether unpublished sources were utilized. There are numerous photographs, frequently of one or both of the authors.

The book provides an introduction to Indian dances. Those interested in dances of specific tribes should also consult other works.

*University of New Mexico*

RICHARD N. ELLIS

*Indian Life. Transforming an American Myth.* Ed. by William W. Savage, Jr. (Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press, 1978). Illus. 286 pp. \$9.95.

In the preface Professor Savage notes that this volume, "has to do with the images of Indians developed by whites to justify white expansion into Indian domain and thus it examines the political utility of myth." It is designed as a companion volume to his earlier edited work, *Cowboy Life: Reconstructing an American Myth*. The book contains excerpts from thirteen works written about the American Indian. Published in the period 1877-1914, these books reflect a wide variety of views of American Indian society held by non-native American citizens of the United States. Some of the authors, including Helen Hunt Jackson, are well-known, while others are obscure. Professor Savage has presented a collection of excerpted material which gives us a glimpse of how white America perceived the native American in the four decades before World War I.

In his introduction the editor states that he attempts to portray the way which Americans have contemplated Indians. He goes on to note that we view them in a conceptual monolith which appears in a series of paired images. These couplets begin with the familiar, noble savage versus the brute, and continue with numerous lesser known images.

Savage presents a fair appraisal of the reception of white America to the image of the native American. He points out that to



justify the acquisition of territory, Anglo-Americans had to reconcile their economic motives with their ethical and moral responsibilities. This was accomplished by recourse to law and classifying the Indian as subhuman. Of course this made it easier for white Americans to justify killing Indians, and many individuals believed that this was the best way to hold domination. However, the editor does not condemn all Anglo-Americans for this type of treatment of Indians. He notes that the romantic myth of the noble savage survived largely through the efforts of the liberal reformers.

In the modern era, Professor Savage contends, the negative stereotype endured after it no longer had any political utility. He states that motion picture directors discovered that, "anyone could portray an Indian if he could ride and avoid allergic reaction to paint and plumage" and "anybody could act like one." He goes on to write about the treatment of Indians in novels and modern cartoons. Then he presents the aforementioned excerpts from the thirteen books.

The numerous illustrations which highlight this book make it an attractive volume. Although some of the conclusions reached by the editor in his introductory chapter are debatable, he has brought together in one volume excerpts of many important books on the life of the American Indian. Many of these volumes have been out of print for decades. *Indian Life: Transforming an American Myth* will enable the reader to acquire a capsule view of many Anglo-American attitudes toward the American Indian during an important era of American history. Savage has performed a worthwhile service and his book deserves consideration.

*Missouri Southern State College*

ROBERT E. SMITH

*The Indian Tipi: Its History, Construction, and Use.* 2nd Edition. By Reginald and Gladys Laubin. With a History of the Tipi by Stanley Vestal. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1977). Illus. Bib. Index. 343 pp. \$12.50.

Reginald and Gladys Laubin have devoted their lives to the preservation and interpretation of the North American Indian culture. Many years ago, they were adopted by Chief One Bull, who was known as one of the "fighting nephews" of the great Hunkpapa Sioux leader, Chief Sitting Bull. Their adoption also paved the way to a long association with Indian people of various tribes, which provided the Laubins with many valuable firsthand observations and experiences.

As lecturers and entertainers, they have presented authentic Indian lore and dances on concert stages throughout the United States. They have engaged in successful tours that have spanned

three other continents. The Laubins have also appeared in six documentary films on Plains Indian culture, and have authored *The Indian Tipi*, and *Indian Dances of North America*, all for the University of Oklahoma Press.

Since the first edition of *The Indian Tipi* was published in 1957, it has been widely received as an invaluable reference book on the origin and use of this movable dwelling. It has also provided a wealth of information on the construction of the tipi and on how to make old-style Indian items. This new edition retains all of the excellent material found in the earlier publication, however, it is greatly enhanced by more than one hundred additional pages of new text and illustrations.

In addition to providing all of the necessary information for making and pitching a tipi, this book contains suggestions on materials and furnishings to complete the lodge, and rules of tipi etiquette. While both editions contain methods of duplicating Indian items, the current publication includes new sections on making buckskin, moccasins, and cradles. Other new material on daily life examines how the Indian people raised their children, and offers some general household hints. There is also an expanded section on food and cooking by various methods, including the use of ground and reflector ovens.

The authors are extremely adept at writing with clarity and detail, and the manner in which they share their personal experiences and knowledge provides enjoyable reading. *The Indian Tipi* is an excellent reference book and it will undoubtedly appeal to the general public, as well as scholars. Its choice illustrations also make this book a worthwhile investment.

Throughout the book, Gladys and Reginald Laubin have taken care to present the Indians as a dignified people, with their own distinctive culture, art and philosophy. They write with warmth and appreciation about the old-style arts and crafts, as well as all other aspects of the Indian way of life. It is obvious that the Laubins deeply love their subject. They have given their readers a rare insight into the underlying spirit and essence of things that are truly Indian.

*Buffalo Bill Historical Center*

LEO A. PLATTETER

*Fort Collins Yesterdays.* By Evadene Burris Swanson. (Fort Collins: Don-Art Printers, Inc., 1975). Endnotes. Illus. 306 pp.

Evadene Swanson states in the beginning of her book that "The notes assembled in this study are intended as a supplement to Watrous' tremendous achievement (History of Larimer County).

They are offered as an interpretation for newcomers to orient those unfamiliar with the locale and landmarks which have changed from those Watrous described in 1911." With this in mind Ms. Swanson certainly does accomplish her goal. She divides her book into two sections. The first is an overview of the town; the second is a sampling of people, places and problems. As Swanson tells the story of Fort Collins she weaves in bits of history occurring throughout the west and the effect it had on a growing western community.

For the history buff, the book makes an excellent guide to places of historical interest in and around Fort Collins. Occasionally, Swanson wanders and brings in notes from neighboring cities. In reading the overview, there is the feeling of having a sneak preview of something more to come. It reads like a census record. Of course, it would be impossible to go into greater detail on every subject and person mentioned. If anything could be done to improve the book it would be to mention fewer names and dates and go into greater detail about the more important events.

Swanson does give short, interesting sketches of such characters as George W. Pingree, an Indian fighter and tie hack. He, also, had a mountain park and hill in Larimer County named for him. Auntie Stone (Elizabeth Hickok Robbins Stone) is given a brief sketch as well as Montezuma Fuller, the town's first architect, and Charlie Clay, a black former slave who was "considered a symbol of freedom." Swanson mentions the numerous nationalities represented in the growing community, the churches, physicians, the college that became Colorado State University, and law and order. She does not forget such characters as Billy Patterson who was a friend of Buffalo Bill Cody, Isabelle Bird who stayed at Fort Collins for a night on her way to climb Longs Peak, and Lady Moon who was the community aristocrat.

According to Swanson, Fort Collins became "the smallest American town with a streetcar system." For nearly forty-three years streetcars operated in Fort Collins and eventually the line extended to the Lindenmeier farm and lake and Sheldon Lake. Ms. Swanson writes, "It was never simply mass transit like the subway or elevated in New York or Chicago, but a cozy hometown affair, part of the local spirit." Unfortunately, the system succumbed to fiscal problems and the last car ran on June 30, 1951.

Certainly for anyone living in the Fort Collins area, Swanson's book is a handy reference to begin an in-depth study of important persons and places in the history of Fort Collins. The illustrations are excellent.

## Contributors

MERRILL J. MATTES, Littleton, Colorado, retired in 1975 from the National Park Service after forty years of service as Yellowstone Park ranger, Scotts Bluff and Fort Laramie custodian, regional historian at Omaha, chief of history and historic architecture in San Francisco and chief of historic preservation, Denver Service Center. His publications include *The Great Platte River Road*, Nebraska Historical Society, 1969, and *Indians, Infants and Infantry*, Old West Publishing Company, 1960. He was a contributor to the *Mountain Men and the Fur Trade* series edited by LeRoy Hafen, and has contributed to many scholarly quarterlies. Professional awards include the National Cowboy Hall of Fame award for "Best Western Non-fiction of 1969." He was a charter member of the Western History Association and the Society for Historical Archeology. He is deputy sheriff of the Denver Posse of Westerners. Mattes is currently self employed as a historical consultant.

PAUL L. HEDREN is a supervisory park ranger, Golden Spike National Historic Site, Utah. Previous National Park Service has been at Fort Laramie and as historian at Big Hole National Battlefield, Montana. His "Captain Charles King's Centennial Look at Fort Laramie" appeared in *Annals* in 1976.

ROBERT L. MUNKRES, professor of political science at Muskingum College, currently serves as Department chairman. He is a frequent contributor to historical journals and his series of articles based on Oregon Trail diaries, first published in *Annals*, was later published by the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department as a book, *Saleratus and Sagebrush. The Oregon Trail Through Wyoming*, which is now out of print. Dr. Munkres has done numerous radio and TV programs and most recently has appeared regularly on a Columbus, Ohio, children's program telling stories about the Plains Indians and the American West.

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# *Annals of Wyoming*

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COVER

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Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

Elk in Jackson Hole, 1899

# *An Environmental Spokesman: Olaus J. Murie and a Democratic Defense of Wilderness*

By

GREGORY D. KENDRICK

This thesis is a biographical study of Olaus J. Murie and presents a historical interpretation of the conservation movement of mid-twentieth century. Murie's scientific research, his efforts as spokesman for an influential conservation organization and his thoughtful and impassioned writings earn him a prominent position in the ranks of American conservationists.

## BEGINNINGS ALONG THE RED RIVER

On three consecutive spring days in 1953, Olaus Johan Murie ascended the lecture platform of Pacific University in Forest Grove, Oregon. In a soft-spoken manner, Murie addressed a problem which conservationists had wrestled with for over a century: how to define the intangible value of wilderness in concrete terms. It was not easy. Preservationists from Henry David Thoreau to Robert Marshall had emphasized the spiritual value of wilderness within an increasingly materialistic society. Although their aesthetic definitions often struck a responsive chord in the American mind, these had never assumed a dominant position in American thought. The average person usually believed the idea of mountains as "fountains of life" too idealistic when confronted with economic realities. Murie accepted man's spiritual need for wild areas, but believed that it should be expressed in secular terms that Americans could understand. The title of his lecture suggested his distinctive theme—"Wild Country as a National Asset." As he developed this theme, Murie would unite wilderness preservationists with one of America's most cherished traditions—that of democracy.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>Olaus J. Murie, "Wild Country as a National Asset." *The Living Wilderness*, Summer, 1953, pp. 1-27. This article is composed of three lectures: (1) "God Bless America and Let's Save some of it!" (2) "Wild Country Round the World" (3) "Beauty and the Dollar Sign." These three lectures comprise the entire issue of *The Living Wilderness*.

Murie advised his audience that "it was not for a single agency, or a single commercial organization to make ruthlessly a decision which affects the future." According to Murie, democratic principles assumed "diversity in our environment" and "freedom of choice in our recreation." These democratic tenets were becoming subverted in the name of progress by thoughtless exploitation. Americans already had enough restaurants and highways; on the other hand, wild areas were disappearing rapidly. To emphasize his point, Murie asked if people sensitive to natural beauty should "be barred from the choice of such places?" He concluded by calling for greater participation in public planning and pleading that recreational opportunities "be not reduced to a dead leaden uniformity."<sup>2</sup>

Democratizing man's role in the conservation of his landed heritage was by no means a novel idea. As early as 1833, George Catlin proposed the creation of "A Nation's Park." Writing from the headwaters of the Missouri River, the artist-author envisioned the high plains region preserved as a "magnificent park, where the world could see for ages to come, the native Indian . . . galloping his wild horse, . . . amid the fleeting herds of elks and buffaloes."<sup>3</sup> Thirty-two years later, Frederick Law Olmsted, the famous landscape architect, elaborated upon the idea. He argued that it was the duty of a republican government to reserve and protect in its natural state portions of the public domain from selfish exploitation. Speaking of Yosemite Valley, Olmsted pleaded that these withdrawn scenic lands "should be laid open to the use of the body of the people . . . for the free enjoyment of the people." A densely populated and aristocratic European continent had failed to set aside public pleasuring grounds. As a consequence, the majority of European society was now excluded from the benefits of close association with nature. Would the American continent repeat Europe's mistake? So novel and alien were Olmsted's ideas that they found little sympathy with most Americans of his day.<sup>4</sup>

Murie modernized Olmsted's democratic formula. He considered the democratization of our landed heritage as only the first

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<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 24.

<sup>3</sup>George Catlin, *North American Indians: Being Letters and Notes on their Manners, Customs, and Conditions, Written during the Eight Years' Travel amongst the Wildest Tribes in North America*, 2 vols: (New York: Piercy and Reed, 1838) 1, p. 295.

<sup>4</sup>Frederick Law Olmsted, "The Value and Care of Parks," in *The American Environment: Readings in the History of Conservation*, ed. Roderick Nash (Massachusetts: Addison-Wesley Publishing Company, 1968), pp. 22-23. The report was written by Olmsted while he served as a commissioner managing Yosemite Valley for the State of California in 1865. The article was first published as "The Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Big Trees," in *Landscape Architecture*, 1952.

step in combating a pejorative trend toward materialism and artificiality. Like Frederick Jackson Turner, Murie believed that American culture had been born of and strengthened by the frontier experience. The growing complexities of modern civilization now threatened to weaken the inner vitality and resiliency of this culture. Murie's message implied that our national virility and energy dissipated proportionately to the distance man drifted from his wilderness origins. With a missionary's zeal, Murie preached that environmental education and wilderness preservation were two keys to reversing this trend. Through his lectures, he reminded his listeners of their pioneer ancestry and stressed the importance of appreciating their wilderness heritage. Most importantly, he asserted the need for more wilderness preserves: "Surely it is wisdom to guard the original material on which our culture is founded—and save some of it."<sup>5</sup>

In truth, since the damming of Hetch Hetchy Valley in Yosemite in 1913, many preservationists did try to "save some of it." The loss of the valley signaled not the end but the beginning of an intensified struggle for wilderness preservation. New leaders such as Aldo Leopold, Arthur Carhart, Robert Marshall and Olaus Murie capitalized on new justifications for wilderness. The studies of Sigmund Freud, William James and others lent credence to earlier assumptions that a repressive civilization produced much of modern man's anxieties. If urbanization was the primary suppressing force, preservationists could now logically emphasize the psychological importance of wilderness. The change was most noticeable in the policy of the United States Forest Service. By the second decade of the twentieth century, the Forest Service had departed from its strictly utilitarian philosophy by classifying some lands as "wilderness." It began to acknowledge that sometimes recreational use or no use constituted the most beneficial use. These ideas were embodied in the National Park Service philosophy from its inception in 1916. Thus, the idea of wilderness preservation gained a place of acceptance in some federal agencies. In the private sector, the formation of new organizations such as the Wilderness Society (1935) revealed the public concern for the continued existence of wilderness.<sup>6</sup>

It is equally true, however, that this period experienced a marked revitalization of those interests charged with the development of natural resources at the expense of wilderness. Roosevelt's "New Deal" was committed to the creation of jobs through control and modification of the environment. The immense Tennessee

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<sup>5</sup>Murie, "Wild Country," p. 9.

<sup>6</sup>For a brief, well-written description of this re-invigoration of the wilderness movement, see Roderick Nash, *Wilderness and the American Mind* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1973), pp. 200-236.

Valley Authority (TVA) project provides historical testimony to this trend. After World War II dam building continued, reaching farther west. The Bureau of Reclamation and the Corps of Army Engineers planned reservoirs within national parks and monuments; wilderness areas were being sacrificed as logging interests and livestock associations sought access to more and more federal preserves. "Never before," it seemed to Olaus Murie in 1953, "has the opposition to this wilderness movement been so strong and so clever."<sup>7</sup>

Murie might have added, that never before did preservationists need such a broad base of public support to ensure victory. His democratic ethic, tying wilderness to American democracy and our frontier heritage, helped cultivate this popular backing. The ethic's general appeal reflected, in the words of Murie, the years of experience he had "to fit together some of the pieces in the puzzle of our society."<sup>8</sup> As was usually the case with Murie's personal pronouncements, this one was understated. His democratic rationale for wilderness had evolved over a span of time encompassing nearly half a century and had matured within a frontier environment.

Whereas many preservationists such as Robert Marshall had spent their youth in refined, urban situations, this was not the case for Olaus Murie. Murie was born into the frontier community of Moorhead, Minnesota, in 1889. The town, like Murie, was youthful and just emerging from its pioneer past. It was here on the banks of the Red River in Minnesota that we find the origins of Murie's democratic ethic.

The community of Moorhead was a product of the Northern Pacific, named in 1871 in honor of one of its directors. Anxious for growth, Northern Pacific agents had publicized the Red River Valley's rich soil in Europe. The promotion attracted considerable interest in Norway. Economic factors within the country suggested that Norwegians pay heed to new opportunities. Cheap wheat from the United States, Russia and other countries was flooding northwestern Europe, bringing misfortune to numerous Scandinavian farmers. The Norwegian depression combined with a population increase and rapid industrialization to undermine the "Husmand" or peasant economy. As farms failed, taxes escalated. With only a small percentage of Norway suited for cultivation, the future looked bleak.<sup>9</sup>

To many, including the grandparents of Olaus Murie, the glowing accounts of the agricultural potential of the Red River were

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<sup>7</sup>Murie, "Wild Country," p. 7.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 26.

<sup>9</sup>Leola Nelson Bergmann, *Americans from Norway* (New York: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1950).



—Courtesy of Mrs. Olaus J. Murie

Olaus J. Murie, 1949

appealing. They joined the Scandinavian, German, and English immigrants who flooded the valley. Overcoming their initial repulsion to the vast prairie, these farmers soon transformed the unbroken prairie into acre after acre of wheat. By 1875, the upper Red River valley contained more than 1200 Norwegian farmers, comprising nearly 42 percent of the region's total population. Thus, in a span of eighteen years, Moorhead, much like the state of Minnesota, had achieved a cosmopolitan atmosphere.<sup>10</sup>

Olaus Murie's parents had been reluctant to desert their two-storied gabled home in Frimansled, Norway. By the summer of 1888, however, the couple had rendezvoused with their parents in

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<sup>10</sup>Carlton C. Qualey, *Norwegian Settlement in the United States* (Minnesota: Norwegian-American Historical Association 1938), pp. 127-128.

the Red River Valley. Joachin, father of Olaus, soon found work in the town's brick kiln. Shortly thereafter, the two purchased a small homestead on the southern edge of town.<sup>11</sup>

It was this frontier home and its openness which most deeply affected the youth. When reminiscing late in life, Olaus Murie often recollected the image of Minnesota's vast "unbroken prairie where the prairie chickens used to boom." Even in his childhood, wilderness captured much of his time, thoughts and energy. Weekends found Murie and his two younger brothers fashioning canoes from barrel hoops and wheat sacks, then floating down the Red River to a thickly wooded area they called the "wilderness." In this place of pristine forest, the boys camped in tepees made from pieces of canvas, oil cloth and other material. Here too, they swam, fished and, armed with homemade bows and arrows, prowled the river banks searching for adventure. The exuberant spirit of Murie, often found expression in the guise of an American fur trapper or High Plains Indian.<sup>12</sup>

This imaginative role as a native American was understandable and common since the naturalist-author Ernest Thompson Seton's tales were familiar. When Murie's fourth grade teacher read aloud *Two Little Savages*, Murie identified with the story's fourteen-year-old protagonist. Moreover, the book provided simple directions with diagrams for the construction of tepees, bows, arrows, and other basics of Indian lore and woodcraft. His wilderness appetite whetted, Murie read all the books by Seton available. Seton's wildlife themes probably were most appealing for they possessed an innocent charm. They personified animals, imbuing them with human qualities such as compassion and greed. The connection between human and wildlife behavior, which these stories revealed, stimulated Murie's growing interest in nature.<sup>13</sup>

Although Seton exerted an influence, habits of industry, self-reliance and an intense interest in nature, were acquired primarily from Olaus' father. Although stern in demeanor and disciplined from years of military training, he welcomed and encouraged his son's interest in the wilds. The elder Murie believed that children needed to interact with woods and wildlife. During Olaus Murie's

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<sup>11</sup>Olaus Murie, "Man Looking at Nature," *Discourse: A Review of the Liberal Arts*, Winter 1961-1962, p. 37. A reprint of this article can be found in the Margaret and Olaus Murie Collection, Box 46, Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming, hereafter referred to as OMC of WHRC.

<sup>12</sup>Olaus Murie to Hubert Humphrey, May 3, 1956, in the Olaus Murie Collection, box 48, in the Conservation Branch of the Denver Public Library, hereafter referred to as OMC of CBDPL.

<sup>13</sup>Interview by author with Margaret Murie, January 11, 1977. See also Olaus Murie, *Journeys to the Far North* (Palo Alto: The Wilderness Society and the American West Publishing Company, 1973), pp. 246-249.



early childhood, the two were constant companions. From his father, he soon learned to hunt, fish, camp out as well as to cut wood, spade and plant a garden. To his father, Murie owed his lifelong habit of diligence and constant involvement in a host of projects.<sup>14</sup>

Olaus' mother played an equally important, but less conspicuous role in his development. Marie Murie's slight physique belied her actual temperament. Like most frontier women, she possessed an imperturbable inner strength and resiliency. It was she who felt the deepest remorse about abandoning their comfortable Norwegian home for the hardships of a Minnesota homestead. Their frontier existence, however, never weakened her optimistic and cheerful outlook on life. She succeeded in instilling within her eldest son the ideas of self-discipline and improvement. Education, she would emphasize, was the key to self-betterment and enduring happiness.<sup>15</sup>

As he grew, Murie's life became enriched with the knowledge of nature. He quickly acquired a boyish appreciation of natural phenomena. Like most boys raised on the frontier, he came to know the region's tree life intimately. Ash made excellent poles for fences and good homemade bows. Basswood trees often had a hollow at their base where woodchucks or cottontails found shelter. Old elms sometimes had a broken limb or some defect near their crowns which had produced a deep cavity. Here one might discover a raccoon, especially if there were tell-tale claw marks on the bark.<sup>16</sup>

Sketching wildlife or painting landscapes comprised an integral part of Murie's fascination with wilderness and reflected a deepening understanding of the inter-relationships of wild country. Near the end of his life, Murie could not remember when he first began to draw, but admitted that he had never received a formal lesson.<sup>17</sup> By the age of fourteen, however, his sketches drew praise from his teacher. Even before graduating from college, he always placed drawing paper into the back of his field notebook. He discovered a variety of subjects in the field and drawing consumed most spare moments. "By the time he began to think of a book about the arctic," recalled his wife, "he had a wealth of sketches in the files to remind and inspire him."<sup>18</sup>

The family's frontier existence was not all romance and adven-

<sup>14</sup>Interview with Margaret Murie, January 11, 1977. See also Murie, *Journeys to the Far North*, p. 248.

<sup>15</sup>Interview with Margaret Murie, January 11, 1977.

<sup>16</sup>Murie, "Man Looking at Nature," p. 37.

<sup>17</sup>Olaus J. Murie, "An Oral History," recorded by Herb Evis, September 26, 1962, typescript, p. 4, in OMC of CBDPL.

<sup>18</sup>Murie, *Journeys to the Far North*, p. 12.

ture. In 1898, when Murie was only nine, his father died of military tuberculosis. His mother was left almost penniless with a small house, a single cow and three boys to manage. The entire family worked to survive. Olaus hired out as a hand to neighboring North Dakota farmers. Hours of pitching hay and picking potatoes replaced his frequent excursions to the "wilderness." Moorhead winters brought exceptionally low temperatures that worsened the drudgery. After school each day he delivered pails of milk and then transported firewood home from the forest on his sled. The hard work added muscle to his slender frame.<sup>19</sup>

Paradoxically, instead of diminishing Murie's fondness for the outdoors, this routine heightened his appreciation. Murie often recalled the note of the prairie chickens out in the spring stubble fields. As a youth, he "would hear that sound coming across the prairie far and near, a clear token of nature's awakening to another pleasant activity." The simplicity of his family's life style, the diversity and openness of the environment and the individual freedoms he associated with them produced what Murie later believed to be "the happiest kind of childhood anyone could have."<sup>20</sup>

#### A CAREER AS A NATURALIST

Upon graduation from high school in 1908, Murie had doubts regarding further schooling. Although recognizing the advantages of a college education, neither he nor his mother could bear the expense. Furthermore, his Huckleberry Finn-like childhood had raised suspicions as to the value of schooling. For Murie a day in the wilds had often proven more educational than a month in his high school classroom where lessons in the classics "dragged on interminably."<sup>21</sup> Equally important, the mysteries of what Murie thought to be an unexplored Northland beckoned.

His mother, however, had never relinquished her dream of a college education for her children. Murie indulged her wish and applied to Fargo College, situated directly across the Red River from Moorhead in the town of Fargo, North Dakota. Much to his astonishment, the small college offered him a scholarship. Murie subdued his restlessness and enrolled in the fall of 1908. His decision was prompted by pragmatic considerations. Murie hoped that his college degree would lead to a career as a naturalist and ultimately to field work. With this in mind, he chose biology as his major. The same year in which Theodore Roosevelt hosted

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<sup>19</sup>Interview with Margaret Murie, January 11, 1977.

<sup>20</sup>Murie, "Man Looking at Nature," p. 36.

<sup>21</sup>Olaus Murie, "Boyhood Wilderness," *The Living Wilderness*, March, 1942, pp. 30-31.

the governors' conference on conservation, Olaus Murie took a first step toward his career as a naturalist.

At Fargo College, Murie took courses offered by Professor of Zoology A. M. Bean. Identifying wildlife had always fascinated Murie and his mind easily assimilated the physiological classification. As he excelled, a close friendship developed between student and teacher. When Bean accepted a professorship at Pacific University in Oregon the following year, he invited Murie to follow. The thought of migrating west across the Rocky Mountains must have appealed to Murie's restiveness, but again his finances tempered his hopes. Bean reduced Murie's worries by offering him a research assistantship in zoology along with free board and tuition. With the consent of his family, the Fargo College sophomore rushed off his acceptance notice to Oregon.<sup>22</sup>

Late in life, Murie remembered vividly his "ludicrous" trip out to Pacific University. For three days and nights he "sat in a day coach of the Northern Pacific, with a basket of food beside me, for I could not afford to buy meals enroute." He hardly noticed the staggered progress of the train for the grandeur of the Rocky Mountains and the snowcapped crags of the Cascade Mountains awed the provincial youth who "had never seen a mountain, hardly a sizeable hill."<sup>23</sup>

The forested valley in which Pacific University stood contrasted with the prairie of Moorhead. Here, Murie felt closer to the frontier. Years later, he would describe Pacific University as "the edge of wilderness, born of wilderness." Residing among the native campus oak trees, he seemed part of the pioneer heritage which had produced and still instilled the serene, simple and struggling university.<sup>24</sup>

Murie extended his studies beyond the campus laboratory in early spring of 1912. He traveled two and a half hours by steamer up the Columbia River into the Willamette River Valley. Murie's journey was in response to an unusual report by a farmer who had witnessed mallards nesting in a tree. "Well supplied with camera and film," he eventually found the farm. The strange report was true. In a slough thickly lined with cottonwoods and ash, the enterprising student photographed a mallard nesting seven feet above ground. His report, documented with photographs, became Murie's first scientific publication in the September, 1913, issue of *The Condor Magazine*.<sup>25</sup>

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<sup>22</sup>Ferris M. Weddle, "Wilderness Champion—Olaus J. Murie," *Audubon Magazine*, July-August, 1950, p. 229.

<sup>23</sup>Murie, "Wild Country," p. 2.

<sup>24</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>25</sup>Olaus Murie, "Unusual Nesting Habits of the Mallard," *The Condor Magazine*, September, 1913, pp. 176-178.

After three years, Murie graduated from Pacific University in 1912. Immediately he began searching for a job compatible with his outdoor interests and training. William L. Finley, then Oregon state game warden and later lecturer and author on nature, proffered the position of conservation officer. The job was ideal. For two years, Murie collected faunal specimens, "colored lantern slides," and learned wildlife photography from Finley—"the Birdman of Oregon." When time permitted he read of the explorations into the little known regions of the Arctic.<sup>26</sup>

By 1914, Murie's thoughts centered on the far north, "where there were still blank spaces on the map." With the Carnegie Museum of Pittsburgh financing an expedition to Hudson Bay, his naturalist aspirations seemed within reach. A twist of fate helped. A friend, Stanley Jewett, had originally been selected to accompany the expedition but at the last minute decided to remain in Oregon with his family. Jewett's decision allowed Murie to apply for his position as assistant with the expedition. With time running out, W. E. Clyde Todd accepted Murie's application. By late May, a train once again was transporting him away from the "mechanics of civilization" to the Canadian frontier.<sup>27</sup>

When the train arrived in Cochrane, Ontario, the expedition was joined by two Ojibwa Indian guides. Although the two had long since adopted the white man's technology, they represented a lifestyle virtually unchanged since the advance of the Hudson's Bay Company into the fur-rich territory during the latter half of the 17th century. Here the continuities of history were manifest. The Hudson's Bay Company still vied for economic ascendancy with its traditional French competition. In the southernmost shoreline of James Bay, oxen remained the standard beast of burden while Indians functioned as guides, trappers and laborers for the rival companies. As the two Ojibwa guides greeted Todd's expedition, Robert Flaherty on nearby Baffin Island recorded the passing of an era in a film later to be entitled *Nanook of the North*.<sup>28</sup>

As soon as the eighteen-foot Peterborough freight canoe was loaded, the trip began. Todd, curator of the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh, demanded adherence to a rigorous system for the sake of scientific accuracy. During the day, Murie noted and collected birds and small mammals. His journal entries recorded a diversity of birds, including nighthawks, olive-backed thrushes, waterthrushes, white-throated sparrows, pine grosbeaks and redpolls. Most of the day, however, was consumed by travel, paddling and carrying the heavy load over numerous portages. Each evening

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<sup>26</sup>Murie, "An Oral History," p. 2.

<sup>27</sup>Murie, *Journeys to the Far North*, pp. 17-18.

<sup>28</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 34.

after the group made camp, Murie explored and collected additional specimens. The first evening of the trip, he returned to camp with a ruffed grouse. Each night he also carefully put out his mouse trap lines. During the three month expedition, the team accumulated a substantial collection of skins and scientific data which would enable the Carnegie Museum to enhance its sketchy knowledge of the wildlife distribution in the Hudson Bay area.<sup>29</sup>

"Always specimens! I had to keep thinking of them," Murie later lamented. But the habits of disciplined observation brought beneficial effects. His mind grew more penetrating, more persistent and with each passing day, more self-confident. Furthermore, the expedition reaffirmed his belief in field study. Abstract knowledge would always remain second best. Books had been useful, but only for a beginning. Murie now felt capable of studying alone, without the aid of books.<sup>30</sup>

The college graduate's self-confidence, however, often bordered on arrogance. Thinking he "knew everything," he argued with Todd over trivialities. The youth grew fond of identifying birds from afar before Todd could ascertain their actual type with the huge telescope "he carried in his hind pocket." One day they both spotted a bird on a distant bench. "Greater yellow-legs," Murie said, but then wanted to retract. "Hudsonian godwit," Todd corrected as he focused his telescope. This minor incident taught Murie the wisdom of patience.<sup>31</sup>

As the long Peterborough canoe glided northward, Murie found it difficult to separate scientific observation from aesthetic appreciation of wilderness. Although factual remarks remained foremost, artistic impressions gained space in his daily journal. Occasionally the result of this inner conflict was ambiguity. In his diary for June 8, 1914 he mixed the two:

In the evening olive-backed thrushes, water-thrushes, and a white-throated sparrow were singing, nighthawks were swooping and an occasional chirp of some other bird was heard, making a pleasing combination with the twilight.<sup>32</sup>

Murie would later resolve this dilemma by dividing his journal into scientific and aesthetic sections.

After three months of intensive note taking and collecting of specimens, Murie boarded the small steamer "Inenew" for the last leg of the journey. The ship headed south, transporting the group back to Moose Factory in late August.

Murie discovered the inhabitants of Moose Factory to be gen-

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<sup>29</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 18-19.

<sup>30</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 79.

<sup>31</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 31.

<sup>32</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 21.

erally cooperative, honest and considerate folk. He felt comfortable among people who had decided not to join "in the modern rush of the business world."<sup>33</sup>

Having resolved to remain in the Far North for the approaching winter, Murie arranged to live with a family employed by the Hudson's Bay Company. Meanwhile, Todd extended a letter of credit with the Hudson's Bay Company for the amount of Murie's summer salary—approximately one hundred dollars. With this letter of credit and the anticipated sales from winter specimens, Murie expected to survive comfortably.

No longer on salary to the Museum, Murie's sense of scientific obligation diminished. He relaxed his rigorous habits of recording and collecting specimens. His journal filled with pages of his impressions and reactions to the natural phenomena surrounding him. Evolution and adaptation to environmental forces fascinated him. Although he had been exposed to cultural anthropology when in college, he found its theories too abstract. The winter, however, would provide the opportunity to experience Eskimo and Cree culture firsthand: "Here was a way of life I had only read about," he noted, "and I was in it."<sup>34</sup>

While traveling by dogsled along the northern fringes of the Hudson Bay, Murie frequently camped with bands of Eskimo. He spent many restless, unpleasant nights shivering beneath icy igloo roofs. Children cried continuously, some sick, most hungry. Murie often distributed his surplus food to the children, wrapped himself tightly in his rabbit-skin sleeping bag, and attempted to will himself to sleep. Although he had read earlier of the filth of their habitations, he was astonished to witness girls pick lice from their mother's hair and pop the morsels into their mouths.

With the arrival of spring, the twenty-six year old naturalist, led by two Eskimos, began an investigation of the nesting habits of birds along a strip of coast between Nastapoka and Port Harrison. They traveled by canoe, hugging the coastline and making occasional forays when the ice permitted to a long chain of Nastapoka Islands paralleling the coast. On one such expedition, a low island inhabited by a colony of herring gulls attracted Murie's curiosity. He ventured ashore to examine their nesting habits as circling gulls cackled in alarm at the intrusion. After satisfying his scientific interest, he returned to the canoe with three eggs for dinner. Murie had consciously selected "eggs from nests containing only a few eggs to make sure they were fresh and not to interfere with nesting." The Eskimos did not share his concern. As the two guides followed, they carried with them a large pail full of

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<sup>33</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 42.

<sup>34</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 40.

eggs. Displeased by their action, Murie attempted to explain that he considered their performance robbery of bird's nests when other food was at hand. The Eskimos feigned understanding, but Murie realized that "when they were by themselves they would wipe out any bird colony they came across."<sup>35</sup>

Other winter experiences prevented Murie's conception of aboriginal culture from becoming overly sentimental. Throughout his northern wanderings, he listened to tales of native cannibalism. When winter temperatures dropped even lower, he witnessed examples of human frostbite. Starvation became common among local tribes. Occasionally, Murie resorted to consumption of dog flesh for survival. "This was a hungry country," Murie later reminisced, "I learned to eat hawks, owls, sea-birds—anything with meat on it." A flawless civilization could never spring from an environment where hunger and the possibility of death were always present during winter. These aboriginal societies, inhabiting an untamed wilderness, seemed doomed to occasional barbarisms and greed.<sup>36</sup>

Yet throughout his life, Murie continued to admire certain characteristics of Indian culture. Paradoxically, he observed that the same environmental conditions which produced the Indian's ignoble qualities bred honorable ones "which more civilized beings would do well to emulate." The struggle for existence forced man to be constantly alert.

Murie admired the humbleness of these Ojibwa, Cree, and Eskimo. They inhabited a rugged environment, yet, they "somehow had retained a kind view of nature, like the hunters who begged the bear's pardon before shooting it. They were a humble people."<sup>37</sup>

Murie's experience with the natives eventually matured into thoughts on man's relationship to nature and wilderness. As the fall of 1915 approached, Murie felt that the good outweighed the evil in Indian culture. He believed that man's most virtuous attributes derived from interaction with wilderness. Thoreau's famous metaphor of man with a foot in both worlds—one primitive, the other civilized—might have appealed to the young naturalist, but only partially. Murie's first journey to the Far North had demonstrated that man must lean heavily upon the foot planted in wilderness.

By the fall of 1915, Murie was again roving the boarded sidewalks of Cochrane, Ontario, eating at hotels but longing for a return to the Canadian frontier.<sup>38</sup> Since Todd was already plan-

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<sup>35</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 69-70.

<sup>36</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 556.

<sup>37</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>38</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 80.

ning a second expedition, Murie expected not to have to suffer civilization for long. However, preparations for the second trip proved time consuming. Negotiations involving finance, personnel and transportation dragged on throughout much of 1916. In the meantime, Todd arranged for Murie to serve as the assistant curator of mammals for the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh. By the beginning of 1917, Todd had secured the necessary financial backing and ironed out the expedition difficulties. The scientific trek would embark in early May. Murie returned to Moorhead, awaiting the arrival of Spring.

The frustrating delays had stemmed, in part, from the territory Todd intended to survey. The naturalist hoped to lead a scientific expedition from the Gulf of Saint Lawrence northward across the Labrador Peninsula to Ungava Bay, located at the southernmost end of the Hudson Strait. No white man had ever traversed the sector Todd had selected. Available maps, therefore, would be of no value. The expedition would rely heavily upon the skills of Indian guides as well as their own arctic experience and good judgement.<sup>39</sup>

It was an ambitious project, one requiring a substantially enlarged outfit. Todd purchased three nineteen-foot Peterborough freight canoes and hired two Cree and three Ojibwa guides. Murie was again to be Todd's assistant. A retired businessman from Chicago, Alfred Marshall, completed the passenger list. Marshall, an athletic and avid fisherman, had agreed to pay half the expenses of the trip in return for an opportunity to fish pristine water and "enjoy wild country." The Carnegie Museum also contributed. In return, both naturalists agreed to send their specimens and data to the Museum.

Drifting snow and strong easterly winds delayed the group's departure. The eight men camped near Clark City, in the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, and plotted their 700 mile course bisecting the peninsula. Finally, on May 26 the three heavily laden canoes pushed off upstream in the Saint Margaret River.<sup>40</sup>

The tension of crossing unmapped territory and traveling with an inexperienced sportsman caused Todd to become more finicky than normal. Murie found one order particularly priggish. When Todd "officially advised" his youthful assistant to shave regularly throughout the journey, Murie diplomatically ignored him. By mid-August, both Murie and Marshall had grown "luxuriant"

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<sup>39</sup>W. E. Clyde Todd, *Birds of the Labrador Peninsula* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1963), p. 27. This massive work contains an extract from Murie's journal for the 1915 Hudson Bay expedition.

<sup>40</sup>*Ibid.* See also Murie, *Journeys to the Far North*, p. 81.



beards.<sup>41</sup> The remainder of the trip, however, would tax the patience and endurance of every member of the company.<sup>42</sup>

Ascending the Saint Margaret River was no small task. Often the only way to ascend was to fasten a line to a sturdy tree along the shoreline and pull the boats slowly forward, then methodically refasten the cord further upriver and repeat the tedious procedure. Fortunately, as they progressed northward, the canyons and surrounding hills grew less steep. The landscape became more open with many pine barrens. Although canoeing became easier, the Saint Margaret narrowed, and after forking, became dangerously shallow. By early July, Murie and Todd agreed that they had followed the wrong route. Furthermore, they knew that the Saint Margaret provided no direct waterway across the "height of land" to the Hamilton River, from which streams flowed downstream into Ungava Bay.<sup>43</sup>

Philip St. Onge, a Cree guide, resolved the geographic dilemma. He offered to lead the weary group over a passage "long abandoned by the Indians of these parts, but over which he had come as a boy."<sup>44</sup> Todd accepted the offer. The trail meandered through a labyrinth of lakes, ponds and streams which seemed to flow in every possible direction. The swampy terrain confused Murie. He later confessed that the "streams and rivers appeared to be going in so many directions, and up to this point we had been going in several directions ourselves."<sup>45</sup> The party continued threading its way through the watery maze, poling, paddling and wading rock strewn portages. By July 14, the expedition had failed to cross the "height of land," and still remained within the Saint Margaret watershed. To make matters worse, seven weeks of the twelve-week expedition had elapsed since their start and Todd estimated that at least two-thirds of the journey lay ahead. Todd decided to discard everything not essential. On July 19 they

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<sup>41</sup>Interview with Margaret Murie, January 11, 1977. See also Murie, *Journeys to the Far North*, p. 91.

<sup>42</sup>Murie was not alone in his occasional antipathy toward Todd. Todd's associates within the Biological Survey often found his personality annoying. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the Survey, was often disturbed by Todd's zealous religious convictions. An incident which became legendary within the Bureau occurred when Todd refused to visit the bedside of his dying father because it necessitated traveling by train on the Sabbath. On one occasion when an ice wagon nearly ran over Todd, Merriam is supposed to have exclaimed: "Damned fool had a chance to run Todd down and he didn't do it." Although Merriam baited Todd, he generally respected his scientific abilities as did Murie. See, for example, Keir B. Sterling, *Last of the Naturalists: The Career of C. Hart Merriam* (New York: Arno Press, 1974), pp. 159-160.

<sup>43</sup>Todd, *Birds of the Labrador Peninsula*, p. 28.

<sup>44</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>45</sup>Murie, *Journeys to the Far North*, p. 88.

lightened their load, taking with them all the food and leaving behind one Peterborough canoe.<sup>46</sup>

The expedition progressed more swiftly in the two light canoes. On July 22, Murie spotted White Mountain, the highest summit in that part of Labrador, and realized that they had crossed the height of land. A few days later the expedition portaged and paddled through a series of small lakes. Shortly before sunset, they entered one lake out of which a slow current flowed southward. The members of the expedition were jubilant. As Murie later recalled: "From here on, our poling was over; we were going downstream toward Fort Chimo, still far away. It would not be all river travel; of course, there were still a lot of lakes to paddle across."<sup>47</sup> The exhausted team reached Fort Chimo after nearly three months of traveling.

Murie emerged from the exploratory trek a more seasoned naturalist and frontiersman. Some members of the expedition had exhibited signs of stress during the journey. Murie, on the other hand, had retained his composure. He had been too absorbed in recording the Ojibwa names for wildlife, collecting specimens and admiring the rugged Labrador landscape to become overly apprehensive. The naturalist offered sound advice when necessary or when solicited, but seldom otherwise. Habits of careful observation and disciplined, organized study had become ingrained. Throughout their passage Murie had demonstrated to Todd his usefulness as a field biologist. The trail leading to his naturalist career, although often obscured by financial obstacles, had been surprisingly short and clear.

For over a month, Todd, Marshall and Murie remained near Fort Chimo awaiting the arrival of a steamship. While there, they collected additional specimens with good results.<sup>48</sup> The naturalists could tap two distinct life-zones within a short distance. The fort, enveloped in thick groves of slender tamaracks and spruces, marked the northern limit of the Hudsonian Life Zone. A few miles down river the mammal and bird life underwent a sharp change. Trees thinned rapidly, giving way to "bare rocks and open grassy tundra, dotted everywhere with lakes and ponds and little pools."<sup>49</sup> Considering their scientific records and the sizeable collection of specimens they had gathered, Todd judged the expedition as "one of the most important and successful we have undertaken in the north country."<sup>50</sup> On October 6, 1917, the supply steamer "Nascopie" arrived. The ship transported Murie, Todd

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<sup>46</sup>Todd, *Birds of the Labrador Peninsula*, pp. 27-28.

<sup>47</sup>Murie, *Journeys to the Far North*, p. 88.

<sup>48</sup>Todd, *Birds of the Labrador Peninsula*, p. 31.

<sup>49</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 30-31.

<sup>50</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 31.

and Marshall around the barren Cape Childley, out of Ungava Bay, and on to Montreal.<sup>51</sup>

As the steamer docked, in another part of the world General John J. Pershing was deploying the First Division of the American Expeditionary Forces. Murie responded patriotically to America's entrance into World War I by enlisting in the United States Army Air Force. Throughout much of the next year, he received intensive training as an Army Air Force balloon observer. Before he could be dispatched overseas, however, German commissioners had signed the Armistice in a railway car near Campiegne. Murie returned home to Moorhead.<sup>52</sup>

During the remainder of 1918 and most of 1919, Murie worked as a jack-of-all-trades around the small Minnesota town. As in his childhood, he spent his spare time outdoors, observing nature, especially attuned to the habits of the uncommon Canadian jay. This bird was an infrequent visitor to the narrow strips of deciduous woods lining the Red River, more commonly inhabiting the dense coniferous forests of Canada.<sup>53</sup>

Probably during one of these short sojourns along the Red River, Murie met a small, stocky and gregarious naturalist-artist, Vernon Bailey, then engaged in a field investigation covering Minnesota for the United States Bureau of Biological Survey. The two men discovered that they possessed similar backgrounds. Although born in Michigan, Bailey had worked on a Minnesota farm during much of his adolescence. In addition to sharing a mutual admiration for the outdoors, both naturalists had a common acquaintance, W. E. Clyde Todd. Todd and Bailey had been associates of the Biological Survey almost since its inception as a federal agency in 1886. When Murie aided Bailey with his biological research, a lasting and rewarding friendship developed between them.<sup>54</sup>

### A FEDERAL SCIENTIST

As the spring of 1920 approached, Olaus Murie hoped to win a position with the United States Bureau of Biological Survey. He had applied earlier that year for a position as a field biologist. His

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<sup>51</sup>Much of the terrain covered by Murie during his two expeditions in Hudson Bay and Labrador was traversed by Sir John Franklin nearly one hundred years earlier. For a description of his journey, which is described in a tone similar to that of Murie, see Sir John Franklin, *Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea* (London: J. Murray, 1823).

<sup>52</sup>Interview with Margaret Murie, January 11, 1977.

<sup>53</sup>Olaus Murie, "Appearance of the Canada Jay at Moorhead, Minnesota." *The Auk Magazine*, Winter, 1920, pp. 134-135.

<sup>54</sup>Keir B. Sterling, *Last of the Naturalists*, p. 107. Interview with Margaret Murie, January 11, 1977.

application was promising for Edward W. Nelson, Chief of the Survey, found his experience in Hudson Bay and Labrador impressive. A practical knowledge of Canada's northland, however, was not solely responsible for Murie's optimism. His close friendship with W. E. Clyde Todd and Vernon Bailey proved helpful. A letter from Bailey especially carried influence, for he was the brother-in-law of C. Hart Merriam, the Survey's founder.<sup>55</sup>

Murie's ambition was realized when Nelson assigned him to explore additional unmapped northern territory during the fall of 1920. Murie was to make a comprehensive study of the habits of the Alaskan caribou, mapping their migratory routes and estimating their numbers. In addition, he was to gather information on the distribution of birds and mammals. While conducting this broad investigation, Murie also served as federal fur warden for the entire Yukon Territory (Canada) and the interior of Alaska. His official title as "Assistant Biologist and Federal Fur Warden" suggested the immensity of the study and the difficulty of his task. Yet, he felt honored to undertake a study encompassing "the whole immense region of the North."<sup>56</sup>

Murie's investigation comprised a part of a new program of animal research. The Agricultural Appropriation Act for 1921 allocated funds for the Survey to inaugurate scientific examinations into the "welfare and development" of the reindeer industry flourishing in the Nome region of Alaska. The Department of Education had first introduced the animals from Asia in 1892 to supply the Eskimo with a more dependable means of subsistence. By 1920, the original 1280 reindeer had swelled to more than 200,000. In the meantime, enterprising whites had acquired a sizeable percentage of the herd and hoped to profit by what looked to be a lucrative venture. These owners demanded that the industry be organized in a more businesslike fashion. Murie was to gather the scientific data which would enable the industry to develop "on a plane comparable to other forms of livestock raising."<sup>57</sup>

In their experimentation with game management, the Survey considered the domestication of the caribou and even contemplated the hybridization of the heavier native animal with the reindeer "in an effort to produce a meatier animal." Believing the caribou to be a wild form of the domesticated reindeer, the Survey judged it a logical species for study. For six years Murie would investi-

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<sup>55</sup>Weddle, "Wilderness Champion," *Audubon Magazine*, July-August, 1950, p. 230. Information pertaining to Vernon Bailey and Nelson is derived from Keir B. Sterling, *Last of the Naturalists: The Career of C. Hart Merriam* (New York: Arno Press, 1974), p. 175.

<sup>56</sup>Murie, *Journeys to the Far North*, p. 104.

<sup>57</sup>Jenks Cameron, *The Bureau of Biological Survey* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1929), pp. 117-118.

gate the habits of a wild animal in order to assist in the health and propagation of a domesticated one. By 1926, he would be thoroughly acquainted with the habits of the reindeer's untamed cousin.<sup>58</sup>

The Survey's caribou project constituted no radical departure from contemporary trends in game management. Both the Survey and the United States Forest Service had long engaged in the production of herds of animals. The two federal agencies, however, had confined their previous efforts to the propagation of wild animals. For example, Aldo Leopold, then a young forest ranger, stumped the Southwest advocating the cultivation of game animals. Leopold extolled the benefits of predator reduction campaigns, hunting restrictions and artificial replenishment to increase herd size. Applying the tenets of forest management to wild game, he proposed harvesting the surplus animals on "a sustained-yield basis."<sup>59</sup> Now, the Biological Survey expanded its activities to include domesticated animals (reindeer). Murie's study of the caribou would enlarge that body of scientific knowledge needed to improve the quality and quantity of the reindeer herds in Alaska.

Admittedly, the Alaskan enterprise subordinated scientific research to economic ends. The Survey had supported this utilitarian philosophy almost continuously since its inception as a Division of Economic Ornithology and Mammalogy within the Department of Agriculture in 1886.<sup>60</sup> The Division was created in the wake of devastating outbreaks of Rocky Mountain locusts in the Midwest. In response to outcries for federal assistance, Congress had appropriated funds for a study of birds in which a solution was sought for an understandable economic problem. Under the directorship of C. Hart Merriam, insects were classified into "good" and "bad" categories while the economic value of birds was arithmetically computed.<sup>61</sup>

At the turn of the century, the Survey came under increasing Congressional pressure to demonstrate its usefulness. Much of the demand came from agricultural interests. Between 1870 and 1890, millions of pioneer families surged into the Great Plains. As the farmer advanced many species of big game retreated. Certain animals, however, benefited from the changes wrought in the environment. Rodents and their close relatives thrived in the freshly plowed fields while the tactics of wolves and coyotes maddened stockraisers. C. Hart Merriam joined the chorus of agricultural complaint, castigating predators as the cause of agrarian

<sup>58</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 118.

<sup>59</sup>Susan L. Flader, *Thinking like a Mountain*, (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1974), pp. 54-55.

<sup>60</sup>Cameron, *The Bureau of Biological Survey*, p. 162.

<sup>61</sup>Sterling, *Last of the Naturalists*, p. 162.

difficulties.<sup>62</sup> The validity of their complaint, however, may be questioned. It is possible that much as the Populist Party envisioned "free silver" as the panacea for their misery, farmers concluded that predator reduction campaigns could ensure their prosperity. Whatever the case, their allegations resulted in the enlargement of the Division into the Bureau of Biological Survey in 1905.

Economic mammalogy dominated the Survey's activities after it achieved bureau status. Replying to outcries from ranchers and farmers, Congress appropriated \$125,000 for the Survey to engage in "suppressive warfare" against predatory animals in 1915. Professional trappers were hired to destroy wildlife "injurious to agriculture and animal husbandry on the national and public domain." Scientific knowledge regarding the habits of wild birds and mammals remained essential, but only as information necessary for the efficient, businesslike administration of wildlife resources. By the time Olaus Murie began his caribou study, the Survey was expending nearly thirty times more money on economic studies than on scientific research.<sup>63</sup>

When Murie first arrived in Alaska, Nelson was supervising the establishment of a Reindeer Experiment Laboratory in the small town of Unalakleet, bordering the Bering Sea. Nelson located the experimental station in the heart of the reindeer industry. The Survey chief hired two grazing experts from the Forest Service and an experienced pathologist to man the laboratory. They were to conduct investigations along the coastal regions of Alaska while Murie's research would include Alaska's vast interior and portions of the Yukon Territory.

As the summer of 1920 waned, Nelson and Murie journeyed up the Yukon River to Fairbanks. The two discovered that they possessed much in common. Both men wanted to explore uncharted territory and to understand the adaptation of life to the environment. In addition, they possessed the naturalist's intense interest in the outdoors and appreciated the hardships and skills associated with frontier travel. Most important, both feared the premature introduction of reindeer into caribou rangelands. Already, the expansion of the reindeer industry into the Bering Coast region had virtually eliminated the coastal caribou herds. Now, the reindeer industry gradually had begun penetrating the interior. Murie's primary assignment was to learn what parts of the country were inhabited by the caribou so that the expansion of the reindeer could be regulated.<sup>64</sup>

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<sup>62</sup>Cameron, *The Bureau of Biological Survey*, p. 40.

<sup>63</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 140.

<sup>64</sup>Adolph Murie, *A Naturalist in Alaska* (New York: The Devin-Adair Company, 1961), p. 3. See also Olaus Murie to Edward W. Nelson, March, 1921, in OMC, Box 46, of CBDPL.

Nelson joined Murie on his first Alaskan field investigation. Late in the summer of 1920, the two hoped to observe the fall migration of the large Yukon-Tanana caribou herd. After departing from Fairbanks, they traveled overland into the broad highlands between the Yukon and Tanana Rivers. These uplands formed a natural highway for the wandering animals. Here, the caribou subsisted on abundant lichen growths and patches of dwarf birch. The caribou could also descend into the wooded stream valleys and browse upon thick growths of willows.

In mid-July they encamped at the headwaters of the Chena River, a small tributary of the Tanana River not far from Fairbanks. The caribou appeared on July 28th, traveling in a northward direction. At first a trickle, the migration soon became a wave of wildlife. The herd's route covered a strip nearly sixty miles wide. During the peak of the migration, Murie daily counted over 1,500 animals pass. By early September, the procession had diminished to a scant one hundred per day.<sup>65</sup>

On September 12th, the naturalists witnessed a peculiar phenomenon. The caribou now traveled in opposite directions, some wandering northwestward and others southeastward. Murie deduced the reason for the separate migrations. Upon reaching the White Mountain district which divided the two river systems, he reasoned, the caribou had "doubled back" on a return journey. The naturalists had successfully plotted the summer goal of the animal's northern migration.<sup>66</sup>

This reverse migration made an estimate of their numbers extremely difficult. Relying upon a single route traveled, Murie calculated the Yukon-Tanana herd at more than 500,000. The stories of hillsides "covered with caribou" were true. Although Murie had initially doubted the accuracy of these tales, first-hand observations erased his skepticism. Mapping the distribution of the Alaskan caribou had begun.<sup>67</sup>

Their scientific excursion revealed Murie's ability to communicate easily with frontiersmen. Recognizing that many Alaskan pioneers were deprived of conversation and news of the "outside," Murie might begin an interview about politics or the condition of their prized sled dogs. Before long he had slipped into their confidence and was drawing out from them precise information regarding the mammals and birds of their locale. The caribou remained central to his questioning. How many? Where did you last see them? In what direction were they traveling? How many

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<sup>65</sup>Olaus J. Murie, "Alaska-Yukon Caribou," in *North American Fauna* No. 54 (Washington, D.C.: United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Biological Survey, 1935.)

<sup>66</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 6.

<sup>67</sup>*Ibid.*

years had you hunted them? Were their numbers increasing or decreasing? Unfortunately, Nelson disagreed with Murie's relaxed method of questioning. The Survey Chief believed that one should approach a frontiersman directly, interrogate him for useful information and be on his way. Debate over the better approach of interviewing ultimately provoked a rare outburst from the younger naturalist. After one interview, Murie stated, "Just leave me alone for a few months, then if you are still dissatisfied, fire me."<sup>68</sup>

Nelson honored the request, and now Murie faced the task of patrolling the interior of Alaska and the Yukon alone for hunting infractions. This was a difficult task. The Boone and Crockett Club, comprised of prominent Eastern politicians and sportsmen, had pushed through Congress a comprehensive game statute for Alaska in 1902. Unfortunately, the law contained a loophole. Game could be sold in season and could be killed for food at any time by Indians, Eskimos, "miners, explorers or travelers on a journey when in need of food."<sup>69</sup>

Although this clause emasculated the law, the environmental attitude of most Alaskans probably would have prevented the bill's passage without it. Many Alaskan residents, especially holdovers from the Klondike gold rush of 1898, were frontiersmen. They believed that individuals should be allowed to maximize their economic opportunities with as few governmental roadblocks as possible.

During the winter of 1920-1921, Murie remained near Fairbanks, gauging the overall conservation attitude of the region's inhabitants. His reports were far from optimistic. In one report to Nelson entitled "The Destruction of Game in Parts of Alaska," Murie criticized the widespread infraction of game laws. Ironically, he discovered that the majority of violations were committed within the recently created Mount McKinley National Park. The isolation of the park allowed prospectors, trappers and hunters from nearby Fairbanks to destroy caribou "without regard to bag limit." To make matters worse, they killed indiscriminately, shooting cows and calves alike. The greatest toll occurred in late fall, "just before the rutting season" when frontier families took twenty or more animals to sustain them through the winter.<sup>70</sup>

Market hunters contributed their share of killing. One professional hunter from Fairbanks, in a style reminiscent of Buffalo Bill Cody, slaughtered 135 animals in a single day. The hunters often

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<sup>68</sup>Interview with Margaret Murie, January 11, 1977. See also Margaret Murie, *Two in the Far North* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1962), p. 203.

<sup>69</sup>Cameron, *The Bureau of Biological Survey*, p. 111. The Act was passed on June 7, 1902 (32 Stat. L., 327).

<sup>70</sup>Olaus Murie, "Description of Game in Parts of Alaska, January 15, 1921," p. 1, typescript in OMC, Box 46, of CBDPL.



allowed wounded caribou to wander off if it "was putting up a difficult chase" and simply shot another. Much of the meat was sold to town markets or cafes. During the fall of 1920, Fairbanks' stores and restaurants received more than 180 caribou, sixty moose and nearly ninety mountain sheep. The "Model Restaurant" purchased the most meat, selling caribou for fifteen cents per pound.<sup>71</sup>

Murie recognized that frontier conditions often necessitated the killing of a large quantity of game. The lack of a good transportation network placed an artificially high price on imported goods. For instance, the remote village of Tanana Crossing sold rice and bacon for thirty-seven cents and \$1.25 per pound respectively. Roadhouse owners complained that they could not provide sufficient food for winter travelers unless the restrictions on the sale of game were relaxed.<sup>72</sup>

Following traditional hunting patterns, Indians also exacted a heavy toll on wildlife. Murie found one native hunting technique particularly wasteful. In a second report to Nelson in May of 1921, he observed that the Indians "frequently set fire to the woods in order to make open areas where they can see the caribou easily when hunting them." One such fire enveloped a forested area "leaving only a few scattered green splotches for miles." Murie estimated that the relatively small Indian population between Tanana Crossing and Fairbanks killed over 1200 caribou during the fall hunt of 1920. Excessive hunting also was endangering the moose. He attended one Indian potlatch near Fairbanks and observed twenty-two moose prepared for the ceremonial feast.<sup>73</sup>

Again, the naturalist tempered his criticism with a realistic appraisal of the Indian culture. Although local tribes violated game laws, Murie rarely witnessed food wasted. The great number of Indian dogs, commonly 20 per family, accounted for many hunting excesses. He estimated that ten caribou were required to feed one dog throughout the summer. He advocated a drastic reduction in the number of village dogs, but his major concern was related to the Indian's diminishing self-sufficiency. Native trapping for the winter of 1920-1921, had yielded few wolf pelts. Without sufficient furs, the Indians would be unable to trade for staples. Along the Kantishna River, Murie noted that "natives were in actual want

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<sup>71</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 6.

<sup>72</sup>Olaus Murie to Edward W. Nelson, May 21, 1921, in OMC, Box 46, of CBDPL.

<sup>73</sup>Olaus Murie to Edward Nelson, May 20, 1921. This ceremony served social and economic functions. The feast validated newly ascribed status of tribal leaders. When two or more tribesmen aspired for leadership, each would attempt to outdo the other in generosity, by distributing foodstuffs and gifts to fellow tribesmen. In this way the potlatch acted as a balancing mechanism, redistributing tribal wealth.

of food." This dismal state of subsistence would surely result in increased killing of caribou when the spring migration began.<sup>74</sup>

As a scientist, Murie was puzzled by the discrepancy between the poor trapping of the Indians and the testimony from whites regarding the destructiveness of predators. As he journeyed throughout the Kantishna River district, the naturalist gathered facts on the predator-caribou relationship. By mid-January, he had discarded many frontier stories and reached some tentative conclusions. He "observed very little evidence of wolves" or bears. In fact, all indications showed that fur-bearing predators were scarce throughout Alaska. Murie attributed the decrease to a combination of natural and man-induced factors. The eight year cycle of the rabbit population had reached its nadir. Although many predators were affected, the lynx was the hardest hit by the hare's scarcity. Over-trapping when fur prices were "abnormally high," had also "thinned out the animals to a dangerous point."<sup>75</sup>

Murie attributed the exaggerated tales of predator destructiveness to base human motives. Hunters were "anxious to have an increase in bounty laws" and to secure federal hunting positions. The image of the wolf, he noted, fluctuated with the availability of the caribou. In times of abundance stories of predator atrocities diminished, but when the caribou were scarce, the wolf became the scapegoat.<sup>76</sup> One fact remained clear: the widespread Alaskan attitude toward wolves, bears and other carnivores was entwined in a mass of mythology which made it difficult to separate fact from fantasy. Empirical evidence drove Murie closer to an ecological understanding of predators. As a scientist his mind demanded truth. The truth he gradually uncovered contradicted the mythology. Henceforth, much of his writing sought to erase the mythology and expose the necessary role of predatory animals.

Murie's duties as fur-warden remained peripheral to his main task of compiling a comprehensive life history of the caribou. His first solo winter trek had produced valuable information on the distribution of the Yukon-Tanana caribou herd. Next, he planned to observe the spring migration of the same herd through the upper Tanana River drainage.

The investigation consumed nearly three months, from early April to mid-June. Murie spied the first migrating caribou on the 28th of April. Most were does, heavy with fawn. They were departing their winter ranges for the fawning grounds deep within the Yukon-Tanana divide. This particular movement represented only "a small part" of the general migration, yet over 4000 animals

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<sup>74</sup>Olaus Murie to Edward Nelson, May 21.

<sup>75</sup>Olaus Murie to Edward Nelson, May 20, 1921.

<sup>76</sup>Olaus Murie, "Destruction of Game in Parts of Alaska . . .," p. 7.

streamed by him on the first day. After the migration had passed, Murie returned to Fairbanks.<sup>77</sup>

Nearly twelve months of wilderness travel had prepared Murie to enjoy a thirty-day respite in the river town. Shortly after his arrival, Murie accepted a dinner invitation to the home of Jess Rust, an engineer of the Northern Commercial Power Plant in Fairbanks. His wife's cooking and three inquisitive children provided a pleasant contrast from the monotony of camp rations and the loneliness of frontier travel. Even more pleasing was his introduction to the other dinner guest, Miss Margaret Gillette. Although most of the evening conversation revolved around the young biologist's explorations, Murie managed to deflect the questioning to this attractive young woman. Her ready wit and ebullient personality intrigued him.<sup>78</sup> Margaret Gillette reacted similarly to Murie. Later she recalled her first impression of the "slim, blond young man, not handsome in my schoolgirl eyes, but with the freshest complexion and bluest eyes." As Murie escorted the college sophomore home, he learned that she had moved to Alaska in 1911, when her father was appointed assistant United States attorney at Fairbanks.<sup>79</sup>

During the next few weeks, the couple often hiked and boated together. They discovered much in common. Both had been raised on the frontier. More important, both desired to remain outside the growing urban environment. Margaret would often "prattle on in a schoolgirl fashion" attempting to draw out Murie's shy personality. She was amazed by the breadth of his wildlife knowledge. One evening Murie imitated the hooting of a great horned owl while they boated down the Tanana River. Suddenly, a "dark soft shape floated down into a tree-top right above" them and perched "silhouetted against the golden sky." "What kind of magic did this man have?" she wondered.<sup>80</sup>

Another incident impressed Margaret Gillette. Responding to a question about his job with the Survey, Murie told of a fellow naturalist who had falsified a label on a bird specimen. The scientist had hoped to gain prestige by making a rare find. Instead, his deception was discovered; a prominent ornithological journal carried a brief note on his intrigue, and that scientist was "never heard again in scientific circles." She remembered Murie saying, "You see, all a scientist has is his integrity."<sup>81</sup>

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<sup>77</sup>Murie, "Alaska-Yukon Caribou," p. 72.

<sup>78</sup>Margaret Murie, *Two in the Far North*, p. 95.

<sup>79</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>80</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 96.

<sup>81</sup>*Ibid.*

Their courtship was soon interrupted by a new assignment for Murie. He was to investigate the feasibility of capturing and domesticating a herd of caribou within Mount McKinley National Park.

### TAMING THE ALASKAN CARIBOU

Early snows postponed the caribou domestication project until the following summer. In the meantime, Murie planned another dog sledding trip to collect Dall mountain sheep for the national museum. After traversing the lowlands south of the Alaskan mountain range, he sledded through Rainy Pass in mid-March. These steep glaciated slopes provided an ideal habitat for mountain sheep as well as caribou. One evening, atop a lesser peak, Murie succeeded in shooting two mountain sheep. As the sky darkened, however, he realized that he would be unable to carry both animals back to camp. One carcass must be left overnight. Having observed wolverine tracks while ascending the mountainside, the naturalist decided to "strike a bargain" with the predator. He would trade the meat for the skin and skull. While butchering one animal, he pulled the skin over the head, exposing much of the pure meat. He then packed the other animal in his ruck sack and returned to his base camp. Returning the next morning, he found that the wolverine had accepted the bargain.<sup>82</sup>

The incident revealed an appreciation for the needs of all forms of life. Murie admired the interesting habits of the wolverine, a much maligned, "trap robbing" predator. His action implied that man was no longer apart, but a fellow member in an enlarged biotic community. This new ecological responsibility demanded that he share, not exploit, nature's resources.<sup>83</sup>

The arrival of summer found Murie in Mount McKinley National Park. His instructions were to investigate the feasibility of domesticating the caribou. The study was to engage him for two consecutive summers. First he must capture the animals; this proved to be difficult. Their varying migratory routes complicated the task. Most had ascended the lush slopes of the Upper Savage and Sanctuary Rivers. Assisted by the park superintendent, Murie constructed a tight V-shaped corral across a narrow stretch of the Savage River Valley.<sup>84</sup>

Their combined efforts went for naught. The September migration by-passed the valley and only a few animals drifted around the corral. Murie managed to shoot a few stray caribou

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<sup>82</sup>Murie, *Journey to the Far North*, pp. 123-124.

<sup>83</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>84</sup>Olaus Murie, "Domestication of the Caribou," July-September, 1922, typescript in OMC, Box 46, CBDPL.

as specimens for the national museum. These bulls were catalogued, measured, skinned, cut up into small pieces and then weighed by the bulky, "steelyards" which the naturalist carried in his backpack.<sup>85</sup>

Although his first caribou domestication attempt had failed, other less scientific activities kept Murie occupied. In return for his labor, the park superintendent asked Murie to serve as guide for a vacationing woman botanist. The naturalist described the incident with tongue in cheek. For a day, Murie recalled, he had trotted "along like a little dog behind her horse, and told her about the plants we saw and the flowers and birds and so on." Years later he likened himself to Mount McKinley's first natural interpreter. He generally enjoyed the job and it foreshadowed his increasing sympathy for and involvement with the National Park Service.<sup>86</sup>

Subsequent attempts at domesticating the caribou would prove less strenuous since in the fall of 1922, his younger brother Adolph journeyed north to assist in the study. Adolph Murie, a recent graduate of Concordia College in Moorhead, shared his brother's interest in wildlife. In later years, Adolph would thoroughly investigate the predators of Mount McKinley National Park. His research, culminating in the monograph, "The Wolves of Mount McKinley," would earn him a reputation among naturalists and conservationists.<sup>87</sup>

After the two brothers rendezvoused at the Survey headquarters in Fairbanks, they rented a small cottage conveniently located near the home of the Gillette family. As they awaited the winter snows, Margaret and Clara Gillette taught the young men how to dance, often inviting them to picnics and barbecues. During one of these gatherings, Murie replied light-heartedly to a number of questions. Wondering if he was concealing something behind his perpetually "pleasant and agreeable" demeanor, Margaret snapped, "Oh, what everlasting good nature." Unexpectedly, Murie replied, "Look, if you want a fight you can have it." "Here was more than a pleasant companion," she later remarked. "Here was a man—gentle but with steel within." The brothers enjoyed the social amenities of Fairbanks until November 24 when they boarded a train, piling dogs, sleds and supplies into the baggage car and journeyed to Tanana on the Yukon River.<sup>88</sup>

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<sup>85</sup>Olaus Murie, "Weighing Game Animals," *Journal of Mammalogy*, January, 1928, pp. 74-75.

<sup>86</sup>Murie, "An Oral History," p. 7.

<sup>87</sup>Adolph Murie, "Wolves of Mount McKinley," in *Fauna of the National Parks of the United States*, (Washington, D.C., United States Government Printing Office, 1940), 238 pp.

<sup>88</sup>Margaret Murie, *Two in the Far North*, pp. 97-98.

It was to be an extensive reconnaissance trip. From Tanana, they traveled down the broad Yukon River to the hilly town of Kokrines where they conducted a routine survey of a reindeer herd. The condition of these domesticated animals dismayed Murie. The animals exhibited "abnormal" coloration and suffered from unusual antler growths which lacked "symmetry." Furthermore, the congestion of herding seemed to cause excessive sickness as well as "abnormal breeding habits" among the reindeer. The taming of this close relative of the caribou, Murie concluded, had produced an inferior animal. The brief encounter strengthened his conviction to safeguard the purity of the interior caribou.<sup>89</sup>

Leaving Kokrines, the brothers continued cross-country to the mission village of Allakaket on the Upper Koyukuk River where they arranged for an Eskimo family to guide them up the Alatna River into the Brooks range. During the next four months they collected specimens and plotted the distribution of caribou. It was sometimes an inhospitable task. January temperatures averaged 38 degrees below zero and one plummeted to 68 below. They passed numerous shivering nights in a seven-by-nine foot silk tent, heated only by a tin-plated Yukon stove. Moving into the Eskimo family's home, they fared little better. For two months, the naturalists subsisted on frozen fish and boiled lean meats. In a weakened condition, they broke camp and headed north. Hitching both sleds together to conserve energy and to increase speed they reached Wiseman, the main settlement of the Koyukuk Valley late in March. After replenishing supplies, they completed the last leg of their journey and arrived in Fairbanks on April 26. During their 1500 mile expedition, the naturalists explored arctic regions such as the Koyukuk River Valley which had never been penetrated by white men.<sup>90</sup>

After a brief reunion with the Gillette family, the brothers embarked on a second caribou domestication attempt. They entered Mount McKinley National Park in early July and were escorted by a ranger to the Savage River. The corral, built the year before, was still in good condition. While awaiting the fall migration, the naturalists explored the numerous tributaries of the river.<sup>91</sup>

It was during one of these wilderness hikes that Murie detected the previously unknown nesting places of the wandering tattler. Along the banks of Jennie Creek, he spotted a dull slate colored bird perched on a rock amidst the turbulent water. After further

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<sup>89</sup>Olaus Murie to Harrison F. Lewis, Chief of the Canadian Wildlife Service, Department of Resources and Development, Ottawa, Canada, January 16, 1951, in OMC, Box 46, of CBDPL.

<sup>90</sup>Murie, *Journeys to the Far North*, pp. 135-142 passim.

<sup>91</sup>Olaus Murie, "Capturing Caribou," June 27-October 12, 1923, typescript in OMC, Box 46, of CBDPL.

explorations, the brothers found many tattler nests along the gravel stream bars. Murie speculated that the intricately woven structures were scattered throughout the Alaskan range, but especially prominent along the northern slope. Later he accorded this discovery as one of the highlights of his career with the Biological Survey.<sup>92</sup>

While the brothers explored the Savage River Valley, other Survey members were driving a reindeer herd through Mount McKinley National Park. These officials intended to establish a herd at Broad Pass, just outside park boundaries on the Alaskan Railroad. One evening, fifty reindeer wandered into Murie's camp. He drove the stragglers back to the main herd and found that their owners had not missed the animals. This negligence worried Murie, for interbreeding with the native caribou, he believed might create "a mongrel race of animals which scientists and sportsmen deplore." His concern was justified. Within years hundreds of stray reindeer had scattered throughout the park. The smaller, off-colored hybrids, Murie contended, posed a serious threat to the integrity of a park expressly set aside for the preservation of native fauna.<sup>93</sup>

Murie's concern with interbreeding would lead to his first disagreement with Survey policy. Official policy urged reindeer expansion at the expense of the caribou. Specifically, the naturalist argued that it "was premature to exploit the game country before a market has been developed." He complained that this poorly executed effort reflected a lack of coordination between the scientific and economic divisions of the Survey. Scientific research was again being subordinated to utilitarian ends. Murie's complaint went unanswered and this frustrating experience planted the seeds of future discontent with the Survey's economic priorities and nurtured Murie's purist philosophy of game management.<sup>94</sup>

The rift between scientific and economic divisions within the Bureau of Biological Survey was rooted in the schism within the American conservation movement. In the last decades of the 19th century, only a few outspoken individuals had challenged the utilitarian tenets of the progressive conservationists. Preservationists such as the associate editor of *Century*, Robert Underwood Johnson, and the spirited John Muir complained that the economic orientation of the federal government, its emphasis on efficient

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<sup>92</sup>Olaus Murie, "Nesting Records of the Wandering Tattler and Surf-bird in Alaska," *The Auk Magazine*, April, 1924. See also Weddle, "Wilderness Champion," p. 232.

<sup>93</sup>Olaus Murie to Dean Sage, January 12, 1938, in OMC, Box 46, of CBDPL.

<sup>94</sup>Chief of Biological Investigation to Mr. Redington, June 28, 1927, in OMC, Box 46, of CBDPL. This three-page letter quotes extensively from Murie.

development of natural resources and its slogan of the "greatest good for the greatest number for the longest time" often ran roughshod over the spiritual, inspirational values of wilderness. In the wake of rapid industrialization and urbanization, a so-called "cult of the wilderness" flourished.<sup>95</sup> By the third decade of the 20th century, preservationists had matured as a political force. Patiently awaiting the fall migration of caribou, the government biologist often straddled both conservation camps.

The migration began in mid-August. Once again, the main herd by-passed the corral. When the Gillette family joined the brothers late in the month, Murie became determined to capture at least a few of the stray caribou lingering in the valley. Their combined efforts succeeded in the capture of a three year old buck, a doe and a fawn. The animals were driven into a smaller compound and roped. Murie then haltered and hobbled the animals. Unfortunately, the fawn and doe suffered so much from overexertion that Murie released them "in hopes that they might recover when given their freedom." Only after considerable effort did they subdue the bull. He was dehorned and left overnight "with a rope trailing from a halter." The next morning they found him dead.<sup>96</sup>

The frustrating experiment troubled Murie. Yet, characteristic of all his subsequent Survey investigations, his reports were concise and objective. The taming of bull caribou, the naturalist contended, was "unadvisable." In a more constructive vein, he concluded: "Calves and yearlings will tame very readily." If domestication proceeded "sensibly," he insisted, the quality of the reindeer could be improved and the purity of the caribou protected.<sup>97</sup> For the moment utilitarian and aesthetic goals remained reconcilable.

Although the caribou domestication project proved disappointing, his courtship with Margaret Gillette blossomed. They had decided to be married while in Mount McKinley National Park. Knowing that Murie must return to Washington in December for new orders and to report on his caribou research, the couple postponed the wedding until the following summer. In the meantime, Margaret intended to complete her business administration major at the two-year old University of Alaska. Until December, the brothers resided in Fairbanks polishing their scientific reports. In his spare moments, Olaus drew a huge geological map for the geology department. Adolph, pursuing less academic interests,

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<sup>95</sup>For a detailed description of the birth and development of the "wilderness cult" see Nash, *Wilderness and the American Mind*, pp. 141-161.

<sup>96</sup>Olaus Murie, "Trailing the Caribou Herds," *American Forests and Forest Life*, Winter, 1924, pp. 27-29. See also Murie, "Alaskan-Yukon Caribou," p. 31.

<sup>97</sup>Murie, "Capturing the Caribou," p. 15.



coached the girl's basketball team. On December 10th, the brothers departed the Alaskan Territory for the states.<sup>98</sup>

It was not until March that Margaret learned of Murie's new assignment. He was to lead an expedition to the Hooper Bay region near the mouth of the Yukon River. The Survey wanted to learn more precisely of that area's abundant bird life. Two wealthy midwestern amateur ornithologists would accompany Murie and had agreed to pay half of the expenses. Murie wired Jess Rust in Fairbanks instructing him to purchase two teams of dogs. Several days later, Murie arrived in the Alaskan town. Briefly reunited, the couple planned an August wedding at Anvik, on the Yukon River.<sup>99</sup>

The Survey research team established headquarters at an unattended Bureau of Education schoolhouse on the Bering Sea coastline. The site provided easy access to the rolling tundra extending inland as well as to the tidal marshes. The area resounded with the hooting, chirping and quacking of a myriad of bird varieties. Murie banded, sketched and studied the nesting habits of the emperor goose, Steller's eider, jaegers and a host of rare shore birds. Although the multifaceted study proscribed a complete investigation, the naturalist gathered valuable data on the incubation, nesting, mortality and subsistence of these winged visitors of the Bering Coast. The entire expedition covered nearly 800 meandering miles and lasted a little more than five months. As the nesting season closed, Murie boarded a small gas scow in the town of St. Michaels.<sup>100</sup>

By this time, Margaret Gillette, accompanied by her mother and best friend, had journeyed by train 75 miles down river to Nenana. She carried the wedding ring and several hundred dollars of the bridegroom's money. The evening of August 12th brought good news. Murie was headed up the Yukon River, accompanied by Associate Chief Henderson of the Survey. Since Margaret's father had been called out of town, Henderson would have the honor of giving the bride away.<sup>101</sup>

On August 19, the couple rendezvoused as planned at the Catholic mission village of Holy Cross. The steamer "General Jacobs" transported them down the Yukon River toward Anvik. The wedding was held several hours later at the unusual time of three in the morning. The rustic log church no doubt pleased the couple who desired to spend the remainder of their lives close to the frontier. They returned almost "reluctantly" from the church to the deck of

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<sup>98</sup>Murie, *Two in the Far North*, pp. 98-100.

<sup>99</sup>*Ibid.* See also Murie, *Journeys to the Far North*, pp. 146-147.

<sup>100</sup>Olaus Murie, "Nesting of the Snowy Owl," *The Condor*, January, 1929, pp. 3-12. See also Murie, *Journeys to the Far North*, pp. 146-153.

<sup>101</sup>Murie, *Two in the Far North*, pp. 105-106.

the "General Jacobs." Once aboard, the paddle wheeled steamer immediately churned upriver to Nulato.<sup>102</sup>

At this frontier settlement, the newlyweds debarked and moved into a two-room cabin where Olaus quickly initiated his bride in the ways of a field biologist. Margaret discovered that far more than caribou engaged his attention. The naturalist was learning all he could about the meadow vole, the red-backed mouse, the bog-lemming, brown lemming and various other species of mouse. Although tiny, he explained to Margaret, these creatures comprised a large link in nature's intricate chain of life. He soon educated his new field assistant as to what might lay beneath a mossy stump or under a dense mat of water rushes. She was amazed by his constant activity. Everywhere he went, mousetrap lines were set, plant specimens were collected and birds were identified. He commonly worked until late at night compiling notes and cataloguing specimens. He soon enlisted Margaret's aid in labeling his massive inventory. By 1924, his collection totaled more than 1900 separate entries. The couple remained in Nulato until August 27th when another steamer transported the two as far north as Bettles, at the junction of the Alatna, Koyukuk and Bettles rivers.<sup>103</sup>

As they voyaged up the Koyukuk River, Murie occasionally ventured ashore with his 16-gauge double barrel shotgun to gather specimens for the museum and provide meals for the crew. His weapon was skillfully crafted. He had inserted a smaller auxiliary cylinder carrying a .32 shot shell for small birds inside one barrel. One crew member was particularly impressed with the weapon and the skills of this naturalist. Otto Geist, "a stocky keen-eyed young second engineer of the 'Teddy H', not only watched Murie prepare specimens; "he asked questions—penetrating ones." His curiosity would eventually lead to a career in archaeology at the University of Alaska. The two men developed an enduring friendship and in the future would collaborate on several anthropological investigations.<sup>104</sup>

Disembarking at Bettles, above the arctic circle, Murie intended to examine what he described as the "Northern caribou herds." His survey was delayed until enough snow had fallen to allow dog sledding. The couple departed on a cold, clear morning, with Murie guiding the sled in front and Margaret trotting behind. Proceeding in this manner, they made good time and arrived in

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<sup>102</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 107-112.

<sup>103</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 117-118, 166.

<sup>104</sup>Charles J. Keim, *Aghvook, White Eskimo: Otto Geist and Alaskan Archaeology*, with a foreword by Olaus J. Murie (Alaska: University of Alaska Press, 1969), p. vii.

Wiseman, the northernmost settlement of white miners. Given a warm reception, Murie decided to remain in town for the night.

His decision resulted in a rare scientific opportunity. The next morning a loud knocking awoke the naturalist. Some one yelled, "Mr. Murie . . . dere's millions of caribou up the trail." The statement surprised Murie, for no migrations had passed through this part of the arctic in years. He raced rifle in hand to verify the report. "Just think," he remarked, "I'm right here to see part of this migration when there hasn't been a caribou migration through this part of the Brooks range for as long as the older Indians can remember." The field biologist speculated that the "deep, . . . thick" lichen growths had attracted the animals. This unexpected phenomenon, he explained to Margaret, "will fill in gaps of my study."<sup>105</sup> His study, "Alaskan-Yukon Caribou," is still consulted by biologists examining the complex migratory patterns of the Alaskan caribou.<sup>106</sup>

Extending their survey northward, the couple made a looping journey along the base of the gentle Endicott range. Traveling overland, to avoid ice overflows and conserve time, they began the homeward leg of their expedition. On November 19th, they spotted the high granite promontory, marking the junction of the Tanana and Yukon rivers. The "smooth white avenue" of the Tanana would guide them back to Fairbanks. Throughout their six week wilderness honeymoon, the couple had been apart no more than a few hours.

Murie's next survey project, however, would separate him from his wife for six months. Nelson had directed the naturalist to study, collect specimens and photograph the large brown bears of the Alaskan Peninsula. Early May found Olaus on the Aleutian Islands while Margaret joined her parents in their new home on the Twisp River in northcentral Washington.<sup>107</sup>

Never one to restrict himself to one subject, Murie continued to study the caribou and a host of other mammals. He soon found that traders, conducting a brisk business in caribou skins, had driven most animals toward the southwestern portion of the peninsula. Nearly 7000 caribou inhabited the moderately sized Unimak Island. This number, he feared, was approaching the optimum carrying capacity.<sup>108</sup>

In addition to collecting some excellent bear specimens, Murie

<sup>105</sup>Murie, *Two in the Far North*, pp. 212-215.

<sup>106</sup>See, for example, James E. Hemming, "The Distribution Movement Patterns of the Alaska Caribou," in *Game Technical Bulletin* no. 1. (Canada: Alaska Department of Fish and Game, 1971).

<sup>107</sup>Murie, *Two in the Far North*, pp. 259-260.

<sup>108</sup>Olaus Murie, "A New Alaskan *Microtus*," *The Journal of Mammalogy*, January, 1930, pp. 74-75.

discovered a new species of Alaskan mouse. Fully absorbed in trapping this rare tawny colored microtus on one smaller island, he failed to notice his dingy slowly drifting out with the tide. He remained stranded on Amak Island, "a high cone of moss covered tundra," until late the next morning when an abnormally low tide allowed him to escape.<sup>109</sup> Only later did the naturalist learn that while he was marooned, Margaret had given birth to Martin Louis Murie. It would be three months before Murie would see his first son.<sup>110</sup>

Shortly thereafter, Murie began his last federal assignment into Alaska's vast interior. Margaret facetiously called the 1926 summer excursion to the headwaters of the Old Crow River a Biological Survey "wild goose chase." In truth, Murie intended to band young geese and molting adults within their arctic breeding grounds. If enough geese were tagged and hunters were cooperative, their migratory routes could be learned.<sup>111</sup>

In May of 1926, Olaus, Margaret, their ten-month old son and Jess Rust journeyed by boat toward the Yukon Territory. Although it was more leisurely than all previous Survey expeditions, Murie never forgot that it was a scientific voyage. Whenever possible, he collected mammals for the national museum. He often worked well after midnight, preparing specimens and compiling notes.

When they stopped in Nenana, Otto Geist greeted the travelers. The engineer informed Murie that he was now attending the University of Alaska and had been selected to participate in an archaeological dig along the Bering Sea coast. The news excited Murie for he shared Geist's enthusiasm for uncovering ancient relics. Both men discussed the possibility of discovering fossils along the Old Crow River. The chances were good, according to Geist, for the river was the descendent of an enormous Pleistocene lake.<sup>112</sup>

As they cruised up the clear, meandering Old Crow River, the group found some fossils. Bones and tusks of mammoths, skeletal fragments of prehistoric bison and horses, and a tooth of the giant beaver were found and preserved. These great creatures had succumbed to centuries of climatic fluctuations. New animals now considered these undulating tundra highlands their home. "Things do change—all of them," Murie later wrote, and animals must either adapt or perish.<sup>113</sup> The naturalist considered the migration of the Alaskan caribou as one of the more remarkable natural

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<sup>109</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>110</sup>Murie, *Two in the Far North*, p. 261.

<sup>111</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 262.

<sup>112</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 266-267.

<sup>113</sup>Murie, *Journeys to the Far North*, p. 182.

adaptations. Even during the wild fowl banding, he devoted much thought to the causes of the caribou migration.

Murie's scientific explanation for their migration is perhaps best expressed in his monograph, "Alaskan-Yukon Caribou." Throughout his explorations, he discarded many migrations theories as overly simplistic. For example, he discounted the "need for shelter theory" because "it can hardly be said that they travel all these hundred of miles" for wooded shelter, "since the summer and winter ranges are substantially alike." In a similar vein, he believed that the theories which attributed migration to annoying insects and to reproductive hormone secretions might account for local movements, but provided no universal explanation. The field biologist was convinced that "the prime cause of migration is the search for suitable food." He correlated the extremely slow growing lichen with their seasonal wandering. Since lichens were the staple of the caribou, he reasoned "that concentrations of herds on one range for any length of time would be disastrous to the stand." "Not only would the forage be cropped close," he continued, "but much would be destroyed by constant trampling." He emphasized that their migration was by no means intelligently conceived, rather "built up by racial experience over a long period, during which many lean seasons caused by over-grazing repeatedly forced the animals to seek new ranges." In short, migrations acted as a safety mechanism, maintaining the carrying capacity of the range. Early frosts which made vegetation less palatable probably triggered the fall migration. Insects and hormone secretions causing unrest, he added, "should not be ignored" as other possible factors in stimulating movement.<sup>114</sup>

The theory is remarkable for its ecological insight. It marked an early attempt to correlate the processes of environmental change directly with the long term fortunes of big game animals. Furthermore, his report is noteworthy for its recognition of plant life, especially lichen, as a limiting factor in caribou population and distribution. Previously, biologists and foresters such as Aldo Leopold, assuming stability in Southwestern United States game herds, had followed a static formula of game management. Herd size was regulated by adjusting hunting restrictions, predator control programs and artificial replenishment. Little consideration was given to the delicate balance between wildlife and rangelands. The joker in their miscalculations was the assumption of stable populations.<sup>115</sup> Population irruptions of deer in many national

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<sup>114</sup>Murie, "Alaskan-Yukon Caribou," pp. 45-50.

<sup>115</sup>For a detailed analysis of the evolution of game management during the late 1920s and early 1930s see Flader, *Thinking Like a Mountain*, pp. 76-121.

parks and forests during the 1920's demonstrated that the herds were anything but stable.

For nearly six consecutive years, Murie had sledded and back-packed through the pristine interior of Alaska. It was no doubt satisfying for the naturalist to observe caribou following traditional migratory routes and to witness wildlife still preyed upon by wolves and other carnivores. The interior herds, unaffected by agrarian or urban settlement, were "thriving." This arctic region still retained its virgin equilibrium of soils and its integrity of flora and fauna. In short, the caribou study allowed Murie to observe a healthy big game population. By the end of 1926, Murie had concluded that the caribou's greatest enemy was "not the wolf, nor the hunter but man's economic developments, principally the raising of reindeer." Just as Aldo Leopold's pack-trip into the Chihuahuas Sierras of Northern Mexico had revealed that deer and predators could exist in an uncontrolled habitat, Murie's journeys through the far north had convinced him that wildlife could be managed best by protecting the wilderness of the environment.<sup>116</sup> Murie's wilderness experience and his resultant conclusions, however, occurred almost ten years before Leopold would set foot in the Mexican Sierras. When Murie began his next study of the over-populated Jackson Hole elk herd, he would quickly and positively identify the ecological imbalance.

### JACKSON HOLE AND THE ELK

With the completion of the caribou study, the Biological Survey granted Murie a brief leave of absence to attend the University of Michigan. In less than nine months, he refined his field notes on the Alaska-Yukon caribou into a master's thesis. Aside from future honorary degrees, this was to be his highest academic achievement.

After graduating in spring of 1927, Murie journeyed to Washington, D. C. to confer with Nelson over his new assignment. He found scientists in Washington growing concerned over the pejorative condition of the Jackson Hole elk herd. Nelson believed that Murie's expertise regarding the Alaskan caribou made him the logical choice to direct a comprehensive investigation of one of the largest native elk herds in North America. Although some counts had been taken, nothing approaching a scientific investigation of these animals had yet been attempted.

The plight of the herd had attracted national attention as early as the winter of 1908-1909. Then, nearly 20,000 hungry animals had descended into Jackson Hole valley in search of food. Heavy

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<sup>116</sup>Murie, "Alaskan-Yukon Caribou," p. 7.

snows encrusted range lands, making it impossible for the animals to forage subsistence. Thousands died of starvation. Stephen Leek, a local rancher, photographed the tragic scene. His photographs appeared in various magazines and newspapers across the country. Many became alarmed over what appeared to be the imminent extinction of the Jackson Hole elk herd.<sup>117</sup>

Succeeding winters took their toll, convincing Congress that steps needed to be taken to ameliorate the "elk problem." In 1911, Congress appropriated \$20,000 for feed. The following year additional money was designated for the purchase of lands north of Jackson. By 1913, a National Elk Refuge had been established. Here the elk would winter, receiving regular allotments of hay. The problem, however, was not solved. Recurrent periods of mass starvation confirmed what most naturalists already knew: mere protection and feeding was not enough. A solid ecological understanding of the elk was needed before effective management could proceed.<sup>118</sup>

The basis of effective management began when the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation requested President Calvin Coolidge to appoint a special commission to examine the elk situation in Jackson Hole. The "Elk Commission" was founded in 1926. Shortly thereafter it recommended that the Bureau of Biological Survey in cooperation with federal, state and local organizations undertake "a comprehensive investigation of the history of the Jackson Hole Elk Herd and the factors affecting maintenance in suitable numbers."<sup>119</sup> After talks with Nelson and Charles Sheldon, chairman of the commission, Murie agreed to direct the elk study. He considered it the ideal assignment, for like his Alaskan research, the Jackson Hole assignment would permit freedom yet require total commitment.

Early in July Murie arrived at the northern entrance of Yellowstone National Park. Traveling by bus toward Jackson, he viewed only a fraction of the park's 3348 square miles, but later commented that it was like entering "a different world." The snow-capped mountains, bubbling mudpots, vast pine forests, sparkling lakes, rugged gorges and spectacular waterfalls were unlike anything he had seen since departing Alaska. He was most impressed by the park's unrivaled wildlife population.<sup>120</sup>

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<sup>117</sup>David J. Saylor, *Jackson Hole, Wyoming*, (Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1970), p. 162.

<sup>118</sup>Cameron, *The Bureau of Biological Survey*, pp. 92-93. See also Chester C. Anderson, *The Elk of Jackson Hole: A Review of Jackson Hole Elk Studies* (Cheyenne: Wyoming Game and Fish Commission, 1958), pp. 25-27.

<sup>119</sup>Cameron, *The Bureau of Biological Survey*, p. 155.

<sup>120</sup>Margaret and Olaus Murie, *Wapiti Wilderness* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1966), pp. 8-9.

Near Mammoth Hot Springs, however, Murie was dismayed by a "Buffalo Corral" where bison, deer, elk, coyotes, bears and other wild animals were kept in cages "for the close inspection of tourists."<sup>121</sup> The exhibit, he believed, was fair to neither wild animals nor humans. Years of wilderness backpacking and dogsledding had taught Murie that an appreciation of wildlife was proportionate to the effort expended. Furthermore, he thought that man's appreciation of wild creatures vanished when wildlife was placed in captivity.

The "game display" was one of Acting Superintendent Horace Albright's efforts to popularize the park. Albright had served as the administrative right-hand man of Stephen Mather, the first director of the National Park Service. The young superintendent believed that wild animals constituted one of the most valuable attractions of the park and "visitors to Yellowstone had a right to see wildlife whenever possible."<sup>122</sup> Recognizing that increased tourism was the key to enlarging park appropriations, he had expanded the Buffalo Corral and publicized the bear pits. Murie acknowledged the importance of wildlife as a park attraction, but only in a natural setting. Their differences were rooted in the two fold purpose of the National Park Service, which called for maintaining the parks "in absolutely unimpaired form" while at the same time making them available for the "use, observation, health, and pleasure of the people." Albright, an avid booster of the Park Service, usually placed a higher premium on attracting the public to nature's splendors. In contrast, Murie contended that these "zoo-like" conditions intruded upon the park's natural beauties.<sup>123</sup> This early disagreement opened philosophical wounds which even years of association in conservation battles failed to heal. Years later Murie, referring to his relationship with Albright, is purported to have stated on numerous occasions, "I just don't agree with him on anything."<sup>124</sup>

Ironically, both men shared many of the same preservationist precepts. Born and raised in the majestic Owens Valley of California, Albright like Murie had grown to "cherish the symbols and folklore of the frontier and to appreciate wilderness." Graduating from the University of California at Berkeley, Albright too had pursued a federal career, beginning as assistant attorney for the Secretary of Interior and in 1916 becoming a colleague of Mather in the National Park Service. In the true progressive spirit, Albright cloaked his aesthetic conservation attitudes in the rhetoric

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<sup>121</sup>Donald C. Swain, *Wilderness Defender: Horace M. Albright and Conservation* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1970).

<sup>122</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 108.

<sup>123</sup>Murie, "An Oral History," p. 13.

<sup>124</sup>Interview with Margaret Murie, January 11, 1977.



of utilitarianism. He aggressively campaigned for Park Service road building programs in terms of "the greatest good for the greatest number."<sup>125</sup> This pragmatic approach to resource management offended Murie's scientific integrity. The naturalist felt more in sympathy with the growing number of wilderness enthusiasts. Men such as Robert Sterling Yard, of the National Parks Association, and Robert Marshall of the Wilderness Society, were more representative of his views. Robert Marshall, who in 1935 would organize the Wilderness Society, believed in the idea of preserving wilderness areas for aesthetic reasons. For them, pristine forests constituted a last sanctuary from an overly materialistic society. In addition, they equated untamed nature with the retention of national characteristics which they believed were vanishing, like the frontier, from American culture.

Murie's criticisms were tempered by reality. As a member of the Biological Survey, he owed his first allegiance to the federal government. Furthermore, he still appreciated his scientific research and enjoyed his relative detachment from the world of politicians.

In the meantime, Murie rented a four-room log cabin at the south edge of Jackson. The small town, planted at the foot of the Snow King Mountain, looked more like a set from a Hollywood western than the familiar Alaskan frontier encampment. Yet, nestled at the end of a sage valley and surrounded by bare and wooded buttes, the town retained a rustic flavor reminiscent of Fairbanks.<sup>126</sup>

On July 6, Almer Nelson, manager of the National Elk Refuge, escorted Murie to the winter feeding grounds. The refuge encompassed a broad sage flat bisected by meadow lands, totaling more than 4500 acres. Survey employees were harvesting the hay crop as they arrived. The harvest, insufficient to maintain the elk through a severe winter, would be used in emergencies.<sup>127</sup>

After observations, Murie determined the rough outline of his elk investigation. First and foremost would be an examination of the feeding habits of the animals and the carrying capacity of the range. The study would include the distribution and migration

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<sup>125</sup>Swain, *Wilderness Defender*, pp. 319-320.

<sup>126</sup>Murie, *Wapiti Wilderness*, pp. 11-13.

<sup>127</sup>*Ibid.* See also Murie, "Report on Investigations of the game animals in Upper Yellowstone Thorofare Region as requested by the Yellowstone National Boundary Commission," December 1929, typescript in OMC, Box 46, of CBDPL. An outline of the proposed research can be found in Murie, "Studies in Elk Management," *Transactions of the Twentieth American Game Conference* (New York: American Game Association 1934), pp. 355-359.



—U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service Photo  
Courtesy of Mrs. Olaus J. Murie

#### Elk Grazing in Jackson Hole

patterns of the elk, their breeding habits and the extent to which parasites and disease affected mortality.

His work would be complicated by the jurisdictional question of who controlled the elk herd. In 1909, all wildlife within the state of Wyoming were declared the property of the state. In the same year, the Wyoming State Game and Fish Commission was created to manage the game and administer the game laws. The migratory animals, however, wandered over much National Forest property. As early as the winter of 1912, the National Forest Service initiated systematic elk counts. A sizeable percentage of the Jackson Hole elk herd grazed in the high meadows of Yellowstone National Park during the summer. Finally, the Biological Survey since 1913 had cared for the elk wintering on the National Elk Refuge. Thus, by the time Murie arrived on the scene, the welfare of the herd was entrusted to representatives from two divisions within the United States Department of Agriculture, one bureau within the Department of Interior and the Wyoming State Game and Fish Commission. Furthermore, national and local conservation and civic groups were concerned. The work of the study, however, would be undertaken by Murie and six assistants employed by the Wyoming Game and Fish Commission. Their efforts would

be supplemented by the Food Habits Division of the Biological Survey.<sup>128</sup>

Before the month had elapsed, Murie was in the fields trailing the elk through their high summer ranges. He was joined by Margaret, Martin and their new daughter, Joanne. Hiking along Pacific Creek inside Teton National Forest, the family was suddenly confronted by eighty white-faced Hereford range cattle. "They aren't supposed to be up this far," Murie observed. The incident was a reminder of the competition between reindeer and the Mount McKinley caribou herds. Like the reindeer, cattle contested with elk for forage. Once again, a domesticated species was thriving at the expense of wildlife. A few days later, Dr. Maurice Hall, a parasitologist from the Bureau of Plant Industry, accompanied by two veterinarians rendezvoused with the hikers. After Murie shot two elk, the doctors demonstrated how to perform a post-mortem examination for parasites.<sup>129</sup>

This brief excursion enabled Murie to observe first hand the damage which excess elk had inflicted upon the vegetation of the forest. The combined grazing of cattle, deer, and elk had accelerated the deterioration of the summer range land. Groves of aspen, a highly palatable browse for elk, had been severely damaged. Fir trees and willows had been "high-lined" as far as the animals could reach. Murie realized that these overstocked ranges carried a penalty which future generations would face. Not only did overstocking lead to overbrowsing and starvation, but it also lessened the carrying capacity of the range for years to come.

More disturbing than an over-utilized national forest, was the total disruption of traditional migratory routes. Previously, elk had passed through Jackson Hole valley on their way to the bottom lands of the Green, Snake and Hoback rivers. Now, however, a patchwork of fenced rectangular farms blocked the way. Other factors aggravated the congestion. The combination of predatory animals, Indians, settlers and market hunters which formerly had held the herd to acceptable levels, was gone. In short, the ecological imbalance which Murie had feared in Alaska had already transpired in Jackson Hole.<sup>130</sup>

The consequences of this imbalance were most keenly felt during winter. Before artificial feeding began, winter elk losses had sometimes exceeded 20 per cent. Even with the creation of the National Elk Refuge and hay feeding, winter mortality hovered around six percent.

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<sup>128</sup>For a brief discussion of the jurisdiction of the Jackson Hole Elk Herd, see Anderson, *The Elk of Jackson Hole*, pp. 23-27.

<sup>129</sup>Murie, *Wapiti Wilderness*, pp. 16-26.

<sup>130</sup>Murie, "Natural Elk Management," *Nature Magazine*, November, 1937, pp. 293-295.

Although worried by the high death rate, Murie and other naturalists were also intrigued by the abundance of barren does and the low spring fawn counts. The scientific explanation for these two related phenomena remained clouded. Foresters such as Aldo Leopold speculated that barren does might have resulted from killing too many bucks of breeding age. J. Stockley Ligon, chief of the Biological Survey predator control programs in the Southwest, argued that fawn shortages resulted from the removal of too many large predators. He reasoned that smaller predators such as the coyote and bobcat had for some inexplicable reason extended their habitat into the mountains and evolved into an extremely efficient predator of fawns. In a report of 1929, Ligon wrote: "The coyote, once the familiar clown of the prairie, where it had an economic value as a scavenger and as a check on rodent pests, in its new environment had developed into the predatory animal menace of North America." This "dare to civilization," Ligon continued, "accounted for ninety percent of the barren doe fallacy."<sup>131</sup>

Murie, on the other hand, doubted that small predators constituted such a serious drain on big game populations. As early as the summer of 1927, he began studying the relationship between coyotes and elk in the Jackson Hole region. During the summer he collected and analyzed the stomach contents and feces from a number of coyotes.<sup>132</sup>

Although the results of the first season were inconclusive, other investigations were providing insight into the Jackson Hole elk problem. Murie speculated that disease played a significant role in elk mortality, low fawn counts and barren does. During the winter of 1927-1928, he studied the diseases of elk wintering on the refuge. The naturalist performed his first field post-mortem examination on a decrepit cow elk found dying inside the refuge barnyard. Pathological tissues were saved for future examination. After feeding began on January 10, the frequency of weak, dying animals jumped. An average of one elk per day succumbed during the winter. This trend persisted throughout March until feeding was discontinued in April. The total loss amounted to nearly 500 animals. During this time, Murie examined hundreds of elk carcasses. Some were too frozen to inspect. Coyotes beat

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<sup>131</sup>J. Stockley Ligon, "Predatory Animals and Deer," typescript c. 1929, Leopold Papers in the University of Wisconsin Archives, cited from Susan L. Flader, *Thinking Like a Mountain*, p. 96.

<sup>132</sup>Murie, "Food Habits of the Coyote in Jackson Hole, Wyoming," 1932, 24 pp., typescript in OMC, Box 46, of CBDPL. The monograph was later published under the same title as Circular no. 362 of the United States Department of Agriculture, October 1935.

him to others. Nevertheless, by the end of April, he had conducted over 200 post-mortem operations.<sup>133</sup>

In a preliminary report to Nelson, Murie estimated the winter loss at 5 per cent, despite a mild winter. Most important, he had isolated the primary cause of sickness and mortality among the elk as necrotic stomatitis. The disease, known as "calf diphtheria" or "sore-mouth" by cattlemen, also accounted for nearly 18 per cent of calf mortality. He found that coarse grasses such as squirrel-tail and cheat were present in the hay. The sharp seeds and awns of such grasses induced lesions in the tissues of the mouths of elk. These lesions then became infected with necrotic stomatitis. In the case of aged elk and calves, the disease was usually lethal.

These conclusions were widely circulated. Many in the field of game management were forced to reevaluate their precepts and practices. Ironically, in their well-intentioned efforts to help the elk, Murie remarked, man had contributed to the herd's physiological degeneration.<sup>134</sup>

Even more unprecedented were the findings of his coyote study completed in 1932. The investigation, stretching over four consecutive seasons, revealed that field mice, pocket gophers and grasshoppers, not elk, deer or mountain sheep comprised the staple diet of the predatory. Although a small percentage of adult elk had been detected in the feces and stomach contents, these traces were "almost without exception" from carrion. Winter killings were rare, Murie reported, and "coyotes have been seen to mingle with them freely without the elk paying them much attention." Furthermore, calf predation was negligible. The calves represented in the diet of the coyote came primarily from aborted fetuses. Murie was at a loss to explain the "unknown ailment" causing elk abortion, but suspected that abortions were related to malnutrition. Recent studies have tended to corroborate his hypothesis.<sup>135</sup>

Murie concluded that coyote predation was "one of the lesser factors inimical to elk calves and would appear to play a relatively

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<sup>133</sup>Murie, "An Epizootic Disease of Elk," *Journal of Mammalogy*, Winter, 1930, pp. 214-222.

<sup>134</sup>Murie, "Report on Disease and Parasites of Big-Game in Jackson Hole—Winter of 1927-1928," typescript in OMC, Box 46, of CBDPL. See also Olaus Murie to Maurice Hall, February 19, 1928, in OMC, Box 46 of CBDPL.

<sup>135</sup>Murie, "Food Habits of the Coyote . . .", pp. 14-15. Research with cow elk in Wyoming has demonstrated that weight loss in excess of three per cent between January and parturition markedly reduces reproductive success; See, for example, E. T. Thorne, "Nutrition during gestation in relation to successful reproduction of elk," *Journal of Wildlife Management*, 1976, pp. 330-335.

unimportant part in the productivity of the herd." "Were the coyotes left alone," he continued in reference to predator reduction programs, "the elk problem would remain the same." Winter killings, the ravages of disease and hunting "comprised the principal drain" on the elk herd.<sup>136</sup>

Further investigations of the Jackson Hole elk herd, extending over several seasons, revealed that the "social problem" was far from solved. Sometimes as many as 8000 animals wintered on the refuge. This concentration of elk was destroying the browse shrubs immediately adjacent to the feeding grounds. In 1934 Murie observed that the once thick willow groves had been virtually "eliminated from the refuge."<sup>137</sup>

More disconcerting than dwindling forage resources was what Murie labeled the gradual "pauperization of the elk." By the mid-thirties, hay feeding had passed the emergency stages and had become an annual program. The elk promptly arrived at the elk refuge in early winter, often several thousand strong, and patiently awaited their dole. If feeding was delayed, the animals often harassed neighboring ranches by breaking into their haystacks. Most had ceased the healthy habit of rustling for food. With the arrival of spring, the naturalist complained, "it had become necessary to drive many of the elk off the hay meadows with saddle horses and thus start them on their new migration to summer range." The Jackson Hole elk were quickly becoming a tame herd of sickly game animals.<sup>138</sup>

The congestion of the herd was dangerous from both a sanitary and aesthetic perspective. Concentration increased the hazards from parasitic and other diseases. The possibility of an epizootic was omnipresent. Specifically, Murie had detected the presence of contagious abortion among the elk. From an aesthetic viewpoint, Murie argued that it was unsportsmanlike "to keep an animal on the game list and at the same time tame it and weaken its powers of resistance to the inclement factors of the environment." The naturalist recommended that the animals wintering on the elk range be reduced to approximately 6000 in number. Public sentiment, however, was still not disposed to favor the proposal.<sup>139</sup>

Most Wyoming residents remembered when the Jackson Hole elk herd had appeared in imminent danger of extinction. Almost to the close of the century, market hunters made a comfortable living by killing elk, mountain sheep and deer for sale in railroad centers and mining towns or to professional taxidermists. During the first decade of the twentieth century, poaching gangs found the

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<sup>136</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 22-24.

<sup>137</sup>Murie, "Studies in Elk Management," p. 357.

<sup>138</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>139</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 358.

sparcely settled region of Jackson Hole ideal for hunting. Elk were their favorite targets. They left the carcasses to rot, removed the elk's tusks and sold the teeth as charms and emblems to members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of the Elk.<sup>140</sup> Thus, the herd had a history of exploitation not easily overcome.

Moreover, the lucrative dude ranching business around Jackson depended upon large big-game herds to satisfy eastern vacationers. As late as the mid-thirties Murie's demands for drastic reduction in elk numbers met stiff opposition.

When the National Park Service announced plans in 1935 to reduce the population of the southern Yellowstone elk herd, the public outcry against the measure was loud. Murie adamantly supported the measure and privately confided to a friend in New York:

If those who are opposed to the proposed action of the Park Service could see the condition of the range, could see the mountain sheep picking away the remnants of food left by the aggressive elk, could see how elk, deer, mountain sheep and antelope all strive to live on the same overgrazed area, I doubt if they could maintain that "wrong information" has been given.

"I think," Murie added, "that we have made a national shibboleth" of the elk. In response to Congressman Ayes suggestion of transplanting 3,000 elk from the park Murie added a touch of sarcasm. Speaking symbolically, he remarked that "our whole country is overgrazed" and everywhere "that we have an elk herd . . . there is a range problem."<sup>141</sup>

That same year the National Elk Refuge carried out an elk reduction program. During the winter of 1935-1936, over 500 elk were killed by Survey officials. The reduction campaign allowed Murie to disprove the theory that barren does resulted from killing off too many bucks. Game managers such as Aldo Leopold had assumed that because of lopsided sex ratios in elk herds, about four does to every buck in Jackson Hole, many cows remained sterile. During the winter, the naturalist examined 334 cow elk of breeding age. He found over 89 per cent of them pregnant. The brief study made it clear that "normal breeding" had occurred. Scientists must look elsewhere for the cause of spring calf shortages.<sup>142</sup>

If Murie's opinions on big-game management provoked some public consternation, his ecological attitude toward predators provoked not only the public, but his own colleagues. In 1930, the

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<sup>140</sup>Saylor, *Jackson Hole, Wyoming*, pp. 141-142, 159-162.

<sup>141</sup>Olaus Murie to W. K. Sanderson, February 3, 1935 in OMC, Box 46, of CBDPL.

<sup>142</sup>Murie, *The Elk of North America*, (Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: The Stackpole Company and Wildlife Management Institute, 1951), p. 142.

Survey had requested the field biologist to investigate the operations of their predatory control programs in Colorado, South Dakota and Wyoming. The assignment came in response to allegations by the Society of Mammalogists (of which Murie was a member) that many control programs, especially poisoning, were unnecessary and harmful. The Society of Mammalogists originally had asked for a commission of two, composed of one member of their organization and one from the Survey to conduct the investigation. Upon learning of Murie's appointment, however, they withdrew this request.<sup>143</sup>

Murie inspected hundreds of poisoning stations during the months of November and December. He reported that in no region "was there an abundance of fur-bearing animals." He also noted a great discrepancy in the accounts of coyote depredations. One sheep rancher boasted that he had never lost an animal, while others complained of extraordinary losses. Some stockgrowers alleged that ranchers sold sheep to neighboring outfits or Mexicans and then reported them killed by coyotes for tax purposes. Murie was alarmed by the wasteful methods of federal trappers. Many poisoned animals were never found. Golden eagles, hawks, and other birds of prey were killed because of inadequate poisoning techniques. The problem could be rectified easily, he recommended, by covering the bait with a light cover of leaves.<sup>144</sup>

More troubling was the proliferation of misinformation regarding predators. Federal hunters devoted much time and money to convincing farmers that predatory animals were harmful while stressing the beneficial side of big-game. The habits of coyotes and wolves were stigmatized as "blood lustful" and treacherous. "Grinning visages of stuffed coyotes and lambs being cruelly murdered," adorned many regional offices. There existed a strange cult of hunters, hating the object of their pursuit and striving to exploit "virgin fields where better monthly records could be made." This attitude toward wildlife, Murie reported, must be changed. The Division of Economic Investigations had become a self-perpetuating bureaucratic tool of large hunting and cattle organizations.<sup>145</sup>

Concluding his report, Murie emphasized that solid ecological information on predators should be collected prior to extermina-

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<sup>143</sup>Interview with Margaret Murie, January 11, 1977.

<sup>144</sup>Murie, "Report on Investigation of Predatory Animal Poisoning in Wyoming and Colorado," pp. 7-23, typescript in OMC, Box 46, of CBDPL.

<sup>145</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 23-25. See also A. B. Howells to Olaus Murie, May 26, 1931 in OMC, Box 46, of CBDPL. Howell was then a professor of the Anatomy Department of Johns Hopkins Medical School and member of the American Society of Mammalogists; both men apparently "were cussed out" by members of the Survey.



tion campaigns. This information would "mean the difference between mechanical predatory animal control to assist one class and a definite conservation activity which would be more of a public service . . . affecting the nation as a whole." His report was read at a Society of Mammalogists' meeting and favorably received. On the other hand, Murie was severely reprimanded by the Chief of the Division of Economic Investigations.<sup>146</sup>

The following year, Murie's report on "The Food Habits of the Coyote of Jackson Hole" also met curt censure within the Survey. The *Journal of Mammalogy* and the National Audubon Society offered to publish the study. Leaders of the predatory animal control programs, however, opposed its publication. Stanley Young, chief biologist in charge of eradication methods, accused Murie of favoring the predator "on every possible occasion." Furthermore, officials felt that it would be a mistake to publish the manuscript for it would "probably cause some embarrassment in the future."<sup>147</sup> The minority opinion was best expressed by the chief of Food Habits Research, W. L. McAtee, who applauded the monograph as "just the kind of investigation we need as a guide toward policies as to the control of predatory animals."<sup>148</sup> Unfortunately, the Division of Economic Investigation wielded considerable influence and publication was delayed several years.

Murie's disenchantment with the Survey deepened during the 1930s. Writing to Acting Chief Henderson, he described his growing sympathy for the Society of Mammalogists in contrast to his minority position with the Biological Survey. "Am I a black sheep in the Bureau fold now?" Murie asked.<sup>149</sup>

In truth, Murie's frustration was justified. The Survey seemed blind to the recent wave of ecological studies flooding scientific circles. During the early thirties, ecologists such as Walter P. Taylor, Victor E. Shelford, F. B. Sumner and Aldo Leopold proved that the old conception of economic biology was obsolete. They discarded the precept which visualized the environment as a system of competitions and criticized game managers who gave a

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<sup>146</sup>A. M. Day to Stanley Young, March 8, 1932, in OMC, Box 45, CBDPL. Day was an associate biologist in the Division of Predatory Animal and Rodent Control.

<sup>147</sup>Murie's manuscript was submitted to various divisions of the Survey. McAtee's response was dated April 8, 1932, in OMC, Box 45, CBDPL.

<sup>148</sup>Evidence shows that Murie was prevented from presenting his paper on the coyote at the Second North American Wildlife Conference in March of 1937. See Murie to C. M. Palmer, February 12, 1937, OMC, Box 45, of CBDPL. W. B. Bell, chief of the Division of Wildlife Research, also prevented the publication of the same article in *Bird Lore Magazine*. See, for example, Bell to William Voight, editor of *Bird Lore Magazine*, April 16, 1937, in OMC, Box 48, CBDPL.

<sup>149</sup>Murie to Acting Chief Henderson, January 9, 1931, in OMC, Box 46, CBDPL.

competitive edge to animals deemed "beneficial." Research had demonstrated that the floral and faunal communities were intricately woven into a complex "biotic community." These professionals called for sympathetic management of all resources, including wolves, mountain lions and coyotes. This formula was essential to preserve the health of the entire community. Rather than augmenting the supply of one "useful" faunal resource, naturalists now began to speak in terms of the preservation of the system as a whole.<sup>150</sup>

Aldo Leopold led the way in reformulating game-management programs. The devastating irruptions of deer in the Southwest had convinced him that a simple error in judgement could trigger environmental havoc. To forestall any such disruption, Leopold introduced his "conservation ethic," which extended man's social responsibility to soils, waters, plants and animals.<sup>151</sup> But, as his biographer has pointed out, "the emphasis was not so much on the concepts of ecology, as on the use of tools—tools economic, legal and political, as well as scientific and technical—to create a more enduring civilization."<sup>152</sup> Leopold placed an abiding faith in the budding science of ecology to guide the way to intelligent wildlife management. The ethic asked that our dominion over nature once gained be self-perpetuating rather than self-destructive. In this light, the ethic looked back to the possibility of rational control of environmental forces, to the ideas of George Perkins Marsh and to the programs of such progressive conservationists as W. J. McGee and Gifford Pinchot.

As Americans struggled in the depths of the depression, Murie turned to the formulation of his own philosophy of management. Initially, he preferred to justify the preservation of all forms of wildlife with democratic rationales. Harking back to the ideas of Frederick Law Olmsted, he asserted in 1935, that wild creatures appealed to all the people and were for everyone to enjoy. From a human standpoint, he rated recreational value of wildlife highest. Wild animals, he believed, provided sport for the hunter and observation and photography for nature enthusiasts. Naturalists valued wildlife for its scientific value while others derived "an inspirational value." Most important, he believed that game management should not be conducted for any single class of citizens. Powerful hunting organizations such as the Boone and Crockett Club, he explained, often dictated the life or death of certain species. Wolves and mountain lions, for example, had been commonly

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<sup>150</sup>Flader, *Thinking Like a Mountain*, p. 152.

<sup>151</sup>Aldo Leopold, "The Conservation Ethic," *Journal of Forestry*, October, 1933, pp. 634-643.

<sup>152</sup>Flader, *Thinking Like a Mountain*, pp. 25-26.

eliminated to stimulate production of big game herds.<sup>153</sup> A democratic ethic must guarantee that no species be removed for the satisfaction of special interests. To dramatize his message, Murie elaborated to a friend:

We have an elk commission and a fine lot of  
enthusiasm for the preservation of this animal . . .  
Do we have a national grizzly bear commission?  
Do we have a society to save the wolverine?

Yet, these much neglected creatures, he continued, "are quietly, unobtrusively slipping out of our fauna."<sup>154</sup>

Murie could not ignore the implications of the science of ecology upon his democratic ethic. This new science recognized that man was only a fellow member of an enlarged biotic community. The right to exist must be extended to those members other than *Homo sapiens*. As early as 1935 he commented that "we have a trade of generosity toward wild creatures, a growing desire to save some of them for their own sake."<sup>155</sup> Here was an approach to game management which granted wildlife a home in an unspoiled habitat. He conceived of democracy as a way of life in which man respected the rights and needs of all creatures. After all, Murie asserted in his report on "The Food Habits of the Coyote of Jackson, Wyoming," the "wildlife question must resolve itself into sharing the values of the various species among the complex group of participants in the out-of-doors and wilderness wealth, with fairness to all groups."<sup>156</sup> This philosophy implied "hands-off" with regard to the environment, not dominion or control over environmental forces. This democratic philosophy enabled preservationists, scientists and a minority of Americans to clasp hands in the common cause of wilderness preservation. "There is here," Murie wrote a few years later, "opportunity for all out-doors men to recognize the common interests and work together for a multiple, common cause. Wilderness must be kept whole, with all its physical as well as more intangible parts."<sup>157</sup>

As man and beast struggled for survival throughout the decade of the depression, Murie's investigation of the Jackson Hole elk herd had embraced a number of controversial topics. Predator control and elk reduction still kindled passion in many Wyoming residents. Yet, Murie emerged from the numerous public hearings

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<sup>153</sup>Murie, "The Elk of Jackson Hole," *Natural History*, March, 1935, 237-247.

<sup>154</sup>Murie to W. K. Sanderson, February 3, 1935, in OMC, Box 46, CBDPL.

<sup>155</sup>Murie, "The Elk of Jackson Hole," p. 247.

<sup>156</sup>Murie, "Food Habits of the Coyote . . .," p. 23.

<sup>157</sup>Murie, "Wilderness and Wildlife," *The Living Wilderness*, December, 1937, p. 5.

relatively unscathed. In his quiet, confident manner he weathered the shifting currents of public and professional opinion. His public appearances enabled him to polish his speaking and writing abilities.

What is most important, the naturalist discovered that his opinions as a field biologist often paralleled those of the aesthetic conservationists. The similarity was most evident in range conservation and wildlife preservation. As his convictions pushed him further away from the Survey, his inclinations drew him into the ranks of the conservationists. In 1937, Murie would join with Robert Marshall, Aldo Leopold and Robert Sterling Yard to incorporate the Wilderness Society, a national organization dedicated to the protection and extension of wilderness preserves. Murie's technical expertise in combination with his literary skills would prove valuable armaments in forthcoming conservation battles.

#### FROM SCIENTIST TO CONSERVATIONIST: OLAUS MURIE, 1935-1945

President Roosevelt's appointment of Jay N. (Ding) Darling to head the Biological Survey in 1935 was received well by Murie. The year before, Darling had served with Aldo Leopold on the President's Committee on Wildlife Restoration. He helped draft a \$25 million program for federal purchase of submarginal farmlands and restoration of wildlife habitats. His ideas on wildlife management were progressive. Murie's first letter to his new chief introduced him to the Jackson Hole elk problem. "For the past six or seven years," he asserted, "we have been playing with luck" on the National Elk Refuge. Abnormally light snow fall, he warned, had disguised the poor condition of the range. More hay was not the answer. Instead, Murie urged the purchase of additional winter range. His recommendations struck a responsive chord.<sup>158</sup>

The times seemed ripe for the fruition of many bold conservation plans. Roosevelt's "New Deal" was accepted and Congress was channeling millions of dollars into work relief projects, such as the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC), Federal Emergency Relief Act (FERA), Works Progress Administration (WPA) and Public Works Administration (PWA). Many of these projects, including wildlife restoration and reforestation, were undertaken within units of the national park system. Congressional appropriations for emergency conservation programs skyrocketed within national parks, increasing to nearly \$218 million by 1940. The

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<sup>158</sup>Olaus Murie to Jay N. Darling, January 17, 1935, in OMC, Box 1, WHRC.

popular and expensive CCC was aimed at reducing unemployment through reforestation work. Hundreds of CCC camps were established within parks and monuments, employing thousands of young men in repairing roads, constructing trails, and building fire breaks.<sup>159</sup>

The inauguration of these projects required trained supervision. The Biological Survey was charged with implementing the programs of wildlife management. Over the next decade, Murie would travel throughout the West gauging the condition of rangelands and appraising the need for wildlife restoration or reduction.

In the Spring of 1935, Murie journeyed to Washington to study the Olympic elk herd. The trip west kindled pleasant memories. During the fall of 1916, he had explored the Olympic Peninsula with veteran woodsman, Grant Hume. At that time the rain forests were still wild, with an abundance of wolves and cougars.<sup>160</sup> Returning in 1935, Murie observed many environmental changes. The predators had been virtually eliminated from much of the Olympic Peninsula. In their place, dense populations of elk and deer crowded rangelands. The five major river valleys of Olympic National Monument had been severely overgrazed. The forage of the Hoh River Valley had been hardest hit. Entire groves of hemlock had been "high-lined" while many palatable shrubs had been browsed into club-like shapes. Ranches hemmed the monument, confining big game to high alpine slopes. The problems of the Jackson Hole elk were not unique. Murie learned that during the harsh winter of 1933, thousands of animals had starved. As in Jackson, local residents feared the herd's imminent extinction and demanded increased predator bounties.<sup>161</sup>

Murie's "Report on the Elk of the Olympic Peninsula" advised against bounties and exposed the fallacy of the herd's impending extinction. He diagnosed the primary cause of excessive elk mortality as necrotic stomatitis. The animals were dying from malnutrition, not intensive predation.<sup>162</sup>

In the spring of 1935, however, it was timber, not elk, which most concerned residents of Washington. As the once great forests of the Northwest dwindled, loggers were determined to begin operations inside Olympic National Monument. On the other hand, conservationists argued for protection and the enlargement of the monument. Earlier in the year, Representative Monrad C. Wall-

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<sup>159</sup>Donald C. Swain, "The National Park Service and the New Deal, 1933-1940," *Pacific Historical Review* 16 (August, 1972), p. 324.

<sup>160</sup>Olaus Murie, "Mr. Felis Concolor is seen shrinking from Publicity in the Tree-Top," *Outing Magazine*, August, 1917, p. 7.

<sup>161</sup>Murie, "Report on the Elk of the Olympic Peninsula," 1935, pp. 1-14, typescript in OMC, Box 46, CBDPL.

<sup>162</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 14.

green, spokesman for the preservationists, introduced a bill adding 400,000 acres to the monument. Although supported by Interior Secretary Harold Ickes, the bill died in the hectic closing days of the Congressional session.<sup>163</sup>

While the controversy raged, Murie surveyed the region, formulating his elk management plans. Writing to Ben Thompson, assistant director of the National Park Service, he criticized the "unnatural monument boundaries which bisected several large river valleys and thereby disrupted the summer migratory route of elk. He recommended that at least one major watershed be included within the enlarged monument. He preferred the Hoh River drainage from "a scenic" point of view for it included some of the largest stands of Douglas fir, Red cedar, Alaskan cedar and Sitka spruce that he had ever seen. "If this were not possible," he suggested the smaller Bogachiel valley which was "not so heavily browsed and where cougars still remained plentiful." Murie acknowledged that "these river valleys take in the heart of the finest timber on the west side of the monument." For Murie, it was a matter of integrity. One should not compromise the principles of the park service to logging interests. He insisted that "the finest timber should be included and should never be cut." Only by following this course, he concluded, would the National Park Service and the elk receive a "fair deal."<sup>164</sup>

It was not until January of 1940 that his recommendations were adopted. Although President Roosevelt had signed the act abolishing the Mount Olympus National Monument and establishing an enlarged Olympic National Park on June 29, 1938, the new park excluded the Bogachiel and Hoh River valleys. Finally, on January 2, 1940, Roosevelt declared an addition of the great rain forests of the Bogachiel and Hoh River valleys, as well as several others, to the park.<sup>165</sup>

Management problems in Jackson Hole prevented Murie from completing a comprehensive study of the Olympic elk herd. By the winter of 1936-1937, artificial feeding had evolved from an emergency measure to an annual program. The elk came promptly to the Refuge in early winter and milled around like cattle awaiting their dole. Residents were beginning to describe the animals as the "hospital herd."<sup>166</sup>

To combat this condition, Murie formulated a plan which he called "Natural Elk Management." He first supervised the con-

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<sup>163</sup>John Ise, *Our National Park Policy: A Critical History* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1961), pp. 385-386.

<sup>164</sup>Olaus Murie to Ben H. Thompson, January 31, 1935, in OMC Box 47, of CBDPL.

<sup>165</sup>Ise, *Our National Park Policy*, p. 389.

<sup>166</sup>Murie, "Natural Elk Management," pp. 293-295.

struction of a long drift fence to prevent the elk from harassing ranches during the winter. Next, he advised Almer Nelson to omit the usual feeding program. As the animals began arriving, they congested in dense herds expecting their allotment. When no food was forthcoming, the elk scattered over the fields pawing through the snow for forage. At the end of February, the results of the experiment were encouraging. Mortality and sickness were significantly less than in previous winters.<sup>167</sup>

This "hands-off" theory of game management departed from contemporary trends in the field. Managers commonly manipulated environmental factors for those animals deemed "beneficial." As outlined in the November, 1937, issue of *Nature Magazine*, Murie's "Natural Elk Management" implied that a myriad of environmental factors, most beyond man's comprehension, functioned interdependently within the Jackson Hole elk herd. He now realized that a simple ecological oversight or miscalculation could trigger disaster. The proper role of management, he reasoned, was to preserve the greatest possibility of environmental processes so that the ecosystem might seek a natural equilibrium.<sup>168</sup>

Murie knew that his natural management was no panacea. During the mild winter many elk had wintered in the foothills adjacent to the refuge. A succession of heavy snows might drive immense numbers to the refuge, deplete hay supplies and thereby precipitate starvation. As early as 1935, he had forecast the "ideal solution" in a letter to Jay Darling. The naturalist recommended that additional lands, lying between Jackson and the Gros Ventre, be added to the refuge. If this were accomplished, he predicted, not only would there be more acreage for the cultivation of hay, but more winter range for the elk.<sup>169</sup>

A new assignment prevented Murie from pursuing this solution. Chief Darling had ordered a biological survey of the Aleutian Islands. The Survey's jurisdiction began in 1920 when the bureau was charged with the enforcement of Alaskan fur-laws and the administration of the blue-fox industry of the islands. Working in conjunction with the National Forest Service, the Survey had introduced sustained-yield concepts to the traditionally "boom and bust" industry. By the time Murie arrived, the fox industry had spread throughout the islands.<sup>170</sup>

This kind of management entailed a conflict of interests. Unlike most fur-farms where the animals were raised in pens, the Alaskan

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<sup>167</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>168</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>169</sup>Olaus Murie to Jay N. Darling, January 17, 1935, in OMC, Box 1, of WHRC.

<sup>170</sup>Cameron, *The Bureau of Biological Survey*, pp. 114-116, 124-127, 131-133.

industry allowed the foxes to range at will. The foxes were then trapped during the winter when the furs were prime. Conservationists feared that the large fox populations might eliminate rare bird species. They argued that the Aleutian Island Wildlife Reservation, established in 1913, guaranteed protection for the bird colonies. Fur-farmers, on the other hand, complained that eagles preyed extensively on foxes. Murie was to explore the true relationship between fox and bird population of the Aleutians.

In the spring of 1937, the United States motorship "Brown Bear" transported Murie and three other biologists from the Alaskan Game Commission to the island chain. The scientists visited every "sizeable" island as well as smaller ones south of the Alaskan Peninsula and several points on the mainland. Their study resulted in a monograph entitled, "Fauna of the Aleutian Islands and Alaskan Peninsula."<sup>171</sup>

After examining numerous nests, Murie found that sea birds comprised the majority of the bald eagle's diet. He detected no evidence to support the allegation that eagles killed foxes. On the contrary, Murie observed fox families raised in close proximity to eagle nests. He concluded that the habits of the bald eagle "are harmless as far as man's economic commercial interests are concerned."<sup>172</sup>

If the food habits of the eagle were innocuous, the same could not be claimed for the habits of the blue fox. Their presence was most dangerous on the smaller islands with rugged shorelines. On these volcanic islands, the foxes were deprived from feeding upon the crustaceans which swarmed the sandy beaches of the larger islands. Instead, they subsisted primarily on bird colonies. Murie reported that "on some of the smaller islands the birds have been almost eliminated, and on many islands such birds as the eider ducks have ceased to nest except on a few offshore pinnacles where they can find protection."<sup>173</sup> The lesson was clear; the utilitarian policies of the Survey had disrupted the equilibrium of the Aleutian Islands.

The assignment allowed Murie to indulge his anthropological as well as his biological curiosity. Like the earlier government scientist, John Wesley Powell, Murie harbored an interest in aboriginal culture. While conducting the Aleutian Islands Survey, he interviewed Eskimos in order to ascertain their names for birds and mammals. It was a complex assignment and one which he believed anthropologists often oversimplified. He contended that

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<sup>171</sup>Olaus Murie, "Fauna of the Aleutian Islands and the Alaska Peninsula." *North American Fauna No. 61* (Washington, D.C.: United States Department of the Interior, 1959), p. 1.

<sup>172</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 111-116.

<sup>173</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 292-304.



ethnologists usually obtained only the most "obvious and generalized terms applied to a fauna." Association with tribesmen had convinced him that most primitive societies "clearly distinguished various species; almost as precisely as the scientist." He discerned at least three surviving Aleut dialects, Attu, Atka and Unalaska. He listed the scientific nomenclature and then the Indian dialect in his monograph. For example, the Bald Eagle was called respectively by the Attu, Atka and Alaskan Peninsula tribesmen, Tirrh-luch, Tig-a-lach (A-waich-rich for an immature eagle) and Tikh-lukh.<sup>174</sup>

Murie collaborated with Otto William Geist, then professor of archaeology at the University of Alaska, on several anthropological studies. One winter he wrote Geist requesting "a skull or two" of an indigenous Eskimo dog "since he had a vague idea of doing a comparative study of dogs of the North." Geist, then excavating a site on St. Lawrence Island in the Bering Sea, honored the request. During the winter of 1934, Murie received not two, but 150 skulls from a pure strain of Siberian husky. Two large wooden crates arrived shortly thereafter containing two "powerful," full-grown huskies. Over the years, Murie received over 900 dog skulls and sundry skeletal material from the site. Murie's identifications of these remains were published as three appendices within Geist's study, *Archaeological Excavations at Kukulik*.<sup>175</sup>

By the time that Murie completed his Aleutian studies, his interests and writing style had changed. Biology still fascinated him, but gradually Murie the conservationist emerged. How could a sensitive person study elk when predators were rapidly vanishing, when entire forest watersheds were overgrazed and while Congress refused to honor the appeals for more national parks? If he could express his feelings toward nature and the need for the continued existence of wild areas to the American people, Murie was convinced that some of America's natural beauties could be preserved for future generations. Soon he was writing impassioned articles for popular magazines rather than preparing monographs for technical journals.

The periodicals of the Wilderness Society, the National Audubon Society and the National Parks Association became his favorite outlets. Upon returning to Jackson in 1937, he received letters from conservationists asking for information regarding the wildlife

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<sup>174</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 27-28, 111.

<sup>175</sup>See, for example, "Notes on the Mammals of St. Lawrence Island, Alaska," Appendix 3, pp. 335-346, and "Dog Skulls from St. Lawrence Island, Alaska," Appendix 4, pp. 347-357, and "The Birds of St. Lawrence Island, Alaska," Appendix 5, pp. 359-376, in *Archaeological Excavations of Kukulik*, by Otto Geist and Froelich Rainey, *Miscellaneous Publications of Kukulik*, 2 (Washington, D.C.: United States Department of Interior, 1936).

of the Aleutian Islands. He responded by writing a brief essay entitled "Wilderness and Wildlife" appearing in the December issue of *The Living Wilderness*. The article conveyed his sense of "enjoyment" and gratitude while exploring "a bit of wilderness flung up from the sea."<sup>176</sup>

Murie's involvement with the Wilderness Society dated back to February of 1933 when he had first met Robert Marshall, the founder of the conservation organization. Both had been dinner guests of Dr. Robert Griggs, member of the National Research Council, in Chevy Chase, Maryland.<sup>177</sup> They discovered much in common. Although several years his junior and a product of an urban environment, Marshall, like Murie, had pursued a scientific career as a means to remain close to the outdoors. Marshall was also fascinated by blank spaces on maps and had been drawn to the Arctic. Shortly after Murie completed his caribou study, Marshall began explorations of the Upper Koyukuk River drainage in the Central Brooks Range. Marshall had literally followed in his footsteps when traversing the Arctic divide in the Brooks range and while interviewing old sourdoughs in the small mining encampments of Bettles and Wiseman. Once Marshall had noted in his journal: "In the winter of 1923 the Murie brothers . . . had traveled into the mountains at the head of this stream. So far as we knew we were the next white men to come into the Kutuk Valley."<sup>178</sup>

They resumed their conversation a few nights later over dinner. Both expressed concern over many of Roosevelt's "new deal" programs, especially the intensive road building campaigns of the CCC. They believed that the Sierra Club was geographically too limited in its environmental concern and agreed that a national organization to coordinate the growing sentiment for wild country was necessary. Marshall had forecast the formation of such a society as early as 1930 when he asserted that the only way to protect the few remaining primitive areas from the encroachments of civilization was "an organization of spirited people who will fight for the freedoms of wilderness."<sup>179</sup>

These sentiments crystalized in 1935 when Marshall, Leopold and a few wilderness enthusiasts formed the Wilderness Society.

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<sup>176</sup>Murie, "Wilderness and Wildlife," p. 5.

<sup>177</sup>Interview with Margaret Murie, January 11, 1977.

<sup>178</sup>Robert Marshall, *Alaska Wilderness: Exploring the Central Brooks Range*, 2nd ed., with a foreword by A. Starker Leopold (Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1970), p. 90.

<sup>179</sup>Robert Marshall, "The Problem of the Wilderness," *Scientific Monthly* 30 (1930), p. 148. A brief biographical notice on Marshall can be found in Roderick Nash, "The Strenuous Life of Bob Marshall," *Forest History*, 1966, pp. 18-25. See also Nash, *Wilderness and the American Mind*, pp. 200-208.

The small organizing committee published a brief pamphlet on January 21, 1935, which announced that "for the purpose of fighting off invasions of wilderness and of stimulating an appreciation of its multiform emotional, intellectual and scientific values, we are forming an organization to be known as the Wilderness Society."<sup>180</sup>

Robert Sterling Yard, a dedicated preservationist and former colleague of Stephen Mather, was elected president. Despite his initial restrictive membership policy, the society grew steadily.<sup>181</sup> It soon became evident that the affairs of the organization were too much for one person to administer effectively. In 1937, five additional council members were added to the original eight. Murie accepted a seat on the council as a representative of Wyoming.<sup>182</sup>

The Wilderness Society was soon engaged in a series of controversies involving wild regions across the country, ranging from the Florida Everglades to Olympic National Monument in Washington. One of the more contentious issues involved the Jackson Hole elk herd and the proposed enlargement of Grand Teton National Park. Murie had become involved in the fight through his concern for the elk. As early as 1935, he recommended that much of Jackson Hole be given National Park status or at least be added to the National Elk Refuge for winter range.

Murie's old acquaintance, Horace Albright, shared these beliefs. In the late 1920s he had interested the millionaire-philanthropist John D. Rockefeller, Jr. in the Jackson Hole area. While guiding Rockefeller through the valley, Albright succeeded in enlisting his financial support for the preservation of the upper end of Jackson Hole. In 1927, Rockefeller had chartered the Snake River Land Company for the express purpose of purchasing the private land in Jackson Hole and then donating the lands to the federal government. Unfortunately, purchasing the land proved easier than convincing Congress to accept the gift. Opposition to enlargement of Grand Teton National Park's expansion derived from livestock interests, those persons suspicious of eastern wealth, and those who harbored resentment to any kind of governmental interference whether it be national park, national forest or the Bureau of Land Management.<sup>183</sup> Murie later recalled that local bankers, cattlemen "and their associates" now "became convinced that all their

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<sup>180</sup>Harold C. Anderson, et.al., *The Wilderness Society* (Washington, D.C., 1935), p. 4, quoted in Nash, *Wilderness and the American Mind*, p. 207.

<sup>181</sup>Robert Sterling Yard, et.al., "A Summons to Save the Wilderness," *The Living Wilderness*, September, 1935, p. 1.

<sup>182</sup>Harvey Broome, "Origins of the Wilderness Society," July, 1940, pp. 13-15.

<sup>183</sup>Robert Righter, "The Brief, Hectic Life of Jackson Hole National Monument," *The American West*, November, 1976, p. 33.

grazing rights would be taken away; the federal government was going to gobble everything up."<sup>184</sup>

Murie was gradually drawn into the controversy through his advisory position with the Wilderness Society and by his appointment to the Board of Directors of the Jackson Hole Preserve, Inc. This was a corporation (originally the Snake River Land Company) formed by Rockefeller to administer the Jackson Hole land. Initially, Murie appreciated the opportunity to formulate management plans for the valley. Over the next few years, however, he grew convinced that the Board of Directors slighted the opinions of local Jackson residents. In truth, the directors often failed to consult Murie. He was startled when he learned in August of 1944, that the corporation had begun litigation with a local rancher over a trivial land matter. Although certain board members referred to the suit as "friendly" and "neighborly," Murie believed that the action illustrated the inept corporate mentality of the Jackson Hole Preserve, Inc. He predicted that their litigation would evoke "serious repercussions" from local residents.<sup>185</sup> He was correct.

In November of 1945, Murie resigned his directorship in protest to the proposed Jackson Hole Game Park. Conceived by Rockefeller, this plan envisioned a "wildlife display" where tourists could view animals with a minimum of exertion. Rockefeller's decision came as a distinct "shock" to Murie who believed that the plans remained tentative. Once again, he complained to Vanderbilt Webb, president of the Jackson Hole Preserve, that he was "being left in the dark." Murie considered the wildlife park a "ludicrous intrusion" within the majestic valley and pronounced the display a "zoo-like menagerie."<sup>186</sup> Years of wilderness travel had taught Murie that appreciation for nature was proportionate to the energy expended. Elaborating his opposition in an essay published in the *National Parks Magazine*, he stated that "discovering a bull moose has lost some of its value when you know that, without any effort, you can drive into the valley and see one under fence."<sup>187</sup> When Rockefeller ignored these criticisms and declared the park a "*fait accompli*," Murie resigned without bitterness, knowing that he must do so to preserve his integrity.

Murie had become embroiled in a larger controversy when on

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<sup>184</sup>Margaret and Olaus Murie, *Wapiti Wilderness*, p. 120.

<sup>185</sup>Olaus Murie to Vanderbilt Webb, September 1, 1944. Kenneth Chorley to Olaus Murie, September 11, 1944, in OMC, Box 1, WHRC.

<sup>186</sup>Olaus Murie to Vanderbilt Webb, November 4, 1945. Olaus Murie, "Wildlife Exhibit," *Jackson Hole Courier*, 8 November, 1945, in OMC, Box 1, WHRC.

<sup>187</sup>Olaus Murie, "Fenced Wildlife for Jackson Hole," *National Parks Magazine*, 1946, pp. 8-11.

March 15, 1943, President Roosevelt proclaimed Jackson Hole National Monument. His declaration transferred some 220,000 acres to the east and adjacent to Grand Teton National Park into the national park system. It also added over 49,000 acres of private lands, the majority of which had been purchased by Rockefeller's Jackson Hole Preserve. Murie was completing a survey of winter elk losses along the Gros Ventre River the day the monument was proclaimed. Like many preservationists, he was "stunned" upon first learning of the action. This disbelief, however, quickly turned to jubilation. Many Jackson residents did not share his enthusiasm and they quickly organized a campaign to abolish the new monument.<sup>188</sup>

Murie's involvement deepened when Victor H. Cahalane, head of the Wildlife Management Division of the National Park Service, requested his services in formulating a comprehensive management plan for the monument. Writing to W. B. Bell, chief of Wildlife Research in the Biological Survey, Cahalane contended that "Mr. Olaus J. Murie undoubtedly knows more than anyone else about the fauna of Jackson Hole, and he can supply us with many needed facts."<sup>189</sup> Bell agreed. A few days later, he solicited information from Murie on a complex series of topics, ranging from the monument's impact on hunting to the prospects for wildlife restorations or reductions.<sup>190</sup>

Murie presented his recommendations a few weeks later during a National Park Service Conference in Chicago. Regarding hunting within the monument, he noted that only one area would be closed due to its creation. Murie argued that this region had a dubious hunting value for it had been easily accessible by car. In previous seasons, he continued, hunting had degenerated into a "firing line" where hunters sometimes slaughtered elk from car windows, without ever emerging from their automobiles. He was convinced that "under normal times, in the absence of this monument controversy, the sportsmen would undoubtedly prefer not to have this area opened to hunting." This suggestion more closely reflected his own sentiments than the majority of sportsmen. He had recently stopped hunting "because of the danger of unreliable hunters." In truth, powerful hunting organizations which opposed termination of hunting within the national monument presented a formidable obstacle for the implementation of his proposals.<sup>191</sup>

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<sup>188</sup>Margaret and Olaus Murie, *Wapiti Wilderness*, pp. 121-122. See also "Citizens of Jackson Hole Committee," to Olaus Murie, November 15, 1943, in OMC, Box 1, of WHRC.

<sup>189</sup>Victor H. Cahalane to W. B. Bell, April 7, 1943, in OMC, Box 1, of WHRC.

<sup>190</sup>W. B. Bell to Olaus Murie, April 8, 1943, in OMC, Box 1, of WHRC.

<sup>191</sup>Olaus Murie to W. B. Bell, April 16, 1943, in OMC, Box 1, of WHRC.

Continuing, Murie turned to the reduction of the Jackson Hole elk herd. He recognized that the new monument might hinder future reductions of the overstocked herd, especially with hunting prohibited. But, according to his records "hunting had always been minimal in effect" and if reopened "it would still be necessary to reduce the herd on the elk refuge." Murie preferred not to set the precedent of allowing hunting within a national monument and believed that park officials should conduct any reduction programs.<sup>192</sup> Unfortunately, the need to reduce the herd provided sportsmen with an understandable argument to secure "regulated" hunting inside the monument. After 1950, deputized hunters would be permitted to kill elk in one portion of the national monument. One historian has described this provision as an "unfortunate concession to the selfish demands of Wyoming sportsmen" and "an insult to the Park Service and ordinary decency."<sup>193</sup>

About this time, the state of Wyoming sought redress through the judiciary. In the *State of Wyoming v. Franke*, 58 F.S. 890 (1945) the state attempted to prove that Jackson Hole National Monument did not merit national monument status under the Antiquities Act of 1906—the enabling act by which presidents could proclaim national monuments. The act specified that national monuments must contain objects of archaeological, scientific or scenic interest. Both the state of Wyoming and the National Park Service provided expert testimony as to the scientific and historic mediocrity or distinctiveness of the new monument.

Olaus J. Murie was one of many who testified on behalf of the National Park Service. Speaking before Judge T. Blake Kennedy of the U.S. District Court, District of Wyoming, sitting at Sheridan, he argued that Jackson Hole National Monument was unique and of outstanding biological interest. The naturalist pointed out that the area contained more than 120 species of birds, included forty species of mammals and provided a natural migratory trail for the elk.<sup>194</sup> A more knowledgeable and enthusiastic witness could not have been found. Murie had remarked to a friend shortly before the trial, "I have tramped over much of it and have driven over some of the back roads and to me the whole thing is exhilarating." The entire valley, he concluded, "is of national park calibre."<sup>195</sup>

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<sup>192</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>193</sup>John Ise, *Our National Park Policy*, p. 507.

<sup>194</sup>Memorandum from Jackson Price, Chief Counsel, to the Director, August 30, 1944, reprinted in Leo H. Diederich et.al. (eds.) *Jackson Hole National Monument, Wyoming: A Compendium of Important Papers Covering Negotiations in the Establishment and Administration of the National Monument*, 4 Vols., (Washington, D.C., ca. 1945, 1950), 2, Pt. 3, Exhibit 33, p. 13. Copy of the four volumes in WHRC.

<sup>195</sup>Olaus Murie to Henry B. Ward, May 12, 1943, in OMC, Box 1 of WHRC.

Judge Kennedy in August of 1944, evaded a controversial decision by ruling that it "was a controversy between the legislative and executive branches of the Government in which . . . the court cannot interfere." Although clearly an equivocation, the National Park Service claimed the dismissed case as a victory for conservation. Newton B. Drury, director of the National Park Service, congratulated Murie for his "influential" testimony which contributed to the final verdict.<sup>196</sup>

Much of Murie's testimony refuted the official stance of the Wilderness Society. Robert Sterling Yard, president of the Society, had attacked the monument in the October 1943 issue of *The Living Wilderness*. Yard reminded his readers that Jackson Lake was in reality a reservoir, the result of dam construction in 1911. Through the 1930s, the president continued, he had opposed the inclusion of all Jackson Hole within Grand Teton National Park "because it would add another Hetch Hetchy to the system." By including a reservoir within the monument, he concluded, "a dangerous precedent would be set whereby the integrity of the national park system would be threatened."<sup>197</sup> Murie disagreed with what he considered the doctrinaire stance of Yard. He feared that the Wilderness Society was becoming too "pure" in its defense of wilderness. This policy, he warned, might splinter the organization into opposing factions and thereby weaken the conservation movement. Writing to Charles Vorhies, secretary-treasurer of the Arizona Wildlife Federation, Murie stated that such an "altruistic stance" as that of Yard might also "fuel the flames that may yet destroy the national park system."<sup>198</sup>

When Devereux Butcher, executive director of the National Parks Association, asked Murie to write an article supporting the monument, but constructively criticizing some of its features, he consented.<sup>199</sup> His brief essay, "Jackson Hole National Monument," considered Roosevelt's proclamation a *fait accompli*. It suggested that conservationists direct their efforts toward "the vital question: What kind of administration of this area are we to have?" Murie objected to what he labeled "the piecemeal criticism" of the monument. Those persons who criticized the value of a "monotonous country of sage flats," he argued, were ignorant of its biological and historical significance. Murie emphasized

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<sup>196</sup>Newton B. Drury to Olaus Murie, August 29, 1944 in OMC, Box 1, of WHRC.

<sup>197</sup>Robert Yard, "Jackson Hole National Monument Borrows Its Grandeur From Surrounding Mountains," *The Living Wilderness*, (October, 1943, p. 3.

<sup>198</sup>Olaus Murie to Charles T. Vorhies, August 30, 1944, in OMC, Box 1, of WHRC.

<sup>199</sup>Devereux Butcher to Olaus Murie, June 3, 1943. Olaus Murie to Devereux Butcher, June 15, 1943, in OMC, Box 1, of WHRC.

that "here at one time ranged the bison and the antelope. Here, still we find the sage grouse. And here too, pass many of the Jackson Hole elk in annual migration." The quality of land was not on trial, Murie asserted, but "whether or not we can retain the ability to be attuned to the many facets of primitive America and keep our souls receptive to their uplifting message."<sup>200</sup>

The successful defense of Jackson Hole National Monument was soon tempered by the death of Robert Sterling Yard. For nearly a decade, Yard bore the administrative burden of serving not only as president, but as executive editor of *The Living Wilderness*. Because of his recent opposition to Jackson Hole National Monument, Yard had received criticism. Yet, Murie expressed the sentiment of most conservationists when describing Yard as a "quiet, thoughtful . . . experienced writer and editor" and a "determined fighter for high ideals, uncompromising defender of standards." His death constituted a severe loss to the preservation movement.<sup>201</sup>

In April of 1945, Benton MacKaye, newly elected president of the Wilderness Society, requested that Murie assume the directorship. He was tempted, for the position offered the opportunity to serve in a cause in which he believed. In addition, he was more dissatisfied than ever with his position with the Survey. For the past decade, the Survey had shuffled him throughout the western portion of the United States. His investigations ranged from the Sheldon Antelope Range and Refuge of northwestern Nevada to the deer of northern Minnesota. The time allotted for these studies, Murie contended, rarely exceeded a month and thereby resulted in superficial work. In a letter to Robert Griggs, he reported that division heads manipulated field biologists "like chess players to get jobs done." Furthermore, bureaucratic channels and procedures were growing tiresome. "For years," Murie asserted, "I have tried to get the clue to the snarl of red tape that chokes the government scientist." After nearly two decades, he admitted that it still "remained a mystery."<sup>202</sup>

Murie's most recent assignment was indicative of his frustration. The Survey again had lent his services to the National Park Service. He was to investigate the "Yellowstone bear problem." He did not consider the job commensurate with his scientific training and believed that a younger biologist could determine how best to

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<sup>200</sup>Olaus Murie, "The Jackson Hole National Monument," *National Parks Magazine*, October, 1943, pp. 3-7.

<sup>201</sup>Olaus Murie, "Bob Marshall and Bob Yard," *The Living Wilderness*, 10 December, 1945, frontispiece.

<sup>202</sup>Olaus Murie to Robert F. Griggs, January 22, 1945, in OMC, Box 46. of CBDPL.



protect the public from bear attacks.<sup>203</sup> More important, the Survey still refused to adopt an enlightened attitude toward predators. Writing to the Chief of the Biological Survey, he complained that the Division of Economic Investigation had developed into a self-perpetuating bureaucracy. That division's predator reduction campaigns "were in great part designed to insure continuance of appropriations." The Survey had maintained its publicity campaign for so long, Murie added, that "the Bureau convinced itself that certain species at least were particularly bad and unworthy of consideration." He, in combination with a "small group of scientists," had stressed the ecological role of predators. The majority, however, criticized them "as theorists, and impractical." In short, his was a minority problem and so it appeared destined to remain.<sup>204</sup>

If repelled from his position with the Survey, Murie was attracted by his duties with the Wilderness Society. Through *The Living Wilderness*, his opinions could reach a large audience. More important, as director he could accommodate his interest in wildlife and wilderness preservation.

A sense of urgency motivated his final decision. As the war ended, Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes grew preoccupied with massive hydroelectric power projects. Planning for these regional water-power projects shifted into high gear when in the spring of 1945 Harry Truman entered the White House. The new president proposed the immediate development of the Columbia and Missouri River systems along the lines of the earlier Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA).<sup>205</sup> "The blueprints" for these projects, Murie believed, "virtually postulate lifting the face of nature." So many dams have been planned, he added, that "they cannot be conveniently listed." When Murie offered his resignation to the Chief of the Biological Survey in September of 1945, he asserted that "never before has there been a greater threat to what remains of primeval America."<sup>206</sup> As director of the Wilderness Society, Murie was convinced that he would perform an important service for the American people by protecting those few remaining primitive areas.

Initially, Murie had hesitated to accept the position because he believed it might entail a transfer from Wyoming. Murie went so far to offer to take the job for half pay provided he could

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<sup>203</sup>Interview with Margaret Murie, January 11, 1977.

<sup>204</sup>Olaus Murie to Clarence Cottam, Associate Chief of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, December 10, 1947, in OMC, Box 46, of CBDPL.

<sup>205</sup>Elmo Richardson, *Dams, Parks and Politics: Resource Development and Preservation in the Truman-Eisenhower Era* (Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 1973), pp. 14-19.

<sup>206</sup>Murie, "Bob Marshall and Bob Yard."

remain in Jackson Hole. One thing was certain, he later recalled: "I didn't want to be in Washington."<sup>207</sup> This problem was resolved by the appointment of Howard Zahniser as executive secretary of the Wilderness Society and as editor of *The Living Wilderness*. Zahniser, destined to be the architect of the 1964 Wilderness Act, would administer the Society's Washington office. Murie, from his home in Moose, Wyoming, would appraise and formulate policies of wilderness preservation in addition to his administrative tasks.<sup>208</sup>

It was an ideal arrangement. Both men were already friends, having first met while Zahniser served as an editor for the Biological Survey. In addition, both were accomplished writers. In many ways, the professional relationship between Murie and Zahniser was reminiscent of that between Marshall and Yard. Like Yard, Zahniser was the more skillful administrator and effective lobbyist. Like Marshall, Murie was the motivator, the driving force behind most crusades. His precise knowledge of wilderness areas across the country would provide the Society with needed firsthand information. At first, the division of responsibility was undefined. The separation of duties would evolve gradually by trial and error over a decade of preservation battles.

#### A DEFENDER OF WILDERNESS

When Olaus Murie assumed the directorship of the Wilderness Society, the conservation movement was on the defensive. The general postwar public sentiment favored unrestricted development of natural resources. Interior Secretary Harold Ickes had angered many westerners by enlarging the national park system and by upholding it inviolate during wartime mobilization. Many Congressional leaders still smarted over what they considered to be the "Ickesian Grab" of the "New Deal." They opposed any further centralization of administration in the Department of Interior. A combination of interests, including stockgrower associations, lumber organizations and mining industries, now pressed for relaxations of regulations determining access to the public domain. In addition, President Harry Truman had made expansion of regional waterpower development a keystone of his administration's domestic policy.<sup>209</sup> These realities dictated the tactics of the Wilderness

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<sup>207</sup>Murie, "An Oral History," p. 5.

<sup>208</sup>"Three Succeed Mr. Yard," *The Living Wilderness*, December, 1945, p. 4.

<sup>209</sup>No comprehensive history of the conservation movement of mid-twentieth century has been written. Historians, however, have studied certain aspects of the movement. Elmo Richardson, *Dams, Parks and Politics: Resource Development and Preservation in the Truman-Eisenhower* (Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 1973), examines the role of

Society. Its role must be that of a watchman. In forthcoming years, Murie must concentrate on defending regions reserved in the national parks, monuments and forests.

The defense of Jackson Hole National Monument was most immediate. Representative Frank Barrett, in January, 1947, resumed his efforts to abolish the monument by introducing H.R. 1330. A few weeks later, the House Public Lands Committee, of which Barrett was now chairman, announced that hearings would be held in Washington, D.C., during the second week of April.

In preparation, Murie began coordinating the efforts of the Wilderness Society. His recent election as president of the Jackson Hole Chapter of the Izaak Walton League provided the opportunity to speak in behalf of "local reaction" to the bill "and the evolution of sentiment in regard to it." This strategy would allow Howard Zahniser to present the official statement of the Wilderness Society. To ensure a satisfactory representation, he corresponded with leaders of several conservation organizations, informing them of the bill and outlining strategy. Finally, he drafted letters to influential members of the Public Lands Committee disclosing the recent shift in local sentiment favoring the monument. To a few Congressmen, including Republicans Wesley D'Ewart of Montana and Frank Barrett, he enclosed copies of his article "Jackson Hole National Monument."<sup>210</sup>

Representatives from every major conservation organization, including the Sierra Club, National Audubon Society and the National Parks Association, attended the hearings and joined in opposing H.R. 1330. Preservationists benefited from statistics which confirmed increased tourism within the monument. Fred M. Packard, president of the National Parks Association, reported that "of the 200,000 people who visited the valley since 1943, half of them did so in 1946." It was simply bad business to deprive valley residents of what should become "the major business of Jackson."<sup>211</sup>

Murie turned to the concept of a frontier democracy to defend

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federal agencies and officials. Roderick Nash, *Wilderness and the American Mind* traces the intellectual and political sophistication of its leaders in Chapter 12, "Decisions for Performance." Michael McCloskey, "Wilderness at the Crossroads, 1945-1970," *Pacific Historical Review*, August, 1972, interprets the 1950s as a time when preservationists were more concerned with defending wilderness than launching an offensive campaign.

<sup>210</sup>Olaus Murie to Richard M. Leonard, April 1, 1947. Olaus Murie to Harry D. Miner, President of the Wyoming Division of the Izaak Walton League, March 10, 1947. Olaus Murie to Wesley D'Ewart, March 13, 1947, in OMC, Box 1, of WHRC.

<sup>211</sup>"Jackson Hole and the Landgrab," *National Parks Magazine*, October-December, 1947, p. 4.

Jackson Hole National Monument. "It is becoming clear to us now that conditions in the valley are changing," he contended. No longer could citizens of Jackson Hole "go where they pleased, camp when or where they pleased." Twenty years later, he asserted, when "the valley held only a scattered population" these "freedoms of action" had been possible. Now however, these "freedoms of the frontier" were vanishing. "Instead of dropping in to see neighbor Joe," he explained, one is more likely to be greeted by a "no trespassing" or "no fishing" sign. Unregulated private enterprise, he warned, could curtail even more freedom of movement. Murie recognized that federal intervention was a bitter pill for western states to swallow. Yet, "based on intimate contact with the people of Jackson Hole," he was convinced that residents were willing to accept it. Many, realizing that the frontier in American life was gone, had developed one common belief: "A love of this valley and a desire to preserve its beauty and primitive charm, with justice to all concerned."<sup>212</sup>

Murie's appraisal of Jackson Hole sentiment was accurate. The postwar tourist industry caused many to reevaluate Jackson Hole National Monument. Unprecedented numbers of vacationers were visiting the valley. Business was prospering, the small ski resort had expanded and property values had doubled then tripled. Murie expressed the attitude of many Jackson inhabitants when stating, "we have passed the point where there can be any argument about recreation being the future of the valley." Residents now spoke in terms of the benefits rather than the liabilities of the monument.<sup>213</sup>

With the local sentiment changing and Congress concerned with other more pressing matters, Barrett's bill was stricken from the calendar on January 19, 1948. The general postwar mood of reconciliation was revealed when Wyoming Senators Joseph C. O'Mahoney and Lester C. Hunt introduced a bill to establish "A New Grand Teton National Park" in the 81st Congress, 1949-1950. The so-called "compromise bill" transferred all but 9000 acres of the monument to the national park system. Although some preservationists criticized the bill's concessions, tax loss reimbursements to Teton County, rights of way for livestock, preservation of existing grazing leases and "regulated hunting,"<sup>214</sup> Murie realized that given the earlier strong opposition, the bill constituted a substantial conservation victory. He expressed the sentiment of most valley residents when writing:

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<sup>212</sup>Olaus Murie, "Testimony on H.R. 1330 before the Subcommittee on Public Lands, April 15, 1947," typescript in OMC, Box 1, WHRC.

<sup>213</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 5.

<sup>214</sup>John Ise, *Our National Park Policy*, pp. 506-507.

As one drives into and out of the town of Jackson, 14 miles to the south, passing through an unsightly parade of billboards that scar the charming scenery, one cannot help but breathe a sigh of gratitude after crossing the park boundary to find a quiet and serene landscape.<sup>215</sup>

Although tourism helped to preserve Jackson Hole National Monument, it also threatened the status of many wilderness areas. Postwar prosperity in combination with plentiful gasoline supplies unleashed a national thirst for recreational developments. Too often, Murie bemoaned, this enthusiasm did not "follow wise channels."<sup>216</sup> In southern California, vacationers demanded that San Jacinto and San Gorgonio Primitive Areas be developed for downhill skiing. Inhabitants of ever-expanding Los Angeles basin wanted an aerial tramway up the steep slopes of Mount San Jacinto and desired winter accommodations within San Gorgonio Primitive Area. In 1946, Lyle F. Watts, chief of the Forest Service, had responded to these pressures by proposing boundary modifications in San Gorgonio Primitive Area for "winter recreational developments." A few months earlier a "Winter Park Authority" was authorized to issue bonds for construction of a three million dollar tramway into the heart of the San Jacinto wilderness preserve.

When not coordinating the affairs of the Wilderness Society, Murie gathered first-hand information on threatened wilderness areas. In May of 1946, he journeyed to southern California to inspect the San Gorgonio and San Jacinto Primitive Areas. His investigations paralleled earlier work for the Biological Survey. He instituted a brief field study and then recommended land management programs to federal agencies and to the public.

Murie first communicated his ideas to Joseph R. Knowland, chairman of the California State Park Commission. This commission had recently been charged with administering the region. Murie warned of the growing "commercialization" and "degradation" of recreational areas. While driving through San Bernardino National Forest, he had been appalled by "the extensive Commercial developments." It seemed that "the city has moved into the forest." He complained that "there is much of the forest land already developed for those who seek or need the comforts of civilization." On the other hand, those remnants of wilderness should be reserved for persons who quest for a more primitive recreational experience.<sup>217</sup>

Referring to Mount San Jacinto, Murie believed that the pro-

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<sup>215</sup>Margaret and Olaus Murie, *Wapiti Wilderness*, p. 124.

<sup>216</sup>Olaus Murie to Joseph R. Knowland, June 12, 1946, quoted in *The Living Wilderness*, September, 1946, p. 25.

<sup>217</sup>*Ibid.*

posed tramway transcended the state level and had become a "national question." He asserted that "in the creation of this park there was a distinct agreement with the National Forest Service that the primitive state was to be maintained, so as to be coordinated with similar primitive areas on the surrounding national forest." By bisecting the primitive area, the tramway would compromise the integrity of the region as a whole. Concluding his letter, Murie reminded Knowland that "the country has its eyes on California anxiously awaiting the outcome."<sup>218</sup>

In truth, the periodicals of the Wilderness Society and the Sierra Club kept the public informed on the status of these wild preserves. Returning to Jackson, Murie contributed articles to both *The Living Wilderness* and the *Sierra Club Bulletin*. He employed the concepts of comparative values and minority rights to defend the mountains. A democratic society, he contended, should respect the rights of the few "who seek the solitude of primitive forest." "Surely these people," he believed, "as well as the skiers, have a claim on the mountain." The "benefits of such mass recreation," he continued, would decrease the pleasure of the few out of proportion to the gain of the many. Elaborating upon this theme, Murie said, "if there were abundant opportunities for wilderness recreation in this region, it might be valid to balance 100,000 skiers against 10,000 wilderness users at a specific site and conclude that skiing would be for the good of the greatest number." But, he concluded, "when we are considering a precious wilderness remnant, we are in fact balancing 100,000 skiers against the entire population." Quality as well as quantity must be considered in the ultimate handling of natural resources.<sup>219</sup>

As the controversy over San Gorgonio attained national dimensions, Chief Forester Watts called public hearings to ascertain both sides. Again, both Murie and Zahniser would testify. Since Murie had become a member of the Wildlife Society, he would speak in behalf of that organization while Zahniser would represent the Wilderness Society. A host of local and national organizations also joined the crusade.

Testimony began on February 19, 1947, in San Bernardino Municipal Auditorium. The hearings started on a light note. Ralph W. Scott, a wilderness enthusiast and deputy attorney general for the state, commented that the Forest Service map depicting the proposed boundary modifications in red "looked like a worm entering a nice juicy apple." Then he quickly added, "it won't be long before the whole apple is gone." Murie added a touch of

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<sup>218</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>219</sup>Olaus Murie, "Shall We Cherish San Gorgonio?" *The Living Wilderness*, September, 1946, pp. 13-14.

levity when he quoted a verse from Robert Marshall: "Now little truck trail, don't you cry, you'll be a highway by-and-by."<sup>220</sup>

The collective testimony of the preservationists, however, illustrated the array of sophisticated rationales for the continued existence of wild country. The studies of Sigmund Freud and William James had correlated man's anxiety to a repressive civilization.<sup>221</sup> Since urbanization was the primary suppressing force, preservationists could legitimately emphasize the psychological value of wilderness. Although some, such as David Brower of the Sierra Club, took this approach, Murie employed several justifications for wilderness. Like earlier utilitarian conservationists, he identified "the value in the conservation of water supplies through watershed protection." He also noted the scientific value of the region as one of the few remaining natural laboratories for ecologists. Most important, he believed that wild country perpetuated the freedom of choice "that Americans now have when they seek relief from the tension of a nerve-wracking civilization." Only by retaining roadless, undeveloped areas, he insisted, could this freedom be maintained.<sup>222</sup>

Chief Forester Watts was impressed by the diverse rationales for wilderness. Perhaps more persuasive was their broad base of support. His Washington office had been flooded with letters favoring the wilderness preserve. Within days of the hearings, he reversed his earlier decision. Stealing a line from preservationists, he announced, "a rising demand for wilderness recreation and the influence of urban living induces more and more persons to seek the serenity and inspiration of wilderness areas." Murie's prediction rang true: As the frontier receded, man's appreciation for wilderness increased proportionately.<sup>223</sup>

If Murie viewed tourism with ambivalence, he perceived postwar dam building with disdain. During the opening months of Truman's administration, Interior Secretary Julius Krug seemed preoccupied with regional water-power developments. Two massive river basin projects, the Columbia Valley Authority (CVA) and the Missouri Valley Authority (MVA), were gaining momentum. In the eyes of Newton B. Drury, director of the National Park Service, Krug's new staff of bright-eyed college graduates appeared

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<sup>220</sup>Highlights of the San Gorgonio Testimony," *Sierra Club Bulletin*, March, 1947, p. 23.

<sup>221</sup>This idea, implicit in Freud's work, is treated briefly in Nash, *Wilderness and the American Mind*, p. 202. For a more thorough discussion, see Sigmund Freud, *Civilization and its Discontents*, trans. and ed. James Strachey (New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1962).

<sup>222</sup>Olaus Murie, "Why We Cherish San Gorgonio Primitive Area," *The Living Wilderness*, March, 1947, pp. 1-7. This article was used as testimony.

<sup>223</sup>"News Items of Interest," *The Living Wilderness*, Autumn, 1947, p. 24.

eager "to remake the world." More ominous, the Bureau of Reclamation continued to disregard the National Park Service principle of park inviolability by surveying adjacent to and within units of the national parks. "Dams and More Dams," lamented a spokesman for the National Parks Association, are proposed within national monuments, parks and national forest wilderness areas.<sup>224</sup>

Of paramount concern to the director of the Wilderness Society was the proposed Glacier View Dam. Early in 1948, Michael Straus, chief of the Bureau of Reclamation, recommended a flood-control dam for the North Fork of the Flathead River in Montana. The dam was quickly endorsed by Democratic congressman Mike Mansfield who introduced H.R. 6153 to authorize construction of Glacier View Dam. Lt. General R. A. Wheeler, Chief of the Army Corps of Engineers, applauded the bill as "an integral part of the Columbia Basin Plan" which deserved a "higher priority . . . than timber or natural curiosities." Preservationists were skeptical and suspected that the dam would inundate a large portion of Glacier National Park.<sup>225</sup>

The role of the Wilderness Society in this battle illustrates their general strategy regarding threatened national parks and monuments. Upon learning of the proposed dam, Murie wrote Regional Director of the Park Service Lawrence C. Merriam requesting all pertinent facts relating to the dam. At the same time, he asked Zahniser to obtain statistics from the Reclamation Service in Washington, D. C.<sup>226</sup>

Their responses enabled Murie to formulate a solid defense of the park. The Glacier View Dam would be nearly 400 feet in height and store over 3,160,000 acre feet of water. It would impound water for 28 miles and flood over 230,000 acres of which 21,500 would be within the park. The reservoir would also deprive several species of big game of valuable winter range. Merriam's letter enumerated alternate sites which would be less environmentally destructive.<sup>227</sup> This information was subsequently published with *The Living Wilderness* and used as testimony in forthcoming public hearings.

Statistical evidence was essential, but Murie realized that without local support the defense would be futile: Both he and

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<sup>224</sup>Richardson, *Dams, Parks and Politics*, p. 23; "Dams and More Dams," *National Parks Magazine*, July-September, 1948, p. 35.

<sup>225</sup>Mike Mansfield to Olaus Murie, August 26, 1949, in OMC, Box 47, CBDPL. This letter quotes from Lt. General R. A. Wheeler.

<sup>226</sup>Lawrence C. Merriam to Olaus Murie, April 2, 1948; Robert Cooney to Olaus Murie, October 31, 1947, in OMC, Box 47, CBDPL.

<sup>227</sup>Lawrence C. Merriam to Olaus Murie, April 15, 1947, in OMC, Box 47, CBDPL.



Zahniser envisioned "a third-time staff member as a roving ambassador" who would cultivate local sentiment and learn the "first-hand details in all the 48 states." Since their budget prohibited any such ambassador, Murie utilized other methods to arouse public opinion. Usually he relied upon Wilderness Council members, representing various states, to enlist support. Murie often diverted funds from the Society's treasury to these local representatives to sponsor local meetings of concerned citizens. In Montana, Murie asked Robert Cooney of the state Fish and Game Commission to enlist support. This strategy succeeded, for in early May, 1948, local citizens united as the Glacier Conservation Society. Their testimony would be important in the hearings scheduled for May 25 in Kalispell, Montana.<sup>228</sup>

Preservation organizations paraded a series of expert witnesses before Colonel L. H. Hewitt of the Corps of Engineer at Kalispell. The Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, Izaak Walton League of America, National Audubon Society, Save the Redwoods League, Wildlife Society, Dude Ranchers Association and other organizations were represented. Testimony overwhelmingly opposed Glacier View Dam. Newton B. Drury presented statistics showing the damage to the park which the dam would inflict. Flooding, he maintained, "would result in the destruction of approximately 8000 acres of virgin timber . . . and would reduce the winter range of the species [white-tailed deer] by 56 percent."<sup>229</sup>

Murie testified on behalf of the Wilderness Society and the National Parks Association. He focused on the theme of social responsibility. When he began in August of 1914, a few farsighted individuals introduced a bill to create Glacier National Park. They were responding to a "social need of our country." As wilderness dwindled, "it became obvious that our outdoor recreation of the type afforded by our national parks [was] something our people as a whole should have for their well-being." This argument dovetailed with his democratic defense. If wild country belonged to everyone, then certainly no national park should be modified before a majority were convinced that "the expected benefits far outweigh the important values that would be sacrificed." Democratic principles were subverted, he asserted, when "one agency,

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<sup>228</sup>Olaus Murie to Ross Leonard, Director of the Idaho Fish and Game Commission, January 5, 1954; Irving Clark to Olaus Murie, May 3, 1947; Olaus Murie to Robert Cooney, October 31, 1947, in OMC, Box 47, CBDPL.

<sup>229</sup>Newton B. Drury, "Testimony of the Director of the National Park Service in Opposition to the Glacier View Dam, presented at the Public Hearings conducted by the District Engineer, Seattle District, Corps of Engineers, at Kalispell, Montana, May 25, 1948," in OMC, Box 47, CBDPL.

specialized for a simple function, assumes responsibility for important alterations of the surface of the earth." It was not ethical to have the Bureau of Reclamation or the Army Corps of Engineers dictate land-management plans and then "give other agencies merely a chance to hunt flaws in its plans."<sup>230</sup>

According to Murie, the greatest peril to the wilderness movement was the rhetoric of developers. The Bureau of Reclamation and Army Corps of Engineers were skillful at publicizing the material benefits of Glacier View Dam. Chambers of Commerce stressed the influx of jobs and money. Sympathetic newspapers portrayed the controversy as a choice between saving human life through flood-control dams or appeasing a few foolish sentimentalists. In one of his more vehement letters, Murie wrote Assistant Interior Secretary Oscar L. Chapman, "If idealism and high purpose has no place in our practical planning then why do we continue to preach it in one form or another in formal statements and public speeches?" Castigating the rhetoric of the Bureau of Reclamation, he continued, "lip service is the dry rot of any institution, private or public, a creeping decoy that can surreptitiously immobilize the democratic process." Wildlife and wilderness were the property of all the people, yet so often Americans were unaware of the problem or were presented only one side of the issue. The people must have the knowledge, time and opportunity to participate in the decision-making process.<sup>231</sup>

The political climate of 1948 abetted the crusade against Glacier View Dam. A fierce partisanship divided Congress on all regional river basin projects. Western Republican governors almost unanimously denounced the CVA as unwanted. The issues of centralism versus localism in combination with cries of "socialism" of the "New Deal" plagued federal hydroelectric power projects. The mounting pressure from conservationists combined with political conservatives to tip the scales against Glacier View Dam. Late in 1948, Interior Secretary Krug disclosed to officers of the Wilderness Society that "large power and flood-control projects such as Glacier View, should not be recommended for construction in national parks, unless the need . . . is so pressing that the economic stability of our country or its existence, would be endangered without them." The Bureau of Reclamation fell into line. On April 27, 1949, Newton Drury could report to Murie that the report on

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<sup>230</sup>Olaus Murie, "Testimony on behalf of the Wilderness Society at the hearings at Kalispell, Montana, May 25, 1948, to consider the advisability of the Glacier View Project of the Corps of Army Engineers," in OMC, Box 47, CBDPL.

<sup>231</sup>Mike Mansfield to Julius Krug, February 25, 1949, in OMC, Box 47, CBDPL; Olaus Murie to Oscar L. Chapman, December 5, 1951, in *ibid.*, Box 45.

the *Columbia River Basin Agreement: Principles and Responsibilities for the Comprehensive Plan of Development* had eliminated Glacier View Dam from its pages.<sup>232</sup>

Between his conservation efforts, Murie found time to continue his scientific interests. In 1948, he became the first United States research scientist to be awarded a Fulbright Fellowship. The grant enabled him to lead a team of American and New Zealand scientists in an investigation of the American elk which had been introduced into New Zealand around the turn of the century. This American-New Zealand Fiordland Expedition studied the adaptation of the elk and their impact in a country almost barren of mammalian life. During the course of their six month investigation, the team estimated the herd at between 500 and 1000 animals. It was a remarkably small increase for a country without natural predators. Murie concluded that competition from the European red deer in combination with disease accounted for the low population densities.<sup>233</sup>

The following year found Murie surveying Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park for possible wildlife restorations. In November he joined with Victor H. Cahalane, chief biologist of the National Park Service, in drafting a game-management plan. Their recommendations specified restorations of mountain sheep, bison, and antelope. By 1951, many of these proposals had been adopted.<sup>234</sup>

These studies, however, remained tangential to Murie's primary scientific interests. Since his arrival in Jackson Hole in 1927, he had continued his elk investigations, compiling information throughout the United States and in some foreign countries. His study, entitled *The Elk of North America* was published in 1951. This natural history represented the maturation of his wildlife-management ideas and contained the distillation of his experience as a field biologist. Aside from a few minor elaborations, his ecological theory of caribou-elk migrations—functioning as a safety mechanism to preserve the carrying capacity of the range—remained unchanged. In 1952, the Wildlife Society awarded the study the Aldo Leopold Certificate for the outstanding publication of 1951. Murie was doubly honored when at their annual conference, the Wildlife Society presented him the Aldo Leopold Award

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<sup>232</sup>Julius A. Krug to William H. Draper, Jr., Acting Secretary of the Army, undated, quoted in "News Items of Special Interest," *Living Wilderness*, Winter 1948-49, p. 25; Newton B. Drury to Olaus Murie, April 27, 1949, in OMC, Box 47, CBDPL.

<sup>233</sup>Olaus Murie, "Big Trees and People," *The Living Wilderness*, Summer, 1949, pp. 1-6. This essay describes his journey to New Zealand.

<sup>234</sup>Lawrence C. Merriam to Olaus Murie, October 28, 1949; Lawrence Merriam to Olaus Murie, January 25, 1951, OMC, Box 48, CBDPL.

for his "service to wildlife conservation." Concluding the ceremonies, the President of the Society stated, "he has fought steadily and effectively for the persecuted species in our fauna, staying the unthinking hand from the sacrilege of extinction." By mid-twentieth century, Murie had unravelled the fact from mythology in the predator-prey interrelationship.<sup>235</sup>

His elk study was complemented a few years later by another scientific publication. In Alaska he had begun collecting casts of caribou and other animals. He had continued these pursuits while in Jackson and in 1948, the Houghton Mifflin Publishing Company expressed interest in his plans for a field guide for North American animal tracks. By that time, Murie had expanded his original plans to include droppings, gnawings, nests and "pretty generally everything that would indicate the presence of mammals . . ." His efforts concluded six years later when the company published his *Field Guide to Animal Tracks* as part of the Peterson Field Guide series.<sup>236</sup>

In the meantime, Murie's role with the Wilderness Society had expanded. In July, 1950, he was elected president as well as executive director during the Society's annual meeting in Colorado. Howard Zahniser was re-elected executive secretary and editor of *The Living Wilderness*. Both men expressed alarm over Interior Secretary Chapman's endorsement of Echo Park Dam as part of a Bureau of Reclamation ten-dam, billion-dollar Colorado River Storage Project. The resulting reservoir would flood canyons of the Green and Yampa Rivers within Dinosaur National Monument.<sup>237</sup>

Chapman's controversial decision regarding Echo Park Dam helped consolidate the ranks of preservationists. Whereas before membership had splintered over such issues as the enlargement of Grand Teton National Park, the dam provided a simple issue around which all could rally. Instead of the previous loose federation of organizations, now prominent leaders united in a few highly centralized committees. David Brower of the Sierra Club, William Voigt of the Izaak Walton League, Howard Zahniser of the Wilderness Society and Ira Gabrielson, formerly chief of the Biological Survey, presided over one of the most influential. The Emergency Committee on Natural Resources quickly began pro-

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<sup>235</sup>"Doubly Honored," *The Living Wilderness*, Spring, 1952, p. 27. This short essay contains excerpts from the Wildlife Society Conference in Miami, Florida, on March 18, 1952.

<sup>236</sup>Olaus Murie to George Petrides, August 18, 1949, in OMC, Box 46, CBDPL. This letter describes Murie's interest in animal tracks. See also Olaus Murie, *A Field Guide to Animal Tracks*, 2d ed., (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1975).

<sup>237</sup>"News Items of Special Interest," *The Living Wilderness*, Summer, 1950, pp. 28-29.

ducing "hard-hitting" illustrated pamphlets opposing Echo Park Dam. The committee also helped coordinate lobbying in Washington, D.C. and muster expert testimony at Congressional hearings. By the following year, the committee had expanded its administrative duties to "causes" other than Echo Park.<sup>238</sup>

As Zahniser gradually absorbed more administrative tasks, Murie performed a larger role as spokesman for the Wilderness Society. Throughout the early 1950s he toured the country speaking to conservation organizations presenting visual shows and exposing what he considered to be the myopic vision of developers. From 1950 to 1953, he became the spokesman of the Wilderness Society. Excerpts from his speeches and testimonies filled the pages of *The Living Wilderness*. Once, when he delivered three lectures for the Eighth Annual Series of Isaac Hillman Lectureships on the Social Sciences at Pacific University, Howard Zahniser published them as an entire issue. Murie's ability to convey complex ideas, such as the intangible value of wilderness, in understandable language, attracted a broad base of support. He drew upon his frontier experiences and his extensive readings to substantiate<sup>8</sup> the belief that wild country exerted beneficial influences on man. He frequently interspersed his lectures with quotations from Emerson, Thoreau and Muir to illustrate how a few "brilliant individuals . . . with a vision" had kept this belief alive. Most often, however, he presented a democratic defense of wilderness. Speaking before his alma mater, Pacific University, he summarized his defense: "We have not achieved that coordination in public planning that would provide consideration of all the diverse needs and aspirations of people, a principle that surely should be innate in a Democracy."<sup>239</sup>

Many of Murie's speeches expressed concern over recent changes within the Department of Interior. For the first time in sixteen years a westerner held the reins of the Interior Department. Oscar L. Chapman had succeeded the retiring Julius Krug. The outbreak of the Korean War in June of 1950 heightened alarm. Several western Congressmen were renewing their demands for access to federal reserves. Senator Mike Mansfield declared that economic mobilization made Glacier View Dam mandatory. When Chapman approved Echo Park Dam, Murie joined the chorus of preservationist complaint. The decision, announced within days of Truman's dispatch of United States troops overseas, seemed to forecast the abandonment of national park principles. The abrupt resignation of Newton B. Drury a few months later tended to

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<sup>238</sup>Roderick Nash traces the Echo Park battle in *Wilderness and the American Mind*, pp. 209-217.

<sup>239</sup>Olaus Murie, "Wild Country as a National Asset," *The Living Wilderness*, Summer, 1953, pp. 1-30.

confirm preservationists' worst suspicions. Most concurred with the much publicized editorial of the *New York Times*:

In the absence of any other satisfactory explanation there has been widespread apprehension that Mr. Drury has been dropped because of his adamant resistance to efforts to invade the national parks and monuments . . . through the construction of giant dams.<sup>240</sup>

The alarm over developments within the Department of Interior continued several years and revealed many positive signs within the preservation movement. While the Echo Park controversy raged for five years, conservationists began a crusade for a national wilderness preservation system. The seminal idea can be traced to such enthusiasts as Benton MacKaye and Robert Marshall. These two men throughout the late 1920s and early 1930s advocated a nation-wide nexus of wilderness preserves. Murie's colleague, Howard Zahniser, reintroduced this idea at the Sierra Club's First Biennial Wilderness Conference in March of 1949. Central to his system would be a commission working in cooperation with land-administering agencies to recommend to Congress additions to or deletions from the system. Zahniser elaborated upon this plan at the Sierra Club's Second Biennial Wilderness Conference. He outlined how the National Park Service would be held legally responsible for reserving primitive areas within their jurisdiction. Wild areas would remain inviolate except by act of Congress or presidential proclamation.<sup>241</sup>

The controversy over Echo Park also coincided with a period when conservationists were expanding their horizons to include wilderness "causes" in foreign countries. For example, in August of 1949 Murie attended the First International Conference for the Protection of Nature at Lake Success, New York. Under the auspices of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), representatives of various nationalities discussed problems regarding the development of water power and flood control projects. Joining with Ira. N. Gabrielson and others, Murie helped draft plans for a "central board of review" which would oversee international reclamation projects. The plan embodied the essentials of Murie's democratic ethic by calling for equal representation in planning and stating that "the complex needs of a community . . . should not be left to engineers no matter how skilled."<sup>242</sup> Three years later Murie again represented the

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<sup>240</sup>"News Items of Special Interest," *The Living Wilderness*, Spring, 1951, p. 45. This item quotes from a *New York Times* editorial of February 14, 1951.

<sup>241</sup>Roderick Nash traces the growth of this idea in *Wilderness and the American Mind*, pp. 220-226.

<sup>242</sup>Olaus Murie, "Defending Recreational Areas," *The Living Wilderness*, Autumn, 1940, pp. 22-24. This contains information on the International Technical Conference on the Protection of Nature.

Wilderness Society at the Third General Assembly of this world-conservation organization (now The International Union for the Protection of Nature). Convening in Caracas, Venezuela, officials from over thirty-one countries examined the problems of hydroelectric and irrigation developments and discussed their environmental consequences. Reporting these sessions in *The Living Wilderness* Murie wrote, "there were diverse languages, and we sometimes had great difficulty with the spoken words. But there was one common language in this group—the language of wilderness."<sup>243</sup> Just as U. S. troops were mobilized for overseas duty, preservationists were marshalling their efforts to begin an offensive campaign. The knowledge that they would be supported by wilderness enthusiasts throughout the world instilled confidence in the movement.

Murie's conservation activities, however, were more effective on a national level. During whirlwind speaking engagements, he ranged from Alaska, where he spoke before a science conference, to Miami, Florida, where he participated in the annual meeting of the Wildlife Society. His activities during the winter of 1953-1954 were typical. In September, he spoke before Wisconsin conservationists at the annual meeting of Citizens Natural Resource Association.<sup>244</sup> Shortly thereafter, Murie journeyed to Washington, D. C. to speak on the subject "Do We Need More Wilderness?" at the Mid-Century Conference on Resources of the Future. In January he testified in a series of Congressional hearings. On January 18, he joined with David Brower, Ulysses S. Grant III (grandson of the president) and others in speaking before the House Subcommittee on Irrigation in opposition to the proposed Echo Park Dam. Within days, he was urging the Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors to discard plans for the proposed Penny Cliffs and Bruce Eddy dams on the Clearwater River in Idaho. These dams, he argued, would "penetrate some six miles into the Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness Area."<sup>245</sup> Hours later he spoke before the House Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, opposing a grazing bill (H.R. 6787) which would reduce federal jurisdiction over use of the public domain.<sup>246</sup>

Murie's winter tour culminated in an eight-day hike along the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal connecting Washington, D. C. and Cumberland, Maryland. Led by Supreme Court Justice William

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<sup>243</sup>"News Items of Interest," *The Living Wilderness*, Autumn, 1952, p. 41.

<sup>244</sup>Olaus Murie, et al., "Idaho Dam Threat," *The Living Wilderness*, Winter, 1953-1954, p. 40.

<sup>245</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>246</sup>Olaus Murie et al., "New Grazing Bill," *The Living Wilderness*, Winter, 1953-1954, p. 43.

O. Douglas, the so-called "long-trek" dramatized the historic, aesthetic and scientific importance of the 189-mile belt of forested land. The excursion came in protest to plans to convert the canal into a motor-parkway. On March 19, over two dozen hikers, representing an equal number of conservation organizations, began the walk.<sup>247</sup>

Although a quixotic demonstration in many ways, with trucks shuttling provisions and bedding to hikers at access points, the walk exposed a remarkable sentiment for preservation. Originally conceived as a small self-sufficient company of hikers, the excursion was joined by so many that these plans were soon discarded. In addition the trek became newsworthy. At every access point, reporters from major newspapers interviewed the hikers. Three television networks, CBS, NBC, and ABC, carried daily progress accounts of the group. At the conclusion, Olaus Murie, William O. Douglas and Sigurd Olson made a broadcast on ABC television. Speaking for all three, Murie said, "this intimate landscape, with all nature's manifestations, sealed off from the frenzied speed of modern civilization, is capable of giving us the atmosphere of that period in our history, a period when man contrived more with his hands and body than they do today."<sup>248</sup> Preservation of such an expanse of river and historic area was the more critical, according to Sigurd Olson, "in a land where opportunities for doing things in primitive settings and under natural conditions are becoming increasingly rare."<sup>249</sup>

It was in this spirit that an *ad hoc* committee formed on April 22. Composed of Douglas, Olson, Murie, Zahniser and other leaders, the committee drafted and sent to Secretary McKay a statement recommending that the canal remain in the hands of the National Park Service and be "developed" as a recreational area. Responding on May 4, McKay endorsed their plan and agreed that "the gorge should be preserved and made available to the people."<sup>250</sup>

This minor battle reflected major trends in the preservation movement. With persuasive arguments for wilderness, preservationists had broadened public support. During the Hetch Hetchy crisis, John Muir could have enlisted only seven national and two state conservation organizations. Fifty years later those figures had leaped to seventy-eight and two hundred thirty-six. Equally important, preservationists had developed effective lobbying tech-

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<sup>247</sup>Jack Durham, "The C & O Canal Hike," *The Living Wilderness*, Spring, 1954, pp. 1-28.

<sup>248</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 14-15.

<sup>249</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 17.

<sup>250</sup>Douglas McKay & William O. Douglas, May 4, 1954, quoted in Durham, "The C & O Canal Hike," p. 22.



niques and had improved coordination between organizations. Their political and public growth had been demonstrated in a number of triumphs. Jackson Hole National Monument had become part of Grand Teton National Park in 1950. Developers had been turned back from Glacier National Park, San Geronimo Primitive Area and Bob Marshall Wilderness Area in Montana. Emanating confidence, preservation leaders were prepared to push for positive confirmation of wilderness through legislation.

Unfortunately, at this crucial period, the movement lost one of its most valuable spokesmen. Olaus Murie was hospitalized in May of 1954 for military tuberculosis. His convalescence would span thirteen months.

### A WILDERNESS COUNTEROFFENSIVE

When Olaus Murie was discharged from the National Jewish Hospital in June, 1955, criticism of the Eisenhower administration's resource policies had reached a crescendo. Preservationists accused his administration of an exploitive attitude toward natural resources. This image crystallized during the opening months of 1953 when Interior Secretary Douglas McKay endorsed Echo Park Dam as part of the Colorado River Storage Project, remained silent regarding a bill to transfer jurisdiction of grazing lands to state and private users, and supported the construction of three dams on the Snake River. Preservationists were quickly convinced that Interior Secretary McKay was the errand boy for vested interests, and accordingly, labeled him "Giveaway McKay."<sup>251</sup>

Although McKay was innocent of the worst of these accusations, these incidents exerted an effect on the conservation movement.<sup>252</sup> By rousing suspicions, McKay galvanized the movement and forced its energies toward political action. In a remarkable show of strength, the preservationists pressured Congress to delete Echo Park Dam from the Colorado River Storage Project in the spring of 1956. Murie, as did most preservationists, applauded the decision as a vindication of the purpose and integrity of the National Park Service. Elated by victory, both he and Zahniser were eager to press for more positive affirmation of wilderness.

Some historians interpret this Echo Park victory as a watershed in the conservation movement. They contend that the post-Echo Park mood was more assured, bold and adamant. Whereas pres-

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<sup>251</sup>Richardson, *Dams, Parks and Politics*, pp. 153-171. See also Richardson, "The Interior Secretary as Conservation Villain: The Notorious Case of Douglas 'Giveaway McKay,'" *Pacific Historical Review*, August, 1972, pp. 333-345.

<sup>252</sup>*Ibid.*

ervationists previously had been concerned with defending wild country, they were now determined to launch the offensive.<sup>253</sup>

A "two-front" strategy by the Wilderness Society gives evidence of this change. On one front, the organization continued to defend threatened wilderness areas. Indeed, the list of commercial interests demanding access to preserves continued to expand. Michael Nader, appointed assistant executive secretary during Murie's illness, would direct much of these defensive tactics. Nader's watch guard efforts allowed Murie and Zahniser to coordinate an offensive. Hoping to capitalize on the momentum of Echo Park, Zahniser revived his campaign for a national wilderness system. On another flank, Murie spearheaded a crusade to establish a nine million acre Arctic National Wildlife Refuge in Alaska, embracing the eastern portion of the Brooks range, its foothills and coastal shores.<sup>254</sup>

The efforts of Murie and Zahniser were as bold as they were novel. Zahniser's wilderness bill represented the first legislative attempt to provide legal protection for roadless, undeveloped areas. The Arctic wildlife refuge, aside from its unprecedented size, revealed a new trend in wilderness planning. Whereas previous refuges usually included relatively small areas set aside specifically to protect endangered species, Murie's proposal intended to preserve an entire ecosystem.

Murie realized that without solid scientific knowledge his proposal could never succeed. Fortunately, much information already had been gathered. While employed by the Biological Survey, Murie had explored and studied the Koyukuk and Old Crow River valleys. Later, Bob Marshall supplemented this knowledge by mapping the Upper Koyukuk River. In addition, naturalists had conducted thorough investigations on the northern side of the range. No biological study, however, had been attempted within the Chandalar-Sheenjek River drainage, flowing southward from the range into the broad Yukon Flats. A concentrated study of this region, Murie reasoned, would complete the ecological information.<sup>255</sup>

In 1954 Murie had persuaded Fairfield Osborn, president of the New York Zoological Society, to finance such an expedition. His illness had interrupted plans. By early 1956, however, he had organized a team of researchers and secured additional support from the Conservation Foundation.<sup>256</sup>

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<sup>253</sup>See, for example, Nash, *Wilderness and the American Mind*, pp. 209-236, and McCloskey, "Wilderness at the Crossroads," 1945-1970."

<sup>254</sup>"News Items of Interest," *The Living Wilderness*, Winter-Spring, 1956-1957, pp. 28-32.

<sup>255</sup>Margaret Murie, *Two in the Far North*, pp. 326-329.

<sup>256</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 326.

On June 1, 1956, Keith Harrington, piloting a Cessna 180, transported the team from Fort Yukon to an unnamed lake near the Sheenjek River. Once settled, Brina Kessel, professor of zoology at the University of Alaska, began gathering data on bird and floral communities. Kessel was assisted by George Schaller, a graduate student of the University of Alaska, who would later achieve international recognition for his biological studies. Olaus, aided by Margaret, studied mammalian life forms. Each day mouse trap lines were laid, scats were collected and analyzed, and field observations were recorded. Robert Krear, a graduate student of the University of Colorado, filmed their activities. His documentary would later be produced by the Conservation Foundation and distributed to mass audiences.<sup>257</sup>

The team worked throughout the summer. Periodically, their base camp was moved upriver by aircraft as they expanded their investigation. In mid-June, Donald G. MacLeod, the Wyoming physician who had diagnosed Murie's illness, joined the group. Observing his sixty-five-year-old patient scramble up steep mountainsides must have been as disconcerting as it was remarkable. A few days later, John Buckley, a biologist of the Fish and Wildlife Service, added his services to the study. During the last week of the expedition, William O. Douglas and his wife rendezvoused with the researchers. While confined to tents during a thunderstorm, Douglas entertained the team with accounts of his experiences in the Himalayas, Siam, other parts of Asia, the back country of Australia and northern Canada. During the three-month study, the team compiled necessary information of the interrelationships of the arctic environment. After a brief reunion with Otto Geist in Fairbanks, Murie returned home to Moose, Wyoming.<sup>258</sup>

To cultivate public sentiment for the wildlife refuge, Margaret and Olaus pooled their literary talents. Over the next few years the couple published articles in *Audubon Magazine*, *The Living Wilderness*, *Animal Kingdom*, *National Parks Magazine*, *Outdoor America* and numerous other periodicals. Their essays described the aesthetic and scientific value of the Arctic region. The couple also produced a script for the sixteen millimeter color film, "Letter from the Brooks Range." The widely circulated film contained scenes of caribou migrations, ptarmigan, ground squirrels, grizzly bears and impressive wildflower displays. The narration stressed that nine million acres comprised a relatively small area when

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<sup>257</sup>"News Items of Interest," *The Living Wilderness*, Winter-Spring, 1956-1957, pp. 28-29.

<sup>258</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 28.

compared to the immense territorial needs of caribou and arctic wildlife.<sup>259</sup>

As publicity mounted, Murie lobbied effectively for the proposed wildlife refuge. In March, 1957, he easily persuaded members of the Fifth Biennial Wilderness Conference to endorse the refuge. The conference recommended that the Bureau of Land Management formally designate and administer the region "with the paramount objective of maintaining unimpaired the ecological condition within the area."<sup>260</sup> Shortly thereafter, Murie was invited to participate in a two-day meeting of the Interior Department's Advisory Committee on Fish and Wildlife. Interior Secretary Fred Seaton had called the conference to hear recommendations on the proposed Arctic wildlife refuge. Supplementing his testimony with a brief slide presentation, Murie pointed out that the region abounded with large game, including dall sheep, lynx, wolverine, grizzly bear and caribou. In addition, he emphasized that the region provided an important breeding ground for migratory waterfowl. "Here the scientist, be he professional or amateur," he contended, will have the opportunity to study an undisturbed ecosystem. Here also, he concluded, people sensitive to natural beauty can gain inspiration and enjoy a primitive recreational experience.<sup>261</sup>

Interior Secretary Seaton's swift endorsement of an "Arctic Wildlife Range," revealed a compromise with economic realities. As differentiated from a wildlife refuge, a wildlife range allows hunting and trapping. His endorsement further stipulated that metalliferous mining would be permitted within the range. These concessions are understandable in light of the history of American attitudes toward wilderness. It was still difficult to deny the claims of civilization. Murie recognized the bill's imperfections, yet praised Seaton's decision as the first step toward Congressional authorization.<sup>262</sup>

Two years later, Murie's vision of a vast wilderness sanctuary gained support. Representative Herbert C. Bonner of North Carolina and Senator Warren Magnuson of Washington introduced identical bills in the 86th Congress to establish an Arctic National Wildlife Range. Although preservationists predominated during the House Committee hearings, Alaskan Senator Ernest Gruening and Representative Ralph J. Rivers led an influential opposition.

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<sup>259</sup>George Marshall, "Arctic Wildlife Range Film," *The Living Wilderness*, Summer, 1959, pp. 21-22. The article reviews the film.

<sup>260</sup>"News Items of Interest," *The Living Wilderness*, Spring, 1957, pp. 30-31.

<sup>261</sup>"Arctic Wildlife Range," *The Living Wilderness*, Autumn, 1957, pp. 30-31.

<sup>262</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 31.

Gruening, a conservationist of the utilitarian school, denounced the assumption that wild creatures possessed the right to exist for their own sake. Opening the testimony on June 30, 1959, he declared: "I do not believe we should conserve moose for the sake of future moose." Furthermore, he could see no "foreseeable" need for wildlife protection since the region was located in a "highly inaccessible" and "remote" area. His strongest argument cited that the withdrawal of nine million acres would deprive his state of \$275,000 of federal funds for highway construction.<sup>263</sup>

Representatives from the Wildlife Management Federation, Wilderness Society, Izaak Walton League, Department of Interior, Fish and Wildlife Service, Citizens Committee on Natural Resources and other organizations refuted these charges. Murie believed that the bill provided Americans the opportunity to "be farsighted." He argued that a democratic society should guarantee the rights of wildlife as well as humans. The proposed wildlife range could satisfy both. First, he asserted, it would recognize "that in the Arctic our wildlife must have more room, a greater living space for the food and the migrations needed by those animals." In addition, the range would fulfill a psychological need of the American people. "Today," he stated, "more than ever before, when we are filling the continent with the necessary impediments of our civilization, we realize the importance of unspoiled wilderness places for people."<sup>264</sup> Ross L. Leffler, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, challenged the argument that no protection was required. Considering "the dramatic increase in population" and "improved facilities and equipment for surface and air transportation," he contended, "the area will cease to be remote sooner than we think"<sup>265</sup> After Interior Secretary Seaton relieved Senator Gruening's suspicions that the range would deprive Alaska of federal assistance for highway construction, the opposition dissipated. On July 30, 1959, the House Committee reported the Arctic Wildlife Range Bill (H.R. 7045) favorably without amendment.<sup>266</sup>

Murie experienced his most satisfying conservation victory on December 7, 1960, when Secretary Seaton announced the establishment of the Arctic National Wildlife Range. While some preservationists disparaged the Act's accommodations to commercial

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<sup>263</sup>U.S. Senate, Senate Subcommittee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, Hearings . . . on S. 1899, *A Bill to authorize the establishment of The Arctic Wildlife Range, Alaska*, 86th Cong., 1st Sess., pp. 3-11.

<sup>264</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 58-59. See also U.S. Congress, House, Subcommittee on Fisheries and Wildlife Conservation, *Hearings on H.R. 7045*, 86th Cong., 1st Sess., pp. 172-173.

<sup>265</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 16-17.

<sup>266</sup>"News Items of Interest," *The Living Wilderness*, Summer, 1959, p. 23.

interests and the relative absence of opposition, Murie realized that the refuge constituted a significant accomplishment. No longer must preservationists wait until wildlife was pushed to the brink of extinction to press for protection. He was encouraged by the knowledge that Americans had formally expressed their desire to retain the integrity of an entire ecosystem before disaster threatened.

Although of importance, the Arctic range was second in priority to conservationists' desire to see wilderness given legal protection. After persuading Senator Hubert Humphrey and Representative John P. Saylor to introduce bills for the creation of a national wilderness preservation system in the second session of the 84th Congress, Zahniser diligently shepherded the bills through a seemingly endless succession of public hearings. Witnesses appearing before these hearings demonstrated the increased sentiment favoring wilderness. Murie joined leaders from over eleven major conservation organizations to attend the first Congressional hearing in June of 1957.<sup>267</sup> Representation increased with each new series of hearings. Furthermore, the bills drew vociferous grassroots support. Thousands of concerned citizens wrote their congressmen favoring the legislation. Although Murie drafted the official Wilderness Society statement and gave extensive testimony at two Congressional hearings, Zahniser deserves most credit for the bill's final passage in July of 1964.<sup>268</sup>

The two-pronged offensive campaign of Murie and Zahniser netted important gains for the conservation movement. From a quantitative standpoint, the Wilderness Act in combination with the Arctic National Wildlife Range set aside nearly 18 million acres of unspoiled wilderness. More important, the acts revealed that by the early 1960s, the American attitude toward wilderness was changing. Wilderness had become something more than land which remained to be developed. Many Americans now began to accept the desirability of retaining primitive regions as a permanent feature of the landscape. Finally, preservationists correctly interpreted the two legislative acts as vindication of their combined efforts. Murie recognized this when commenting in February of 1961: "It gives these efforts a government sanction, makes these high purposes a part of government policy—as much to say . . . Good work, more power to you."<sup>269</sup>

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<sup>267</sup>Olaus Murie, "Statement on a bill to establish on public lands of the U.S. a National Wilderness Preservation system . . . presented before the Subcommittee on Public Lands Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs . . . on June 19-20, 1957," in OMC, Box 47, of CBDPL.

<sup>268</sup>For a brief discussion of the development of the wilderness bill in Congress, see Nash, *Wilderness and the American Mind*, pp. 220-227.

<sup>269</sup>Olaus Murie, "Statement to Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, February 28, 1961," in OMC, Box 46, WHRC.

In the midst of victory, Murie perceived a new subtle threat to wild country. With the prescience of issues to come, Murie feared that the very appreciation which preservationists had strived to cultivate was now undermining the quality of the recreational experience. National parks reported a phenomenal rise in tourism, a rise which might foreshadow a shift to artificiality in recreation. In 1956, Conrad Wirth, director of the National Park Service, estimated that the total number of park visitors had leaped from twenty-five million to fifty million, and speculated that by the end of the decade these figures would approach eighty million.<sup>270</sup> This was popularity which even Stephen Mather could not have wished upon the parks. The essence of the recreational experience, Murie warned, might be destroyed if national parks, monuments and forests were "opened-up" to hordes of people.

As early as 1940, Murie had foreseen the danger in permitting mass recreation within national parks. In a letter to Robert Sterling Yard, later published in *The Living Wilderness*, he argued that "wilderness is for those who appreciate it." To explain his message, he compared national parks to an art gallery. "One feels uplifted," he wrote, when surrounded by people who sincerely enjoy fine painting. In contrast, one feels distressed when encountering "conducted groups who are enjoying the lark, but are mostly missing the values offered." Paradoxically, this elitist stance placed quality of experience above his democratic ethic. Quality, he reasoned, should not be jeopardized by encouraging multitudes to flock to parks. The solitude of pristine areas could not be shared simultaneously by innumerable people.<sup>271</sup>

Two decades later, Murie's concern had intensified. An alarming gap between tourist facilities and vacationers in the national park system had prompted Congress to grant \$48,866,300 for park improvements in 1956. This so-called "Mission 66" called for road construction as well as enlargement of outdated tourist and administrative facilities. Director Conrad Wirth hoped that this expansion could accommodate the anticipated influx of vacationers by 1966—the 50th anniversary of the establishment of the park service.<sup>272</sup> Preservationists remained skeptical. Murie hoped that the program would avoid the development excesses of the earlier Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC). Hotels and roads, as well as people, Murie realized, could cheapen the recreational experience.

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<sup>270</sup>Richardson, *Dams, Parks and Politics*, pp. 112-113.

<sup>271</sup>Olaus Murie, "Wilderness is for Those Who Appreciate It," *The Living Wilderness*, July, 1940, p. 18.

<sup>272</sup>John Ise, *Our National Park Policy*, pp. 547-548. See also "Mission 66 for Grand Teton National Park," National Park Service Memorandum, United States Department of the Interior, OMC, Box 46, CBDPL.

During his last years, Murie attempted to ensure that the programs of Mission 66 did not detract from the integrity of the national park system. He wrote detailed letters to Wirth outlining his criticisms, which ranged from a Shrine of Ages Chapel on the rim of the Grand Canyon to road building within Mount McKinley National Park. His sharpest criticisms, however, were reserved for "improvements" within Grand Teton National Park. One highway, stretching from Jackson along the eastern bank of the Snake River, he argued would "add an urban veneer" and would invade "the sanctity" of Jackson Hole.<sup>273</sup> A second access road connecting with Jackson Lake Lodge, he cautioned, would destroy the nesting habitat of the trumpeter swan. Wirth defended construction as a necessary accommodation to burgeoning park visitation. Murie acknowledged the need for development, but emphasized that quality in planning should not be forgotten. Planners, he believed, "must not be content to be merely administrative technologists." Too often, he added, they neglect the needs of wildlife. In addition, too often developers "strive to bring wildlife and all nature's manifestations into our hotel rooms." Appreciation of nature was proportionate to the energy expended, he reminded Wirth. "We must get away from mass recreation, and strive for quality" in the recreational experience.<sup>274</sup>

Although critical of some components of Mission 66, Murie enthusiastically supported the National Park Service interpretive programs. His intimate knowledge of wildlife was often solicited by park officials. As late as the winter of 1961-1962, Murie collaborated with archaeologists in an investigation of the ancient animal life of Mesa Verde National Park. He spent hours identifying cartons of fecal material shipped to Moose from an excavation within the park.<sup>275</sup>

In September of 1962, recurring health problems forced Murie to reduce his role with the Wilderness Society. During the Council's annual meeting, he announced his retirement as executive director.<sup>276</sup> His conservation efforts, however, continued. In July of 1963, he traveled to Camp Denali within Mount McKinley National Park where he participated in the annual conference of the Society. It seems fitting that the naturalist should again be hiking over tundra and recording the habits of Alaskan wildlife

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<sup>273</sup>Olaus Murie to National Parks Association Board of Trustees, April 20, 1957, in OMC, Box 46, CBDPL.

<sup>274</sup>Olaus Murie to Conrad Wirth, January 3, 1956; Olaus Murie to Conrad Wirth, December 10, 1957; Olaus Murie to Conrad Wirth, October 21, 1957; Conrad Wirth to Olaus Murie, February 14, 1958; Olaus Murie to Conrad Wirth, March 13, 1958, OMC, Box 46, CBDPL.

<sup>275</sup>Olaus Murie, "An Oral History," p. 20.

<sup>276</sup>"Wilderness Council in Wyoming," *The Living Wilderness* 82 (Winter-Spring, 1962-1963), p. 39.



while simultaneously expressing concern over road construction within the park and commercial pressures on the Arctic National Wildlife Range.

Until his death from cancer on October 21, 1963, his life consistently combined scientific and conservation interests.

### CONCLUSION

Olaus Murie's philosophy of the importance of wilderness embodied the logic of a scientist with the sensitivity of an artist. His professional training in combination with his field experience convinced him that preserving wild country was an ecological necessity. In addition, his philosophy embraced romantic overtones, reminiscent of those of Henry David Thoreau, Ralph Waldo Emerson and other transcendentalists. He believed that wilderness belonged to everyone and all deserved to share in its uplifting qualities. Moreover, Murie's scientific and humanistic interests were complementary. Science remained a tool to fathom nature's laws and the adaptation of all life to the environment. An artistic impulse, on the other hand, allowed appreciation of the beauty of nature's intricate web of inter-dependencies. This aesthetic appreciation of life fostered humility which Murie considered to be a prerequisite for an ethical relationship toward land.

Murie participated in the last wave of the scientific frontier. Late in the 19th century, scientists such as John Wesley Powell, Clarence King and Ferdinand V. Hayden had explored and charted much of the western portion of the United States. By the second decade of the 20th century, North America had been largely surveyed, classified and civilized. Only the far northland contained regions where blank spaces on maps remained. Murie's biological explorations of Hudson Bay, Labrador and Alaska penetrated arctic sectors in which no white man had ventured. His field observations convinced him that exploration was a fundamental impulse. Much like John Muir, he believed that centuries of a primitive existence had inculcated within man a yearning for adventure and close contact with nature. These deeply rooted impulses were something that urban life could never satisfy. Deprive modern man of periodic returns to wilderness and anxieties arose; indulge his primitive longings and mental and physical rejuvenation resulted. Throughout his career, Murie declined professional positions which required a transfer from the rugged environment of Jackson Hole to an urban setting.

Murie's biological investigations contributed to the advancement of the rudimentary science of ecology. His "Alaska-Yukon Caribou" monograph demonstrated that plant life was intimately linked to the health and distribution of big game populations. His research into the food habits of the coyote shed light on the necessary role of predatory animals. Both studies revealed the myriad

of inter-relationships functioning within the environment and influenced a reappraisal of management policies. Naturalists began to evolve from manipulating environmental factors to allowing the ecosystem to seek its natural equilibrium. He recognized that wild environments could serve as natural laboratories for ecological studies. Never content with the mere advancement of scientific theory, however, Murie applied his precepts at the level of land manager. During the late 1930s, he initiated experiments in "natural elk management" which employed a "hands-off" philosophy, an emphasis accepted today.

Murie gradually became concerned that future game managers might become mere technicians or what he called "philosophical illiterates." Too often, he complained, naturalists ignore the implications of ecology. This new science implied respect for the rights of life and the sensitivities of all fellow beings. A scientific monograph, he contended, would be socially irresponsible unless it appraised the needs of wildlife in conjunction with an ever encroaching civilization.

Murie's retirement from the Biological Survey in 1945 and his subsequent appointment as Director of the Wilderness Society was not unique in the conservation movement. By the mid-1930s, many scientists, including Aldo Leopold and Robert Marshall, had abandoned their careers. Like Murie, these men had become dissatisfied with the utilitarian resource policy practiced by their respective agencies. Their ideas clashed sharply with those who advocated an expansive and multiple-use program of resource management. These aesthetic conservationists believed that an increasingly urban and industrial society should place a premium on preservation of pristine regions. They were less influenced by the writings of George Perkins Marsh and John Wesley Powell than those of Henry David Thoreau and John Muir. There was little room in federal agencies for an individual strongly wedded to such "impractical" precepts. Murie felt more at ease defending wilderness and wildlife while presiding over the Wilderness Society.

Murie's values and ideas paralleled those of many leaders of the preservation movement. He accepted the inevitability of progress, but cautioned against spoliation of wilderness, for it had intangible values. He crusaded for reform, yet remained essentially moderate, working within the political system. He believed that modern man could experience psychological release and find inspiration within a primitive environment. Wilderness areas were "fountains of life," sustaining mental as well as physical health. He was drawn to the writings of Ernest Thompson Seton, Henry David Thoreau and John Muir, all of which glorified the primitive. Moreover, his extensive travels in the Canadian and Alaskan frontiers had convinced him that wilderness appreciation was proportionate to the exertion expended. His was an extreme position

which considered that the highest use constituted primitive recreational use.

Murie's professional training taught him to place personal integrity above pragmatic accommodation. His position was determined more often by this conscious and scientific fact than by commercial or political expedience. Yet, Murie was willing to compromise on minor issues. Unlike "purists" such as Robert Sterling Yard, he supported the efficacy of compromise to maintain unity within the conservation movement. He demonstrated this willingness by fighting to include Jackson (Lake) Reservoir as part of Grand Teton National Park and later, by advocating a compromise Arctic National Wildlife bill. Only through unity could conservationists achieve significant and enduring victory. This unity often necessitated flexibility and compromise.

Through his career as a wilderness spokesman, Murie employed a democratic rationale for the continued existence of wild country. His childhood along the Red River of Minnesota had conditioned him to cherish the symbols and freedoms of the frontier. During his journeys to the far north, Murie was impressed by the frontiersman's egalitarianism. Like Frederick Jackson Turner, he later argued that national characteristics, such as individualism, rigorously and self-reliance, as well as traditions, including democracy, had developed from close interaction with untamed country. Moreover, Murie drew the conclusion that Turner had only implied: since American traditions and qualities had been influenced by the frontier, he reasoned that preservation of wilderness could ensure their perpetuation. Harking back to the ideas of Frederick Law Olmsted, Murie asserted that primitive country was for all the people, not just the wealthy or elite. Democratic principles assumed freedom in recreational opportunities. Too often, he complained, this freedom was subverted in the name of progress by thoughtless development. Murie believed that greater participation in public planning in combination with a deeper appreciation of our pioneer ancestry could best guarantee the continued existence of primitive country. Murie's democratic defense, however, contained contradictions, for he often advocated restricted use of wild country to preserve the quality of the recreational experience. He doubted that unlimited numbers of Americans simultaneously could use a limited wilderness environment without damaging its intangible resources.

If sometimes contradictory, Murie's democratic defense was flexible. As the science of ecology gained popular acceptance, he expanded his defense to include the rights and needs of all life forms. This conviction helped to revise the Western, Judeo-Christian ethic which granted man benevolent usufruct of all floral and faunal resources. A democratic society, Murie contended, should protect the rights to growth, nourishment and self-

determination of all species; should preserve their rights against blatant extermination; and most importantly, should ensure that their essential purpose in the intricate chain of creation be not irrevocably destroyed. Murie's democratic ethic considered man but a fellow inhabitant in a complex biosphere and thereby enlarged his social responsibility to include all animate life. In short, Murie's democratic defense of wilderness and wildlife helped to formulate a new environmental consciousness, an awareness gradually acquiring acceptance today.

Murie helped to chart the direction of the conservation movement. He realized that without broad public support preservation could never succeed. Fortunately, Murie benefited from skillful reformulations of wilderness rationales. The psychological studies of Sigmund Freud and the frontier thesis of Frederick Jackson Turner as well as the land ethic of Aldo Leopold modernized justifications for pristine country. Armed with persuasive wilderness rationales, Murie helped to mold public sentiment, resulting in successful wilderness protection and eventually positive legislative affirmation of wilderness.

No single person or organization can claim responsibility for the conservation victories of the mid-twentieth century. It was a collective effort. A small coterie of trained leaders combined with an aroused public to convince Americans of the necessity of retaining wilderness as a permanent feature of the American landscape. Murie was one of this select few. His scientific studies, his efforts as spokesman for an influential conservation organization and his thoughtful and impassioned writings earn him a prominent position in the ranks of American preservationists.

# Seven Letters From The Wyoming Territory 1870-1871

Introductory Note by Paul H. Giddens

When I was searching for materials for my book, *The Birth of the Oil Industry*, I examined many newspapers published in the Pennsylvania oil region in the 1860s and 1870s—the *Titusville Morning Herald*, the *Bradford Era*, the *Oil City Derrick*, the *Oil City Register*, *The Venango Spectator* (Franklin), the *Crawford Democrat*, (Meadville), *The Warren Mail* and others.

One of the features that I frequently found in these newspapers was the publication of letters from some local citizen who was on a trip to the region west of the Mississippi River or else he had moved into that region. To let friends know what the West was like, they often wrote letters to the editor which were published in the local newspaper.

In the *Titusville Morning Herald* I found seven letters written from the Wyoming Territory in July, August and December, 1870, and in February and April, 1871. Four were written from Fort Laramie, two from Rawlings Springs and one from the mouth of the Fontenelle River. Five were written by "Frontier," two by "C.E.W." and one by a J. Pomeroy. I have been unable to identify the writers but I am inclined to believe that they lived in Titusville at one time.

The letters contain comments and observations upon Indian life and wars, Red Cloud, the Big Horn Expedition, army life on the frontier, the character of Cheyenne, Laramie, Rawlings Springs and Greeley (Colorado), Fort David A. Russell, Fort Fetterman, the sterility of the country, mining and stock raising, the Green River Valley, the Rawlings Cornet Band and Pennsylvanians in the Wyoming Territory.

## Editorial Note

Of the three individuals who wrote "Letters From the Wyoming Territory," only one can be conclusively identified. Details from the letters by the other two writers and other research sources have led *Annals* editors to attempt identification of them, too.

"J. Pomeroy" was almost certainly Justin J. Pomeroy, an early Fontenelle Valley pioneer. Pomeroy and his family followed the

construction of the Union Pacific Railroad. Pomeroy and his two sons were construction workers on the track. Mrs. Pomeroy and a daughter kept a boarding house at Dale Creek where they furnished meals to track laborers. Later, they operated a hotel at Cheyenne.

By the end of the 1860s, they were living in Bryan, Wyoming. Pomeroy freighted merchandise from there to South Pass City. He wintered his livestock in the Fontenelle Valley. In 1870 the family moved to Kansas, returning four years later.

Justin Pomeroy was the first postmaster at Fontenelle. He was listed in the 1880 census for that area as a sixty-one-year-old native of Massachusetts. His connection to the Titusville area is unknown.

C. E. W. may have been Charles E. Willson, listed in the 1870 Rawlins census as a thirty-two-year-old lawyer. Maryland was given as his place of birth. *Annals* editors base their identification on the initials, the contents of the letters and the style of writing.

Although the writer cannot be conclusively stated, two people mentioned in the letter can be identified. One "CEW" letter refers to Robert H. Baxter. According to the 1870 census, Baxter, thirty-two years old, was a section foreman for the Union Pacific. He and his wife Ellen had four children. (One son, Robert H., Jr., died in California in 1940.) The elder Baxter was a Union Pacific roadmaster between Rawlins and Green River for many years.

Another name from the letter is "Elvington Phillips." Although there is no listing for that name in the 1870 Rawlins census, Edwin Phillips is recorded. He was a thirty-year-old Ohio native who worked as a bookkeeper. Another Willson, William, is listed as being a Pennsylvania native and a bookkeeper. Possibly he and Charles were brothers, although such a relationship is supposition.

The Willson connection to Titusville, Pennsylvania, is also unknown. It is possible that he had some interest in the oil drilling activity in the area. Perhaps he was an investor.

The third letter writer is the most difficult to identify. He used the pen name "Frontier," eliminating any opportunity to base identification on name or initials. "Frontier" apparently was a popular nom de plume for Western correspondents during this period. (See *Montana. The Magazine of Western History*, Autumn, 1978, p. 20.)

From details in one letter it can be assumed he was an enlisted man. The pen name itself may indicate his enlisted status because army service was very unpopular in that period. After the Civil War, it was commonly assumed that only "ne'er-do-wells" enlisted in the service. Certainly, if he were writing to his hometown, he wouldn't want to be so identified.

The writer gives another clue to his rank. He mentions that he

escorted the mail, adding that a corporal and two privates were assigned such duty.

His mention of "lint" in the hospital marked from the ladies of "Crawford Co., Pa.," is interesting. He may have been either assigned to the hospital as a temporary steward or a hospitalized soldier. It is unlikely that he was there due to illness because he probably would not have had contact with supplies. He was certainly not a permanent steward because they were not assigned duty as mail escorts.

An entry in the "Medical History of Fort Laramie" indicates that a Private Charles J. Allen, Co. F, Fourth Infantry, was assigned to temporary duty at the Post Hospital on July 29, 1870. He served there until relieved on January 10, 1871. The 1870 census for Fort Laramie lists Allen's birthplace as Pennsylvania.

An entry in the "Post Returns" for Fort Laramie of March, 1871, indicates that Allen's company was reassigned to Louisville, Kentucky, leaving the fort on March 14. Allen's letters from the West may have ended because he was no longer "west."

The evidence that the writer was indeed Allen is not conclusive. Based on historical record and the letters themselves, however, Allen appears to be a likely "Frontier."

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Fort Laramie, Wyoming Ter.,  
July 27, 1870

All is quiet on the Laramie post at present, but I am of the belief we shall be involved in an Indian war unless something is done before many months. Red Cloud, it is reported, is gathering his tribe and preparing his warriors to open hostilities. There are few lodges left here but that is supposed to be a blind. That there are an inadequate number of troops here and at Fort Fetterman is quite evident. To-day there are but 225 men and officers at that post or four companies, which should be at maximum strength 470. Of these nearly one-third will be discharged by reason of expiration of term of service, during the month of August. The command of Fort Fetterman is in the same condition, with a still larger ratio to go out. If there is any intention to fight the "poor Indian" there must be reinforcements soon or the country will be startled by the news of fearful and frequent massacres. Great anxiety is felt for the safety of the "Big Horn Expedition," which left Cheyenne some two months ago for Big Horn Mountains, nothing reliable having been heard from them in some time. It is thought they may have been surprised by Indians on the route there. This belief is strengthened by the recent slaughter of miners by the Cheyennes near Laramie City.

Of all the dull and unendurable lives the one of a soldier on the plains is the worst. It is just dragging out a miserable existence.

Nothing in view but the parched and arid bluffs on all sides, the only green spot to be seen is along the river where a few miserable bushes manage to live.

You cannot have any idea of the sterility of the country without seeing it, all sand and gravel, hardly any vegetation, a short wiry grass without apparent sap, and a few varieties of stunted cactus constitute the catalogue.

There are miles and miles of country without the least water, and on the road between watering places, and old roadsters say it is the best piece of road in this country in that respect. There are two gardens at this post, which by hard labor, deep manuring and constant irrigation are kept in some semblance of cultivation.

Living in "Doby Brick," (mud sun dried) quarters infested with bedbugs, on guard every night is enough to make any man wish himself in a civilized country, and out of the army, yet the men manage to pass away the time. In going through the quarters at almost any time of the day, you will see men "off-duty" stretched out on their Buffalo robes, "sleeping out their five years."

However we have our little amusements, the post (Regimental) Band entertains us with choice music for an hour every evening. Then the Post Reading Room furnishes us with a few leading journals of the day, and a choice library of about one hundred and fifty volumes.

There is also a dramatic association composed of Officers and their ladies, who once in two weeks contribute greatly to our enjoyment and for amature performances they are very good.

Nearly all of our officers having gracefully dropped their brevet rank (lately abolished) without awaiting the order to that effect, and, in consequence, instead of "General," "Colonels," or "Majors," we have plain "Captain" and "Lieutenant." "O! what a fall was there!" Some of them were loth, no doubt, to tear from their shoulders what did them so much honor (?) but it was inevitable, so with a sigh they assumed their lineal rank and patiently await some more substantial token for past services from the hand of their grateful (?) countrymen. Some very cruel jokes were cracked at their expense by those officers who were not honored by brevet rank, but they bore it bravely and kept a smiling countenance.

The sanitary condition of the command is excellent, but a few cases of sickness being treated at the present time at the Post Hospital. The moral condition is very poor, but better since the sutler has been prohibited selling whiskey, which was the worst I ever tasted; and at the moderate price of twenty-five cents per drink.

The "boys" however, get beer at the same price per glass at "Brown's Ranche," across the river, which I should judge was fully



as poor as the "Shoe Fly Beer" so graphically described in a late number of your paper. More anon.

## FRONTIER

*Titusville Morning Herald, August 12, 1870*

\* \* \* \* \*

Fort Larmie, August 4, 1870

Were you ever in Cheyenne? You may have been, but not lately I think. Well, it is at the present time the most tumbled down affair you ever saw. I had occasion to go there the other day in mail escort and with difficulty found the town hid as it was with three years collection of rubbish, the houses are mostly frame and adobe brick (pronounced "doby") which, are a mixture of clay and straw made into bricks 14 by 8 inches; sun dried they make very comfortable houses, but not very durable. In the center of the streets was a miscellaneous collection of tin cans, old boots, broken crockery, barrels, etc, enough to choke up the road. I was informed by a bystander that the city authorities were discussing with becoming gravity the question, to clean the streets or move the town.

Vice and filth go hand in hand; keno and faro are played openly and advertised on the street corners by flaming posters. Nearly everyone plays and the game goes on without the least check (except the want of stamps.) Prostitutes parade the streets at all



—Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department  
Cheyenne, 1878

times of day and night, flaunting their gay dresses, and smiling and leering as only that class can do.

There are some traces of past prosperity and more of decay in this wonderful city. It came up as it were, in a night, and has had its time of usefulness, and is now fast going to decay. The only structures of any importance, are the U.P.R.R., machine shops, which are well built and have a very substantial appearance.

Fort David A. Russell is about three miles from the town, which is a twelve company post. The garrison consists of five companies & the 5th Calvary and H Company of the 9th infantry.

The post is commanded by Brevet Major General King, Colonel 9th Infantry, and is headquarters of that regiment.

Carlins camp is situated half way between the post and town, and is the depot quartermaster's stores for this portion of the frontier.

The trip between here and Cheyenne occupies two days—the first day to Chug station, where are stationed a detachment of the 4th infantry and a detachment of the 5th Cavalry; the next day we arrive in Cheyenne about 4 p.m.

The scenery between the fort (Laramie) and Chug station is very grand, a line of bluffs rising ninety to one hundred and fifty feet in height, running for miles, broken up by passages between, look like some old Castle of medieval times, crumbling into ruins. The rest of the route is flat and uninteresting.

The mail is accompanied by an escort of a corporal and two privates.

There is no reliable news regarding Red Cloud. Some say he is coming in to make peace, others think not.

The Big Horn expedition have been heard from. They report no Indians, but their supplies are fast giving out, and they must have aid soon or give it up as a bad job.

There are the usual number of rascally half breeds and Indians hanging around the post during the day; at night they leave for their "Tepee" (Sioux for house,) which is composed of a dozen stout poles tied at the top with strips of Buffalo hide, and set up in the form of a cone; they are covered with Buffalo hides, an opening at the bottom for entrance and a small one at the top for ventilation. In the morning they come back on ponies or mules, and some on horses, sometimes two or three on one animal. The squaws not having been accustomed to the luxury of the side saddle do not ride sidewise but "otherwise." The squaws have a weakness for paint, and in this respect are like their "white face" sisters, only they don't show as good taste in its application. They are considered to be in the height of fashion with their faces and part of their hair daubed profusely with Chinese vermilion. They may be found at any time around the company mess house and the Sutler store, waiting to receive all that may be offered or that they

can make away with. It is astonishing to see what a quantity of food one of them will get away with. I fed one old fellow till I thought he would burst, and still he was not satisfied. If a platter full of baked beans, two loaves of bread, and a quart of Irish stew would not satisfy him, what more could I do? They evidently have a "sweet tooth," as they will trade anything they possess for a little sugar.

The paymaster (Major Burbank) made his appearance on his bi-monthly visit to pay the garrison on the 27th ultimo. The most of the money went to the Sutlers for "red eye," and the consequences are a number of cases in the hospital, broken heads, black eyes, and twelve cases for court martial. Besides, there are a number carrying logs weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, from fifteen to thirty days, for various offences.

You may think this is a very immoral post, not at all, nothing more so than any other post. I have served at Posts east and west and I see no difference.

Whiskey is the soldier's curse; a soldier who does not drink is rare; and if he does not on entering the army his good principles are soon overcome and he sinks to the level of his associates. It is whiskey that leads men to do most if not all that gets them into trouble, and in consequence drink to their own misery, but the fascination of the cup covers it and they curse their ill luck and drink the deeper.

I wonder if the kind ladies of the Christian Commission have any idea that their work is still felt in the army, yet, it is and are remembered too with grateful feelings by many a poor, sick soldier.

I found among the supplies of the Post Hospital at this place, a roll of lint with the inscription "From the ladies of Crawford Co., Pa." written on it. I find, also, bandages, pillows and various articles with the Christian Commission stamp upon them, showing that the great work of four years is still felt although the impulse that brought into life has ceased. We cannot complete the good the U.S. Christian Commission has done, and is still doing, though it is no more.

#### FRONTIER

*Titusville Morning Herald*—August 22, 1870

\* \* \* \* \*

Fort Laramie, W. T.  
August 28, 1870

Editors Morning Herald:

You no doubt wonder at my silence for the period of two weeks, though no doubt your columns have been filled with fully as interesting items as I could contribute.

There is little news of importance to chronicle; the Indians, are quiet and friendly parties visit the post daily; the report is that Red



—Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department  
Fort Laramie, Late August, 1870

Cloud is doing all in his power to induce his tribe to make peace and is traveling among the northern bands to have them come to his post for a council, he is expected in himself every day.

Red Cloud has decided antipathy to whiskey, and says the white man who brings it to his camp *shall die*. He also says it makes his warriors fools and they then commit deeds for which he nor the chiefs of his tribes will be responsible for they not being controllable when under its influence.

Red Cloud is above six feet in height, commanding figure, erect, and of much better appearance than any of his tribe. He speaks fluently and rapidly, with much gesticulation, in fact half of the conversation is carried on by signs.

The Indian divides his time into "sleeps," "moons," and "summers," meaning days, months, and years.

The Indians are well armed with revolvers, carbines and rifles; they nearly all also carry a bow and a knife. Some of their weapons are of terrible appearance. I have a tomahawk in my possession which consists of a spike on one side and a pipe-bowl on the other, the handle serving for a stem. They keep a tally of the number of scalps taken by cutting notches on their knives and bows.

The Indians bury their dead in the branches of trees or in rough boxes. All their portable property is buried with them. They are wrapped in their robes or blankets, with their weapons, scalps, pipes, etc., and the more that is buried with them the greater respect is shown the relative of the deceased warrior.

If any of them are sick the whole tribe gather around the "tiepe" and commence a series of the most dismal howls and yellings to frighten away the "evil spirit" which is supposed to possess the patient. In my opinion it would be more liable to kill than to cure.

All the Sioux I have seen are well mounted, having horses, ponies, and mules in large numbers, and of the best quality. An

Indian's greatness is estimated by his possession of stock, number of scalps, and his ability as a big talker. The right of marriage is simply a bargain between the would be husband, the parents of his would be bride, a pony and perhaps a buffalo robe thrown in is the average price. I wonder how our eastern girls would like such a procedure?

Squaws generally make all the bead work, and some show great skill in arranging patterns for mocassins and tobacco pouches. I have seen almost every papoose that comes into camp, and have been to their camps, and have never heard one have a real baby cry; they may whimper but crying is altogether foreign to their nature.

Their love of gay colors is very noticeable, you can trade a gay colored piece of cloth twice as quick as one of twice its value of a sober tint. Red and blue flannel constitute a great part of a trader's outfit.

Game is not very abundant in the immediate vicinity of the post; there are antelope and deer a few miles out but buffalo are scarce in this vicinity. Fish are plenty and easily caught both in the Laramie and Platte rivers, they are mostly catfish and pike, they lack, however, that sweetness of the varieties caught in eastern waters.

The fuel for the post is gathered in ravines and along the river, and consists of scrub pine and cedar, for which the government pays eleven dollars per cord. The logs for lumber are procured from Laramie Peak, some sixty miles distant, and are drawn by mules.

On the 22d inst. a brilliant meteor passed over the post at about 7 o'clock p.m.—direction, from southwest to northeast.

The weather this month has been very cold, more like November than August fires being necessary seven days in the week for anything like comfort, the lowest point reached was on the 19th inst. when the thermometer indicated 34°. The average of the coldest day was 41.33°. How is that for August?

If I am not frozen out I will write again soon. Yours,  
FRONTIER

*Titusville Morning Herald*, September 7, 1870

\* \* \* \* \*

Rawlings Springs, Wy.,  
December 26, 1870

Editors *Morning Herald*:

From the fact that quite a large number of Pennsylvanians are resident in Wyoming, I have no doubt but a few observations in relation to this country will prove interesting to your readers.

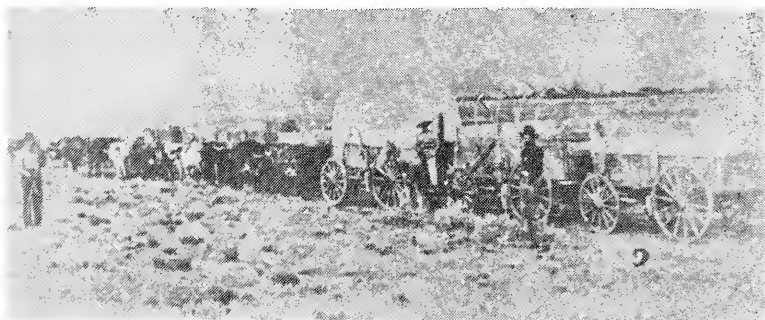
The New Territory named, I believe, in honor of one of the counties in the old Keystone State, is improving with wonderful rapidity. While Laramie was yet a portion of Dacotah, Cheyenne,

the "magic city," came into existence Minerva-like, and is now a town of large population and a commercial mart for the territory. Next in importance comes Laramie City, which is a fast growing place. Churches, schools, manufactories, and colleges flourish; the arts and sciences are propagated and newspapers flourish.

Mining and stock raising are subjects which engage much attention, and next year there will be vast amounts of capital invested. The extensive deposits of coal, iron, copper and paint ore, need only to be developed to expose riches that will prove the assertion. Adjoining is the Eldorado of the new world, Rawlins Springs, which is the county seat of Carbon County—an enterprising little town of seven or eight hundred inhabitants. There are large buildings erected here for the use of the U.P.R.R. Co., and the works furnish employment to many men. We have a large hotel, college, school house, a place of worship, a summer resort—at the springs, a public reading room, a literary society, and a silver band that is second to none in the western country. This town is celebrated as being the only spot along the railroad, in Wyoming, where the noble red men ever came to grief. In four different attacks on the town, the Indians were as many times repulsed with losses and in no instance was a white man injured.

Evlington Phillips whilom of the "oil regions" is one of our prominent citizens. He being an officer of the railroad company, possesses superior facilities for obtaining knowledge as to the extent of our country's resources, and he pronounces the same to be rich. He and his accomplished lady are the life of our little social circle and highly respected in the community. Robert Baxter and many others formerly of Titusville and other portions of Penna. are also here. They are doing well.

To those persons who are desirous of seeking new homes—here in the Far West—it will no doubt prove gratifying to learn the



—Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

Bull Team at Rawlins, 1869

actual surveys of the lands as the Great Highway are soon to be made. These lands are suitable for grazing, agriculture purposes and mining. When in the market they will sell rapidly.

A company from N. Y. is taking out large quantities of paint ore, which is designed for use in the manufacture of paint and Salamander Chests. This article can be used for various other purposes.

It is very cold here. The mercury at one time this month stood at 28 degrees below zero. We are having the coldest weather known in this country for five years.

C. E. W.

*Titusville Morning Herald*—January 2, 1871.

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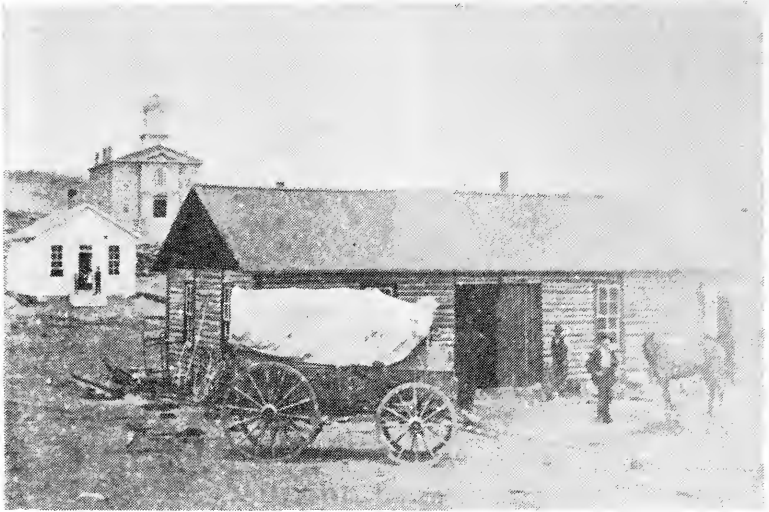
Rawlings Springs  
Wy. Territory, Feb. 8, 1871

Editors Morning Herald:

Returned on a tidal wave it is time, perhaps, your correspondent be again heard from. During the few weeks that have elapsed since I had the pleasure to communicate with your readers there has been a marked change in the business affairs of our young Territory. Now, instead of the insecurity to life and property, and the social sluggishness that characterized the frontier in the early days, there appears to be a vivacity, intelligence and refinement among the people, and business enterprise that foretells prosperity. We have in the principal cities of the territories, manufactories, colleges, schools and fine art galleries, and the busy hum of trade and commerce is heard everywhere.

In a few short years, it is confidently expected that the entrepot in Wyoming—Cheyenne—will be connected with Helena, Montana, by rail, and also connections with roads running East, as also means of transportation for our mineral productions and yields from Agriculture pursuits and stock raising. A fine quality of wool will be gathered in the present year, Sheep raising has been tried and proven a success. To those who feel an inclination for new life, new changes and healthy pursuits, the fields of Wyoming present rare inducements, as a perusal of Dr. Reed's report as Surveyor General will evince, and to which attention is respectfully directed. Our climate is delightful, scenery beautiful (that no poet can deny) and nature when in her more propitious mood presents varied charms to the painter, the hunter, the mineralogist, the lover of piscatory and aquatic sports, and I am sure the philosopher could find many pleasant walks without fear of stumbling over his patron rock.

With all these mirror type expositions however, the citizens, especially of Rawlings, are occasionally greeted with visits from our Indian "relations," and only two weeks since a small band made a feint on the town, and indeed if the Cold snap to the north-



—M. D. Houghton Photo  
Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

Freight Wagon at Rawlins, 1882 or 1883  
Schoolhouse and County Courthouse in Background

ward of us continues longer we may expect many more of them, with their legendary tales and superstitions praying for an armistice, and proposing "terms" of peace, as they will need food. Those of your readers who understand Indian character will doubtless conclude that the creatures have heard from Congress, but that's all a joke. There are lots of Red Cloud's "bummers" continually "around" picking up horses and occasionally a stray scalp. A funny incident occurred last summer, and one which, singular as it was in its denouement, caused many old hunters to wonder on "the uncertainty of human life." A colored girl whose name was Susannah, was with a train of immigrants from Mobile en route for Oregon. While near this place they were attacked by Indians and Susannah captured. An eye witness to the affair remarks afterwards that the girl was borne away triumphantly by a Chief, in his arms.

"When Sioux met Suse then came the bug of War." This is true.

It would surprise many to learn that we have away here in the Rocky Mountains some decided musical talent. On the night of the second, the Rawlins Springs Cornet band, assisted by amateur talent, gave a grand concert in aid of Free Education. The selections were very fine, and their rendition would defy Criticism—almost. Especially the efforts of Messrs. Devold, Elvington Phil-



lips, Esq., and other leading performers, were perfect and exquisitely and charmingly rendered. The vocal music was of no mean order. The affair, which was attended by persons from nearly every portion of the territory, was a decided success, and will add largely to the effect desired, and to so noble a project as instructing the young.

From Utah the intelligence comes daily that fortunes are being made out of the silver mines near the City of Saints. Ever and anon the thud and heavy thumping of burden trains is heard, the cars loaded with ore, seeking its way to the East. The rapid strides that Civilization has made in the hitherto benighted regions of Mormonism (and which is due to the great measure providing for the Constructing of the Union Pacific Railway) has given a fresh and sudden impetus to enterprise. Capital finds its way in there and receives its reward for hire. The streets of Salt Lake are alive with people, and the principal thoroughfare crowded with Quartz brokers.

A due regard for the opinion of men should impel writers to the observance of propriety, so I will close my letters with the promise of more anon.

C. E. W.

*Titusville Morning Herald*—February 18, 1871

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Fort Laramie, W.T.  
February, 17th, 1871

Editors Morning Herald:

My business completed I returned from Denver, Col. on the 12th inst; on my way back I made a short stay at the Greeley colony and Fort D. A. Russell, W.T. The Greeley colony seems to be in a flourishing condition. There is a fair sprinkling of the down east Yankee among the steady going western farmers who have settled here, in fact nearly every portion of the country is represented. One of the peculiarities of the colony is that no liquor of any kind is allowed to be sold in the colony limits. They can boast of one very substantial brick block among the many shanties, and many houses are building that will be an ornament to the town. The country around is excellent for grazing purposes and I am assured by old "rancheros" that it is the best "sheep country" in the world. Cheyenne appears to be on the decline; the numerous fires of late have devastated the greater portion of the town, and very little building is going on. The greater part of the business of the town is in liquor and segars, the numerous saloons doing a flourishing business, the greater part of the customers being from Fort Russell some three miles distant.

The garrison of Fort Russell is twelve companies for the winter, but as soon as spring opens the greater part will take the field.

On Monday morning the 6th inst., a fire was discovered in the first sergeant's room of Company B, of the 14th Infantry, and before the alarm could be made general the whole building was in flames; the men lost the greater part of their clothing, arms, etc.; none of the company records were saved. It was currently reported that the building was fired by the first sergeant to cover his deficiency in arms and other government property. The loss to the men is severe; some having saved only sufficient clothing to decently cover them.

Fort Russell is still the headquarters of the 9th Infantry, and the garrison consists of four companies of the 3d Infantry, and four companies of the 5th Cavalry.

At this post (Fort Laramie) no changes have taken place. General Augur is at present at the post on Indian business. The Sioux and Cheyenne tribes are mostly camped about two miles down the Platte River, and come in daily for rations; they say they are starving and that they can get no ammunition. There has been small issues of ammunition to them for past two weeks.

There are rumored changes of commanders and regiments in this department as soon as spring opens, but where we shall go is yet an uncertainty. This regiment is certainly entitled to good quarters for a time at least, after four year's service on the frontiers. One of the rumors at present is that the regiment will go to the Department of the Lakes, headquarters at Fort Porter, Buffalo, but that is hardly possible, and I do not expect it.

There is very little encouragement for anyone to serve in the army at present. To all appearances the pay will be reduced to eleven dollars per month on the 30th of June, and the clothing allowance has been reduced to less than one-half what it was, making very little for a soldier to live on, and it would be a poor man indeed that could not do better in civil life. The present administration of the army has ground the enlisted men of the army to the very dust, taking away every privilege and liberty that they have previously enjoyed, and now doing an injustice to all those who enlisted prior to the 30th of June, 1869, by reducing the pay. If this state of affairs continue, I can safely say that the number of desertions will be double than they have ever been.

The Herald is regularly received, and eagerly read not only by myself, but by others who have been there and who, though far away, are still interested in oil. The mails are very regular for this season of the year, and only one delay has yet occurred this season.

The weather is cold and blustering, with a light snow; the wind in this country seems to be constantly in motion, and sometimes we have a hurricane for twenty-four hours together. A calm day at this season is a rarity, and if the sun should come out we con-

sider ourselves fortunate. If there will be one glad to get back into the States out of this regiment it will be

FRONTIER

*Titusville Morning Herald*, February 27, 1871

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At the Mouth of the Fontenelle River, W.T.

April 19th, 1871

Editors Morning Herald:

This great Western Country is at present exciting so much interest in the Community east of the Missouri that I drop you a line from a point not usually struck by Bohemians in their newspaperial wanderings.

Fontenelle, where I am at present ranching, is situated about fifty miles north of Bryan Station, on the Union Pacific Railroad, and about nine hundred miles west of Omaha.

The stream takes its course in the Green River Mountains, two hundred miles above this point, and empties into Green River, a large and beautiful stream, whose waters are clear and pelucid, and perfectly clear of alkali, a source of evil to many Western streams. The valley here is beautiful in every respect, the soil rich, grass abundant, and the weather mild the year around. The past winter there has not fallen, at any one time, two inches of snow in this valley, and yet not twenty miles away, the snowy ranges are covered with snow to the depth of from ten to thirty feet. These mountains are also covered with pines equal to those of Wisconsin or those of the extreme New England States.

The soil in the lower valleys can be, and often is, tilled with gratifying results of rich and abundant crops.

As a cattle grazing country it cannot be equalled in the world, and today, within sight of my door, I have a large herd who are reveling in the luxury of young grass. There is still land here, thousands upon thousands of acres in this Green River and adjacent valleys, that can be had for nothing. No speculators to bleed the immigrants—no government red-tapeism interfere with settlers, and further, no annoyance from Indians.

Game can be had at the price of cartridges and time occupied in shooting the animals—elks, antelope, black tailed deer, also, wild turkey, prairie chickens, ducks and wild geese are numerous, while the streams are so flooded with beautiful speckled trout that the angler can take enough in a half an hour to almost supply the hotel. The head waters of the Green River and Fontenelle are at present occupied by trappers and hunters as well as gold prospectors. The former are of that peculiar species of wandering mortals who care for nought but their pony, buckskin suit, buffalo robe, arms and ammunition and a few traps. When trapping is not good the gold pan is used, hence between the steel and copper they often reap during the season of six or seven months a rich

golden harvest, which they manage to enjoy during the winter months. The furs they secure are the otter, mink, and beaver. Other kinds are also taken, but are not so valuable, hence are not so much sought for.

The gold found in the range or on the tributaries to Green River is decidedly rich and very pure. A party of prospectors with tools and materials for building sluices and runways, left here a few days ago for a point about one hundred miles west, where several rich "pockets" that panned out well had been discovered.

This is about the season when that class of men start for the hills and if the one referred to above makes a hit, or, as we used to say in "Oildom," "strikes oil," the latter end of the season will see another immense rush to new diggings.

Some evidence of silver, copper and coal have been found in this same range of mountains, but never examined it thoroughly.

Chance L. Harris, an old hand in the oil region, but afterwards a mountain correspondent, was a guest at my ranch a day or two ago. He has been on the editorial staff of the *Omaha Republican and Council Bluffs Times* for the past two years; but about two months ago he tired of the States, and is again taking notes in the saddle, and very sensibly confines himself to the extreme interior, where newspaper men have never been, thus gathering items of news and importance never before published. To those interested in his welfare, I will say he is en route to these headquarters, mentioned in the first part of my letter, and from thence purposes to strike over land to the extreme interior of Arizona; a truly dangerous trip, but, as Chance himself expresses it, he is "well heeled," and will have long tried company

J. POMEROY

*Titusville Morning Herald*—May 3, 1871

# *John B. Kendrick's Fight for Western Water Legislation, 1917-1933*

By

EUGENE T. CARROLL

## INTRODUCTION

Wyoming's first forty years of statehood parallel the careers of the three "grand old men" of state politics: Joseph M. Carey, Francis E. Warren and John B. Kendrick. Each man, in his own way, contributed his energy and ingenuity to the progress of his particular political party and the state of Wyoming within those four decades.

Kendrick, who was just starting his cattle business when Wyoming was admitted to the Union, began his political career in 1910 as a state senator from Sheridan County, was elected governor in 1914 and United States Senator in 1916, serving in that latter office until his death in 1933. Kendrick was completely devoted to Wyoming and to the special problems that were unique to the western states at the beginning of the twentieth century. In general the primary concern was the proper use and development of the natural resources of their states, that is, land, water, forests and minerals.

Kendrick knew, from firsthand experience as a rancher and stockman, what it meant to use and develop water and land in semi-arid Wyoming. When he reached the United States Senate, his first interests were those that he knew best. While he was a "typical" western representative, that is, serving the needs of his Wyoming constituents, he acquired a personal reputation for honesty and hard work. He was not a flamboyant political leader but rather he was a quiet and unassuming man whose influence was greatly felt in the legislative process that dealt with the pressing western problems of land and water.

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Elwood Mead, later to become Commissioner of Reclamation in the Coolidge, Hoover, and Roosevelt administrations, wrote a congratulatory letter to Senator-elect Kendrick on January 5, 1917. While Mead hoped that Kendrick could make a "fruitful" service to the West on reclamation matters, he indicated strongly



—Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department  
John B. Kendrick

that the Reclamation Service itself needed to adopt a strong new policy toward potential settlers. "Water policy," he asserted, "must be changed to give the West some irrigable land." Mead's letter was the beginning of Kendrick's intense interest in water legislation. Toward the end of his career, Kendrick wrote to a nephew in Wyoming about the importance of water: "The more I observe the effects on the cattle of plenty of good water, either winter or summer, the more I am inclined to spend money to provide the water."<sup>1</sup>

The two letters read together indicate the one, strong and totally dominant area that Kendrick followed throughout his senatorial career. He knew from his personal experiences that the semi-arid region in the West needed water in abundance if the land was going to be productive. He knew from his experiences in the state legislature and as governor that the normal problems of irrigation and reclamation could be completely overshadowed by the wasteful use of water, by the inexperienced farmer, by the continuing jealousies, stalemates and interminable delays between state and federal bureaucracies.

The major milepost in reclamation was expected to be the Carey Act of 1894, named after the Wyoming senator. The Act provided grants up to 1,000,000 acres of federal land to each of the public land states for the purposes of irrigation, reclamation and occupancy by settlers. These settlers had ten years to cultivate twenty acres out of every one hundred and sixty. But the Act did not live up to its high expectations because of the high costs that applicants and private companies had to handle in actual project construction. It was also very evident that the total acres patented were not consistent with the one million acres or more given by the federal government.<sup>2</sup>

With the accession of Theodore Roosevelt to the presidency in 1901, the so-called reclamation acts of the nineteenth century gave way to the Newlands or Reclamation Act of 1902. This Act, approved by President Roosevelt on June 17, 1902, centered on ten court-tested provisions that gave the Secretary of the Interior wide discretionary powers to provide funds for feasibility studies and

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<sup>1</sup>Elwood Mead to John B. Kendrick, January 5, 1917, Box 21; JBK to Ernest Kendrick, December 22, 1931, Box 53, John B. Kendrick Collection, Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming. Hereafter cited as the "JBK Coll." This article is from a master's thesis on the senatorial career of John B. Kendrick. The author is indebted to Professor Robert W. Righter, Department of History, University of Wyoming, for his wise and constructive criticism of the Kendrick thesis.

<sup>2</sup>T. A. Larson, *History of Wyoming* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1965), p. 348.

for construction of projects as well as the withdrawal of public lands that would be necessary for irrigation works.<sup>3</sup>

Two of the most controversial sections of the Act were Section 3 which limited the acreage of public lands to not less than forty acres and not more than 160 acres per entry; and Section 8 which provided that nothing in the Reclamation Act was to interfere with the laws of any state or territory relating to the control, appropriation, use or distribution of water used in irrigation. This section was the basis for controversies in the Colorado River Pact of 1922, the North Platte litigation of 1931 and the Casper-Alcova project two years later.<sup>4</sup>

Senator Kendrick's first action in Wyoming reclamation came in 1918. When the Indian Appropriation bill was introduced in the House, Congressman Frank Mondell of Wyoming, with the support of both Kendrick and Senator Francis E. Warren, asked that \$200,000 be appropriated for continued work on the Riverton Irrigation Project. The item was approved for one-half of the request and then sent on to the Senate.<sup>5</sup>

In the Senate the appropriation was cut out completely. Kendrick immediately attempted to amend the bill with the amount reduced to \$100,000. He and Warren wanted the money to remain available for continued feasibility studies or beginning construction costs on the conditionally ceded lands of the Wind River Reservation.<sup>6</sup>

Eastern senators opposed the appropriation because they said that in wartime, domestic appropriations should be kept as low as possible. Kendrick, tying the war to the appropriation, contended that many acres of land would be put under cultivation, and because of those additional crops, more food would be raised for the army. He also asserted that the addition of these lands would help materially in the period of adjustment after the war.<sup>7</sup> The logic of Kendrick's argument was questionable even in time of war. If the land was put to use in terms of producing crops, the markets

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<sup>3</sup>Alfred R. Golze, *Reclamation in the United States*, (New York: McGraw-Hill Company, 1962), p. 102.

<sup>4</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 102-103. See also Norris Hundley, Jr., *Water and the West: The Colorado River Compact and the Politics of Water in the American West* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1975), for the Colorado River project; Gordon Hendrickson, "Water Rights and the North Platte; A Case Study of the Resolution of an Inter-State Water Conflict." (Ph. D. dissertation, University of Wyoming, 1976), for the North Platte litigation, and Paul A. Rechard, director, *Compacts, Treaties and Court Decrees*, Wyoming Water Resources Institute, Wyoming State Archives, Cheyenne, Wyoming, 1971, for the legal and political documents on the use and control of Wyoming's interstate streams from 1922 to 1962.

<sup>5</sup>*Congressional Record*, LVI, p. 3965, March 23, 1918.

<sup>6</sup>*Ibid.*, LVI, pp. 4119-4120, March 27, 1918.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*



for those crops would be too far away, and transportation would be too costly. Kendrick evidently did not consider the long years spent by the government and the settlers between feasibility studies, construction, planting crops, and harvesting those crops, to offset the total cost of the project. This same logic would later dominate Kendrick's political thought with the Casper-Alcova project.

In Senate debate the next day Kendrick pointed out that every Western senator understood what a detriment an Indian reservation was if the government failed to develop the reservation land. He argued that Wyoming was the only state that had not received a proportionate share of federal funds to develop the project. At this Senator Ashhurst of Arizona asked if both Senators Warren and Kendrick would accept \$50,000 instead of the \$100,000; the two senators agreed and the amendment was added to the bill which then passed. In answer to a question from Senator Johnson of South Dakota on how the appropriation was to be specifically spent, Kendrick stated that the amendment provided for the reclamation of Indian lands primarily and for reimbursing the Indian fund for lands that might be incidentally reclaimed that were now owned by white settlers.<sup>8</sup>

By the 1920s the major reclamation projects under the Carey or Reclamation Acts had been completed or stopped from lack of funds. Eastern senators generally brought up the enormous costs of the projects and the fact that many had not been completed. Midwestern representatives objected to the addition of more agricultural lands because they thought their states could handle the food needs for the ever-increasing population.<sup>9</sup>

However, the interest in reclamation was still high, if sporadic. In April, 1920, Governor Dwight Heard of Arizona wrote to T. W. Tomlinson, secretary of the American National Livestock Association, about a meeting that he had just attended of the League of the Southwest. The delegates were given an outline of a plan for the development of the irrigation and power possibilities of the Colorado River Basin. Heard understood that 166,000,000 total acres would be involved in the plan, with 80,000,000 in public land. Most governors thought that the land should be ceded to the states although Heard was opposed to such a possibility; he felt that the small operator would receive better treatment from the federal government than from the states.<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*, LVI, pp. 4211-4212, March 28, 1918.

<sup>9</sup>L. Ward Bannister to JBK, February 12, 1925, Box 41, JBK Coll. Bannister, president of the Denver Chamber of Commerce, was repeating a widely confirmed fact about the opinions of eastern and midwestern congressmen toward western reclamation projects.

<sup>10</sup>Dwight Heard from T. W. Tomlinson, April 5, 1920, Box 31, JBK Coll.

Within two years the states of the Upper and Lower Colorado Basin had been able to agree to a compact. The main purpose of the compact was to provide for equitable distribution and apportionment of the waters of the Colorado River system. Article 3 apportioned to the lower and upper basins the exclusive use of 7,700,000 acre-feet of water per year. The dividing point would be Lee's Ferry on the Arizona-Utah border. The compact was signed in Santa Fe on November 24, 1922, by representatives of seven states and Herbert Hoover for the federal government.<sup>11</sup>

Frank Emerson, the compact representative for Wyoming, and later governor of the state, urged Kendrick in December, 1922, to secure congressional ratification as soon as possible. He contended that Article IV of the compact would make power production subservient to what Kendrick had hoped for, agricultural and domestic purposes. Emerson felt that the principle of equity would be hotly debated by the states of the upper and lower regions although Article VI would provide for questions of allocation when they arose. Kendrick approved of the compact, but, he wrote, his chief anxiety ". . . now is, as it has always been, that no agreements be made that would in any way restrict the maximum development of the irrigation possibilities of our own state . . ."<sup>12</sup> The Senator, at this point, may have remembered his own struggle in 1920 in relation to appropriations for three of his special pet projects. He had requested \$25,000 for the investigation and survey of the Green River area, \$150,000 for the Riverton Project, and \$459,000 for the Shoshone Project. When the final appropriation bill was passed, he had to be content with \$100,000 for Riverton and \$459,000 for the Shoshone; the Green River appropriation was dropped completely.<sup>13</sup>

With the Colorado compact signed, the way was opened for the development of projects. After the Bureau of Reclamation had completed its preliminary investigations and a congressional delegation had visited a number of sites, Congress passed, and

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<sup>11</sup>Rechard, *Compacts, Treaties and Court Decrees*.

<sup>12</sup>Frank C. Emerson to JBK, December 6, 1922, JBK to FCE, December 23, 1922, Box 37, JBK Coll. Senator Kendrick was not unique in his anxiety about Wyoming's equity in the Colorado River Project. Senator Reed Smoot, for example, a Utah Republican, "vehemently opposed federal construction of generating facilities on projects where he thought private business could do as well . . . Smoot . . . feared Utah might lose the rights to water in the Colorado if provisions were not written into the bill to protect the states from appropriations by Southern California." Thomas G. Alexander, "Teapot Dome Revisited: Reed Smoot and Conservation in the 1920's," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, Fall, 1977, pp. 365-366.

<sup>13</sup>*United States Statutes at Large*, 66th Congress, 2nd Session, 1920, Public Bill No. 246, p. 915.

President Coolidge signed, the Boulder Canyon Project Act on December 21, 1928.<sup>14</sup>

In extended Senate debate prior to the passage of the Act, Senator Kendrick played a formidable role. Arizona, while signing the Santa Fe Compact in 1922, had not ratified the agreement through its state legislature. Arizona's main complaints were of two kinds; one, she believed strongly that the major portion of her waters should be hers rather than California's or Mexico's; two, Arizona was also afraid that if the proposed Boulder Dam was built to a height over 600 feet that it would submerge the proposed sites for Glen Canyon Dam.<sup>15</sup>

Kendrick, in his Senate speech, argued that the provisions of the bill were not extended just for the good of one state but for all. He traced the beginnings of the Colorado River with special emphasis on its origin at the foot of Fremont's Peak in Wyoming. The flow of the river, he contended, included a sufficient supply of water for every foot of the more than 6,000,000 acres of irrigable land within its drainage.<sup>16</sup>

Kendrick argued that the eastern senators had never been able to conceive of the importance of water in the development of the arid West. The soil contained, by its very nature, the accumulated fertility of the ages, and yet, with only eight to ten inches of rainfall and without the use of irrigation, the land was unproductive.<sup>17</sup>

Some of the senators, he continued, were displeased because the Senate was expending unnecessary governmental funds for reclamation at a time when there was overproduction of crops. Other senators had suggested that the whole bill was unconstitutional. Kendrick retorted, "It is hoped that in passing upon a question which involves the consideration of life and property that we are not to find the Constitution and the Colorado River in collusion against the people of the Imperial Valley."<sup>18</sup>

On the construction of the dam, Kendrick said that the highest engineering authority had pronounced the proposed dam as the best known means of flood control on the Colorado. Kendrick asserted that every state in the union should be interested in the building of power plants for the production of hydroelectric power as the best means of guaranteeing to the government a return of the construction costs. The Senator emphasized his strong belief

<sup>14</sup>Golze, p. 106.

<sup>15</sup>Hundley, pp. 171-172, 245, 248-249.

<sup>16</sup>*Congressional Record*, LXVIII, pp. 4290-4326, February 21, 1927.

<sup>17</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>18</sup>*Ibid.* The controversial details of the Boulder Dam project are well documented in Beverly Bowen Moeller's, *Phil Swing and Boulder Dam*. (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1971).

in equitable distribution and thought it better to invest in consistent construction of irrigation projects than in costly litigation between states.<sup>19</sup>

Senator Copeland of New York, in an exchange with Kendrick, asked if there was anything in the bill that would interfere with the right of Arizona to build Bridge Canyon. Kendrick replied that in committee sessions, former Chief Reclamation Engineer Weymouth had said that if Boulder Canyon Dam did not exceed 550 feet, it would not interfere with later development. Copeland also wanted to know if there was any possible way of interfering in future projects on the Colorado. Kendrick emphasized that dam sites could only help with the growth of the Southwest. He then returned to the origins of the Colorado River and the special problems of Wyoming. He emphasized that the Green River Basin had 910,000 acres of undeveloped land, 500,000 of those acres in one contiguous tract and suitable for irrigation. He felt that the proposed legislation, at this point, would be good for Wyoming.<sup>20</sup>

Kendrick's correspondence prior to the long Senate discussion of the bill reflected much of what he had to say in the debates. For example, L. Ward Bannister, in January, 1925, hoped that Kendrick was correct in not objecting to Boulder Canyon Dam if it was not higher than required for flood conservation. Bannister argued that upper states could never be absolutely assured that such a dam would not lead to water priorities which would be asserted against the later appropriations for the upper states. Persons lower down on the river could open flood gates, release the water and construct dams. Kendrick replied that he was opposed to any development until the pact was ratified: "In my judgment," he wrote, "the proposition in hand is simply that of removing one obstacle at a time." He felt that in the interests of continued protection and understanding, it would be well to have development in both basins simultaneously.<sup>21</sup>

Bannister wrote again that the other states should not antagonize Arizona. He contended that the other states should believe strongly in self-interest, though, since the compact gave Arizona, California, and Nevada, 8,500,000 acre-feet out of the river and more in 1963 when the rest of the water was to be divided. Arizona, he contended, would not even sign the pact once she saw what she could get without signing it.<sup>22</sup>

Arizona's refusal to ratify the Colorado Pact continued through

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<sup>19</sup>*Ibid.*, LXVIII, pp. 4290-4326, February 21, 1927.

<sup>20</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>21</sup>L. Ward Bannister to JBK, January 5, 1925; JBK to LWB, January 18, 1925, Box 41, JBK Coll.

<sup>22</sup>LWB to JBK, February 12, 1925, Box 41, JBK Coll.

the twenties. Two other events reflected the political irritation of senators and their constituents against Arizona's almost independent, go-it-alone attitude. In October of 1925 Bannister wrote again to Senator Kendrick protesting a power project lease to James B. Girand at Diamond Creek and the Colorado River in Arizona. Immediately, the senator, who was in Sheridan at the time, fired off a memo to the Federal Water Commission, protesting the Girand license and emphasizing that Arizona had not ratified the pact. O. C. Merrill, secretary to the FPC, replied that full consideration would be given to Kendrick's request not to issue the license.<sup>23</sup>

Bannister also protested to Senator Warren, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, against the inclusion of Arizona's San Carlos Project in the appropriations bill. Kendrick also received a letter from Bannister in which he noted that Arizona's politicians were divided on the pact; Senator Hayden was for the pact, the state legislature was not.<sup>24</sup>

H. S. McCluskey, secretary to the Arizona committee concerned with the pact, emphasized to Kendrick in January, 1926, that in theory each state was entitled to use in a beneficial way all the water that falls within the state. He concluded that if there was excess water in the Upper Basin, it should be given to the Lower Basin at Lee's Ferry.<sup>25</sup>

S. G. Hopkins, through Governor Nellie Ross, received a letter from a member of the Arizona legislature that the proposed San Carlos Project could not injure the Upper Basin states at all. Hopkins replied that the Gila River was an important tributary to the Colorado and since it supplied precious water to the Imperial Valley and land acreage in Mexico, it should not be tampered with until the United States and Mexico signed a mutual treaty. Kendrick expressed total agreement with Hopkins' view.<sup>26</sup>

Kendrick had seen by this time the possible good and bad effects that state compacts could have on large regional areas of the West. He confided to Hopkins that Wyoming should try to work out a compact with Colorado and Nebraska on an equitable distribution of the North Platte waters. He asked if the governors of the three states had appointed special commissioners to work out a compact.

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<sup>23</sup>LWB to JBK, October 5, 1925; JBK to Federal Water Commission, October 14, 1925; O. C. Merrill to JBK, October 17, 1925, Box 42, JBK Coll.

<sup>24</sup>LWB to Senator Warren, January 29, 1926; LWB to JBK, January 29, 1926, Box 43, JBK Coll.

<sup>25</sup>H. S. McCluskey to JBK, January 20, 1926, Box 43, JBK Coll.

<sup>26</sup>A. T. Kilcrease to Nellie Ross, January 18, 1926, Box 43, JBK Coll.

Hopkins replied that commissioners were appointed in 1923 but had not come to any conclusions.<sup>27</sup>

Senator Kendrick's dream of ample water for increased population and agricultural abundance had been centered on the city of Casper for a long time. His cherished hope was that Casper would develop as one of the leading centers of the upper Rocky Mountain states. Casper was already a flourishing oil center with the Salt Creek field to the north. On April 19, 1924, Senators Kendrick and Warren joined together asking authorization of an investigation of the proposed Casper-Alcova Project. The Senate approved.<sup>28</sup>

Kendrick and Warren were not the only Wyoming politicians who considered the Casper-Alcova project feasible. Frank Emerson, state engineer and later governor, had commended the plan in 1922 to F. E. Weymouth. He, too, conceived of Casper as a growing city with its present population coming from the development of oil lands. Even at this point, he thought, the Reclamation Service should develop large projects in the area of the North Platte.<sup>29</sup>

Kendrick's forceful defense of the project came in December, 1925, a year and a half after the bill had been introduced. In a speech before the Interior Secretary's Reclamation Conference, he defended the whole purpose of reclamation in light of what he termed "the current attitude of pessimism in regard to the record of reclamation in the United States." He argued that since reclamation was largely experimental, at least twenty-five years should be given to the planning, development and maintenance of any large project. Reclamation must essentially be a continuing operation.<sup>30</sup>

In extended remarks for the *Congressional Record*, Senator Kendrick returned to the economic benefits to the city of Casper of the proposed project. Calling the central Wyoming city the largest industrial center in the state, Kendrick contended that an extended reclamation project would make the city almost self sufficient in relation to the production and consumption of food commodities. But he warned that in order to avoid the mistakes of the past, settlers on reclaimed land should have to have some background in farming and that banks and states would have to give moral and financial help to those settlers. In March he offered

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<sup>27</sup>JBK to SGH, January 18, 1926; SGH to JBK, January 22, 1926, Box 43, JBK Coll.

<sup>28</sup>*Congressional Record*, LXV, p. 6704, April 28, 1924.

<sup>29</sup>Frank Emerson to F. E. Weymouth, April 11, 1922, *Bureau of Reclamation*, Records Groups, 115, Box 626, Federal Archives Center, Denver, Colorado.

<sup>30</sup>*Congressional Record*, LXVII, pp. 1571-1573, January 6, 1926.

such a bill in the Senate which would have required the prospective settler to have at least one year's farming experience, possess capital and machinery valued at not less than \$500 for a separate farm or \$200 for a fractional farm allotment. The applicant must maintain residence seven months out of a year and he must pay back all his loans. The bill was never reported out of committee.<sup>31</sup>

Kendrick continually showed concern in his correspondence for the beginning of reclamation projects in Wyoming. To Grace Hebard he wrote that the Colorado River Pact had not been ratified by the Arizona legislature, but "... since the state (Wyoming) contributes so heavily to the Reclamation fund from oil royalties, some initial development of desperately needed water projects should be started."<sup>32</sup>

While the Wyoming congressional delegation was enthusiastic about the proposed Casper-Alcova Project, not all federal officials agreed. Elwood Mead told C. J. Bangert of Thermopolis, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, that Interior Secretary Lyman Wilbur did not want to begin new projects until others, including Riverton, were finished. Ten million dollars had already been spent on the Riverton project and no estimate had been taken on the proposed Casper project.<sup>33</sup>

But by 1929 the project was still being explored. In January Kendrick introduced a resolution to obtain the consent of Congress to pacts that would be worked out between Wyoming, Colorado and Nebraska. By 1930 Commissioner Mead could tell the Wyoming congressional delegation that the project was being planned for the irrigation of 72,000 acres. A report on the feasibility of the whole project was made in May. Assistant Secretary P. W. Dent indicated to Mead that Secretary Wilbur had included \$500,000 for continued investigation in the 1932 budget and for possible beginnings on construction. Dent ended by noting that the appropriation was included after a conference between the Secretary and Senator Kendrick.<sup>34</sup>

Secretary Wilbur was also concerned, though, with the possibility that Casper would be turned from its prime role as an oil city to that of an idealistic agricultural center. At a meeting with the Wyoming congressional delegation, the following facts were presented to the Secretary. Only 66,000 acres were considered irrigable, and of these, 21,000 acres of Class I land had smooth

<sup>31</sup>*Ibid.*, *Congressional Record*, LXVII, p. 5261, March 6, 1926.

<sup>32</sup>JBK to Grace Hebard, October 24, 1927, Box 45, JBK Coll.

<sup>33</sup>Elwood Mead to C. J. Bangert, February 24, 1926, BR, RG 115, Box 626, FAC, Denver, Colorado.

<sup>34</sup>*Congressional Record*, LXX, p. 2276, January 26, 1929; EM to Wyoming Congressional Delegation, February 10, 1930; P. W. Dent to EM, July 10, 1930, BR, RG 115, Box 626, Denver, Colorado.

topography and would be suitable for basic agricultural needs, while the remainder, Class 2, with rougher lands, was not suitable. The cost of the project would be \$16,000,000. There would be very little economic return; thus he could not support the idea.<sup>35</sup>

Kendrick may not have fully realized at this time that both Secretary Wilbur and Commissioner Mead were concerned about the feasibility of the project. He knew only that "the future of one-fourth of Wyoming depends on the early development of the . . . project." He told N. D. Pearson that there would be \$250,000 for initial development of the project despite the fact that the House of Representatives was against old and new projects and that there was strong opposition from Colorado representatives. Of the project Kendrick said: "It is sufficient to say that it is justified by every law of economy and of equity and fairness to Wyoming." Historian T. A. Larson, however, quotes former Governor Leslie A. Miller as indicating that Kendrick was adamant in obtaining the project for Casper to show his appreciation for a two-vote lead against his 1928 senatorial opponent, Congressman Charles E. Winter.<sup>36</sup>

In early 1931 the congressional representatives of Wyoming and Colorado sent a joint letter to the governors of Wyoming and Colorado. They urged their water pact commissioners to meet and agree on compact terms for the North Platte River, receive the approval of the governor, ratify the agreements with their state legislatures and then present the compact to Congress for ratification. Joseph O'Mahoney wrote Kendrick that he had prepared a bill authorizing negotiations between Colorado and Wyoming, but Governor Emerson was not very favorable. Kendrick replied that he had understood that Congressman Taylor of Colorado would not allow favorable action in the House on Casper-Alcova until an agreement on a pact could be readied.<sup>37</sup>

In a speech prepared for the Denver Chamber of Commerce, Kendrick described the dilemma between Wyoming and Colorado. He noted that the original bill for the Casper-Alcova project had passed in 1926 without a dissenting vote. Now the whole bill had been changed along with the political and economic climate. He reviewed the original plan of the central Wyoming project. The Bureau of Reclamation originally planned to proceed with land

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<sup>35</sup>Ray Lyman Wilbur to JBK, December 4, 1930; RLW to Wyoming Congressional Delegation, December 3, 1930, BR, RG 115, Box 626, Denver, Colorado.

<sup>36</sup>Larson, p. 421; JBK to N. D. Pearson, January 30, 1931, Box 52, JBK Coll.

<sup>37</sup>Joint Letter to Governors of Wyoming and Colorado from Congressional Representatives, January 27, 1931; Joseph O'Mahoney to JBK, January 26, 1931; JBK to JO'M, January 28, 1931, Box 52, JBK Coll.



reclamation in the upper levels of the North Platte. Pathfinder Dam and Reservoir were authorized for the reclamation of the Casper, Douglas, Goshen Hole and Fort Laramie districts in Wyoming and Nebraska. Large tracts of land were withdrawn by the government as a preliminary step to reclamation. Originally two-thirds of this land was in Wyoming, one-third in Nebraska. Then another study by the Bureau revealed that cost would be less on the lower levels of the North Platte and Wyoming's interests were abandoned.<sup>38</sup>

Kendrick noted that there was agreement in Congress at one time on the share of water Colorado should have from the North Platte River. Originally Colorado was to have a trans-mountain diversion of 30,000 acre-feet. But, through the efforts of Congressman Taylor, Colorado changed her demands from 30,000 to 230,000 acre-feet and she also demanded that Wyoming protect her from Nebraska's demands.

Kendrick used some interesting statistics before his Denver audience. First, he showed that at the time Colorado had some 154,000 acres under irrigation in the North Park country, Nebraska had 600,000 acres and Wyoming a scant 54,000. But then he pointed out Wyoming contributed more than 60 per cent of the water expended. To the reclamation fund Wyoming contributed \$38,000,000 in mineral royalties, Nebraska \$2,000,000 and Colorado \$10,500,000. Wyoming, Kendrick asserted, had contributed more than twice as much money as any other arid state from the time the Reclamation Law went into effect until 1932. He warned his audience that court action could very well delay the trans-mountain diversion in Colorado for many years.

In early 1933 C. G. Perry of Bridgeport, Nebraska, a deputy attorney-general, wrote to Commissioner Mead about the prospects for the project. Mead replied that Interior took the view that the three states must decide among themselves how to allocate the waters of the North Platte. The Casper-Alcova would be wholly dependent on the seepage captured by the Seminole Reservoir and would not invade the rights of the river. The reservoir would be replenished from flood waters that escape the North Platte.<sup>39</sup>

Mead, in a memorandum to Secretary Wilbur, on the proper use and conservation of the North Platte River, noted that while 60 per cent of the river was coming from Wyoming, the value of the

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<sup>38</sup>This paragraph and the following two are taken from Senator Kendrick's speech to the Denver Chamber of Commerce, September 30, 1932, Doc. Box 26, JBK Coll.

<sup>39</sup>C. G. Perry to EM, January 4, 1933; EM to CGP, January 9, 1933, Records of the Bureau of Reclamation, RG 115, Box 626, FAC, Denver, Colorado.

water should be measured by the local need for the crops grown, by irrigation and by the influence of the crops in providing winter feed for cattle and summer pasture for sheep. The cost of the Casper-Alcova project was now revised at close to \$16,000,000, exclusive of power and storage development.<sup>40</sup>

Despite appeals from Colorado, the Casper-Alcova project was approved by the Public Works Board on July 28, 1933. The appeal to Commissioner Mead was rejected on August 11. The problems with Nebraska were to continue for many years with a costly court fight that included the United States Supreme Court and a special court-appointed referee who would hear the long drawn-out case and make his recommendations to the Supreme Court.<sup>41</sup>

Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, in his caustic but honest diary, relates how the project was "evaluated" by the newly created Public Works Board and President Franklin D. Roosevelt. The Board, of course, was created to authorize and appropriate needed funds for public projects; however, the President made it clear that the Board was only advisory. On May 18, 1933, Ickes was present at a meeting with the President and Senators Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, Charles McNary of Oregon and Kendrick, at which time the project was discussed. After the senators had left, the President asked what Ickes thought about the project. Ickes replied that the project was one reclamation plan that he might favor. The President thought that the project could be built under the Public Works Bill.<sup>42</sup>

Ickes then reported to the President on July 28 that the Public Works Board had refused to approve the Casper-Alcova project. The President wrote directions in his own handwriting to put the project through at the next meeting of the Board. At his regular press conference, he announced that the project had been authorized.<sup>43</sup>

Kendrick, who had spent the summer in Washington lobbying for the project, returned to the state "as a warrior returning from battle." Casper arranged a parade in his honor while most newspapers across the state praised him for his long and strenuous work.<sup>44</sup>

By September the Reclamation Service had received \$250,000

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<sup>40</sup>Memorandum from RLW to EM, May 19, 1933, BR, RG 115, Box 626. FAC, Denver, Colorado.

<sup>41</sup>Hendrickson. See footnote 4 for complete bibliographic title.

<sup>42</sup>*The Secret Diary of Harold L. Ickes: The First Thousand Days, 1933-1936* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1953), pp. 39-40.

<sup>43</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 72.

<sup>44</sup>Jo Ann Fley, "John B. Kendrick's Career in the United States Senate." (Unpublished master's thesis, University of Wyoming, 1953), p. 124.

from the National Recovery Administration for preliminary work on the project. Mead wrote Kendrick that critics in the Department of Agriculture were trying to convince the Public Works Board to reverse its decision since the project land would be marginal crop land, there was no need for crops in that area and there was always a danger of graft.<sup>45</sup>

R. F. Walter, the chief engineer in Reclamation, understood from W. P. Wilkerson, secretary of the Casper Chamber of Commerce, that the city had a huge unemployment problem, with 500 to 600 families already on the rolls of the Community Relief Service. Wilkerson indicated that even with a few hundred people working on the Casper-Alcova Dam and the Seminole Reservoir, the unemployment problem would be helped.<sup>46</sup>

With the death of Kendrick on November 3, 1933, the strong voice for the project was silent. On November 10, one week after the Senator's death, Secretary Ickes asked the President what he thought of naming the Casper-Alcova project after the Wyoming Democrat because ". . . this matter was nearest to Senator Kendrick's heart of anything of a public nature. The President thought well of the idea . . ." Casper-Alcova funds, held up by a two-year dispute on adequate water rights, were finally approved by President Roosevelt in February, 1935, with a 1934 water right instead of 1904.<sup>47</sup>

The project, though, did not come up to the expectations of those who worked so hard. By 1961 there were only 20,790 acres of irrigated land, while the valuation of all the crops in that year amounted to about \$1,000,000. Kendrick's assertion that the future of one-fourth of Wyoming depended on the project simply was not true.<sup>48</sup>

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<sup>45</sup>R. F. Walter to Governor Leslie A. Miller, September 1, 1933; EM to JBK, September 2, 1933, BR, RG 115, Box 626, FAC, Denver, Colorado.

<sup>46</sup>W. P. Wilkerson to RFW, September 14, 1933, BR, RG 115, Box 626, FAC, Denver, Colorado.

<sup>47</sup>Ickes, pp. 118-119; Larson, p. 422.

<sup>48</sup>Larson, p. 423.

The boys of the CR ranch got after a skunk the other day when the animal took refuge under one of their beds which had been taken to a shed for comfort during the summer. In pulling the bed around to get at the animal, a rattlesnake was disturbed from his slumber and came crawling out of the blankets. The reptile was 4½ feet in length and was ornamented with 15 rattles.

—*The Lusk Herald*, October 8, 1886

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A. J. Coates, Big Horn, was so much pleased with *The Sentinel* that he called at the office Wednesday and subscribed for two copies for friends in the east. It is such substantial appreciation as this that maketh the heart of the printer glad, and beats "shoot-mouth." Sabe? Then come around at the sanctum and follow Mr. Coates' good example. Office hours from 9:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. The latch string hangs on the outside, no dogs are kept and the "devil" is harmless.

—*The Big Horn Sentinel*, Sept. 27, 1884

# *Wyoming State Historical Society*

## *29th Annual Trek*

*July 14-15, 1978*

### *Flaming Gorge-Brown's Park*

The trek began on Friday evening in Rock Springs, when registration was held in the Community Art Center with a display of paintings prepared especially for the trek. The route of the trek had to be changed from Wyoming State Highway 373 because of a landslide on one section of the road. The trek went to Green River and followed State Highway 530 to Manila, Utah, and the Flaming Gorge Dam. The longer route provided several unscheduled stops which included the Fire Hole area, Henry's Fork Valley, and Red Canyon Overlook. The rest of the trek followed the original schedule.

Nearly 200 people, traveling in four chartered buses, left Rock Springs early Sunday morning, July 15, and returned about 10 p.m., after a day in one of the most historic areas in Wyoming, and one which abounds in spectacular scenery.

Each trekker received a booklet of historical information about the area covered in the trek, with maps and supplemental information about some of the places where the tour stopped or passed through.

Box lunches were enjoyed on the lawn of the Williams home at Minnies Gap and a delicious hot roast beef dinner, catered by a Green River restaurant, was served at the Gates of Lodore.

Tour director was Henry Chadey, director of the Sweetwater County Historical Museum. Chadey, Jim June and Raedell Varley were tour guides. Mr. and Mrs. June, Adrian Reynolds, Eleen Williams, Blake Ross and Michael Chadey assisted in preparing the historical papers.

Others who assisted with the trek were the Sweetwater County Historical Society, the Sweetwater County Museum, the Rock Springs Fine Arts Center and the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

COMMUNITY ART CENTER  
ROCK SPRINGS-SWEETWATER COMMUNITY FINE  
ARTS CENTER

The Sweetwater Community Fine Arts Center, the Rock Springs City Library and Rock Springs School District No. 1 illustrate a unique cooperative program between three agencies.

The Rock Springs Library, originally established as the Carnegie Library, is a branch of the Sweetwater County Library and is financed by the City of Rock Springs and Sweetwater County.

Rock Springs School District No. 1, previously School District No. 4, began a collection of paintings in 1939 which had been displayed in the Rock Springs High School. The cooperation of the above agencies provided the development of the Community Fine Arts Center.

The first library building was built on the present site furnished by the city fathers with funds received from Andrew Carnegie. The amount was \$11,323. Not until 1954 was any improvement made on the original building and then the basement walls were reinforced and concrete flooring was put in all rooms. With the new flooring and lighting a separate Children's Library was established in September, 1955.

In 1963, a city bond election was successful for bonds in the amount of \$128,000 for a major addition and remodeling of the library. For a year the library operated in the old LDS Church on Blair Street and moved into the new building February 15, 1965.

In 1971, a Community Fine Arts Program, organized under a Secondary Education Act, reached the end of government funding. It was such a cultural and educational service to the people that many felt it should not be abandoned. In order to maintain the program it was placed under the Sweetwater County Library System. The Library Board then bought the existing building, a parking lot nearby, completely remodeled the old building and built a new county addition to the existing city library building. The City of Rock Springs gave a portion of Blair Avenue to the County Library Board on which to build the new addition.

Some of the particular money received for the center included \$68,634 from the Library Service and Construction Act, \$75,000 from Revenue Sharing Funds, the purchase of the parking lot by the City of Rock Springs for \$22,000 and the purchase of the church building by the county for \$28,500. The other money came from the County Library Fund levied each year for Library Service. Between 1972 and 1975, the county money amounted to \$3,060,137.

The facilities available at the Fine Arts Center provide sufficient areas to display the collection of paintings owned by the Rock

Springs High School. This collection originated when students under the direction of Elmer Halseth purchased the first original oil painting, "Shack Alley," which became the nucleus. The collection now consists of over 240 works of art and is acclaimed the best owned by any American high school.

The center has areas for traveling exhibits and sculpture. It is used by the people of Sweetwater County as a meeting place, for lectures, demonstrations, and musical and dramatic performances.

After Elmer Halseth retired from the school district, the collection was still maintained by the Rock Springs High School Art Department which has added paintings each year. The Rock Springs Art Guild also donates a painting a year to the permanent collection.

Henry F. Chadey

### SWEETWATER COUNTY— GREEN RIVER—ROCK SPRINGS

Sweetwater County was established in 1867 in Dakota Territory under the name of Carter County. Later the name was changed to Sweetwater by the first Territorial Legislative Council. It appeared that the Democratic controlled legislature couldn't tolerate a county named for a Republican, William A. Carter of Fort Bridger. South Pass City was the county seat due to gold mining operations. The building of the Union Pacific Railroad gave impetus to the settlement of Green River and Rock Springs.

Green River had been an Overland Stage station stop and had been laid out as a town by S. I. Field and H. M. Hook, a former mayor of Cheyenne. When the Union Pacific Lot Company arrived and found the town established and they did not have the opportunity to sell the lots, they persuaded the officials to move the railroad division point twelve miles west to Bryan. Green River had but 100 residents and the adobe brick section built on the east river bank was abandoned by 1871. The railroad's need for water forced the division point to be moved from Bryan and the Black's Fork to Green River on the Green.

Green River prospered as a railroad town and as the gold mining population decreased at South Pass City a dispute developed between the two communities which eventually caused the district court to issue a mandamus moving the county seat to Green River. Shortly after the county seat was moved a new courthouse was built and used until 1967 when a new structure was built.

The town of Green River has continued to grow and with the discovery of trona or soda ash in 1938 a new mining industry developed. Four trona companies mine ore to the west of the town and a fifth mine is being planned during 1978. The Church & Dwight Company, using soda ash, produces baking soda at the

Allied Chemical plant and mine. Estimates are that 4000 train carloads of trona leave Green River each month.

As a result of the trona industry, Green River has doubled its population since the 1970 census to more than 12,000 people. Extensive housing developments have been constructed, including many public buildings, and a new overpass over the railroad and river was completed in 1977.

In the middle of the Green River is Expedition Island, a National Historic Site commemorating John Wesley Powell's expedition down the Green and Colorado Rivers in 1869. The island is used as a recreational site and a pavilion on the island is being repaired and remodeled as a community center.

Green River developed as a railroad town and Rock Springs as a coal mining town. (An Overland Stage station was located to the north of Rock Springs and it was here that a spring named "Rock Spring" was located. Later, the "s" was added to form the name "Rock Springs." The Blair brothers, Archibald and Duncan, operated the stage station and began the mining of coal southwest of Rock Springs in a section called "Blairtown" which is now a part of the city. It was under the auspices of the Union Pacific Railroad that Number One Mine was opened in 1868 and the town of Rock Springs had its beginning.)

The term, "Melting Pot of Wyoming," was applied to Rock Springs because so many different nationalities were encouraged to come and work in the coal mines. Due to labor difficulties, Chinese contract laborers were employed in the mines. The general opposition to Chinese labor reached a zenith in the Chinese Massacre of 1885 in which the white miners chased the Chinese out, burned Chinatown and killed twenty-eight Chinese. The United States government stationed the army in Rock Springs at Camp Pilot Butte to protect the Chinese. This camp in the center of Rock Springs was used from 1885 to 1898. The two officers' barracks have been demolished but the enlisted men's barracks now serve as a Catholic school for the fourth through the sixth grades.

When coal mining decreased due to the change to diesel and oil power by the railroad, it appeared Rock Springs was doomed. Then the increased production of gas and oil and the discovery of trona ore provided a new economic base for Rock Springs. Adding to the economic support was the building of the Flaming Gorge Dam on the Green River and the Jim Bridger Power Plant which mines its own coal. This industrial boom caused an influx of people to the city and created a variety of problems. Perhaps the most unfortunate has been the fertile ground for the state and national media to hang out the dirty laundry and almost completely ignore the reliable citizenry who have worked diligently for community betterment.



In the Rock Springs of today, you'll find a city that has grown from 11,000 population to 29,000 since 1970. The city has been plagued with subsidence caused by the old mining excavations caving in, and the demand for services such as new housing, recreation and schools. The community buckled down to the task and began solving these problems. Of particular importance in working out the solutions were the willingness of the community and county to pass the one-cent additional sales tax to be used for local purposes; the passage of bond issues and the cooperation among the various levels of government and industry.

At the present time, the Rock Springs area has the Western Wyoming Community College, the new Sweetwater County Memorial Hospital, numerous new schools including a high school and enlarged recreational facilities. Extensive renewal has been instituted by the city and it is possible that some buildings which should have been preserved have been demolished.

Henry F. Chadey

### EAST SIDE ROAD—HIGHWAY 373

Although this road, Highway 373, better known locally as the East Side Road, has no place in the history of pioneer routes between Rock Springs, Green River and the ranch country in the hills south of the two cities, it does have a place in modern history of the area. It is the only completely new highway to be built in Wyoming within the past twenty years, stretching for fifty-one miles from Highway 80, about midway between the two cities, to the state line to connect with the newly-constructed portion of Utah 260. This route was the source of controversy, a certain amount of intrigue, and interstate power play.

A direct highway from Green River to Dutch John had been built by 1958, connecting to Dutch John and the Flaming Gorge damsite, to provide for hauling of materials and access to the railroad.

This led to Rock Springs' strong desire for a direct road into the new national recreation area, resulting in a campaign for the new construction, with seemingly unsurmountable funding difficulties. A group representing the Chambers of Commerce of the two communities, along with state highway department engineers, was guided over a suggested route closer to the Green River and the proposed Flaming Gorge Lake. Agreement was reached that this would be a route of value to the county and to eastern Utah, but the highway department ruled out a shore line road because of construction difficulties that would arise.

Following this, one Sweetwater County commissioner, D. S. Ferrero, utilizing old roads and trails through the upper Big Fire-hole across Sage Creek and Currant Creek, along Wild Horse

Canyon to Minnies Gap on the state line to connect with a Utah range, using county road crews, graded out a road that made possible a direct, but rough, road into Utah and Dutch John.

At that time, Utah 44 into Manila from Vernal was a very mountainous road needing improvement which seemed slow in coming. A suggestion was made that the East Side Road, utilizing in Utah a paved road from Lucerne to Dutch John, a service road over the Green in Red Canyon and back via Manila, should be built if Green River and Rock Springs were to gain full advantage of the Flaming Gorge recreation and tourist development and if the Vernal group did not push for better cross-mountain roads.

The Ferrero Freeway, as the graded road became known, drew controversy. During this time, Green River road people suggested that a pipeline bridge being built over the lake site just above the state line also include a highway bridge. Northwest Pipeline people agreed to that plan, but it was nixed by the Wyoming Highway Department. Then Daggett County and other Utah people proposed a high bridge over the lake at the north end of Flaming Gorge, but couldn't get it financed. A Green River committee also studied the possibility of a road, following the Ferrero Freeway to the Firehole, then crossing the lake and up over a mountain into Green River.

None of these ideas proved acceptable. Finally, the Wyoming Highway Department agreed to make a survey. It was known that the road might require ten or twelve years and millions of dollars to construct, but the project was adopted and began to go forward as a state secondary highway, small piece by small piece, averaging about six miles per section, much of it very heavy construction. Public land funds were also obtained. In only a few areas was it possible to follow old ranch roads, or, as in the case of Little Mountain, an oil field road that had been built more than three decades ago by what is now Mountain Fuel Supply as access to the Clay Basin Field.

In one short section, between the Bacon Rim Road, south of Firehole Junction and Sage Creek Junction, the new highway followed generally a road that had been used from the mountain ranches to the south and by the pony mail route of the 1890s between Green River and Brown's Park.

The long, steep hill of the highway going off Mellor Mountain, takes one to the historic old Tabor Ranch, now strictly a horse-cow spread, but which once was a postoffice and center of an election precinct. The late T. A. Welch has told of his step-father, Hill, freighting beer from Green River to forts in the Ashley Valley of Utah, using the Tabor Dugway, which today's bus uses to reach the east end of the Little Mountain Dugway.

At the east end of the mountain is a road from the east—this was the gas company's road onto Little Mountain above the rim

of The Devil's Kitchen, which can be viewed to the east of the road and which was the site of one of the Hoy Ranches. From the Clay Basin Junction to Minnies Gap on Spring Creek at the south foot of Little Mountain the route is brand new, cutting through an area that until a few years ago was a famous deer country.

In the late 1960s, Utah was seeking to have its people served by a shortened road into Flaming Gorge, objecting to the "round about" route through Green River or Vernal. Wyoming Highway Commissioners had met in Salt Lake City with the Utah Road Commissioners trying to obtain a connection with East Side Road to Minnies Gap and the Utah commission said they would meet a Wyoming road when it arrived at the state line. But the Utah legislature, in an unprecedented move, passed a resolution prohibiting the East Side connection until the road across southwestern Sweetwater County from Lonetree, Wyoming, was completed to connect with Utah 42 west of Manila, Utah.

Green River had been opposing such a road, but the Utah action brought a crisis. A county road priority committee, including representatives from the two cities, finally agreed that a first priority on Highway 373 toward LaBarge would be waived temporarily, if this would be reinstated later. This allowed the Lonetree road to be approved, and when it went to final contract, the Utah road commission contracted the three miles between Dutch John Gap and Minnies Gap and so, in 1977, the entire route was opened with dedicatory ceremonies at Minnies Gap.

During the early planning stages, this was probably the most controversial road built in Wyoming.

Adrian Reynolds

## THE CHEROKEE TRAIL

(This material was prepared for presentation on the east side of the Green River but was presented on the west side of the river.)

The Cherokee Trail which started in Arkansas passed through several states into Colorado and Wyoming. It went south past Laramie City, skirted north through the Medicine Bow range to Bridger Pass and joined the Oregon-California-Utah Trail at Fort Bridger.)

After Ben Holladay had to move his Overland mail route from the Oregon Trail south, the names Cherokee and Overland Trail were used interchangeably. About twenty-five miles south of the Overland Trail in Sweetwater County we find a trail called Cherokee. Actually, the name developed in 1849 when a party of Cherokees were heading for the gold fields of California and used it.)

Perhaps the name "Cherokee" is a misnomer, but on Sage Creek is the grave of Mathilda Armstrong, noted as traveling on the

Cherokee Trail. Other people have reported other graves along the trail with names which have been traced to the Cherokee people.

In Sweetwater County, several branches of the trail are found. One started east of Bitter Creek at Antelope Springs, and passed through the Titsworth Gap to Sage Creek. A second route is evident along the south boundary of Sweetwater County, passing through the Rife Ranch and also reaching Sage Creek. In 1977, the trail was traced by helicopter. The tracks were still visible. After the trail reached Sage Creek to the west of the Ramsay Ranch it crossed Hogback and entered the Currant Creek drainage going to the west where it crossed the Green River. On the west side of the Green River, it followed the south side of the Black's Fork River and headed toward the Oregon-California-Utah Trail near Bryan, Wyoming.

Several ranches are still operating in this area. The Maxon Ranch, Ramsay Ranch and Currant Creek Ranch are raising cattle in this one-time sheep grazing area.

William Gottsche at one time owned much of the land in this area. Upon his death and that of his wife, all his property was liquidated and the money helped establish the Gottsche Foundation in Thermopolis. Throughout the area there were many small ranches but these were sold either to the big ranch owners or the government. Some of those sold to the government are now under the waters of Flaming Gorge Lake.

There is some indication that General William Ashley passed this way with his supplies of furs from the Rendezvous of 1825 as he headed for South Pass on his way back to St. Louis.

At one time there was a lumbering operation on Little Mountain to the southwest. To the south side of Little Mountain there are a number of stone circles similar to the Medicine Wheel in northern Wyoming.

Within this area there is an elk herd that was established by bringing elk from northern Wyoming into the area. It is a good hunting area, however, and many hunters believe that when the Wyoming hunting season opens all the game crosses the Utah and Colorado borders out of Wyoming.

Henry F. Chadey

## DUTCH JOHN AND FLAMING GORGE DAM

This camp was the construction headquarters of the Flaming Gorge Dam. It was named after a horse trader and trapper named John Honselena. It has a school and postoffice and serves as forest service headquarters.

Although the dam is in Utah, it became a life saver for southwestern Wyoming when the coal mines closed. The Wyoming Congressional delegation was very instrumental in getting the ap-

propriation through Congress. It was reported that Congress appropriated the money for the dam even before the exact location was determined. The dam was started in 1956 and completed in 1964. Besides its use for water storage and production of electricity, it has become an outstanding recreation area for Colorado, Utah and Wyoming residents.

### MINNIES GAP

Minnies Gap is located on the Utah-Wyoming border. The ranch at the gap was originally homesteaded by Minnie Crouse Rasmussen. It has recently been the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Williams. Paul passed away in 1977 and is buried in a cemetery on the east side of the road and south of the ranch.

### CLAY BASIN

On the road to Clay Basin you pass Pidgeon Canyon. Pidgeon is buried in the canyon. Minnie Rasmussen remembers that after he was buried someone dug up the body and he had to be reburied. It was shortly after Pidgeon was killed there by Ike Lee that Charles Teeters was passing a group of men who had something soaking. The men were soaking the flesh off Pidgeon's skull so they could send it to a doctor in the east who wanted a human skull.

Clay Basin was an early sheep grazing area, and in 1927, gas was discovered by Producers and Refiners Corporation, which was one of the predecessors of the Mountain Fuel Company. The gas from this area eventually supplied Salt Lake City.

In the last two years the area has become a storage area for gas. It was discovered that the gas can be pumped in the porous sandstone during the summer for easy availability during the winter when the gas is needed.

In June, 1978, the facility was dedicated as the Kastler Station in honor of B. Z. Kastler, president and chairman of the board of Mountain Fuel Supply Company.

Here is a part of Utah that has had close ties with Wyoming, and even today men working here live in Rock Springs and drive to work each day. The plant is operated twenty-four hours a day.

### EWING CANYON

As you leave Clay Basin and travel south toward the Green River, you pass through Ewing Canyon, which bears the name of one of the more colorful characters of the Brown's Park area, Jesse Ewing. Ewing originally was believed to be an outcast member of an eastern mining family; however, this is questionable. Before his days as a miner in the South Pass area, Ewing was a

station keeper for the Overland Stage Line, carrying out his duties at many of the more dangerous stations. As a result he had experienced such hazards as Indians, outlaws and bears. It was from a mauling by a grizzly bear that he achieved the distinction of being the ugliest man in South Pass.

In the late 1860s, Ewing became one of the first prospectors in the Wasatch Mountains. He apparently found copper in the area of the canyon that now bears his name and had a number of mines and cabins throughout the area. However, Ewing was often hard pressed for capital to finance his mining operations. It was as a result of this that one of the most interesting things about Ewing comes to light. It seems that his usual way of financing was to find a partner with money, and to then use the money and the "partner" in the mining operation. Upon depletion of the partner's assets, Ewing chased him off with gun and knife.

Ewing was extremely skilled with a knife which he was not afraid to use. One account tells of a young prospector working the same area as Ewing. Ewing took an immediate dislike to the fellow. One winter the man's body was found slashed to ribbons on the ice of the Green River, and it was said blood could be found half a mile down river. It could never be proved it was Ewing's work, but to most people it was obvious.

Ewing also met his end in a bloody way. Ewing had taken in a Madam Forrestal as a houseguest at his mine. Sometime later, he took in as a partner an outlaw named Duncan. Duncan and Madam Forrestal took a liking to each other and there are many stories as to what this attachment between Forrestal and Duncan brought about. However, in the end Ewing was killed by Duncan. Some say it happened while Ewing was sneaking up to kill Duncan; others say Ewing was returning from the mine and Duncan gunned him down with Ewing's own gun. Nevertheless, he was killed and buried near the grave of the prospector he had killed near the Jarvie Ranch. Duncan and Forrestal left on Ewing's horse and Duncan met the same fate as Ewing a few months later in Utah. Madam Forrestal was never heard from again.

Michael Chadey

### BROWN'S PARK

Brown's Park is an area that encompasses portions of three states, Utah, Colorado and a small section in Wyoming. Due to the geography, the people in a sense belong to Wyoming since their outside contact is to the north toward Green River and Rock Springs. During the 19th century the park was a "no man's land" in regard to the law. It was difficult to reach and the people had to shift for themselves.

The Ute and Shoshone Indians used the park and it was a good

wintering place. This is witnessed by the numerous artifacts, pictographs and petroglyphs found here.

Besides entering the park by the Green River, the residents in the west used a trail through Red Creek and Willow Creek. Later the Jesse Ewing Canyon road was developed and is used today. On the east, Irish Canyon provided the road from the north while the route from the south and east was over some barren country.

In 1942, the *Union Pacific Coal Company Magazine* published this description of the park:

"This compelling area is known as Brown's Park, or, among the early and intrepid trappers, as Brown's Hole because it is so hollowed and bizarre in its features. It is unlike anything else in the world according to skilled geologists. It is a masterpiece of perfection in honest-to-goodness pure, rugged grandeur, but has never been capitalized as a resort or for recreation relaxation."

In the same article, William T. Nightingale, Chief Geologist for the Mountain Fuel Supply Company, says, "It is a matchless treat for the geologist where he will find much to see and excite the imagination with awe. It surely feasts the eyes, and perhaps once was a mighty active spot in seismic disorders."

The park, like the west, is ever changing and over the years has received considerable fame and publicity. Several movies have been made; numerous TV presentations have been prepared and, as recently as the summer of 1978, the British Broadcasting Company was in the park televising. It has been written about in many books including the *Outlaw Trail* by Charles Kelly, *Where the Old West Stayed Young* by John Rolfe Burroughs and *Flaming Gorge Country* by Dick and Vivian Dunham. The November, 1976, issue of *National Geographic Magazine* featured "Riding the Outlaw Trail," by Robert Redford.

The parade of people who have been involved with the park could be described as the good, bad and indifferent. The parade begins with General William Ashley floating the Green River in 1825 as he was preparing for the first Rocky Mountain Rendezvous twenty miles up the Henry's Fork on the east side of the Green River. It continued when Baptiste Brown, a French Canadian and his squaw came to the park to reside in 1827. In 1837, we find a crude structure being built by three trappers in the eastern section of the park. The name of Fort Davy Crockett was given to that place but it earned the name of Fort Misery. Thomas Farnham stopped at Fort Davy Crockett in August of 1839 on his way to Oregon and the same month saw Dr. F. A. Wislizenus stopping on his way from Fort Hall in present-day Idaho. Another traveler, E. Willard Smith, was at the fort in October of 1839.

In 1843, we find John C. Fremont traveling the park. It has been suggested that Mexican Joe, Juan Herrera, came to the park in 1847. This fellow became one of the notorious characters in

the park with his rustling activities and his proclivity to fight with a knife.

The year 1849 found an adventuresome group under the leadership of William Manley going through the park thinking that they could float the river to California. They left the main trail near Fontenelle and ended by climbing the cliffs out of the Green River and walking toward Salt Lake City.

Sam Bassett, with a companion, Louis Simmons, a son-in-law of Kit Carson, made an appearance in 1852. Herbert Bassett followed his brother with his family in 1877. The Bassett family owned land in the park and the story of this family has become legendary. Herbert had one son, Ed, and two daughters, Josie and Ann, who was known as "Queen Ann." She was the first white child born in the park.

Dr. and Mrs. Warren F. Parson arrived in the outpost in 1854 and, as the first white woman in the area, she was called "Snapping Annie" because she was an excellent bullwhacker.

John Wesley Powell, on his first exploration of the Green and Colorado rivers was in the park in 1869. The change of the name from Brown's Hole to Brown's Park was attributed to Powell. Many features along the Green River were named by Powell and his crew.

The prospector, Jesse Ewing, settled in 1869 near Red Canyon where he found copper ore.

After the 1870s, the following people moved into the park: the Jarvies in the west of the Green River; Goodson, who had been on Powell's first river expedition and his wife Kelvington; the Davenport family who settled on Willow Creek. Others include Rife, Crouse, Tolliver, Hoy and Edwards. Up on Cold Spring Mountain, Isom Dart, a black man, and Matt Rash had cabins. Jim Reed, the squaw man, settled on Pot Creek and also Albert Williams, another black, who outlived most of the old time residents. He passed away in 1934.

Today as you travel through Brown's Park you realize that people were buried where they fell. An old timer remembers where some of the families were buried but their graves have been obliterated by time. Near the Jarvie place, now the Campbell Museum, Jesse Ewing and the man he killed lie side by side. At the Allen Ranch, Marie Allen and her two daughters are buried. Marie and her husband, Bill, were very interested in studying the history of the park and often assisted in tours of the area. Dr. John Parson is buried at his cabin site and the Bassett family cemetery is on their old ranch. When the cemetery was set aside it was the policy to bury members with Bassett blood in the plot. When the husband of one of the Bassett girls died he was buried outside the regular plot. At the Lodore Hall there is a small cemetery.



As you travel from the west end of the park, you'll enter by way of Jesse Ewing Canyon from Clay Basin. At the foot of the canyon, the road west takes you to the working Allen Ranch and a few miles further is the Campbell Museum that has just recently been purchased by the government and will be preserved as a recreation spot. Below the Allen Ranch is the Utah Wildlife Refuge and on it is the Parson Cabin which is listed on the National Historic Place Register for Utah. Two different ferries were operated in the park. One near Jarvie was run by Albert "Speck" Williams who came to the area with the Davenports, and the other ferry was located below Dr. Parson's cabin. Some remains of this ferry can still be seen.

On a flat bench west of Dr. Parson's cabin is a development of summer homes. There is an air strip located nearby as well as one located near the old Davenport Ranch which is now owned by Steve Radosevich. This ranch was noted for its fruit trees.

Many of the other ranches are located on the north side of the road and since these are private property permission should be received before entering. The road is gravel and soon you'll be on an oiled or paved road, having now entered the Colorado part of the park. Since this had been such an isolated part of Utah, they have not been encouraged to spend money on the road. However, a new road is being planned which will miss Jesse Ewing Canyon and Clay Basin but still make connections at Minnies Gap with the East-side Flaming Gorge Highway. It has been reported that the environmental study for this road has already exceeded the cost of making the highway from Interstate 80 to the Wyoming border at Minnies Gap. On the Colorado side is located the Brown's Park Wildlife Game Refuge. A swinging bridge is located across the Green River which passes Cassidy Point and allows you to drive to Vernal, Utah. Continuing east, you pass the Lodore Hall. Built in 1911, it was used as a school house and later converted to a dance and recreation hall. The Bassett and the Hoy ranches are on the north side of the road. The new school house is located in the east end of the park and close to this point a road cuts to the south that takes you to Lodore Ranger Station which is a part of Dinosaur National Monument. Here is located the famed Gates of Lodore through which the Green River leaves Brown's Park.

Note: In September of 1978 someone built a fire in the Parson cabin and it burned to the ground. The site has been placed on the National Historic Register for Utah and the Daggett County Historical Society was in the process of placing a marker at the site.

## BROWN'S PARK—CROUSE RANCH

In 1880, Charley Crouse bought out Jimmie Reed's claim to what is now Crouse Ranch, located on the south side of the Green River near the base of Diamond Mountain on Crouse Creek which ran through Crouse Canyon.

Crouse Canyon was a major route to cross Diamond Mountain and go to Vernal. As a result, the area above Crouse's Ranch was selected by Butch Cassidy as a hideout when he was in the area. This was the essential secret hideout the outlaws needed to maintain their freedom. The area above Crouse's cabin that was chosen was a rocky point that came to be known as Cassidy Point. High on a ledge, the outlaws built a cabin; protected by cliffs on three sides it was easy to defend. Necessities for the cabin were brought in from Rock Springs and always included large amounts of whiskey as well as playing cards. These helped to pass the winter months when the snow made it impossible to travel in the area. Up at Cassidy Point, the outlaws were often given pies and other treats by Mary Crouse. It was reported the outlaws always left a gold coin under the plates so as not to wear out their welcome.

This was not Butch's only hideout in the area. Reportedly he had cabins in Red Creek Canyon, on Powder Mountain, in Little Hole and on Davenport Creek. There are indications that there were other hideouts in the area, not just Cassidy's but other outlaws', as well. However, many of these places remain hidden as they were meant to be.

Charley Crouse was known for his shrewd business manner as well as his love for horse racing. He was also known for building a short-lived bridge over the Green River and for working various business and ranching establishments in Vernal, Rock Springs and Ashley Creek. However, Charley Crouse is most noted for an occasion when he had been drinking and got into a tussle with "The Speckled Nigger" Williams. Defending himself in the scuffle, Williams was stabbed in the groin. Seeing this, Crouse sobered up and sought out his wife, Mary, to help care for Williams. Reports indicate that Mary, with a combination of flour and a blanket, dressed the wound which eventually healed. Speck lived to be a very old man, and thus spared Charley Crouse from being brought up for murder.

Michael Chadey

## LODORE HALL

The Lodore Hall, originally a school house, has been used as a social hall since 1946. The hall was built by the Evers Brothers, contractors from Green River, Wyoming.

To the east is the cemetery and a monument dedicated to Fort

Davy Crockett which was located in this area of the park. The monument is a stone removed from Irish Canyon, and contains a pictograph with three Indian figures on it.

The first school held in Brown's Park, Colorado, was in 1879. A public school for Utah was built by about 1890. This school was used until 1911 when the children were sent to Lodore School House. This school was operated continuously until 1946 when the new school house was built farther east. It is still operating in the park today. The isolated area, the two counties and the two states made for a difficult operation of schools. There were other schools in the Utah section including a second one at Beaver Creek and one at Bridgeport.

### BASSETT RANCH

As early as 1852, Sam Bassett had explored the Brown's Park area and he returned to settle there. Later, Herbert Bassett, with his family, came and settled in the park with his uncle.

Herbert Bassett was not a very ambitious or healthy man but his wife, Elizabeth, was a strong minded woman. Those who associated with her, liked her; those who didn't, disliked her. One author called her a prototype feminist, and a Machiavellian con- niver. She served as a doctor after the park doctor died. Because the family had an organ and books, the Bassett ranch was used as a social center for the park.

The Bassett ranch was known for the hanging of John Bennett which was precipitated by the killing of a young boy, Willie Strang, by an Ed Johnson at the Red Creek Ranch. Johnson and two companions left the Wyoming area to avoid the law after the murder. During their efforts to escape, Valentine Hoy was killed by one of them, Harry Tracy.

This incident actually brought the law to Brown's Park. Law- men from the three states were called in and a posse formed. Some of these men witnessed Bennett trying to supply the three outlaws. He was lured to the Bassett Ranch and even though a deputy sher- iff was at the ranch at the time, Bennett was later found hanging from the crossbar of the ranch gate. He was taken up the canyon away from the ranch house and buried. There were some reports the hanging was actually accidental. It was said that the group held a kangaroo court and sentenced him to hang. They then placed a rope around his neck and threw it across the crossbar intending to just give him a scare, then have the rope slide away. Instead, the rope got caught and Bennett died.

Although Ann Bassett was sent to a private school and could be very charming, she could hold her own with any cowboy. She had several romances and marriages. Her romance with Matt Rash is of interest. Matt had a cabin up on Cold Springs Moun- tain. A man by the name of Tom Hicks came to the park rather

mysteriously and made friends with the people. After Matt Rash and a black man, Isom Dart, were found murdered, Hicks disappeared. Later, Ann speculated that Hicks had been sent to the park to flush out cattle rustlers since several others had received warnings and subsequently left the park.

It was also reported that right after the killings a lawyer in Rock Springs had been instructed by a client to pay \$1000 to a man who would be passing through Rock Springs. The lawyer waited in his office until midnight and made the payment. It was thought by some that Tom Hicks was really Tom Horn who later was hung for shooting a young boy in eastern Wyoming. Tom Horn's fee was \$500 for a killing.

Ann had a deep resentment for the large cattle ranchers trying to come into the park and did everything to discourage their efforts. Later she was tried for cattle rustling but never convicted.

### GATES OF LODORE

Located at this point is the Lodore Ranger Station, in Dinosaur National Monument. At this portal, the Green River passes between cliffs that rise 2000 feet. The Green River falls 425 feet in twenty miles through the canyon. Powell named this Disaster Falls because he lost one of his boats and a third of his supplies here.

The name, Gates of Lodore, came from one of the men on the Powell Expedition, Andy Hall, who suggested the name from a poem written by Robert Southey called *Cataracts of Lodore* after the falls in England. If you note the spelling of the name, you'll find both Lodore and Ladore. The original English spelling is with an "o" but the spelling with an "a" has been used on many maps.

Where the river bends south and enters the gates you witness formations of various colors that change constantly as the sun rises and sets. On the left bank, you see patches of dark rock of the Uinta Mountain Group which appears beneath the Brown's Park Formation. This contrast between the oldest and youngest rock formations in Brown's Park, one two billion years old which was eroded and capped by a formation laid less than sixty million years ago, is a spectacular sight.

### IRISH CANYON

The highway from Brown's Park, Colorado, goes north through Irish Canyon. As is usual with all incidents in the park, there are several versions of the same story. The naming of Irish Canyon has several and here is one account.

The Canyon was named for three Irishmen who had robbed a saloon in Rock Springs. They used a wagon to make their get-

away and had it loaded with two kegs of whiskey, a trunk and the money. When they reached the canyon, it was impossible to get the wagon through. They ditched the money and the trunk then abandoned the wagon and headed south. The posse in pursuit killed two of the men. The other one escaped and ended up in Price, Utah. No one knows what happened to the money but many years later two empty kegs and an old trunk were found but it contained nothing of value.

## Book Reviews

*Voltaire and the Cowboy: The Letters of Thurman Arnold.* Ed. by Gene M. Gressley. (Boulder: Colorado Associated University Press, 1977). Index. Illus. 552 pp. \$15.00.

It is always a pleasure when a local boy makes good in the outside world. It is doubly satisfying when a young person from Wyoming succeeds in that sophisticated, urban world of the east coast and Washington, D. C. Such was the case with Thurman Arnold, Laramie born and Wyoming raised. This hefty book, masterfully edited by Professor Gene Gressley, tells of the life and accomplishments of Arnold through his letters to relatives, friends and passing acquaintances.

Born in 1891, Arnold spent an idyllic childhood in Laramie. Like many western lads, he was shipped off to the East for his higher education. Wabash College in Indiana was an abysmal experience, but Princeton was more to his liking. By the time he had finished Harvard Law School he began to find himself. Returning to Laramie, Arnold hung out his shingle and began practicing law and dabbling in politics, all with varying degrees of success. Then, quite suddenly in 1927, Arnold permanently left Wyoming to accept the position of dean of the University of West Virginia Law School. This move came as a surprise, for not only his wife, Frances, but many others thought Thurman would eventually follow John B. Kendrick as senator from Wyoming. But leave he did, to embark on a successful academic career at both the University of West Virginia and Yale University, then as the energetic assistant attorney general and head of the Antitrust Division (1938-1943) under President Franklin Roosevelt. Resigning this position, Arnold accepted a judgeship in the Circuit Court of Appeals. But Arnold was too much of an advocate to tolerate the dispassionate role of a magistrate, and after two frustrating years he resigned to form the law firm of Arnold, Fortas and Porter. The firm thrived, gaining a reputation for courage by defending Owen Lattimore and many others accused of subversive activities during that malevolent period known as the McCarthy era. He continued in private practice until his death in 1969. It was only then that he returned to his native state.

Although Thurman Arnold spent few of his productive years in Wyoming, he never ceased to be a westerner, perhaps best described by Attorney General Robert Jackson as "a cross between Voltaire and the cowboy, with the cowboy predominating." He loved the West, and he never ceased to be a part of it, if only in spirit. As Professor Gressley characterized Arnold: "He was a Western progressive all his life, but far more politically conservative than most of his friends or detractors ever realized." What-

ever the exact meaning of this pronouncement, we know that the West was an indelible stamp on his character which served to influence his personality and decisions at every turn throughout his life.

The letters are arranged in a chronological fashion, following the before mentioned contours of Arnold's career. Like most editors, Gressley faced the challenge of culling only a few of the 17,000 communications contained in the Thurman Arnold Collection, housed at the University of Wyoming. Surely another editor would have, at times, selected differently, yet no one can quibble with Gressley's determination to "accurately portray Thurman Arnold and at the same time spotlight his era." Nor can one question the editor's devotion to scholarly work, for the recipient of each letter is identified, usually in a most thorough fashion. Often the task of an editor appears deceptively simple. Gressley's prodigious efforts laid this myth to rest.

From a Wyoming perspective, there are some disappointments. First, it must be noted that there are no letters for the period 1920 to 1927, the very years when Thurman Arnold was most active in Wyoming as a Laramie attorney and an aspiring local and state politician. Gressley explains that "unfortunately, the Arnold correspondence from this era . . . is non-existent." One is left only to speculate what wisdom and wit regarding his home state has been lost. Second, one could wish that Arnold's talents could have been directed more to Wyoming and the West. The letters reveal a man of brilliance, determination, and courage, tempered with irony and whimsy. Yet all this talent was seldom directed to solving the problem of his region. There is every indication that had he remained in Wyoming he would have become a senator, perhaps of the caliber of a Walsh, Borah, or Norris, and surely an excellent complement to Joseph O'Mahoney. As it was, Thurman Arnold's career is another testament to the thesis that Wyoming's ablest progeny leave the state, allowing us to reflect upon their success but not to benefit by it.

Finally it must be noted that this volume contains an added bonus for the reader. It is a common practice for the editor to give a biographical sketch of his subject in preparation for the letters. However, Professor Gressley's ninety-four-page "Introduction" goes far beyond the perfunctory. Using not only the letters, but newspapers, interviews, and various other primary and secondary sources, the author has written an entertaining and thoughtful biographical piece. Some readers will find this introduction more useful than the letters, although in fact, each supports the other.

With Gressley's biography, the letters, and Arnold's autobiography, *Fair Fights and Foul*, we are now beginning to have a clear view of this "complex, elusive, brilliant, blustering individual who was Thurman Arnold . . ."

*University of Wyoming*

ROBERT W. RIGHTER

*Glittering Misery. Dependents of the Indian Fighting Army.* By Patricia Y. Stallard. (San Rafael: Presidio Press; Fort Collins: The Old Army Press, 1978). Index. Illus. 159 pp. \$10.95.

Of the army dependents, wives, children, laundresses and servants, only the laundresses were recognized, and provided for, by army regulations. The other women never had a recognized status with the army. They were "camp followers" and were tolerated, not welcomed. Wives of enlisted men often served as laundresses in order to receive rations. Officers' wives who were from wealthy families were able to provide their own subsistence while traveling with their husbands. If they could not afford it, they remained behind.

Officer's wives were encouraged to keep journals of their travels with their husbands in the frontier army. Martha Summerhayes, Elizabeth Custer, Elizabeth Burt and the two Mrs. Carringtons are the more familiar women who recorded the events of their life as an army wife.

Diaries and journals kept by the wives give us a good look at life on a military post, beyond the military maneuvers. Mrs. Summerhayes described her army life as *glänzendes Elend*, "glittering misery," hence the book's title.

Life at a frontier military post was often difficult and accommodations poor. These hardy women, determined to bring a "touch of class" to their surroundings, made do with whatever was at hand to brighten up their bleak existence.

Other than a few published books written by the men who served with the Indian fighting army, or their wives, most of the information about the lives of army dependents is available only in the military records or diaries and letters in private collections. In *Glittering Misery*, Stallard brings together the story of the army dependents in a much needed compendium. The information is interesting and valuable to the military historian; the sources are well documented and reliable.

Unfortunately, there are a few flaws which keep the book from being outstanding instead of just good.

The style is not fluent and it lacks smooth transitions, preventing the book from being thoroughly readable. The book is replete with photographs, including some in poor condition which did not reproduce well. The index is far from complete, and is only useful if a place or name is sought. An analytical index would be helpful to the researcher seeking information on recreation, social life, parties, dances, sports, or any of the many topics discussed.

References to Fort Phil Kearny are misspelled. Although literature and military records do show the spelling also with an "e" after the "n", the only correct spelling is without the "e" because the fort was named for General Philip Kearny. It should not be



confused with Fort Kearney, Nebraska, named for Col. Stephen Watts Kearny. In this instance the incorrect spelling has been accepted and made official by statute.

Another error, with reference to Fort Phil Kearny, is found on page 21. The author states that it was earlier called Fort Carrington. There was never a Fort Carrington in Wyoming; however, Col. Henry B. Carrington led the command stationed at Fort Phil Kearny.

The most glaring fault is the choice of cover design. The silver and black dust jacket gives the book a cheap appearance rather than simulating the "glitter," as intended. It's too bad, because at first glance, the book is ugly and unappealing; however, once past the cover, the contents are worth examining.

*Wyoming State Museum*

MARION M. HUSEAS

*In Search of Butch Cassidy.* By Larry Pointer. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1978.) 294 pp., \$9.95.

Legends die hard in Wyoming. Especially around the area of Lander, which seems to have given birth to quite a few of them.

I would cite as examples: 1) The Esther Hobart Morris "tea party" at South Pass City; 2) The story of the equestrian masochist who by-passed numerous telegraph stations to ride all the way from the Little Big Horn to Fort Stambaugh with news of the Custer defeat; 3) The death and burial of Sacajawea on the Wind River Reservation in 1884, and, 4) The return of Butch Cassidy from South America, where he was supposed to have been killed in 1908.

Well, I've never believed the first three legends, but for some reason I've always clung to the last one. Larry Pointer's book, *In Search of Butch Cassidy*, goes a long, long way toward proving, finally, that Wyoming's most celebrated "badman" did indeed return, and lived the rest of his life under an assumed identity in Spokane, Washington.

The story of Pointer's search for Butch Cassidy begins, appropriately, in the Stockgrowers Bar in Lander, where Allan Robertson told Pointer about his grandmother, Dora Lamorreux, who was one of Cassidy's girl friends in the 1890s.

Allan and I were good friends in 1969, when I edited a newspaper in Lander. I've heard the same stories from Allan, and from some of the oldtimers who frequented the Stockgrowers Bar. Ten years ago, there were still quite a few people alive in Lander who could remember meeting and talking with Butch Cassidy in 1934, when he returned to Lander on an extended camping trip.

Armed with those interviews, Pointer went to Spokane and tracked down the adopted son and friends of William T. Phillips,

the man who was Butch Cassidy. And, incredibly, even found a copy of the Phillips manuscript, "The Bandit Invincible," which he wrote in the early thirties and tried to get published after he lost his manufacturing business in the crash of 1929.

But "The Bandit Invincible" isn't the only proof Pointer was able to turn up. The photographs of Phillips are a proof in themselves. Pointer also turned up letters written by Phillips to another sweetheart, Mary Boyd Rhodes. Phillips would sign the letters "Your old Sweetheart, Geo."

The Phillips letters of the 1930s were compared with an authentic Cassidy letter, written from Argentina in 1902, by a Master Graphoanalyst, who pronounced them as having been written by the same person! A Mexican fire-opal ring, given by Phillips to Mary Boyd Rhodes is pictured in the book. The ring is engraved "Geo. C. to Mary B."

Pointer's research was extensive. He left few stones unturned in his search. For instance, he is able to prove that William T. Phillips *did not exist* before 1908.

Apparently, Cassidy returned from Bolivia, where he had escaped the gunfight that killed The Sundance Kid, with some money left in his jeans. He founded the Phillips Manufacturing Company in Spokane and invented, fabricated, and marketed a number of devices. One of these was an automatic garage door opener. Another was a mechanical adding machine, which he tried to sell to the Burroughs Company of Detroit. Burroughs refused to pay the asking price, and, shortly thereafter, came out with an adding machine of their own, according to Pointer.

If the author's research adds up, Butch Cassidy's creative mind, diverted from new and exciting ways to dynamite a Union Pacific express car, evidently gave the world the adding machine.

There are few flaws in this book. I recommend it highly. Those who have still clung to the legend that Cassidy did not die in Bolivia will say, "I told you so."

And, those who didn't share that belief will say, "Well, maybe . . ."

*Wyoming State Museum*

PAT HALL

*West of Plymouth.* By Virginia Cole Trenholm. (Cheyenne: Frontier Printing, Inc., 1978). Index. Illus. 133 pp.

Family histories are always interesting to members of the families about whom they are written. *West of Plymouth* is absorbing reading for those who cannot make personal identification with either the Cole or Trenholm families, although it was written primarily for the author's children "to acquaint (them) with bygone days."

The book's readability is probably due in part to the fact that the author is an experienced writer and tells a story skillfully. Additionally, Mrs. Trenholm had extensive and detailed sources of information available to research her own family and her husband's. The most comprehensive, perhaps, were many old family letters saved for years in the attic of an ancestor of the author, and her grandfather's detailed and literate Civil War diary. An aunt of her husband was her primary source of information about the family of Robert Trenholm. She had for years searched family Bibles and church and county records in both the United States and Canada to establish the history of her family's several branches. This research, along with much personal reminiscence, provided the greatest part of the Trenholm background.

The author has traveled to most of the states where the two families had roots, including Virginia, Pennsylvania, Missouri and the Province of Quebec. Her personal observations are significant in updating locales and landmarks, many of which, inevitably, have disappeared.

Wyoming history oriented readers will be intrigued that the eventual joining of the Cole and Trenholm families, with such different geographical backgrounds, through the marriage of Virginia Cole and Robert Trenholm, was in Wyoming. This is the pattern for many pioneer Wyoming families whose origins were in the eastern United States and who gradually moved westward as the Western frontier expanded.

The many delightful family anecdotes which are interwoven in Mrs. Trenholm's story give life and personality to the people in *West of Plymouth*. Generous use of pictures also gives an added dimension to the narrative.

The compendium will be invaluable to anyone reading the book. It is a carefully compiled list of all members of the Cole and Trenholm families and includes vital statistics and highlights in their lives, beginning with the early 18th century for both families.

*Wyoming State Archives and  
Historical Department*

KATHERINE A. HALVERSON

*Shoots. A Guide to Your Family's Photographic Heritage.* By Thomas L. Davies. (Danbury, N. H.: Addison House, 1977). Index. Illus. 72 pp. \$3.95.

Photographs are truly a window into the past. With the upsurge in the popularity of genealogy, what family historian has not wondered how to cope with the old, sometimes damaged pictures that find their way into our boxes and drawers. The answer seems to be a fascinating new sideline described in detail by Mr. Davies—become a Photohistorian!

Genealogical data in itself is but a skeleton of names, dates and places. When family stories and pictures are included, our ancestors begin to take form to our link with the past. However, many of us are intimidated with problems of light settings, darkroom equipment, and complicated files.

Davies shows a remarkable ability in this small book to guide an amateur through a "how to" course of solutions to problems of location, organization, and restoration of old and new pictures.

I was shocked to learn modern plastic album pages will eventually destroy snapshots—and the beautiful color prints of today will be fading in about twenty years. Most of us have at least one old, lovely, but unidentified picture in our collection. Mr. Davies reminded readers "People whose portraits are on daguerreotypes are all dead. Most cabinet card people are dead too, but some people still living may remember who they were. Identify your collection now before the people in your Kodachromes start to go!"

For those who like a bit of a challenge, Chapter 3, "In the Daylight Darkroom: Archival Processes," would be an adventure. Davies described in detail techniques not well known he has used in relatively primitive conditions.

It was delightful for me to be able to understand the processes and how I could do satisfying work with my trusty "instamatic." Sophisticated equipment, in most cases, was not necessary. Mr. Davies took pity on my dialing finger and stamp bill by thoughtfully providing in Appendix B, Sources of Supply—manufacturers, importers, and a list of companies willing to mail order supplies.

If I would be permitted to wish for one more chapter, I would ask the author for a few tips on taking pictures of cemetery stones. This area of a family's photographic heritage can be difficult and frustrating; little or inaccurate data is provided by faded stones and poor pictures.

Don't underrate this book because of its size or price. Anyone interested in old or new pictures can easily and painlessly gain valuable knowledge and tips to give your photos a future. As Mr. Davies urges in Chapter 7, "Give your descendants something to think about!"

*Cheyenne*

SHARON LASS FIELD

*The Coal War: A Sequel to "King Coal"*. By Upton Sinclair. Introduction by John Graham. (Boulder: Colorado Associated University Press, 1976). Notes to introduction. xcii, 417 pp. \$12.50.

The election of John D. Rockefeller IV as governor of the state of West Virginia symbolized the ending of an era. The thought

that coal miners would ever cast their ballots in large numbers in favor of a member of a family responsible for the occurrence of the Ludlow Massacre would have been unthinkable until recent years. The Ludlow Massacre perpetrated by the minions of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company controlled by the Rockefeller interests in April, 1914, was one of those symbolic acts of corporate brutality that continued to remind American labor of the great discrepancy between the idea of the United States as the "land of the free" and the grimmer reality.

The Ludlow Massacre not only added fuel to the conviction in labor circles to the effect that capitalists were never to be trusted, but it also elicited some literary attention, understandably of a somewhat polemical variety, Upton Sinclair, a gadfly critic of American institutions and a maverick Socialist whose fame and fortune had been assured by the previous publication of the epochal work, *The Jungle*, turned his considerable talents to the task of conveying the plight of the Ludlow miners in literary form to the reading public. Frustrated by the indifference on the part of the Rockefellers to public demonstrations of protest in which he participated, Sinclair penned, in white heat as usual, a two-volume work designed to reveal to the public the coal industry in its naked iniquity.

*King Coal* was the first volume produced by the prolific Sinclair and duly appeared in print with a relatively good sale. *The Coal War* was never published until it recently appeared in the present format.

Although on the surface a love story, the real intent of *The Coal War* was to alert the American public to the evils embodied within the capitalist system. The author's narrative of the love of wealthy playboy-turned-reformer Hal Warner for his fellow upper class dweller Jessie Arthur and the coal miner's daughter Mary Burke provides the story line on the basis of which Sinclair describes the Ludlow Massacre in complete and telling detail. The author's painstaking description of the manner in which the coal miners were systematically opposed in their drive to gain equity by every organized agency of society is of considerable historical importance as a contemporary narrative of conditions above and beyond any literary importance that his work as a whole may have. Sinclair's polemical novel illuminates the way in which corporations hired private armies to forcibly break strikes and then, when subjected to public criticism, turned instead to the National Guard as a vehicle for strikebreaking activities. Based on considerable research and firsthand observation, *The Coal War* depicts the subversion of the democratic process by the mine operators as they compelled local and state officials to do their bidding and thwarted any effort on the part of the federal government to prevent the miners from being completely crushed under the heels of rampant "robber bar-

rons." Of great interest to contemporary scholars is Sinclair's description of the multi-ethnic character of the striking mine population and his revelation of the process by which national enmities were temporarily subsumed under the umbrella of the union cause.

The value of this first publication of *The Coal War* would have been materially lessened without the provision of the lengthy and most revealing introduction supplied by John Graham. Graham, a professor of English at the University of Colorado, places Sinclair's work into its historical context, while at the same time providing a most acute textual analysis of the novel as a literary production. The importance of Sinclair's book as a historical document is considerably enhanced by Graham's endeavor.

*Washtenaw Community College*  
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NORMAN LEDERER

*The Grassman*. By Len Fulton. (Berkeley, California: Thorp Springs Press, 1974 (2nd printing, 1976). \$2.95 paperback, \$7.95 cloth.

Len Fulton, publisher of Dustbooks which produces the indispensable yearly *International Directory of Little Magazines & Small Presses*, has written a fine novel, *The Grassman*, set in the Wyoming Territory of the 1880s. Drawing upon his own experience of living in Wyoming during his undergraduate days and growing up in New England, Fulton has created a protagonist Andrew Finn, a lawyer from Boston who goes West for the first time to meet his uncle Ben Finn.

Andrew read many books about the West like the Swede in Stephen Crane's "Blue Hotel," but unlike the Swede, he is a young man who is adept at juxtaposing book learning with real life. And like young Boone Caudill of Guthrie's *Big Sky*, Andrew has an uncle out in the alluring West. Ben Finn, however, is quite unlike Zeb in *The Big Sky* in that he is a rancher, not a mountain man, who is very possessive of his spread of land called the Black-tail out of Red Spring near Buffalo, Wyoming.

The novel begins with Andrew Finn heading West on a train which is boarded in Iowa by an outlaw called Greak disguised as a preacher carrying a big brown Bible. Andrew meets an attractive damsel by the name of Holly from Saint Louis. All three characters, by coincidence, are headed for Cheyenne, and thence to Red Spring: Holly to work as a piano player in the Porales' Saloon, Andrew to meet his uncle, and the Greak to serve as a rival rancher's hit man (unknown to Andrew).

When Andrew finally arrives in Big Horn country, he is totally overwhelmed by the vastness of the land:

"In the northwest a range of low hills, the Nine Mile, stretched north-south and fronted the distant Bighorns now darkened in shadows. Other hills, nearer to us than the Nine Mile, slipped up and down along the left, intermittently shrouding a longer view. Back of us lay the dusty miles of grass and blue sage; northeast the Pumpkin Buttes, but a few miles distant, spread out in flat, purple silence. Farther north the plains stretched in a dry, somber tone, broken here and there by eroded hills of red-brown and tan rock strata and loose, gritty earth. Faded green shortgrass had largely superseded the sage, though there were still healthy stands of it visible. Often the vast expanses of grass became diluted ecru, almost amber, and its monotony grew as steadily as the monotony of sagebrush. Only the great Buttes, under whose careless gaze we now moved, crashed the emptiness. Nothing occurred as we rattled across the flatland, awake and asleep, asleep and awake, hot, tired, dust-soaked, a tiny, plodding speck—alone. Was it some kind of torture, this endless outer distance against the tiny inner world? Could one after all take so much into such a little body without shrinking and distorting the miles between place and place?"

But the vastness of the land did not begin to match the vastness of his uncle's greed for water rights which were held in dispute by a rival French rancher by the name of Marquand of the Lazy M Ranch. Ten Smoke Creek was their bone of contention; without it there could be no productive cattle raising; without it, there could be no life for them. Instead of communally sharing Ten Smoke Creek, Finn and Marquand battled over it like the Indian tribes before them had battled over hunting grounds. The Finn-Marquand battle of 1886 is indeed reminiscent of the Johnson County cattle war of 1892 which is the subject of Robert Roripaugh's novel, *Honor Thy Father* (1963).

Andrew Finn comes of age as he experiences the cowboy life style so aptly described to Holly by the saloon keeper, Senor Porales: "Cowboys are tough because the land is tough. Life here is not something for the weak merely to endure: rather it is for the strong to make possible." The Wyoming wind, the scarcity of water, and the rapacity of ranchers all help mold Andrew's mind which became increasingly realistic. He witnessed duels with lariats, men almost gored to death by bulls, and many killings on the open range. All of his reading back in Boston could not begin to prepare him for characters like Greak or Paintrock. It is Paintrock, a buck-toothed hireling of Marquand's, who nearly kills Andrew in the Porales' Saloon (much to Holly's horror), and it is the mysterious Greak who saves his life later on in that same saloon. Greak is a man who has killed but unlike Paintrock, he is not coldblooded. He has a sense of "Gawd" in him thanks to the Bible he seems to absorb while disguised as a preacher. Greak

was hired to kill Ben Finn, but his inner sense controls his trigger finger. Something tells him Marquand "ain't worth workin' fer." His inner sense proves him right when he witnesses Marquand set a grass fire to exterminate Finn and company. Ultimately, Marquand and Finn die of gunshot between the prairie fires and smoke leaving only his son, Frank, daughter, Lindy, and visiting nephew, Andrew. Later Greak saves Andrew's life in the Porales' Saloon when he shoots Paintrock who held Andrew captive as bait to lure Frank to his death.

*The Grassman* is more than an initiation novel; it is a novel about the inner depths of early western people. Through the people of the West, young Andrew Finn returns to Boston a more complete man. *The Grassman* is now being filmed for a movie set in Wyoming.

*University of Wyoming*

RICHARD F. FLECK



## *Contributors*

GREGORY D. KENDRICK's manuscript on Olaus Murie was a Master's thesis at the University of Wyoming where he received his M.A. degree in August, 1977. He was assisted in the Murie study by a Grant-in-Aid from the Wyoming State Historical Society. Kendrick is presently employed by the Wyoming Recreation Commission.

PAUL H. GIDDENS, of Meadville, Pennsylvania, has a long and distinguished career in the field of education and is a recognized authority on the history of the oil industry. Colleges where he taught include the University of Kansas, Iowa State College, Oregon State College and Allegheny College. He was president of Hamline University at St. Paul, from 1953 to 1968, and has held the title of President Emeritus since that time. A prolific writer, Dr. Giddens published between 1928 and 1976 five books, four pamphlets, two booklets and 192 articles. Of these, the books, three pamphlets, one booklet and 97 articles are on the history of the petroleum industry.

EUGENE T. CARROLL. received his B. A. from St. Mary's College, Winona, Minnesota. A former teacher, he holds an M.A. in English and Education from Arizona State University and an M.A. from the University of Wyoming, received in 1977. His historical interests center on the Western politician of the early twentieth century. Mr. and Mrs. Carroll moved last year from Denver to his family home in Billings.

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