Annals of Wyoming

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CONTENTS

Published Quarterly
by the
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Mrs. Cyrus Beard, Historian
CHEYENNE, WYOMING

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Vol. 6 7 JULY, 1930 No. 5 1

CONTENTS

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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

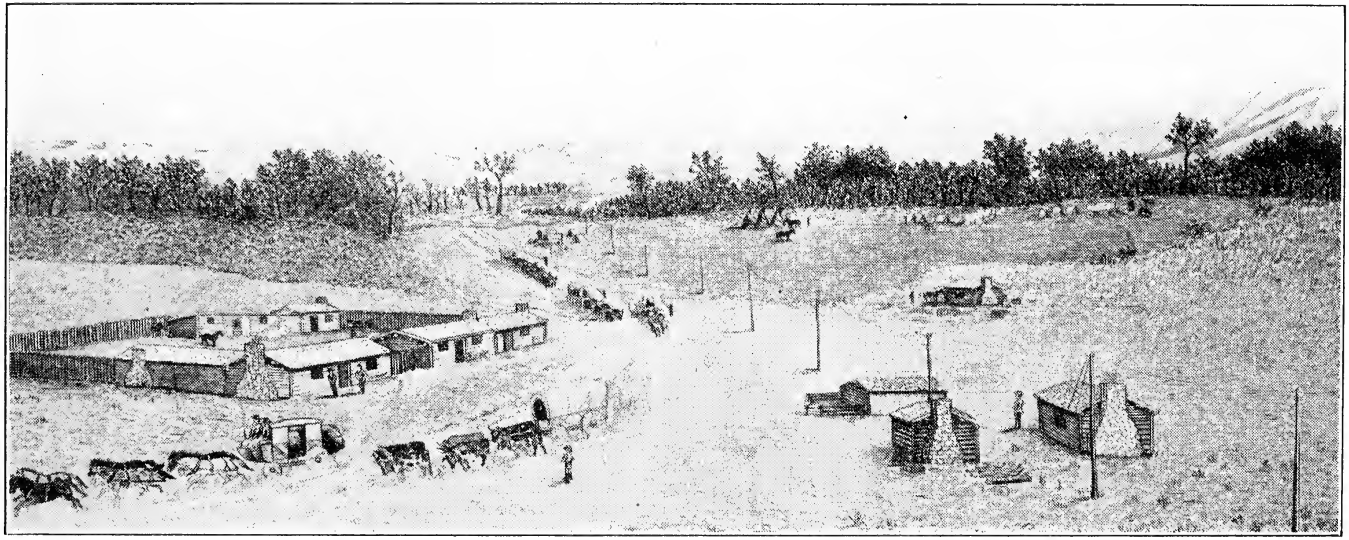
(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



DEER CREEK STATION DURING THE 60'S

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 7 JULY, 1930 No. 1

ECONOMIC HISTORY AND SETTLEMENT OF CONVERSE COUNTY, WYOMING

By John LeeRoy Waller, B. S., University of Oklahoma.

(Continued from April Number)

According to John Hunton, an oil spring was discovered in the vicinity of Casper by Lajeunesse in 1873. Hunton and Lajeunesse went to the spring and secured a sample of the oil, and while there were visited by a number of Arapahoe Indians and ordered out of the country. Hunton says that upon arriving at Fort Fetterman he heated the oil in hot water and got a pint of crude oil. (*2) In 1895 the builders of the Brenning Basin Irrigation Ditch 15 miles west of Douglas, cut through cretaceous formations into the sand rock of the Dakota group and found strong indications of oil. The Wyoming Valley Oil Company was organized in 1896 and put down a 500 foot well at great cost and with disastrous results, for neither oil nor gas was found. This company later put down a hole to a depth of 825 feet, only to lose it. There was a great deal of water in the Brenning Basin, where all the early drilling was done, and this caused much trouble and delay in drilling. It was not until 1905 that oil in commercial quantities was found. Eight wells were producing in this basin in 1907, (*3) but all have been since abandoned or the production is too small to be reported.

In 1912 the Wyoming Oil, Gas and Power Company drilled two shallow wells in Township 33N, Range 74 West, within a mile or so of an oil seep. V. H. Barnett of the United States Geologic Survey made a close study of the Big Muddy Dome, (*4) and in his report spoke of the two wells being drilled near the oil seep in 1912, and stated that the reason for no discovery of oil was because the wells were drilled into a monocline where the dip in the rock was uniform. Barnett deserves great credit for the develop-

*2 Proceedings and Collections, Wyoming Historical Department, 1919-1920, 153.
*3 Bill Barlow's Budget—21st Anniversary Edition, 1907.
*4 See map page 33.

ment of the Big Muddy field, which lies west of Glenrock and on the south side of the North Platte between Glenrock and the Big Muddy Creek. Barnett went all over this region, and made his report in 1914, in which occurs the following statement: "The most favorable place for oil in this area, and in the judgment of the writer, the most favorable place within 50 miles of Douglas, is in a flat south of the Northwestern Railway between Glenrock and the Big Muddy Creek, near the central portion of the area. In this vicinity the structure is favorable, and oil if present at all, is probably about 2,500 feet below the surface." Nevertheless Barnett added the significant statement that although the sand that was producing the oil in the Salt Creek field was found in outcroppings all around the Big Muddy Dome the only way to learn definitely whether the sand was wet or dry was to drill. (*5) The report created a great deal of excitement and aroused the interest of the capitalists. The latter was absolutely necessary, for to make proper use of the drill would require an expenditure of possibly $50,000.

H. Leslie Parker played a very important part in the early history of the field. He became a frequent visitor in the home of ex-Governor Brooks, whose home ranch is southwest of the Big Muddy field. On one of these visits Brooks spoke of the oil springs near his ranch that furnished oil for lubrication of the ranch machinery. Brooks and Parker examined one of these springs after which Parker tried to secure capital for a test well to be drilled somewhere in the Big Muddy district. After publication of Barnett's report it was easier to interest men with money. Having associated with himself Brooks and Patrick Sullivan and other men of Casper, Parker located all of the Government land in what is now the Big Muddy field. (*6) A group of California men, including the eminent geologist Ralph Arnold and one Waltmeyer of Denver, succeeded in securing leases upon a large part of the patented and state lands. A group of Glenrock citizens secured some leases, and the excitement became so feverish that there was some confusion as to rights, which had to be adjusted before actual operations would begin. (*7)

The Shannon sand was reached August 25, 1915, and paying quantities of oil were found. Several shallow wells were drilled in 1915 and the early part of 1916, but it was not until November, 1916, that the Wall Creek sand was

*5 Contributions to Economic Geology, United States Geologic Survey, Department of the Interior, Bulletin No. 581, Part II, 105-117, 1913.
*6 The Midwest Review, 1, No. 7, July, 1920, 5; No. 9, September, 1920, 12-14.
*7 Ibid, No. 7, 4-5, 30-31; No. 9, 12-14.

reached at a depth of about 3,000 feet. This well came in with a flush production of 300 barrels per day. Barnett did not live to see the fulfillment of his prediction, for he died in 1916 before the completion of the first Wall Creek well. However, the oil companies united in presenting a handsome sum of money to his widow in token of their appreciation of her husband's services. (*8)

The Midwest Refining took the lead in production, and by July, 1920, had one hundred and thirty-five wells completed, seventy being to the Wall Creek sand. Other companies secured leases at varying prices. J. T. Hurst and associates are said to have paid $100,000 for a lease on the east half of section 16. The Ohio Oil Company secured some leases in the east end of the field, drilled many wells of considerable production and built one of the largest and finest machine shops in the State.

A. E. Humphreys and R. B. Whiteside deserve much credit for advancing the capital for the test well, and they have continued in the field to develop it. The Texas Company secured a valuable lease on the ranch of the Mountain Home Sheep Company. The Midwest Refining Company sold out in 1923 to the Mutual Company, which is now the Continental Oil Company, a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

The increase in the valuation of the County since the Big Muddy field was opened has been very rapid. In 1919 the value of oil and the related products was $3,139,698.00, that of the entire county was $20,299,398.00; in 1924 the value of oil and related products was $7,485,079.00; that of the entire County was $22,886,546.00. Of the approximate increase in the valuation in 1920 over that of 1919 of $1,500,000.00 almost $1,300,000.00 was from oil. The period 1921, 1922, and 1923 was depressing for the oil business. Prices of crude oil went down steadily because of over production. Work of every kind was limited and production decreased to the point of abandoning many of the wells and drilling was absolutely stopped. In 1923 the valuation of oil and related products was only $1,791,156.00. The large valuation for 1924 was caused by increased production, better prices for crude oil and the assessing of the two refineries at Glenrock. There should be an increase in valuation for 1925 because both of the refineries at Glenrock have been improved and their capacities increased. There was one other factor that contributed to the increase for 1924, the assessing of the Sinclair Pipe Line (connects the Teapot

*8 Ibid, No. 7, 30.

Dome field with the East), which passes through Converse County. (*9) The valuation of School District No. 15, of which Glenrock is a part, has been increased the exact valuation of the oil business, for the oil field and refineries are located in this district. The present valuation of the District (1924) is about $8,000,000.00, of which 75% is oil and related products. J. E. Higgins, most substantial citizen of Glenrock, says, in an article written for the Midwest Review, that the oil field is the source of the wealth that has built and now sustains Glenrock. (*10) The development of the oil industry has made possible the building and equipping of the very best school buildings in Glenrock and Parkerton. There has been the direct benefit of increased valuation to aid in raising local taxes for building and maintaining schools, and in addition there has been an indirect support from the oil industry in the way of apportionment of the federal oil royalties and the income from the permanent school fund of the state, which has greatly increased from the leasing of school sections in the various oil fields especially in the Salt Creek field. Wyoming schools receive 50% of all the federal oil royalties of the state. From the distribution of the federal oil royalties for the school year 1923-1924 Converse County received $80,836.15. From the distribution of the interest received from loans made from the permanent school fund Converse County received the same year $28,678.90. (*11) The budget for School District No. 15 (Glenrock and Parkerton) for the school year 1924-1925 called for $60,000.00 and the school board estimated that something like $36,000.00 would be received from outside the district. This means that the burden of local taxation is greatly lessened because of the funds received from oil royalties.

If the state oil royalties are carefully guarded and invested safely there is every reason to feel that the future of the education of the children of Wyoming is safe. The permanent fund now amounts to over $12,000,000.00, (*12) and is increasing very rapidly. Other things contribute to the permanent fund, but the income from leasing the state school sections for oil development is by far the most important source and likely to be the first exhausted. No one knows how much oil lies hidden under the school sections, but it is certain that what has already been found is now being exploited fast. The state is to be commended in get-

*9 State Board of Equalization, Biennial Reports 1919-1924.
*10 Midwest Review, 1, Part II, 12 July, 1920.
*11 Petroleum Industry of Wyoming, 1924, 29, 35 (Pamphlet published by the Rocky Mountain Oil and Gas Producers Association, Casper, Wyoming.
*12 Ibid, page 14.

ting its proper share of the oil, otherwise a priceless heritage for the public schools would be lost forever.

There are other mineral resources in Converse County, and in the future these will likely be developed. Deposits of nitrate have been found south of Glenrock. Should these prove to be of commercial value they will be exploited. Coal exists in abundance. There are outcroppings in many places and many ranchmen and homesteaders get their fuel from these open veins. Some of this coal is of good quality, but the distance to market has so far rendered shipments of coal impossible for gain, and there is no reason to anticipate shipment of coal from Converse County until supplies nearer markets are exhausted. Local manufactures and railroads may use more in the future. As it is today this is one resource undeveloped. The greatest valuation given to coal production in the County was in 1923 when the combined assessed valuation was $25,161.00. Whether the old veins of copper and silver are ever used the future will decide.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Settlement

A small settlement grew up in the immediate vicinity of Fort Fetterman, which was established in 1867. (*1) After this fort was abandoned in 1878, the Government sold the property to private citizens and the settlement was continued. Freighting was carried on from the Union Pacific to Fort Fetterman, and to Fort McKinney to the northwest. The Tolland Cattle Company was established on Deer Creek in 1877, and John Hunton located on Boxelder that same year. (*2) During the Mormon immigration to Utah a band of them made a temporary settlement south of the present site of Glenrock. Small settlements were made along the La Prele and La Bonte Creeks in the late '70s and early '80s. None of the settlements were very large. After it became known that a railroad was to follow the North Platte into the Fetterman country more people began to come, but Barlow estimated that there were only 300 people at Fort Fetterman in the spring of 1886, and this made the point where all the new settlers came before the site of Douglas was established.

*13 State Board of Equalization, Biennial Report, 1923-1924.

*1 Hebard, G. R., History and Government of Wyoming, 44.
*2 Cross, G. H., "Early Explorers," in Quarterly Bulletin, Wyoming Historical Department, 1, Nos. 1 and 2, 12.
*3 Bill Barlow's Budget—21st Anniversary Edition, 1907.

The railroad brought a large number of people. Towns sprang up all along the railroad, which reached Glenrock late in 1887. In spite of the severe winter of 1886-1887, with its attendant business failures and discouragements the population of Converse County in 1890 was 2,738. (*4)

The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad reached Douglas in 1886, and it afforded direct line of communication with Nebraska, South Dakota and Iowa, the states that were most likely to furnish settlers. In 1891 the Cheyenne and Northern Railroad reached Orin Junction, where connection was made with the Chicago and Northwestern. These means of communication greatly facilitated settlement.

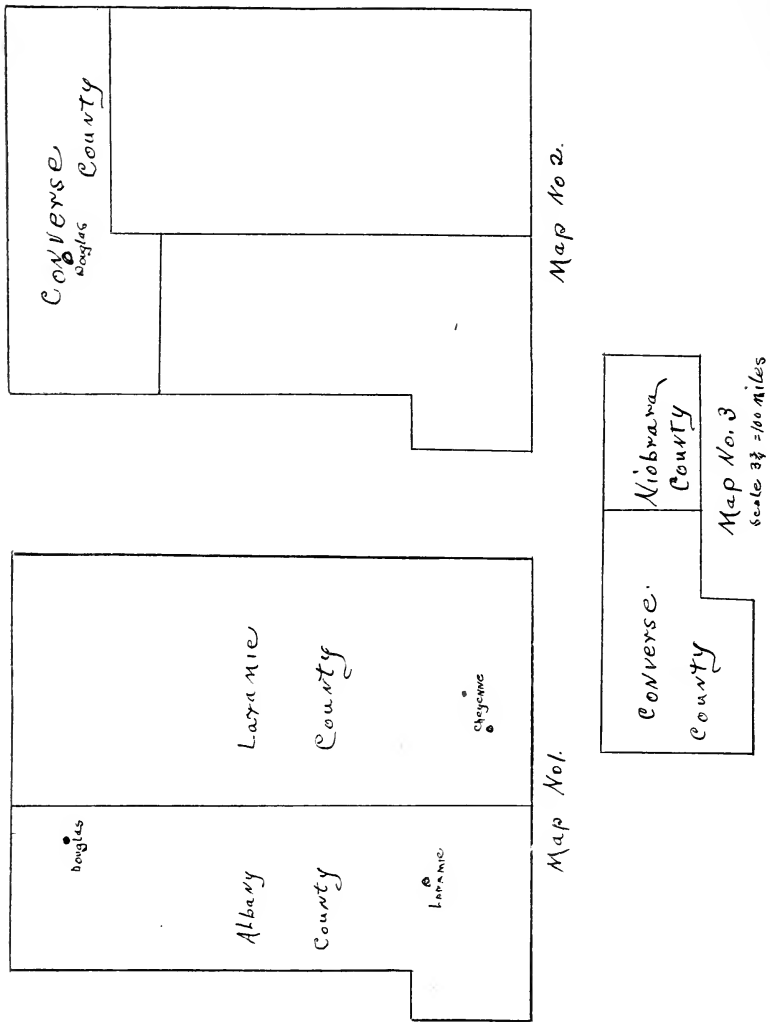
The Government Land Office was established at Douglas November 1, 1890, and this office served a great purpose in encouraging settlement on the lands. The Government adopted a very liberal land policy after 1909. At this time an act was passed which allowed a total of 320 acres to one homesteader. In 1912 this act was amended so as to permit a settler to make final proof in three years. The Act of 1909 must have been considerable encouragement to homesteading for the population in 1910 was 6,294, an increase of 88.6% over the population of 1900. The most liberal land act in the history of the Government was passed in December, 1916, the Stock-Raising Act, which allowed a total filing of 640 acres. The effect of this Act on homesteading was astonishing. Within six months after its passage approximately 712,000 acres of land was homesteaded in Converse County. The population of the County in 1920 was 7,871, a gain of 25.1%. (*6) In 1913 Niobrara County was created out of the eastern part of Converse County, and if the population of the two counties combined is counted the gain of 1920 over 1910 is 125%. All the gain in population was not caused by the liberal land policy, for oil in commercial quantities was discovered in Converse County in 1915. Previously oil had been discovered in 1905, but the amount had not proved to be of lasting quantities. Some idea of the effect on population of the County because of the development of the Big Muddy oil field is shown by comparing the population of Glenrock in 1915 with that of 1920. The State Census for 1915 gave 220 as the population of Glenrock, (*7) the federal census for 1920 gave 1,003 (*8) as the population. This did not in-

*4 Fourteenth Census, Wyoming Compendium, 11.
*5 Ibid.
*6 Ibid.
*7 State Census of Wyoming, 1915-10.
*8 Fourteenth Census, Wyoming Compendium, 1920, 14.

clude the inhabitants of the field. Various estimates of the number of people living in the field in 1920 were from 1,200 to 1,500. The number of school children enrolled in the Parkerton school the school year 1921-1922 was 170. (*9) This school took care of all the school children in the Big Muddy field that school year. Practically every family in the field is there because of the oil industry.

The State Legislature established an immigration bureau for the purpose of encouraging settlement in Wyoming. The apropriations for this bureau were very meager until J. M. Carey became Governor. In his message to the Legislature in 1911, Governor Carey stressed the importance of the work that could be done by the immigration bureau in encouraging desirable citizens to settle in the state. Governor Carey was a firm believer in the agricultural possibilities of the state, and he felt that a good class of farmers, preferably sons of the farmers of the neighboring western states, should be given every encouragement to come to Wyoming. At present there are no published statistics available that show just where the present residents of Converse County formerly lived, but the statistics for the entire state are fairly representative of the separate counties. Of the total population, 194,402, in 1920, 167,835 were native born, that is, both parents were born in the United States. Of the latter number 48,982 were born in Wyoming and 77,412 in the states of Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Colorado, Kansas, Utah, Wisconsin and South Dakota. (*10) If these figures are representative of the relative number of its inhabitants that come from the states named then it is reasonable to infer that the County has the class of citizens that Carey desired. There were only 495 foreigners in the County in 1920, and more than half were from Germany, Canada, Sweden and England. (*11) The Fourteenth Census shows that of 6,165 inhabitants ten years of age and over there were 15 illiterate, or 0.2% per cent. This is an exceptionally high percentage of illiterates. Schools are numerous and well attended, for the same census reports that 94.5% of all the children of ages seven to thirteen years inclusive were in school, and 86.9% of those fourteen and fifteen years of age. Separate dwellings for families are almost universal, for there are 1,947 dwellings for 2,065 families. (*12) Another promising thing about the population is the fact that

*9 School Records District No. 15 (Glenrock) 1921-1922.
*10 Fourteenth Census, Wyoming Compendium, 28.
*11 Ibid, 24.
*12 Ibid, 20.



of the 2,065 families, 1,170 of them owned their homes. (*13)

Converse County has only three incorporated towns. The entire population is classed as rural, that is, no town has a population of 2,500 or more. The three incorporated towns had a combined population of 3,418 in 1920, (*14)

*13 Ibid, 30.
*14 Fourteenth Census, Wyoming Compendium, 14.

while the total population of the County was 7,871. The density of the population was 1.9 per square mile. While the density of the population would place the County in the frontier class there are very few of the old marks of the frontier remaining. No buffalo are ever seen, except a very small herd on the Carey Ranch, and antelope and all other wild game are about gone. The Fourteenth Census reported the presence of one Indian in Converse County in 1920, (*15) and it is quite safe to assume that this lone Indian possesses no mark of savagery. That part of the Bozeman Trail that was northwest of Douglas, which is now the Ross Road, (*16) is now a Government mail route. This road, passage over which was so hotly contested by the Indians in the days of Red Cloud, is lined on either side by mail boxes, a few cream stations and one or two small stores. Instead of the Indian wars and savage reprisals there is government with courts of justice; instead of long-horned Texas cattle there are white-faced Herefords; and instead of a few syndicate ranches with their thousands of cattle and claims to the "open range" there are hundreds of farms and small ranches with a few grazing livestock and small dairy herds. Converse County has, indeed, passed through several stages of its economic growth and is now entering what bids to be its most promising phase—that of stock farming.

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*15 Ibid, 19.
*16 See map page 33.

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CORRECTIONS

Mr. John Jackson Clarke of Mexico City sent in the following corrections for his manuscript which appeared in Volume 6, Numbers 1 and 2, of Annals of Wyoming:

Page 225, paragraph 6, last line—substitute the name of O. H. Earl for that of W. B. Doddridge.

Page 226, next to the last line from the bottom—"pale" should be pall.

Page 228, next to the last line from the bottom, the name "Newcome" should be spelled wherever it appears "Newcomb."

In Annals of Wyoming, Vol. 6, Nos. 1 and 2, Page 191, first line, last word: Typographical error—read Hague for Hayden.

CAMP JENNEY

Hill City, S. Dak.
July 21st, 1926.

Mrs. E. C. Raymond,
Newcastle, Wyo.

Dear Madam—

Enclosed you will find a short article on early day life of Camp Jenney (Jenney Stockade), which I hope will be of some use to you. I had some old photografs of the

camp and stockade, also Fanny Peak, but these I have been unable to find. If the following datas and facts are of interest to you, well and good.

In order to lay a foundation for the correct datas and facts relative to the early history of the Jenney Stockade (or Camp Jenney, the latter term being used in all early Army reports) it becomes necessary to go back to the year 1857 and to the month of September. On the 12th of September, 1857, Lieut. G. K. Warren of the U. S. Topographical Engineers in company with Dr. F. V. Hayden as Geologist explored the west portion of the Black Hills as far north as Inyan Kara Mountain. The Sioux Indians in great numbers objected to their going further north and Warren's party turned back and camped on the east fork of the Beaver identical with the Jenney Stockade, where they constructed a corral for their horses and rolled up a few logs as breast-works in case of attack by Indians. This the Warren expedition was the first authorized expedition to enter the Black Hills and their first camp within the Black Hills territory was where the Jenney Stockade was afterwards erected.

On May 17th, 1875, Prof. Walter P. Jenney and party of scientists and miners, 18 men in all, left Cheyenne for Fort Laramie where they were joined by a military escort of over 400 soldiers and teamsters (75 wagons and 2 ambulances).

This party, with escort left Fort Laramie on May 25 for the Black Hills traveling northeast to Rawhide Creek thence north on east side of Rawhide Buttes to Old Woman's Creek, and down that creek to the Cheyenne River thence down the Cheyenne River about 6 miles where they crossed the river and traveled northeast to Beaver Creek. On the 3rd day of June they camped on the east fork of Beaver Creek. On the 4th of June the erection of a stockade was begun and completed about the 10th of that month. Stockade was 85 by 122 feet with 2 log houses within its walls where the provisions were stored.

Lieutenant Warren's corral and rifle pits were still there although the logs were in state of decay. The camp was first known as Camp Jenney. In 1876 the name generally used was "Jenney Stockade." It first served as a supply station for the expedition, provisions being hauled from Ft. Laramie to the stockade then distributed to the different camps throughout the Hills.

In October, 1875, on the 5th, the Jenney party and soldiers left for Fort Laramie and the east, leaving one

man at the stockade with a small stock of remaining provisions.

During the winter of '75-'76 it was a stopping place for gold seekers coming from Cheyenne by the Jenney trail. In the summer of 1876 it was used by the Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage Co. (Gilmer Salisbury and Patrick) as a station. In 1877 on the 22nd day of June, Messrs. Flarida and Spencer secured possession. The winter of '77-'78 Mr. Spencer having bought Flarida's interest organized the L.A.K. (LAK) Cattle Company, R. D. Lake and Sam Alerton becoming partners of J. C. Spencer. Their foreman Geo. Burrows came with Flarida and Spencer in '77. J. C. Spencer became the sole owner in 1886.

One little episode connected with the beginning of the stockade days will be noted as the memory vibrates with the echoes of the hills sent back from that time. On June 7th, '75, one Henry Keats drove into camp with a team of ponies hitched to a rather large two-wheeled cart. He made camp on the creek bank nearby. That night nearly every man got drunk, Mr. Keats having supplied the whiskey at 50 cents per drink. The noise and howling scared all living things excepting snakes. Mr. Keats was sent back to Ft. Laramie under escort the next day.

The road to Custer City from the stockade was known as the Stonewall road as Stonewall was Custer City's name at first. The road running north from Jenney Stockade was called the Warren Trail after Lieut. Warren who made it.

Sincerely Yours,
CHRIS HOLLEY

The Jenney Expedition was at the request of President Grant, authorized by Congress in February, 1875, directing the Secretary of the Interior to organize and start an exploring expedition at once.

Scientists

Walter P. Jenney was selected to lead this party with Prof. Henry Newton, E. M. as Geologist; Capt. Horace Tuttle, Astrologer; E. C. Newberry, A. M.; W. F. Patrick, E. M.; Lieut. J. G. Burke, Topographer; D. V. T. McGillicuddy, Topographer.

Miners

John Brown, Jr.; Wm. H. Root; Wm. O. Baldwin; A. J. Bottsford; A. P. Sanders; T. H. Mallory; Thos. Morey; James Conklin; Robert M. Jones.

Cooks

A. E. Guerin; Geo. Bowlin.

This is a complete list of the Jenney party. 18 men in all.

This party joined an escort at Fort Laramie under command of Lieut. Colonel Richard Irving Dodge of the 23rd Infantry, U. S. A. With him were 400 men and officers and teamsters. As this command built the "Jenney Stockade" their or the officers' names might be of interest and are as follows:

Lieut. Col. Richard Irving Dodge, 23rd Infantry; Lieut. J. F. Trout; Lieut. M. F. Foot, 9th Inf.; Capt. E. L. Burke, 9th Inf.; Capt. J. G. Burke, Q. M., 3rd Cavalry; Capt. Wm. Holley, 3rd Cavalry; Capt. O. E. Munson, 9th Inf.; Lieut. DeLong, 9th Inf.; Capt. O. P. Spaulding, 2nd Cavalry; Lieut C. F. Holley, 2nd Cavalry; Lieut Wm. Coole, 2nd Cavalry; Lieut. R. Kingsbury, 2nd Cavalry; Capt. A. Russell, 3rd Cavalry; Capt. J. Wessal, 3rd Cavalry; Lieut. C. King, 3rd Cavalry; Lieut. Whitman; Lieut. L. Lawson; Lieut. F. Foster; Lieut. H. E. Morton.

These are officers of Lieut. Col. Dodge's command.

LIFE OF OSCAR COLLISTER, WYOMING PIONEER, AS TOLD BY HIMSELF TO MRS. CHAS. ELLIS OF DIFFICULTY, WYO.

I was born in the little village of Willoughby, Lake County, Ohio, on November 14, 1841. I was a fretful, cross, and sickly child until I was 7 years old, when my parents sent me to live with my aunt and uncle on a farm, in hopes that the change would be beneficial to me. It did improve my health, and I remained with them until I was about 16 years of age or a few months past, frequently visiting my parents in town. Then I begun to dislike the farm, finally leaving it altogether, going back to the village.

Next I got the "railroad fever," and as I was too small in stature to fill any other place, I learned telegraphy. That was accorded me if I would go on as a messenger boy without pay. When I was 17, I was given a position as night operator, then a relief operator, and then a permanent. Two years later the Civil War broke out and I tried to enlist, but I was first prevented from doing so by my father, and later by the Legislature passing a law to the effect that the enlisting officers were forbidden to enlist Railroad operators.

A short time after this, I was discharged from railroad duties because, as I afterward learned, the Superintendent believed that confinement would kill me.

On a Sunday morning early in October, 1861, myself and three other boy telegraphers were by appointment, assembled in the office of Mr. Ward, a prominent official of the Western Union Telegraph Company, to receive instructions regarding a trip to the western wilds of the American continent. There they were to take positions along the route of the line, then being built from Omaha to Salt Lake, where it was to connect with the line of the California State Telegraph Company then in process of construction from San Francisco eastward.

They were under contract to stay at least one year, unless forced by accident or illness to return, in which event they were to be returned at the company's expense.

On the following morning they embarked for the trip. One of their number, a Mr. Brown, was in charge. He was to pay all expenses, and being the oldest of the party, was to be the director of their movements until they met with an official to relieve him. They were a happy party as they took the train out of Cleveland, Ohio, and were informed of the route they were to follow, viz., to St. Joseph, Missouri, via Chicago. From the start to the end of the railroad journey they received constant reminders of the awful condition our country was then in. At every station the same scene was enacted; the weeping of women and the cheering of men—that accompaniment to the going away of volunteers who were joining the ranks of the war then in progress. When we reached St. Joseph, we found the streets patrolled by soldiers.

On the following morning we resumed our travels going seven miles out of St. Joseph to the terminus of a railroad then being built, and where the stage line to Council Bluffs commenced. Here began our "tenderfoot" career, as expressed by the westerners of that time.

Our trip to Council Bluffs, consuming a day and a night, was uneventful. The agent at one point where the drivers changed took particular pains to impress upon the passengers, the fact that the driver was a novice and to look out for trouble. The warning was unheeded however, and no one was frightened. At Council Bluffs we crossed the Missouri River to Omaha, and that night took the Omaha stage for the far west.

Our next delay was at Fort Kearney, Nebraska for two days, and then to Julesburg where the Assistant Superintendent Ellsworth stopped the gang for location and instructions. From Julesburg, Colorado, each became an in-

dividual unit. Brown was sent to Fort Laramie to work a repeating station, McReynolds to South Pass Station, the other boy, whose name I am unable to recall, to Chimney Rock, and myself to Deer Creek. These telegraph stations were all situated on the Oregon Trail, and were of vast importance to stage lines, pony express, and emigrants. Deer Creek was one hundred miles west of Fort Laramie, and twenty-eight miles east of where Casper was later situated. The Station had been in existence two years when I arrived there as telegraph operator, and was used by the pony express, and Holliday Stages. Bisonette had established the trading post there some time before my advent, but when I landed in 1861 it bore evidence of having been inhabited, perhaps several years before. Major Twiss, who was a West Point graduate had been sent out there as an Indian Agent in President Buchanan's time—about 1856, and was relieved in 1861. Bisonette was conducting a trading station there some years before this, operating all thru the Powder River and Pole Creek territory, then occupied by the Sioux, Shoshones and Arapahoes. He also ran a scow ferry on the North Platte River, using the force of the current to propel the scow. This trade was very much depressed in 1862, and gradually petered out after the stage line was established. This old Indian Agency was three miles up Deer Creek from the telegraph station.

John Friend was telegraph operator at Horseshoe Station while I was at Deer Creek. There was then a bridge over the Platte River, known as Guinard's toll bridge, and this is now the present site of the city of Casper. Years before there had been another bridge known as John Richards' (pronounced Reshaw) bridge over the Platte about six or seven miles east of the first mentioned one, but after the Guinard bridge was built the Richards bridge was almost totally abandoned. I knew both these men well.

Not long after the arrival of we four operators into the land of the setting sun, Mr. McReynolds and the Chimney Rock man returned to "civilization," Brown was pleasantly occupied at the Fort, so this narrative will not further include them.

Here began my life of pioneering, among indescribable dangers, for savage Indians lurked among the friendly hills, and outlaws seeking refuge from officers in the east were not a few. Why I was chosen for telegraph operator at Deer Creek was a mystery, for I was small of stature, weighing only about a hundred pounds, and appearing very frail. Deer Creek was a French trading station on Slades

Division. There was very hostile feeling between Slade and the French. This condition was explained to me, and I was told by Mr. Ellsworth that he looked to me to keep the friendship of both parties, and show equal regard to all.

I was detained at Julesburg one day longer than the others and then sent out alone, except for the two men who constituted the crew for every stage, the driver and the mail guard. The trip so far was monotonous, nothing to divert the mind—just open trails as far as observable to the summit of a range of hills which appeared to be but a short distance from us, but was really miles away. I found that distance was hard to judge by one coming from the east lowland as portrayed by an incident which occurred the day after leaving Julesburg. I asked the driver if he would wait a few minutes at Chimney Rock station, where they exchanged mules. I explained to him that I wished to run up and see the formation of the rock that gave the place its name, but I was very curtly informed that they wouldn't wait. I felt quite hurt at the rebuff. The mail guard, feeling sorry for me, kindly proposed to the driver to let me take his (the guard's) place on the outside, as we would pass thru Scottsbluff, which would be a pleasant change from the monotony. This we did, and as soon as we were under way the driver apologized for the way he had spoken to me, and informed me that Chimney Rock was ten miles from the station, and to prove his assertion, he asked how long it would take to go from where we were then and return. I got wise and allowing for deception of appearances, answered, "Fifteen minutes." I was told to look at my watch, and the driver added, "You don't look as if you could keep up with this team very far, and I am going to keep up my present gait for an hour to reach the foot of the bluff." Well he made it in an hour and five minutes.

I arrived at my destination in the night and found that another operator had been working there, and had an instrument placed and everything ready for me. He wished me all kinds of luck in my new home, boarded the stage and went on west, I presume to open up somewhere else.

In the morning I awoke in the little log cabin assigned to me and went out to survey the situation. I found myself located in a cluster of primative buildings comprising about fifteen rooms all told, occupied as dwellings for the inhabitants and store-rooms for their personal effects; also a stockade used as a corral, and quite an extensive stable. The property belonged to Bisonette, a French trader and most of the men were employes of his. Nearly all

of them had squaw wives. I lost no time in locating the cook house where I was cordially received by my future associates. As I had developed an appetite far from being in accordance with my puny appearance, the regular established menu of wild meat and bread cooked in a skillet, and coffee, was heartily welcomed.

The old trader, Bisonette, seemed to take a liking to me and sent a man to fix up my quarters much nicer than were most of the cabins. He assured me that anything I wanted that was procurable in a country where there were no saw-mills could be had for the asking, and he very seldom missed his evening visit to my room. He began immediately to teach me the ethics of the far west, lest I innocently get into trouble, and the lectures came none too soon.

I had been at Deer Creek only a few days when a pony express rider, who was discussing the Civil War then in progress, made a statement regarding President Lincoln's inaugural address which I knew to be wrong, and I told him so very politely. I told him I could show him a printed copy of the address. The man's name was Bond, and he soon turned and walked across the road to the trader's, and I then noticed that those who stood near to him, moved away, and I wondered what it all meant. No one spoke for some moments, when the cook who was standing in the window, called to me and I went to see what he wanted. He told me that it was a miracle that I was alive and asked if I had not seen Bond reach for his gun. Everyone expected me to be killed for Bond was a known killer, and feared by all. Bisonette said that evening that Bond had remarked when he came to him that he didn't like to kill a damn tenderfoot that didn't know any better, but if I ever crossed him again he would sure get me. To the delight of everyone he left our place that night and never came back. I was especially pleased to know that he was gone. Shortly after my arrival at Deer Creek, the pony express was taken off, the telegraph lines having completed their connections at Salt Lake City.

The district that was covered by the Deer Creek office, was about forty miles each way, and the operator there was to keep the line in order.

Before I had occasion to go out to repair trouble, Ed Creighton, the contractor who built the line and who was appointed General Superintendent on its completion, came to Deer Creek on his way back to Omaha. He camped there for the night and came in to talk with me. He soon showed me very plainly that he did not approve of me, and remarked that he wondered what prompted Mr. Ward

to send a delicate looking boy where robust men were required. This left me in dread of being sent back east as a damaged lot, when I so earnestly desired to stay in the wilds of what later became Wyoming.

However, my dread of deportation was shortly afterward removed. Late one afternoon the Salt Lake office told me to prepare to go east, as all appearances indicated wire trouble between that city and Horse Shoe. A horse was ordered for me and stood before my cabin door all equipped for action, and Salt Lake was notified, "All ready." The order was to go. It was nine miles to the next stage station, and darkness overtook me before I was half way there. However, it was a clear night and I managed to keep the wire in sight until I reached Boxelder. There I was comfortably put away until daylight, when I was again in the saddle, and at last located the trouble twenty-five miles from my office, at about 10 A. M.

That saved me from being sent back, as the manager in the Salt Lake office in his report to Mr. Creighton made a meritorious story of it, and advised against my return, as I had proven myself competent.

The time soon began to weigh heavily, there being no amusement except gambling, and that was banned for me, for I had pledged myself never to gamble when I bade my mother good-bye. It was the only promise she asked me to make, and it certainly was a fortunate one for my life in the territorial service. Nearly five years of my life was spent where gambling was a common pastime, and indulged in by the best of frontier men.

I was called out in the afternoon of the day that President Lincoln presented his annual message to Congress, and on horseback went to Guinard's bridge on account of wire trouble. How well do I remember meditating on the President's message as I rode along on my lonely mission. I thought of how far I was from home and friends, and the dangers which constantly surrounded us, but with all, I liked the wilderness. I had to go farther up the next day before I found the trouble, returning to the bridge again that night. Next night I arrived back at my station only to find that someone had been in my cabin and cut my telegraph instrument out. It took me just two days to get this message back to the California coast. On one occasion John Friend, who was operator at Horse Shoe, came to Deer Creek, and he, two other men and myself were beseiged in a cabin there for two days by Indians. These were certainly two days of horror for us, but we were rescued on the third day by soldiers, who were sent to save us from the savages.

Deer Creek had been a Government Indian Agency for the Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes, under the control of Major Twiss, but as the Major lost his commission as Indian Agent with the expiration of the Buchanan administration, the agency had been moved, but the Major, who had adopted the habits of the country, had taken a squaw wife, and had several half breed children to his credit, so he remained in the vicinity. Someone told him that they had heard that I could play chess. The Major came immediately and asked me if this was true and when I said I could, he insisted on me coming to his ranch that we could enjoy the game we both loved so well. Thus began an acquaintance which greatly relieved the monotony of the telegraph station. In the game of chess we stood about fifty-fifty, and in current events of the day, especially regarding the army, we exchanged notes daily. I being the telegraph operator, knew all the latest moves of the warring factions, and the Major, who had served in the engineers corps in his younger days, was a perfect encyclopedia regarding the district then occupied by the contending army. Thus we enjoyed each other's company immensely.

One of the novel amusements brought out in the early winter was the teaching of the squaws to dance. One of Bisonette's men, Wheeler, was a good violinist, and a suggestion from me was sufficient. Wheeler soon had the squaws dancing the old fashioned quadrilles, and they became quite efficient, altho few of them could speak English.

Early in the winter I formed the acquaintance of a young man from Missouri, whose name was Brenon. He was superior to most of the men whom I met, but he was a Southerner and I was from the Abolition hotbed. However, I wanted to be friendly and so did he. I took the initiative with the remark, "I want to be friendly with you. I like you, but you are from the South and I am a Northerner. Let us compromise, and leave the war entirely out of our conversation, as if we didn't know it exists." That was enough. We shook hands and became warm friends for the short time he lived there. Brenon later went back to his camp near the Platte bridge—now Casper. We met once after that. I had occasion to pass his camp when hunting wire trouble, and at his earnest request, put up with him for the night. Not long after that I was informed that Brenon was found dead not far from Deer Creek, on a trail leading to the old Indian Agency. Although several there knew his people in Missouri, no one seemed disposed to inform them as to his sad fate. As soon as I became aware of this I wrote to Brenon's father,

whom I had learned was ex-mayor of his home town. On mentioning this to Bisonette, he showed considerable excitement, but at last said that he was glad I had done it. He started to leave the cabin, then turned back and in nervous undertones confided to me that his son and another half-breed named Richards (Reshaw) had murdered Brenon. He said that the Senior Brenon was an old and greatly esteemed friend of his and that he had liked the young man very much, and that they had had young Brenon's body buried up near the old agency.

In due time I received a letter from Brenon's father, requesting me if possible to ascertain who had murdered his son, and have them brought to justice. He mentioned the father of the half-breeds as his friend, and told me to ask them in his name, to help me to carry out his wish. In the meantime, old man Richards had gone on a drunk, and had come to me telling me amid a cloudburst of tears, of the horrible murder. He put no restriction on the use of this information. Writing again to Mr. Brenon, I gave him the names of the culprits, reminding him at the same time that nothing could be done lawfully, there being no law recognized, and no one to enforce it had there been. I also requested Mr. Brenon not to inform anyone as to who had told him of this without first letting me know that he did so, because it would imperil my life. The old trader who held a commission as postmaster at Deer Creek had turned the post office over to me, so I felt quite safe that no letter would come to any of them except through me. But the time came in the spring for me to sit up and take notice, when two letters came to Richards from Crondalet, Missouri, the home of the Brenons. The Richards' camp was then up the creek about a mile above Major Twiss's place, and the letters were duly sent up to them by a man named Wheelock whom I considered worthy of my confidence. As the elder Richards could not read, it was reasonable to suppose that he would ask Wheelock to read them for him, and I asked Wheelock to notify me immediately, in case my name was mentioned in the letters.

Next day I went up to the Richards camp with the stock tender for the stage company, and found Mr. Richards drunk, and learned that one of his half breed sons who had attended the Indian school had been called upon to read the letters, and consequently Wheelock could give no information concerning them.

Richards received me very cordially, but was not long in letting me know that he was well aware of who had reported the murder. He stated that he had no unfriendly feelings for me, but blamed a Frenchman for advising me

to do it. I noticed that young Bisonette was with young Richards, and that the latter saundered off toward where Richards' horse herd was. The situation looked bad to me, for old Richards was urging me to drink with him, so I mixed a couple of drinks making his very strong, while my own was quite weak. A few minutes later I helped the old man onto his bunk, and hurriedly left the room to find Wheelock and the stock tender. I asked Wheelock to try to delay the half-breeds a little if they got away very soon, and told the stock tender to come on, I was going home. We rode at a very moderate rate until we were out of sight of the camp, and we had met the horse herd being brought in just after we started. I knew very well that this meant that those half-breeds were going to catch themselves some horses and I also knew that that meant that they were going to give me a chase for my life. When I looked back and saw they were out of sight I said to my companion, "See if you can make that mule keep up with my pony." I told him in a few hurried words that those half-breeds were going to follow us with guns. He realized the precariousness of the situation as well as I did, and we rode like mad. We halted at Major Twiss' long enough to ask them to make strenuous efforts to detain the half-breeds for a while in order to give us a chance to get near enough home so that our pursuers would be afraid to attack us. After a most exciting chase we reached Deer Creek ahead of the would-be assassins, and found safety within the four walls of our log cabins. Next day I learned that the half-breeds had followed me past the agency, and that they carried guns as well as revolvers, showing that they were surely out "after my scalp."

A few days after this episode, the Richards moved away to some other camping ground. The night before they left, a plan which they had to decoy me out to where they might ambush me, was frustrated by a white man's squaw who had overheard them discussing it. She informed her man just in time for him to keep me from walking into the trap.

Friends advised me to change places with some other operator, but I had made up my mind not to be driven out by such a band of outlaws. It was not long after that that the soldiers were stationed with us and then I felt that I had substantial protection. The Captain, who heard of the plot to kill me, told another half-breed that if ever I was found dead while he was in command at Deer Creek, he would hang the two half-breeds who killed Brenon without asking a question, if he had to follow them into the heart of the Sioux Nation. He said if he found out after-

ward that he had got the wrong men he would charge it up to the Brenon murder to ease his conscience.

I had every reason to believe that although I stood well with the stage men with whom I came in personal contact, I did not stand well with the manager of the division, Joseph Slade. I was for some time ignored by Slade when passing him on the road, and finally was taken to task by him over the wire, in a misunderstanding over a report of a stage passing the station. I had been erroneously informed of the time the stage passed while I was asleep, and Slade had told the operator at the first crossing of the Sweetwater River that another operator would be required after he had passed his station that night. However, in the conversation between myself and Slade when we met personally, Slade admitted that he was wrong in judging me as he had, and wished to consider the incident closed. He warned me against the French who composed the majority of his associates, and informed the operator at his station when he got home that he believed I was all right, and asked why the operator had not told him that I was not a Frenchman. From then on most friendly relations existed between the stage men and myself.

Shortly after New Years, Bisonette opened up the season's trade with the Indians by sending his teams out to their camps in the sections frequented by immense herds of buffalo, which constituted their main support. The buffalo furnished the larger part of their foods, as well as the tents they lived in the year around besides their clothing and beds. They usually killed the larger percentage in the winter when the hair was thickest. They had a strict unwritten law against shooting buffalo in the herd except when authorized by the council in what they called the "surround," and then only with bow and arrow, and there was a heavy penalty for the law's violation.

The hunters were not restricted in killing deer, elk or antelope, in any way, any place or any time; but when it was deemed necessary to supply the village with dried meat, or judicious to slaughter for robes, the council held a meeting, set the day for the hunt and notified the warriors. On the morning of the appointed day, the warriors went forth to round up a herd previously located. The regular rule was to go in single file until they were on all sides of the herd, each man riding his best horse, and armed with a bow and a quiver of arrows. When the entire herd was surrounded and the best spot chosen for the slaughter, they commenced riding in. The buffalo, seeing they were being approached, stampeded, but finding themselves menaced from all sides, began to mill in a circle. As

soon as the circle was well formed the warriors rode in, forming an outer circle, and commenced shooting arrows, aiming just back of the ribs of their animal and driving their arrows to the heart. This awful carnage was repeated until all the poor brutes were down, then the Indians went over the field to give a death blow to any that might be only wounded. The next move was the squaws advancing to skin, dress and care for the meat and hides. The surplus meat which could not be used while fresh, was "jerked" —cut into thin strips and dried in the sun. The "surround" takes in any where from one hundred to two or three hundred animals or all that constitutes the herd.

While the traders were with the Indian villagers they usually sent a courier about once a week to headquarters, and frequently some fairly important man of the tribe accompanied him. That practice enabled me to meet several Indians who later became noted characters. The warrior, Sitting Bull, who became the leading chief of the Sioux, and who afterward led the forces that destroyed the gallant General Custer and his army, used to send a request to me every week for newspapers. He was learning to read and would write his request on the margin of a paper and give it to the courier to deliver to me.

The chief, "Man-Afraid-Of-His-Horse," six feet and four inches of flesh and bone, called on me, and was deeply interested and awed with the wonder of the ability to talk hundreds of miles with a wire, and told Mr. Bisonette that "the little man was good medicine."

By the time the traders returned, the young warriors began to get restless and had gone so far as to agitate a scheme to bring on hostilities between the whites and themselves, having heard of the Civil War then going on, but their chiefs and councilmen frowned that down. Their orator, Lone Horn, made the closing speech, which was interpreted by the French trader, Bisonette, and was truly a masterpiece. This was at a meeting of their council, and decided that there were strenuous objections to a war with the whites.

There being no other excuse for their favorite display of energy, the warriors organized a party to go on the war trail, patronized by the allied tribes and the Shoshones, their hereditary enemies. The aforementioned trail left the Platte country at the lower crossing of the Sweetwater River and followed that stream to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains.

The war party started out as soon as weather conditions were favorable in the spring, and when that war party was seen in the Sweetwater section, it was immediately her-

alded as a hostile demonstration of the Indians, but no particular tribe was named. The situation was accepted as a justifiable excuse for discontinuing the mails and withdrawing all stock and employes of the Ben Holliday line for a distance of two hundred miles. Even though this seemed a plausible reason for the later arrangements, the people in this wild region well knew that Holliday had shouldered a load he could not carry, and was glad to abandon his undertaking on most any pretext. His live stock was run down and feed could not be obtained to keep it going for any length of time. He well knew that he could not carry mail which had to be brought through in that manner, so the newspapers were tied up in bundles at different points, unloaded and were never again loaded. Permission to cease running until protection was secured was sought and granted.

When the order to clear the line from the upper crossing of the Sweetwater River to Horse Shoe Creek (Slade's headquarters) came, Creighton ordered me to be ready to go when the cavalcade came to him, bringing all his portable property, company, real and personal and burning what he had to leave.

I knew from the mountain men that there was no danger, so I asked the trader what he was going to do. The answer came promptly, "If you stay I will stay with you, and so will all of our force, but if you go so we will have no connection with the outside world, we will go too." A moment's meditation and I replied, "I will stay." Thus decided a most important question in the history of the telegraph line which followed the Oregon Trail.

I reported to Creighton that I had decided to stay, and he told me to use my own judgment regarding the matter but not to run any risks. I was nominally in charge of two hundred and fifty miles of wire, but fortunately, no interruption occurred until all were back in their positions again.

A company of cavalry was started from Fort Kearney, commanded by Lieutenant Alexander and reached the scene of trouble about two weeks later. Soon it appeared that the hostile tribes had quieted down, and the stage company re-stocked the abandoned district, and the regular soldiers returned to Fort Laramie.

Abount the time of the supposed Indian hostilities on the Sweetwater, a battalion of the Sixth Ohio Cavalry was ordered from a Missouri training camp to Fort Laramie, and all of the regular army troops were sent east from there for service in the Civil War. General Craig was appointed commander of the department with headquarters at Fort

Laramie, and two companies of the Sixth Ohio Cavalry were assigned to the old Mormon Trail on the Sweetwater.

Under the command of Major O'Farrel, everything appeared to be moving in the regular monotonous groove until about the last of June when another alarm came from the upper Sweetwater. A war party made its appearance and on the morning of July 1, the telegraph line was found to be down west of Sweetwater bridge. The operator at the bridge notified Omaha of the break and started out with an escort to restore connections. This opening in the line cut off communication with headquarters, and General Craig would not stand for that condition. Deer Creek was the only telegraph station between the two points so the General ordered me to go immediately to Sweetwater Crossing prepared to adjust any breaks that possibly might be encountered on the way. He told me to get there just as soon as saddle animals could make it, and to take any animals available, wherever found that I might need, using the General's name as authority. The territory was under martial law. When I was ready to start on my journey, the mountaineers begged me not to think of making the trip alone. Eighty miles and a good part of it on a war trail, they considered too hazardous. On reporting this to the General the order was changed to include Wheelock, who volunteered to go with me. By 10 A. M. we were on our way.

The first twenty-eight miles to Platte River bridge, (now Casper) we made in two hours and a quarter. There we changed horses and ate a lunch while the change was being made. We were unable to get another change of horses until we were within about twelve miles of our destination, and before we reached that point our animals were about all in, and they were not alone. I too, was about ready to drop, but I kept my sufferings to myself until Wheelock threw his bridle rein over a log which projected from the end of the cabin, and started for an emigrant train which was camped on the creek. I dropped my rein over the horn of Wheelock's saddle, and staggered into the cabin, where I dropped onto a bench just about ready to give up. But realizing that this would mean for me to turn my papers over to Wheelock, letting him finish the trip alone, and I would have to wait at the cabin for an ambulance to come back after me, I knew that that would cause a delay of several hours before the General could get into communication with the Major, and this I did not want to happen. Half dead, I glanced around the cabin, and I noticed a coffee pot near me, which proved to be holding a very generous supply of coffee, and I im-

mediately drank my fill. I loosened my revolver belt and waited. Soon I heard the men coming to the cabin, and I drank another pint of the black coffee, the result being far above my expectations. I seemed to gain new vitality, and felt stronger physically and mentally. Wheelock, noting my fatigue, saddled my horse for me, and when I stepped up to mount the animal, I felt so much better that I no longer doubted my ability to finish the journey; however, I did not resent Wheelock's offer to give me a lift to get on the horse and he boosted me into the saddle.

The road for the entire distance was lined with the "Covered Wagon Emigration," who signalled us to stop, but we passed all signals, knowing the emigrants would be unnecessarily worried had they known why our trip was being made.

We arrived at the Sweetwater Crossing just as the sun sank behind the mountains, and were relieved from duty about midnight. With my boots and coat off, I dropped onto a bed in the telegraph operator's room, and for the first time in my life I knew what it meant to be too tired to sleep. However, about four o'clock in the morning I drifted into slumber, but was routed out again at seven. When I attempted to arise I found myself so stiff and sore it seemed agony for me to move, and when at last I got myself dressed I could barely get around. I recovered rapidly though, as I had nothing to do except operate the telegraph.

The next evening after I took charge of the office at Sweetwater, a special stage arrived with Captain Eno, "the General's Adjutant," and the State Superintendent Slade as passengers. Slade went on up to the next line, but Captain Eno remained with us to report conditions to the General.

The war party had cut the wire some distance from the second crossing, and carried away enough of it to necessitate more being obtained from the first crossing to replace it. The operator whose place I was filling, did not finish his job of repairing and get back for about five days. During that time no stages were forwarded or received.

Major O'Farrel notified me that he was going to move his headquarters up the river and take me with him. I had taken a dislike to the Major, and told him that when I was relieved I intended going home on the first stage that went out, but I was ordered to stay where I was until relieved. I told the Major I would do so, if provided with a written order. On the eighth no written order had been received, and to be certain, I asked the adjutant if I was

right in taking the stand I had, and he assured me that I was right. A stage was being sent out that day and on board of it I placed all my personal belongings, and in the presence of Captain Eno, I notified the Major that I was leaving. To my surprise I was not served with a restraining order, but the Captain brought out his baggage and announced that he was going with me.

A few days after I went home it was announced that the stage line was changed to leave the Mormon Trail at Julesburg and go to Denver, thence to Bridger's Pass and Bitter Creek, striking the old line at Green River. The troops remained on the old route to protect the telegraph lines and the emigrants going that way.

Now for the ridiculous significance of the incident created as a result of this wire being missing from the telegraph line. A small party of Sioux who were looking for the possible appearance of an enemy war party on the frequently occupied Shoshone Trail, was disappointed, and wishing to acquire something to display when they returned to their own camps, and not aware of the presence of the troops in their vicinity, also sure of their ability to cover their identity, cut out and carried away considerable wire, and got away with it before they were detected. Some little time after this an important member of the village that the wire-stealing party belonged to, came into Deer Creek with a report that a mysterious disease had appeared in the village and had caused several deaths. The symptoms were a high fever, a rash and soon death followed. The medicine man of the tribe had looked for the cause and found that it originated with a warrior who was wearing wire around his arm, and on further investigation it was found that every member of the party who stole the wire was wearing the same adornment, and that several of the party had taken the disease. The medicine man ordered all the wire in camp to be buried, and this was done. The disease soon subsided and the belief was universally pronounced among them that the "talking wire" was guarded by the Great Spirit, who avenged the theft and use of it. The telegraph operators were greatly benefited by this calamity, for the next two and a half years the Indians did not molest the wire.

As soon as the emigration for 1862 was over, the two companies of soldiers, B and D were divided up into squads. B's headquartes under Captain Hayes was at Deer Creek, one detachment was at the Three Crossings of Sweetwater and one at South Pass. Company D, under Captain Van Winkle had headquarters at Platte River bridge (Casper),

and a detachment and hospital were located at the first Crossing of Sweetwater.

When Captain Hayes established his headquarters at Deer Creek, he asked me to occupy his quarters with him at government expense, and the invitation was gladly accepted. I found life more agreeable and more interesting from then to the termination of my stay on the line. Deer Creek, with soldiers, became a more attractive point for small bands of Indians, it being the only trading point for that section, and including the Powder River section. It was also the trading point for a number of prominent characters who were implicated in the war which started in 1864 and lasted for four years. Among the chiefs who visited there during my time were Red Cloud and Lone Horn. During the visit of Double Head, I ran into what for a very few minutes looked like a tragedy. The party was camped on the creek above the old agency, and one of the traders had gone up to open a trade with them. The usual ceremony practiced for such events, consisted of the warriors assembling in the Chief's tent for a feast provided by the traders, and the fixing of prices for the commodities offered; not money, but buffalo robes being the accepted standard of valuation. I visited the camp and happened to be dressed as a soldier, to all outward appearances. This was not uncommon, as citizens had no chance ot buy clothes, except from soldiers, and the custom was tolerated by the army people. This particular morning I wore a cavalry overcoat that came to the top of my riding boots, and a cavalry officer's cap. When I visited the chief's tent according to custom, I noticed a decidedly hostile atmosphere pervading the entire band of warriors sitting and surrounding the fire where the cauldron containing the food for the feast was boiling; and to enhance the seriousness of my position, the trader, who was an intimate friend of mine, refused to recognize me, but sat looking at the ground and was ashen pale. Of course I was frightened when it dawned upon me that I had made a very serious blunder, but there was nothing to do but face it out, as retreat was impossible.

I looked the frowning chief fairly in the eyes, and pretty soon, to my intense relief the look of hatred faded from his features, and when with a smile and the universal friendly greeting, "How Coola?" accompanied by a sign from him for me to come forward, I gladly obeyed. I passed up between the warriors and the fire and was received by the extended hands of the chief, which I received in both my own, and there with hands clasped, our arms were crossed, first, the chief's right arm on top, then reversed, my right on

top. That completed an unusual and most cordial demonstration of respect known to tribesmen. I immediately retired to the entrance, saluted the chief and stepped out. The trader soon followed me, still excited and overjoyed, and then explained the situation to me. After I had left my headquarters some trouble had sprung up between an Indian and a soldier, and several others had joined in on both sides. One or two Indians had been struck by soldiers, and the trader had appeared at the tent shortly after the affair had been reported. However, Double Head's recognition of me had saved the situation from becoming critical. The whole affair was settled amiably much to the relief of us all.

The visits of Red Cloud's bands furnished a very good demonstration of tribal discipline. The morning after they arrived and pitched their camp, a young Indian was out scouting (the Ute war trail entered our valley at the head of Deer Creek) and soon thought he had discovered an enemy. He came back to headquarters in a state of excitement, and shouting a warning that a band of Utes were in the valley and were driving off oxen. Immediately there was mounting in hot haste. The warriors in full force and equipped for battle, hastened to the designated spot by the score. Red Cloud stood in front of the traders quarters, showing no excitement whatever.

Captain Love went over to Bisonette and asked him to tell Red Cloud that his men would like to join them if they were going into battle, and thought the move would be perfectly legitimate, because the opposing tribe was trespassing on territory which they were protecting. Red Cloud replied that he would be pleased to have the cavalry join them, if there was any fight started, but advised that no move would be inaugurated until his experienced warriors confirmed the report.

We had but a short time to await their report. The scout had mistaken a couple of white men who lived up the creek, and were corraling their work oxen for the "Black Men" as they called the Utes. As soon as the warriors with the scout came in—the scout with his head bowed, and looking as though he expected to be executed—the Indians crowded to the center of the road in front of the building, the braves circulating around the scout, chanting the words he had used when he gave the alarm, and what else, we could not understand, but given in their own language but it evidently was not complimentary. To add to his humiliation, the squaws gathered from the camp and laughed the poor devil to scorn. Red Cloud explained that this ceremony was to impress upon the young warrior the

enormity of the offense of raising a false alarm; but as the young Indian was not aware that there were white men with cattle living up the creek, no further punishment would be dealt, for he believed the mortification of that day would last the young fellow a life time.

The Cheyennes did not camp at our place, and although a band of them occasionally passed by they very seldom stopped. Two different bands of Arapahoes stopped on the creek. The Black Bear's and the Little Owl's villages located with us for several days and they were very much interested in the telegraph. The Little Owl, through an interpreter, asked me if I knew Washakie, the Chief of the Shoshones who was located at Fort Bridger. I did not know him, but told Little Owl that he might talk to him thru me if he wished. Little Owl was pleased but mystified. The operator at Fort Bridger was called up and asked when he could have Washakie there to talk with Little Owl. It was arranged for the next afternoon, and carried out to the perfect satisfaction of both the chiefs, removing all doubts as to the truth of our claims, and Little Owl pronounced it "Great Medicine."

Medicine with the Indian is not dope, and the medicine man is not a doctor, but is presumed to be in some degree inspired by the "Waka." (The Great Spirit.) The idea that they are all Pagans is not well founded, for their belief in a Supreme Being is apparent in various ceremonies, which to one unfamiliar with their language, has the appearance of supplication to the over ruling Power adored by all enlightened races, but never the less would suggest a form of prayer, accompanied by a fair presentation of faith.

There is no existing history of their origin or former relation to other branches of humanity known to them, except tradition handed down by them from generation to generation. Still they have a firm belief in a future existence where they will be happy in a hunting ground with all facilities for the continuance of what to them, constitutes an ideal existence. They are almost as superstitious as the witch-burning founders of our great city of Boston. When there is a war party out looking for a battle with an enemy tribe, they hold nightly services consisting of a dance in which they form a circle around a little fire, and keep time with their feet to a chant participated in by the squaws and some of the men, for two or three hours. In supplication to the same God that is humbly sought by the enemy, their warriors are seeking to shower His favors upon their own braves as do the devout of enlightened nations when they are bent on the destruc-

tion of each other in wars incited by a conflict of interests, commercial or religious.

Their faith in their medicine man is frequently founded on what to the philosophical white man is coincidence, but to them is a striking evidence of prophetic gifts, as illustrated sometime previous to the advent of telegraphy into their vast domain. At that time an epidemic of smallpox broke out in a large village of one of the allied tribes and for a time threatened to annihilate them all. All white men and Indians of other villages avoided members of the stricken band, so that it did not spread, but some of the inhabitants of the disease ridden colony wandered to Deer Creek, and on their approach, a panic among the inhabitants there ensued, and the place vacated.

The blacksmith's shop, ten by twelve feet, was seized as a sepulchre, and was filled to the rafters with the victims. The medicine man prayed constantly. He finally, as reported by the survivors, succeeded in awakening the sympathy of the Waka, and received the long-sought inspiration. His followers were notified to break camp and move to an unoccupied valley not far distant, and the Evil Spirit could not enter there. His advice was unquestioningly obeyed, and there was not another fatality from the loathsome plague.

The blacksmith stole back to his shop during a heavy wind, and approaching on the windward side, set fire to the shop, cremating all together, and thus destroyed the menace.

(Continued in October Number)

ACCESSIONS

April 1, 1930, to July 1, 1930.

Leek, S. N.—The following photographs: The Upper Yellowstone River near the Park line; Outlet Lake in the old western outlet of Yellowstone Lake; the scene where the Snake River enters the gorge between Barlow Peak and Mount Handcock, the latter showing through the gap; Mariposa Lake near the source of Snake River; the true source of Snake River at an altitude of about two miles above sea level—several springs dash down the hillside and form the source of the great river bound for the western ocean; the upper Snake where a great land slide from Barlows Peak held back the water and formed a lake, the old shore line of which may be seen here—the river has cut through the slide and formed a new channel in the silt of the old lake bed; Heart Lake and Mt. Sheridan as seen from the

top of Overlook Mountain looking west; looking across Heart Lake from the outlet; scene taken from the side of Mt. Sheridan looking east across Heart Lake; picture of Mount Sheridan; a stream born among the snows on Mount Sheridan; the bowl shaped crater on Mt. Sheridan with side worn away; another view of this crater; picture of two old craters shown on Mt. Sheridan; scene taken from Overlook Mountain looking east and showing south fingers of Yellowstone lake. Original manuscript telling the story of a portion of the Yellowstone Park, seldom visited, and but little known. In Mythology, the Plains Indians held to be their Happy Hunting Grounds where miracles are wrought; where winter's snow, extreme cold, desolation and lack of animal life is exceeded in contrast with other places by its delightful summer climate, wonderful landscape beauty, and great abundance of wild animal life.

Trone, J. W.—One French street car transfer from Bordeaux, France, 1918. One Division United States Army shoulder ensignia. One Advanced Section Service of Supply embroidered with the Lorraine Cross.

Dodson, Eugene—A newspaper clipping, "Reno Battle Site Marker Promised, Leavitt assured of U. S. Funds to Erect Monument." A petrified fish, chip, bone, and plant, a rock and a bullet. These relics were found on the top of Reno Hill.

Dickinson, Charles F.—The following Evanston newspapers: 1 copy The Evanston Age, Vol. 1, No. 66, Published in Evanston, Wyoming Territory, Dec. 2, 1876; 1 copy, The Wyoming Press, Vol. III, No. 22, Mar. 11, 1899; 1 copy, The News-Register, Vol. XVIII, No. 26, Dec. 30, 1905; 1 copy, The Wyoming Press, Vol. XVII, No. 24, Feb. 12, 1921.

The Evanston Age carries a tabulated list of the votes polled in Evanston, and in Uinta County (kept separately) for the years of 1870 to 1876 inclusive: The assessment, the amount of tax levied and the number of mills on the dollar is given for the same years in tabulated form and kept separately but the special school tax levy is not given. Taxes ranged from 10 m. to 23 m. This is the official report of Alfred G. Lee, County Clerk. One card issued to Samuel Dickey of Evanston, for admission to United States Senate, date March 2, 1897, signed, C. D. Clark, United States Senator. Requisitions issued by Governor John W. Hoyt on the Governor of Colorado and on the Governor of Utah, for the return of criminals, dates July 18, 1881, August 5, 1881, January 27, 1882, January 30, 1882. Prisoners ordered to be turned over to Samuel Dickey as Agent for Wyoming Territory. One Bench Warrant—crimes, murder and embezzlement. Early group picture of F. M. Foote, Jesse Knight and Samuel Dickey. Picture of Attorney Tonn; of Mrs. Tonn; of Jesse Knight, Clerk of Court; of Dr. Reed of Rock Springs; of old City Hall in Evanston. The above are early day pictures.

Preston, Mrs. D. A.—The Douglas A. Preston collection. Consists of 12 maps and many historical notes and a photo of the

Shade Large double log cabin. Map No. 1 is dated 1803 and is done with colored pencil. Colors used are purple, orange, yellow and black. The key is purple for Louisiana Purchase, orange for Oregon Country, yellow indicates Texas Annexation, and black for Mexican Cession. Map No. 2 is dated 1854 and colors employed are blue, orange and yellow. In this map the territory indicated by yellow and purple on map No. 1 is now shown as all yellow and the black for the Mexican Cession has become blue to designate the Utah Territory. The orange Ty remains unchanged. Map No. 3 cuts the yellow Ty in two and shows the north part as green and means Dakota Territory, date 1861. Blue and orange unchanged. Map No. 4 is also 1861 but the blue and orange has shrunken and been absorbed by the yellow. Map No. 5 is dated 1863 and shows all of what is now Wyoming to be of one color except a small area in the extreme southwest corner which is under the jurisdiction of Utah. Map No. 6 is dated 1864 and shows Utah possessions unchanged but the strip of country extending on north to the present Montana line and to the eastern boundary of the Yellowstone Park belongs to Idaho. Map No. 7 is dated December, 1867 and makes no change in the boundary lines of Map No. 6 but shows Dakota was divided such of her territory as is now Wyoming into two counties, Laramie and Carter. Map No. 8 is dated January, 1869. No change in boundaries of territory but the counties of Laramie and Carter have been split and we have the four counties—Laramie, Albany, Carbon, and Sweetwater and they extend from north to south across the Territory. Map No. 9 is dated July 25, 1868. New Territory of Wyoming created. The strip on the west which belonged to Idaho and Utah are made a part of the new Territory of Wyoming and becomes Uinta County and extends the entire width of the state. There are now five counties. Map No. 10, same counties—treats of county seats. Map No. 11 is dated 1889 and Statehood. Eleven counties shown. Map No. 12, as now, shows twenty-three counties. Mr. Preston used for purposes of uniformity the black and white railroad maps which were published by authority of the Wyoming Public Service Commission. All maps are done in colors, and boundary lines are true to longitude and latitude. A color key is placed at the bottom of each map. Dates and explanatory notes are written on the margins. A set of cards numbered to correspond with the maps gives much history in brief. Shade Large's double log cabin on Green River—across the river is the grave of Mary Ann Large, who was the sister of Basil of the bird-woman, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. She was a good soul. Every night when the herders came in tired and cold she took their boots or shoes and dried them soft for the next day. She died of dropsy. (This information is written on the back of the Shade Large picture by Mr. Preston.)

Hooker, W. F.—An article on the old Oregon Trail, written by Mr. Hooker and published in the Milwaukee Journal, April 27, 1930. "Settlement of the West started one hundred years ago when the first wagon train blazed the old Oregon Trail, over which 300,000 persons were to pass in the next thirty

years." A colored picture of a Covered Wagon Train printed in this same newspaper.

Lovejoy, Fred—Picture of Mr. John Huff, who resided at Atlantic City, Wyo., in 1867, and of Mr. Fred Lovejoy.

Waltman, Mrs. E. E.—Original manuscript written by Mrs. Waltman entitled "Wyoming Birds."

Kendall, R. J.—An old rifle found on the Pole Mountain Reserve. A military marker used on the harness of pack teams.

Griffith, J. B.—Blueprint of a small part of Captain Raynold's map of 1859. Copy of "Memoirs of a Pioneer—Geo. Lathrop."

Snow, Mrs. W. C.—A manuscript on the Life and Public Services of General C. F. Manderson.

Fryxell, Prof. F. M.—Two books: "History of the Mormons" by Lieut. J. W. Gunnison and "Exploration of the Red River of Louisiana in the year 1852" by Randolph B. Marcy.

Glafcke, E. W.—Report on the Results of Spirit Leveling in Wyoming, 1896 to 1912, inc., Dept. of the Interior, U. S. Geological Survey, Bulletin 558.

Auerbach, Herbert—Pamphlet "Exhibition of Relics of the Prophet Joseph Smith," during L. D. S. Centennial, April 5 to 12, 1930.

D. A. R.—Fort McKinney Chapter, Buffalo, Wyo.—Original manuscripts: "Obituary of T. J. Foster," "Mary M. Parmelee and Captain J. H. Manley," "Mr. C. H. Parmelee."

D. A. R.—Cheyenne, Wyo.—Programs for the following years: 1921, 1922, 1926, 1927, 1928-1929, 1929-1930.

Bowen, Mrs. Edwin LeRoy—Historical and genealogical chart of Robert Brooke (1602-1655) of Maryland and his wife, Mary Baker.

Durbin, Thomas F.—One ledger and one journal—books kept by the Durbin Bros. while they were in the meat business in Cheyenne. Date, 1881. One picture of the California Meat Market, owned and operated by Helphenstine and Durbin in Cheyenne in 1874 or 1875. One picture of the Helphenstine and Durbin Meat Market taken in 1874. One copy of the Merchants Memorandum Book and Buyers guide to Cheyenne, dated 1882. Seven early day pictures of Durbin cattle taken in the region of the Crow Indian Reservation in Montana, dated 1893. One picture of the Methodist Church in Cheyenne, dated 1899. List of officers and members of Cheyenne Lodge No. 1, A. F. & A. M., July 1, 1907. Two pictures of the Office of the Live Stock Board, dated 1906. Two pictures of the Live Stock Board, dated 1910. One Wyoming Commandery No. 1, Knights Templar By-Laws and Directory, 1914. One souvenir the Grand Lodge of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons of Wyoming, Golden Jubilee, 1874-1924. One picture of George and Mother Durbin taken in front of their house at 2016 House, Cheyenne, Wyoming, no date.

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 7 OCTOBER, 1930 No. 2

CONTENTS

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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

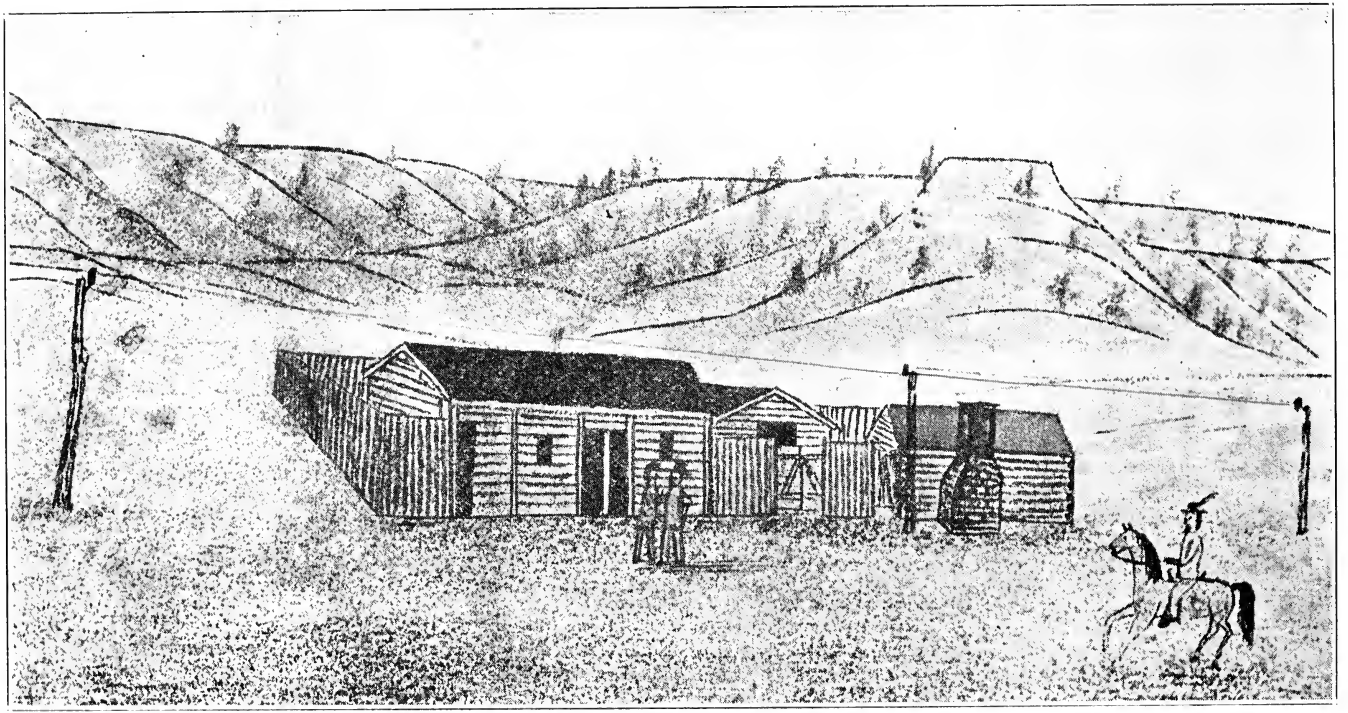
(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



Horseshoe Station, Idaho Territory, 1865. South of Horseshoe Creek on the Telegraph and Emigrant Overland Route.

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 7 OCTOBER, 1930 No. 2

LIFE OF OSCAR COLLISTER, WYOMING PIONEER, AS TOLD BY HIMSELF TO MRS. CHAS. ELLIS OF DIFFICULTY, WYO.

(Continued from July Number)

In a small cotton-wood and box-elder grove on Deer Creek was enacted an interesting ceremony. A young Sioux squaw passed away in a small temporary camp, and her remains were disposed of according to custom. The Indians would never bury a body if it could be disposed of by putting it on a scaffold in a tree. Accordingly this body was wrapped in blankets and robes, and placed on a scaffold which was made in a cotton-wood tree. All the ornaments she cherished were wrapped up with her. In a day or two a young warrior led a fine pony under the scaffold stepped back and fired an arrow into the pony's heart, killing it instantly. The spirit of the pony was the available conveyance for the spirit of the squaw to ride to her destination, the "Happy Hunting Ground," which was supposed to be "many sleeps away," according to their method of gauging distance.

Early in April in 1862, the operator at the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater called Deer Creek, and announced that their (the Three Crossing's) horses had been turned out to graze and had been stampeded by a band of Indians, and taken away.

Captain Love went immediately to Bisonette for information as to the probable route the Indians might take to get back to their own territory. He learned that the most probable route would be by way of Powder River. The Commissary Sergeant was instructed to prepare for a march. The bugle sounded boots and saddles, and all but three or four men were detailed for action. The excitement was too much for me. I asked the Captain if he was willing I should go with them. His answer was, "Yes, but put on this and take your place in the ranks." The thing offered me was a sabre which I gladly and proudly accepted. I was unable to communicate with the general office to obtain permission to leave, but arranged with the next

operators both east and west to look after my section in case of wire trouble and I took my place in the ranks.

We had two efficient guides and it took us two days to reach the place where the trail which the Indians were believed to have taken intersected the one the troops were following, but found no sign of them. We loitered along, taking our time and returning by another route. We were out eight days, but failed to find either Indians or horses, and I learned that I had not even been missed when I met the assistant superintendent about a month later.

In the summer of 1863 a man named Bozeman, accompanied by an old time mountaineer and guide, whose name I have forgotten, arrived at Deer Creek from Montana, having staked out a trail from the town of Bozeman to Deer Creek along the east slope of the Rocky Mountains; one that would shorten the distance of the then existing route to Montana from points east of the Missouri River.

They established a camp and started in to divert emigrants destined to Montana. They were not long in gathering a sufficient number of wagons to make a good sized party, and started out to establish the new trail, going directly down the old trader's trail to Powder River, thence to Lodge-pole Creek. Here they awoke one morning to find themselves surrounded by Indians and their route blocked. No hostile demonstrations were made, or calls for a pow-pow to explain. This condition continued for several days. Finally two men volunteered to make a trip back to Deer Creek to report to the military officers and get an escort. They studied the situation for two or three nights, always watching for a chance to escape, before they found an opening that they considered safe. They succeeded in getting out unmolested and came through all right.

Lodgepole Creek was about a hundred and fifty miles from Deer Creek, so these men had no little journey to make in order to report this predicament. The situation was reported to Fort Laramie, and a company of sixty cavalrymen were immediately started for the scene of the trouble, with orders to take them through to Montana, but the night they crossed the North Platte, a telegram came cancelling the order to escort them to Montana, and instead, instructing that they be escorted back to the old Mormon trail at any point they might choose east of the South Pass. The last order was obeyed and the party was next heard from at South Pass. One of the party of emigrants, having lost one of his horses, by death, was obliged to abandon the trip. As he had formed a favorable opinion

of me while camping at Deer Creek during the formation of the Bozeman party, returned to Deer Creek and took up his abode with me for the winter, devoting his time to trapping beaver and coyotes, which proved a financial success.

With the setting in of a very severe winter and a limited activity among the traders, and only about a dozen soldiers commanded by a sergeant, life in Deer Creek became very monotonous. Not being able to cook, I was compelled to board with parties who had squaw wives, and somehow I failed to appreciate their abilities in the culinary line. I did not complain but I quietly counted the days still to be endured, before I could hit the trail again for the still farther west.

Spring came at last and with it came a visit from the assistant superintendent. At my request he consented to wire the California State Telegraph Company, recommending me and stating that I was honorably released by the Western Union Telegraph Company.

I was approached one day by a friend with this statement, half question and half assertion. "They tell me there is no such thing as sentiment or romance existing among the Indians," whereupon the following story was reluctantly related by me.

The stolid, undemonstrative appearance of the Indian is not entirely due to their lack of humanity, but largely to habit and strict cultivation of indifference to emotions; the same with the squaws as with the men.

It was an almost daily occurrence for squaws with or without papooses on their backs to come to the barracks, particularly where the telegraph instrument was located, to stand around an hour or two chattering among themselves, and watching closely the movements of all about the place. The soldiers would sometimes attempt a flirtation but without any response. On perpetual observation I learned that there was a sentiment covered up by modesty, or habit, and that attachments were possible without exposing the fact.

This first appeared to me in a business transaction. A sergeant wrote me from Fort Laramie to procure for him a pair of white buckskin moccasins with three initials in various colored beads on the instep, and sent a full skein of each color of beads to be used. I took them to a Frenchman's squaw to do the work, and soon afterward received the finished article, artistically done, and most of the beads were returned with the moccasins. As the beads were, although expensive, no use to either the sergeant or myself, I gave them back to the squaw. Imagine my surprise,

when a few days later the Frenchman presented me with a duplicate of the first pair of moccasins. He refused to take any pay, and assured me that it would deeply wound his squaw if I offered to pay her, because she had adopted me as her brother. The gift of the beads on my part and of the moccasins on her part made the ceremony of adoption complete, according to the Indian custom, and as the ratification was complete, I accepted the situation.

A few months after this a small party of Indians pitched their tents at Deer Creek, and were not long delayed in making their tour of inspection of the barracks. One of the squaws, young, and not so bashful and indifferent as the others, and also much superior in looks in appearance, was immediately attracted by the telegraph instrument and manifested her awe and wonder when she found out what it was used for. She made a regular visit every day, always accompanied by her chaperone, and as she had a very limited knowledge of the English language, became quite an interesting and amusing variation from the usual show. She soon gave me to understand that she was a relative of my adopted sister which gave her unusual familiarity—a very plausible foundation.

We were never together except out in the open observation of all those about the barracks. She was soon known as my Juanita. She gave her name as "Bright Star" in "white man talk." It was a popular custom among the Indians when a child was born to open the wigwam and let the mother look out for inspiration in choosing a name for the child, and the first appropriate object seen was selected. Hence in the case of Bright Star, the morning or evening star on duty at the time of her birth was the probable source of her name.

When their time to move on came, I received a short but unexpected visit from Bright Star. Early in the morning while the roll call was occupying everyone but the captain and myself, both being still in our bunks, Bright Star and her chaperone came in at the door and came straight to my bunk. I was awake and they told me this was a "good-bye visit." I was quietly asked if I wanted Bright Star for my squaw, and when to shorten an embarrassing situation I used one of the common terms of the country, "When the grass is green," I was immediately caught around the neck and kissed, and my visitors escaped through the door just as the lieutenant, returning from roll call entered. Fortunately for my peace of mind, neither the captain or the lieutenant had witnessed the last act of the good-bye visit, or I never would have heard the last

of it. The next and last meeting of Bright Star and myself was a still greater surprise and revelation of an unsuspected characteristic of native lore.

I had received notice that I was soon to be relieved as telegraph operator at Deer Creek, and was sitting alone in my room meditating on my future, and thinking of the years that had passed since I had first come to the wilderness. It was evening and perhaps a little of that loneliness for which we cannot account and which so often creeps over us when the day is done was with me. The door opened and a squaw entered, and in the dim twilight I immediately recognized her as Bright Star. Walking straight to me she took hold of my coat and said, "Come." Blindly I followed her, not knowing what to expect. She went outside and behind the building, where she stepped out into the moonlight, then turning to me she told me in solemn and serious tones that she had come to warn me.

She had had a vision or a dream—it was hard to tell which, that my life was in danger, that I would be shot in the back by an arrow and she had seen me, Mela Hoska Chischela (my name among the Indians), and herself in the Happy Hunting Grounds. The medicine man had told her that I must go away over the high mountain when the sun and moon went to sleep; that war between the whites and Indians was on and that an Indian brave who did not like Mela Hoska Chischela would kill him.

She had ridden in from a camp some miles from Deer Creek to tell me to go quick, and I would meet her in the Happy Hunting Ground after many sleeps.

Bidding me an affectionate farewell she mounted her pony and rode away. Two days later I was on my way to Salt Lake to report, and before I reached there the Indian War of 1864 to 1868 had commenced.

But before I leave my story of my experience in and around Deer Creek, I wish to say that I think I was the first man to tell anyone that there were stores of kerosene in the soil there. I had occasion when I came to Deer Creek to clean up my cabin, and in doing so I found a lot of bottles, empty and partly filled, and among them I found a bottle of crude oil. Bisonette had seen accounts in the papers of coal oil being used in the states for lights, but he did not know what it was. I tried to explain to him the best I could. He used to come over nearly every evening and visit with me for a while before bed time, so this evening when he came I got the bottle of crude oil and asked him what it was and where it came from. He said it was tar and was used to cure sores on horses' backs, such as sad-

dle galls. I told him it was crude oil, and he was greatly surprised and told me that there was a spring on the Poison Spring road a little above the Guinard bridge where it collected in large pools. The following summer the company sent me a ten gallon can of kerosene and a lamp for office use. For months I had to exhibit that lamp to the Indians who visited Deer Creek.

After spending two and one-half years as telegraph operator at Deer Creek, I went to Salt Lake City, in the spring of 1864, but I did not go alone. The telegraph operator at the Guinard bridge went with me to Webers Canyon, where a position awaited him. His name was Solon Willey. He had gone ahead of me to Fort Laramie. From there we went to Fort Halleck, and then by stage to Salt Lake, he stopping at his destination on the way. I did not remain long in Salt Lake, but went to Nevada where I spent the next two years. I did not meet Solon Willey any more until I was called back to Ohio two years later on account of the sickness and death of my mother, then I met him in Salt Lake. He had then been promoted.

On my way from Deer Creek to Fort Laramie when I was leaving for the West, I had an interesting experience. The Indian war had broken out already at Fremont's Orchard, and I had told a band of Cheyennes who were camped five miles west of Deer Creek, and a number of them came to me on their way to Fort Laramie, to notify the command at the Fort that they were coming on a peace visit. They wished me to notify the officers at the Fort to this effect, and I did so.

On the day I left Deer Creek for Fort Laramie, I met a party of Sioux half-breeds with their squaws at Little Boxelder Creek. The body consisted of several members and among them were two of the half-breeds who had laid plans to kill me two years before. With me was a soldier (a private), whom the sergeant in command at Deer Creek had sent along with me, as conditions at that time did not warrant anyone traveling alone. After we had crossed the stream, I remembered that I had taken a key with me through mistake, which I should have left, and turned back to ask the half-breeds to take it back to Deer Creek with them. When I turned around on the bank of the crek, I saw they were signalling me to come back. When I got back to them, they asked me if I knew of the settlement at Fremont Orchard, and I told them I knew all about it. They then told me they were hurrying back home because they had been told that war parties were coming on that line, and in fact were expected that day. They warned me that

I was in imminent danger in case I met a war party, for the soldier would certainly be killed. I probably would be spared, but my horse would be taken from me. When I went back to the soldier boy I explained the situation to him, and advised him to go back, but this he absolutely refused to do. "I am ordered to see you safely through or die in the attempt, and I am not seeking a court martial trial," he said.

As we could settle the question no other way, we went on. On the LaBonte hills we passed the band of Cheyennes who had asked me to herald their coming. With only a few adventures of minor importance, we arrived safely at Fort Laramie, where I found my friend, Solon Willey awaiting me, and also my very intimate friend, Jim Bridger, the famous old guide of the whole north-west. I had no trouble getting out of the region of danger, and entered a zone where I enjoyed life very well for two years, when I was called east to my mothers bedside.

You asked me about Joseph Slade, but I do not care to discuss him at any length. I cannot say much good of him, and I know a great deal about him otherwise. He left his headquarters at Horse Shoe one year before I left Deer Creek. We clashed once, but when he found out that I was not French, he let me alone. I had a partner from Pennsylvania, who was a member of the vigilance committee that executed Slade in Montana, but my friend never disclosed the reason for the execution. Perhaps it was many reasons put together, and maybe he had committed a crowning sin at that particular time—I never knew. Slade was an officer in an organized band of thieves and robbers. The vigilance crowd had their muster roll and he was a lieutenant.

When I left Nevada to go to my mother in Ohio, whom the message I had received stated was dying with tuberculosis, I had to go fifteen hundred miles by stage to get to a railroad. The trip required many weeks of anxiety for me, only to meet with heart-ache at the finish.

I passed through the country which later became Wyoming, in the spring of 1866. I had just passed through here when an armistice was signed with the Indians, but war again broke out before I reached home.

In 1869 I returned to the west and found the Union Pacific Railroad was well toward completion, and what I had known as Nebraska was reduced by the creation of the Territories of Dakota and Wyoming.

At Sidney, Nebraska, I found a train dispatcher with whom I had worked in Painsville, Ohio. He put me to work

for the railroad, first at Potter, and other stations along the line, until my partners arrived from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and then we went to Rock Springs on the train and from there to South Pass in a wagon. We had the "gold fever" and prospected around South Pass, Miner's Delight and Willow Creek, but found it not to be a very prosperous layout. My partner, Caldwell, became disgusted and returned to Pennsylvania that fall.

In July, 1870, I went to Green River, and from there to Laramie where I was employed as night operator and sent to Medicine Bow. After my sojourn in the Bow I was transferred to Carbon, where I was day operator and assistant agent. I had not been in Carbon long when the agent there left the employ of the Union Pacific road, and I became his successor.

In 1871, a young lady, Lou Hawley, who was a sister to Wm. Hawley, the first sheriff of Carbon County to be elected by the people, arrived in Carbon, from Illinois, and intended making her home with her brother. She looked good to me, and I seemed to be equally attractive to her. On one occasion Wm. Hawley said in my hearing that his gun was loaded for any man who tried to capture her. Miss Hawley and I took the dare, and told him to get ready for the tragedy, for we were engaged and were ready to take the consequences. However, the bloodshed was not great, and as "love laughs at locksmiths" we were married on November 26, 1871, at Rawlins, and went immediately back to Carbon where we made our home. My wife is twelve years my junior, but nevertheless we have been happy together all these 58 years. Similar to other lives, ours has been filled with clouds and sunshine, joys and sorrows, but the consolation we have always found in each other, has tided us over the rapids, and now that we are on the sunset side, our presence to each other means all.

I acted as agent at Carbon until 1874, when I was made superintendent of the mines there, which position I held until I quit the Union Pacific altogether.

I served one term as Supervisor of Carbon County, and was County Commissioner until 1876.

As the election approached in 1876 I was urged to run for the Territorial Council. I did not want it, but I saw that the office was going to be forced upon me if I did not beat off the nomination, so when the delegates to the convention were chosen I let them name me as one of the delegates, and the night before the convention I took one of my stationary engineers aside and told him my proxy was ready for him, for I wanted him to go to

the convention and vote in my place. I told him I depended upon him to see that I was not nominated for the Council, for I would not accept the nomination if given me, and for him to tell the convention that I had reasons they could not overcome for doing this.

I thought I was doing the proper thing, for the Union Pacific paid 90% of the taxes in the state and they ought not allow their employes to hold such an office as legislative positions. I won out, and I never regretted an act as greatly as I did that one before I was through with it.

The day after the convention the man who represented me there, came into my office to ask for something needed in his work. D. O. Clark, head of the coal department was in the office with me at the time. I asked my representative about the convention and was informed that he was compelled to give my ultimatum before they would give up, and then they had nominated a merchant from Rawlins. When the man went out, Clark simply fumed. He told me that the General Superintendent Clark had asked him about that election, and inquired if I would not run for the council, and D. O. had said that I would run and that I would be elected. The superintendent had answered that that would be fine and added, "If he needs help, give it to him, and if he is elected have a man picked to take his place the day after election and send him out to work. Collister must go east to study legislation in all states that are in the coal mining business, and procure copies of their mining laws, and the results of the same. Remember that Wyoming has no mining laws and we need some. Let him go through until the session is over. His pay goes on here, and his wages and expenses go on with him also."

I knew I had made a mistake, but there was nothing to do but await results. I was advised that trouble was coming, and I felt within myself that my informant was not in error. I was told confidentially that the Chinese were to be put in the mines in Rock Springs as soon as the blow was struck, but I was asked not to make any demonstration until the union men struck, but to have all the stations I filled, well supplied with coal. My part was carried out to the best of my ability.

After the strike was over, and without any warning, D. O. Clark came to me with the statement that I was to turn my position over to a man who had been sent out to take the place of warden of the Penitentiary, but for some reason was not wanted there. Mr. Clark could tell me nothing except that I was to report to Mr. Shanklin, superintendent of that division, as soon as I turned it over. I

did so and was told to take a fourth class station on the road. It took me about half a minute to convince Mr. Shanklin that I would do nothing like that.

I soon fixed up my affairs and stayed around Carbon about a month before I left for the west. In Ogden I met the traveling auditor of the road, and was advised to go back, as I was mistaken for I was registered as a first class agent, and the place offered me by Shanklin was merely to hold me until some other first class office was ready for me, as there are only five first class stations on the road. To my later regrets, I did not take his advice, for when I went to see Mr. Musgrove whom I had known on the Union Pacific, he too told me I was wrong, and that the auditor who advised me in Ogden was right. I have seen the Union Pacific but once since that, and that was when I visited Mrs. J. S. Jones in Denver, twenty years ago, and at that time Carbon was wiped off the map.

Now to return to my family history. The results of my marriage to Lou Hawley was three sons, Tom and Stanley being born in Carbon, and Howard, the youngest, in Portland, Oregon. The eldest son, Tom, was killed in a train wreck, and the youngest, Howard, died of typhoid fever. Stanley is at home in Santa Rosa, California. He is the father of two girls. One of his daughters is in turn the mother of four daughters, and all live in Chico, California, where her husband is professor of the State Teachers College of California. Stanley's youngest daughter is attending the University of California and preparing herself for a teacher.

My wife and I have a very comfortable little home in Santa Rosa, California, and although her eyesight is gone, we feel that we have other blessings bestowed upon us, as hand in hand we go on down to the end of the trail.

JOURNALS OF TRAVEL OF WILL H. YOUNG, 1865

(Contributed by Mrs. Dwight E. Aultman, wife of the late commanding officer at Ft. Russell, now Ft. Francis E. Warren.)

(At that time Mr. Young was a lad of 19 or 20. He came out from his home in Missouri and spent a year as clerk in the store of the Post Trader, Mr. Ward, at Fort Laramie. The journal from which these extracts are taken covers half of that year.)

April 22. Arrived at Nebraska City.

April 27. The Calypso landed this morning with the Ward goods.

May 1. Began loading the train today and filled four wagons, putting about 5,150 pounds in each. Weather pleasant.

May 2. Occupation same as yesterday. Loaded eight wagons. Weather cool.

May 3. Loaded eight more wagons. Weather good.

May 4. Very warm today. Still loading and finished by noon, making 24 wagons in the train. Now for a little work copying the freight in the "train book" and getting everything ready generally. Will start in a day or two.

May 5. Today has been rainy and I have been copying and comparing. From the amount of nuts, peaches, wines and all other good things sent out, I think the inner man will enjoy himself very well out at Laramie.

May 8. Busy all this morning "hitching up." The Mexican is pretty sure with the lasso. Started the train at noon. Quite a long string of wagons.

May 9. This morning Mr. Ward and I rode out to the train and overtook it at the Nine Mile House, with one tongue broken. Soon fixed a new one, and the train moved on, all of the mules pulling finely. We left them about twelve o'clock and drove home between two fine horses in a good buggy. Weather cool and cloudy.

May 10. Today has been cold enough to freeze—almost.

May 11. A telegram today says the ambulance leaves Julesburg for Laramie every Sunday morning. So I think I shall start Monday.

May 14. Today is Sunday. I had one of the best kind of dinners at Mr. Ward's: oyster soup, beef and ham, two or three kinds of bread, eggs, pickles, tomatoes, coffee, good genuine milk, butter, well made, oyster pie, unfermented pie, pineapple and juice, peaches with abundance of splendid cream and other good things.

Fort Kearney, N. T.

May 17. Started from Nebraska City Monday morning, May 15th. Good road, all prairie country. Traveled at tolerable speed. On Monday night we had a very hard storm. The rain poured in torrents, drenching almost everything. In censequence of the storm one of the stages laid over, putting us behind six hours. Yesterday, the 16th, was a pleasant day, the roads dried up and we traveled finely. Saw a few antelope on the roadside, too far off to shoot with pistols. Passed through a town of prairie dogs, but being asleep at the time and having the curtains of the stage drawn, I did not see them. Last night arrived here about ten o'clock without accident. Slept on the floor with my

blanket for a covering, and satchel for a pillow. Now waiting for the stage.

May 17. Left Fort Kearney in the coach about 4 P. M.

May 18. Still lumbering along in the coach. Dined at Cottonwood Station.

May 19. Julesburg. Arrived here about noon and will have to stay till Sunday. I think if I had to remain longer I should starve. Nobody to cook anything but soldiers. The provisions in the sutler's store are barely palatable. This magnificent city has one log house and two "dobies." Soldiers' tents scattered all around.

May 20. Saturday. Very pleasant out of doors. Last night slept out in wagon. Rested very well, though got cool about day.

May 21. Sunday. Slept in the wagon again last night. Indians made lots of noise. Started for Laramie five o'clock. Got across the Platte in an hour and a half. Now 7 o'clock and getting supper in camp. I'm the only passenger. All the rest soldiers.

May 22. Have traveled about 35 miles today and am now camping on Pole Creek.

May 23. At noon today arrived here "Mud Springs," 28 miles from Pole Creek. Some anxiety felt among the soldiers caused by the fright of the mules and horses in the night, but all arose this morning still in possession of our scalps. Living on hard tack and hard coffee.

May 24. Made 40 miles today. Passed Court House and Chimney Rocks. Now camping on the banks of the North Platte in an old log house with dirt roof.

May 25. Fort Laramie. Arrived here about 2 o'clock A. M. As we came in sight two Indian chiefs were seen dangling in the air. Two Face and Black Foot, expiating their crimes, which have been too numerous and filled with treachery. All the Indians near the garrison are now in bad humor and persons are rather careful about going too far from the protection of the fort.

June 1. Busy today taking inventory of the stock in the store.

June 4. Sunday. At 2 o'clock I, with the other officers, went to a dog feast and ate some dog, oysters, fresh peaches and drank some coffee. I could not tell the taste of dog from any other kind of meat; it was quite a delicacy, though I should not care to make a regular thing of such feasts.

June 11. Had some splendid ice cream for dinner today. All the Indians were started for Julesburg today.

June 14. News this evening of the Indians revolting at Horse Creek, killing Capt. Fouts and making their escape across the Platte, created a little excitement in the garrison. Col. Moonlight with a force of about 80 men started in pursuit.

June 16. Much speculation about the revolt—no news.

June 18. Sunday. Our train is in and camping tonight at the Bridge. Will be busy now for a few days.

June 19. The train drove in this morning and business has been the word all day.

June 20. Exceedingly busy all day and until 11 o'clock tonight, opening and marking goods. Had for dinner today, oysters, cream and peaches, champagne wine, besides substantials.

June 23. We opened the store this afternoon and had an exceeding rush of business.

June 28. Unusual weather for this time of year. Fire feels quite comfortable.

July 1. Gen. Connor arrived today and all his staff, a good deal of style displayed. The brass band is now serenading the General and the newly married couple. A marriage in the garrison is of infrequent occurrence.

July 2. Had a "big" dinner today; oysters, wine, strawberries, ice cream and sponge cake were the most important things. Very warm.

July 3. Business has been pressing. Cash sales $1,000.

July 4. Store closed at noon. A salute was fired at 12 by Capt. O'Brien.

July 6. Gen. Henry arrived today and a salute was fired in his honor.

July 8. A man named Simpson was drummed out of service today to the time of Rogue's March.

July 16. The paymaster arrived today, so now, I suppose, the soldiers will have plenty of money.

July 18. Gen. Henry started for his battery in Richmond today. Went to the Laramie Minstrels last night.

July 30. Last night the Kansas troops mutinied, being camped about a mile from the garrison.

Aug. 6. Now nearly all of the soldiers are gone.

Aug. 17. Business dull. The weather has been exceedingly warm, reaching 100° today.

Aug. 30. Today Maj. Gen. Dodge arrived here, the first major general who ever honored Laramie with a visit. Salutes were fired and an extra dinner at the House on the occasion.

Sept. 2. Gen. Dodge left for Powder River today. Business yesterday and today exceedingly brisk.

Sept. 5. The train arrived today and tonight we are very busy opening goods.

Sept. 9. Maj. I. L. Mackay started home this morning after having been absent from his family four years. He had long been anxious to leave this part of the country.

Sept. 20. On Sunday, the 17th, I had the pleasure of attending another dog feast where I met Maj. Gen. Dodge, Brev. Maj. Gen. Wheaton, Gen. Williams, two or three majors, and a host of captains and lesser lights. The dog was good, besides many other delicacies.

Sept. 24. Sunday. Warm. Went fishing. No luck.

Sept. 29. Gen. Connor returned today from his Powder River expedition. Reports about 1,000 horses frozen to death during a severe storm.

Oct. 7. All week soldiers have been returning from the Powder River expedition and business has been quite brisk. General Connor, his wife and staff, started for Salt Lake City today.

Oct. 11. Today has been cold and tonight we sit by a snug fire, listening to old Maj. Bridger's gold stories and we all conclude to go with him to the gold regions next spring.

Oct. 15. The Indian Ribbs arrived about 10 o'clock and now arrangements will be made for sending out for the Sioux and making a treaty.

Oct. 19. Big Ribbs started on his Indian misison today gorgeously arrayed in fine clothes and brass buttons. We had cabbages and potatoes for dinner today. Potatoes at $15 a bushel and cabbage at 50c per pound, i. e. four and five dollars per head.

Nov. 9. Gen. Wheaton left today for his headquarters in Omaha.

Nov. 14. Today Col. Magruder arrested about 30 bullwhackers for mutiny, refusing to go any further with the Huron Mining Co. of Montana.

Nov. 29. For 20 hours the wind has blown a hurricane. Everything is covered with dust.

Dec. 7. Thanksgiving Day. Went skating.

Dec. 9. Wind and sand almost intolerable.

Dec. 12. 22 below zero at 8 a. m.

Dec. 13. 29 below zero at 8 a. m.

Dec. 15. A difference of 40° between yesterday and today. We had a good time in our room tonight. Maj. Bridger and Gunn created lots of fun with Indian dances.

THE FORGOTTEN BATTALION

(Being a short chronicle of some of the hardships and conditions endured by Indian war veterans in the Phil Kearney massacre of December 21st, 1866, and the Wagon Box Fight of August 2, 1867, as chronicled by William Murphy.)

I will give my experiences from the time I left Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, April 7, 1866. We marched to Fort Kearney, Nebraska, arriving there May 15, having marched every day, Sunday included. We passed or were passed by all kinds of rigs going in both directions, but mostly immigrants and bull trains. The immigrants were passing the finest kind of land for farming purposes, but one could travel without seeing a settler's house anywhere after the second day out. Buffalo and antelope were plentiful.

On arriving at Fort Kearney, we were issued two days' rations consisting chiefly of seven hardtack. Each hardtack was about four inches square and three-eighths of an inch thick. The balance of the rations were in the same proportion. The explanation given us was that the quartermaster in charge of the stores of rations had run short. A hungry man could have eaten the entire two rations at one meal and asked for more.

On May 18th I was assigned to Company A, Second Battalion, 18th U. S. Infantry. We left Kearney the 19th and marched to Julesburg, where we built a scow to ferry across the South Platte River, which was running bank full. On trying out the scow, we found it would not work owing to the quick-sands and shallows. In places the water would be only two or three inches deep while a few feet away there would be seven or eight feet of water. Two of our men got caught in the quick-sands and were drowned. We finally crossed by having a long rope stretched from man to man, strapping our guns and equipment to our backs and holding to the rope. Some of the men were up to their arm pits in water and some traveled nearly dry shod. We were ordered not to stop for anything, for if we did we would get stuck in the quick-sand.

Nothing more of an exciting nature happened until we passed through Scott's Bluffs. There an eight-yoke bull-team stampeded with two wagons loaded with parts and equipment for a saw-mill, and ran down a steep hill to the North Platte. I do not believe any of the steers were alive when they got to the bottom of the hill. This saw-mill was intended for Fort Phil Kearney and arrived a month or six weeks later. This of course delayed us some in building the fort.

At this time, at Fort Laramie, army officers and Red Cloud and his warriors held a council but came to no agreement. The report that we men got was that Red Cloud had issued an ultimatum to the officers that he would kill every white man that crossed the North Platte. At that time there were Indians—Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes—camping for a mile or two along the North Platte and Laramie Rivers and the Government was feeding them—at least to the point of giving them beef steers to kill. They ate them all but the hides, hoofs and horns without washing. At that time we were shown samples of their marksmanship with the bow and arrow. The young boys could hit a button, pencil or any small article at about thirty yards.

After the council, we left Fort Laramie, crossed the North Platte at Bridger's Ferry, and after that we had a picket line outside of the guards. We kept this up till we built the stockade at Phil Kearney. The order of the day was in putting a guard to work building the stockade and our barracks then went on picket at night. Every other trick had one night in.

We arrived at Fort Reno about the first of July and that afternoon while the stock were grazing near camp, with some of the mules, being picketed, some hobbled and some being herded by a number of the men, a heavy hail storm came up with hail stones as large as pullets' eggs. Evidently the mules and horses thought it was no fit country for them. We had had some trouble about an hour previously in getting them to ford the Powder River, but they went back over it as though it were dry land. The animals that were picketed pulled their pins; the hobbled ones and even the stock the herders were riding all stampeded. The herders finally stopped their horses two or three miles from where they started. A company of cavalry from Fort Reno, with the herders, trailed the herd all night and it was overtaken at Pumpkin Buttes, some forty-five miles from the Fort. We got the stock back the next evening. If there had been a few Indians with their spears and buffalo robes, they could easily have had a herd of six or seven hundred head of horses and mules, and it is extremely doubtful if Fort Phil Kearney and Fort C. F. Smith would have been built had this happened.

I was detailed the next day to help load some wagons with provisions from the store-rooms at Reno. The ware-rooms were built of cottonwood logs, chinked and daubed with mud and having dirt roofs. Some of the daubing had dropped out and snow had drifted in. The dirt roofs also leaked and added to the dirty mess. (The soldiers made

great improvement in that Fort in the summers of 1866 and 1867.) We loaded up some sacks of bacon. I do not know how old it was, but the fat had commenced to sluff off from the lean and it was from three to five inches thick. There was a lot of flour in the store rooms and the mice had tunneled through it and the bacon, evidently for some time. Third of July was pay day and we received four months pay. There was some bootlegging, but very little drunkenness in those days. One method I saw here for punishing drunkenness was on this day, and one of the worst cases of cruelty I saw in the army. At the guard tent four stakes were driven into the ground and the drunken soldier was stretched at full length and tied to them. This was called the "Spread Eagle." The sun was beating down on him when I saw him, and I thought he was dead. Flies were eating him up and were running in and out of his mouth, ears and nose. It was reported that he died, but in the army one can hear all kinds of reports. I only saw that one case, but heard they started the same thing at Fort Reno a month or two later and caused a riot or mutiny. The commander gave the soldier his discharge as a compromise.

Our next camp was "Crazy Woman" (1) and was reached after marching for twenty-eight miles on a very hot day with no water except what we carried. The water was found to be very bad after we reached the North Platte, with the exception of one camp—I believe they called it Brown's Springs. (2) Most of the water was impregnated with alkali, which had a bad effect on lots of the men. Many of the soldiers had bad feet, owing to being forced to wear woolen socks in the hot weather, but no other kind was issued. Add to this the fact that there was only one ambulance available for sick soldiers, as the women and children had all the others in use, and you have a picture of what it meant for a soldier to be sick.

After crossing Crazy Woman, we found a wide bottomland on the north side and the road entered a long ravine, coming out on top of the divide going towards Buffalo Wallow. (3) This was a bad place and the Indians killed several people there during our stay in the country, stripping, mutilating and scalping the bodies. They may still be buried there, as we dug holes along the side of the road and then dropped the bodies in, covering them with rocks when possible to keep the wolves and wolverines from digging them

(1) Crazy Woman—a tributary of Powder River.

(2) Brown's Springs—Some 40 or 50 miles northwest of old Fort Fetterman.

(3) Buffalo Wallow—About 12 miles north of where the Bozeman Trail crossed Crazy Woman and a short distance off the road on the right hand side going north.

up. Sometimes an Indian would dig up the body and drag it down the road.

The next bad place was Buffalo Wallow. Several were killed there—immigrants, citizens and soldiers. We buried them as described above, and at every camp ground from C. F. Smith on, there are one or more bodies. Buffalo Wallow and Crazy Woman, however, were the two worst places between Fort Reno and Fort C. F. Smith.

We arrived at the forks of the Big and Little Pineys the 13th or 14th of July. For some reason they picked out a location about seven miles from the timber and from five to eight miles from any hay bottom. A Federal Judge who had been a judge of one of the territories was with us. I believe he had something to do with the selection of the location of the Fort, as he and his partner had a bull train. There was a man who was surely "on to his job." He was a good diplomat. He made love to men, women and children and lived at the fort most of the time. His partner ran the teams.

About the middle of July Phil Kearney was staked out. Up to the 17th of July we hadn't seen an Indian and had commenced to think the threat of Red Cloud at Fort Laramie was just a bluff, but the rest of that summer from July 17th, 1866, and continuously thereafter until July 14th, 1868, he was on the job. There was hardly a day passed at Phil Kearney, up to December 21st, 1866—the date of the massacre—, that we did not see Indians and the others at Fort Reno and C. F. Smith had about the same experience. The usual order of the day was to make a forced march to the relief of some immigrant or freight train. In most cases the Indians had taken their toll and gone before we arrived. On July 17th the Indians killed an Indian trader at Peno Valley, about four miles north of Phil Kearney. The Indians killed French Pete Gayzous and his five men, ransacked his wagons and stripped, scalped and mutilated the men. He was married to a Sioux squaw. She hid in the bushes until the soldiers rescued her. She was at the fort for about two months and left one night.

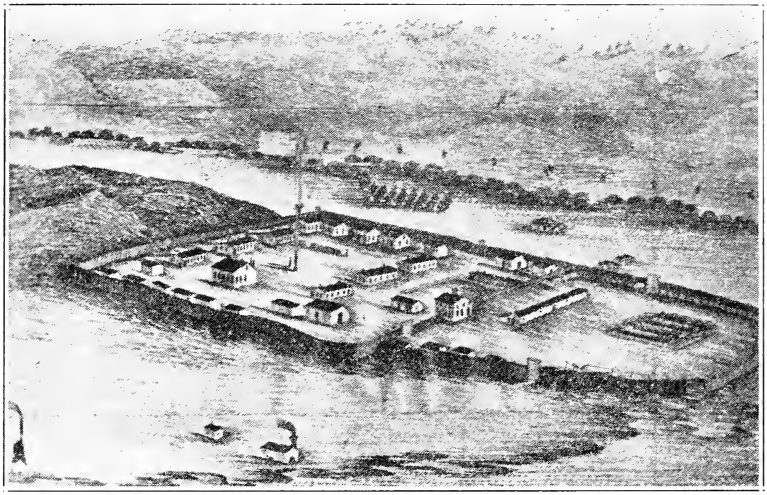
The same day the Indians ran off what we called our "dead herd." They were mules and horses that had sore necks, sore backs or were crippled. Some were crippled at the stampede a few days before. It took several men all day to drive them from one camping ground to another fifteen to twenty miles away. That day also three men were wounded and two killed. One man—John Donovan, of my company—was wounded twice, once with a poisoned arrow. One of the men received an arrow wound and an-

other a bullet wound. When the herd stampeded they ran across the Pineys and we could scarcely see them for the cloud of dust they raised. The mounted men followed until nearly dark but only found four dead animals.

About July 20th, Orderly-Sergeant Lang of my company and I bought two fresh cows from an immigrant train. No one wanted to work in the kitchen, so I volunteered in order to be able to take care of the cows morning and evening. It was not known that I had any interest in the cows or it might have caused some trouble. We had a first class baker in the company who volunteered to do the baking and cooking At that time the Government did not furnish cooks or bakers. They simply furnished the rations and the soldier could cook them himself or eat them raw if he saw fit. They furnished no vegetables. We cooked soup, bacon and coffee and dished it out to the men in their cups and plates—we had no dining room. We boiled everything. I believed the bacon would have killed the men if it had not been thoroughly boiled. As it was it surely came near to it that winter. During the winter of 1866 and 1867 the bacon and flour I had seen at Reno was given to us. The flour had been hauled sixty-five miles and handled several times. The result was that the refuse left by the mice was well mixed with the flour and we found a number of dead mice in it also. As we couold not get a sieve, we manufactured one out of a burlap sack by pulling out some of the strings and nailing it on a wooden frame. We got most of the larger refuse out. The bacon, where the fat had commenced to sluff off from the lean, was yellow with age and bitter as quinine. Some of the worst we shaved off, but we could not spare too much. One reason why our rations were so scanty was that flour was worth $100.00 per sack and bacon, coffee and beans proportionately. The companies of those times had no quartermaster or commissary sergeants and two or three men would be detailed to go and get the rations. They were piled out in a heap and you could take them or leave them.

At this time the Second Battalion of the 18th Infantry was divided up by leaving two companies at Fort Reno to relieve two volunteer companies. Four companies went sixty-five miles north of Reno and built Fort Phil Kearney. Two companies went ninety miles farther north and built Fort C. F. Smith on the bank of the Big Horn which left four companies at Phil Kearney. I was among those left at this place. We started in building the Fort Phil Kearney stockade, which was six hundred feet by eight hundred feet. The logs were set three feet in the ground, projected

eight feet and were hewed on two sides to a touching surface. We built quarters for the officers, ware-rooms, suttler's store, guard house, stockade for the mules and quarters for the men. There were approximately two hundred and fifty men at the Fort, but I could not vouch for the exact number. I was a member of Company "A" of forty-eight men. Company K was the largest and had about sixty-five men, if I remember correctly. Some time after we established the Ford, Company "C" of the Second U. S. Cavalry arrived with some sixty men which made about



Fort Phil Kearney in 1857, from a sketch made by Bugler and Nicoli of the U. S. Cal. Courtesy of Major A. B. Ostrander.

three hundred all told. Some reports stated that we had a mounted infantry, but that was a mistake They were about thirty men who were detailed out of the Infantry company at the Fort.

On December 6, 1866, the wood train was attacked. In itself this was nothing unusual, as it was an every day occurrence. Colonel Carrington, with Company "C" of the Second Cavalry and some mounted men, went to its relief. The Indians retreated and crossed the Pineys and Carrington followed them and was nearly trapped. This was two or three miles north of where the massacre occurred December 21st, following. It was at this time that Lieutenant Bingham and Sergeant Bowers were killed. Carrington himself had charge of the command. Bingham was on the skirmish line and was on the right flank with Sergeant Bowers and John Donovan. Carrington saw his danger

and had the recall sounded. That left Lieutenant Bingham, Sergeant Bowers and John Donovan cut off by the Indians. They dismounted for a short time, but decided that their only chance was to run the gauntlet, as their commander had retreated to a higher point. Lieutenant Bingham and Sergeant Bowers were pulled off their horses by the Indians. John Donovan was armed with a Colt army revolver and a single shot Star carbine using a copper cartridge, the same as a Spencer carbine. The revolver, he told me, was all that saved him when the Indians were on each side of him trying to pull him off his horse, for just in the nick of time he shot one on each side. He was a bunkie of mine and a good man and was a Civil War veteran. We both belonged to the same company—Second Battalion, 18th U. S. Infantry. He told me that Bingham was unarmed except for a cavalry sabre.

The Phil Kearney Massacre, December 21, 1866.

We had a fine fall, with cool nights, and on this day the wood train left as usual, about seven o'clock, to go to the timber. As I remember, we mounted guard as usual at eight o'clock. I was in the Orderly-Sergeant's office giving him the money for the milk when the Orderly gave him the order to have Company "A" go to the relief of the wood train. They "fell in" in front of our quarters, which was the men's northwest quarters of the garrison. The main gate was at the north end of the stockade. The road ran by the west end of the quarters and passed by the adjutant's office and all officers' quarters, to the government storerooms and into the stock corral. The bastion of the stockade was at least two hundred feet from where the men fell in in front of the quarters. I was standing right there and saw the men start on a double quick and go up over Sullivan's hill. From the position of the troops, the guard could not have heard any command given, for he would have had to hear the command through the buildings. Captain Fetterman was the captain of Company "A." Fetterman was at the fort for only a short time, not over fifteen days, from my recollection.

I did not see the mounted men go out. They never passed through the main fort, but went out either the east or the west side of the stockade where the stock was kept. At the noon hour we could hear volleys plainly, and they continued for a long period of time. About two or two-thirty, Colonel Carrington ordered reinforcements of about forty-five men under Captain Tenyck to go out They went at a double-quick, or as fast as they could, until they came to the crossing of the Big Piney. Cool nights had caused ice

to form on the edges of the stream, but this stream was hard to cross at any time of the year. The men had to remove their shoes and stockings to get across. At that time Colonel Carrington's orderly, a man by the name of Sample, met the reinforcements and told Captain Tenyck that the men were all dead and that the Indians were all over the ground where the men had been. Some of the men said that this was Sample's second trip out with information. I could not say, as I saw him but once for certain. In reply to this, Captain Tenyck said that there were not enough Indians in the country to kill the men. He advanced along the road with a few men on each side on the ridges as skirmishers. When they got to the top of the divide which separates the Piney Creeks from the Peno Valley, where the men had been stationed, they found that the Indians had withdrawn from where they had massacred the soldiers and seemed to be rehearsing the battle. They were shooting, shouting and charging up and down the hill over and over again. I suppose the hill must have been as much as a mile away from where the men were massacred. Our first thought was that the battle was still going on, but a man from my company by the name of McLain who had been with the haying party and was familiar with the road, said, "There are the men down there, all dead." Sure enough There was at that time a large stone that had the appearance of having dropped from a great height and thereby split open, leaving a space between the pieces men could pass through, which made a good protection for a small body of men, I should say for about twenty-five or thirty. Around this rock was where the main body of the men lay. There were just a few down on the side of the ridge north of the rock, not more than fifty feet from the main body. Along down the ridge, farther north and east, we found the bodies of Captain Brown, the two citizens, Wheatly and Fisher, and also a man of my company by the name of Baeber. They were scalped, stripped and mutilated. They must have put up a hard fight, as they were all armed with breechloading rifles and a lot of empty shells lay all around The Indians had given Baeber an extra dose. It looked as though they had first stripped him and then filled his body with arrows, as they were sticking out of him all over like porcupine quills. He had straight black hair and looked something like an Indian himself. He had passed through the Civil War, as had three-fourths of the men that were killed. In some reports of the massacre it was stated that the men were ambushed, but looking over the ground anyone could see, and can now see, that they had

a very good position for the arms that were used in those days. There was no stampede or ambush. Col. Carrington sent two empty wagons and an ambulance, and possibly one box of ammunition of one thousand rounds (certainly not more than that.) These conveyances were used in bringing in the dead. There was not even one load, 20,000 rounds, in the three forts. They started out with twenty rounds each and undoubtedly used some of this on their detail work before the massacre. We had known for a long time that we were short of ammunition.

On the ground around the rocks there were thousands of arrows, a lot of which were picked up by our men.

It was customary, I understood, to have the guards have target practice when they came off guard, but our guns were loaded when we got into the Indian country and were kept so. We had no target practice of any kind. At the time of the massacre they tried to show that Captain Tenyck showed cowardice and took a roundabout way, but this was not true. One thing was sure about Tenyck—there was no cowardice in his make-up. He could not have taken a roundabout way if he wanted to do so, as his command was in plain sight of the fort. There was an Indian riding around near where the bodies of the dead were lying. He hollered for the men to come down. Captain Tenyck told some of the men to go down and load the wagons and ambulances with the bodies. All of the bodies were stripped, scalped and mutilated with the exception of two who were not scalped but the Indians had drawn a buffalo bag over their heads. We returned to camp without firing a shot. It was dark when the 45 men under Captain Tenyck returned to the fort.

At the fort all was excitement. The magazine at the fort was a half dug-out located on the parade grounds. The men worked all night there building a stockade all around it with green planks and putting water and provisions inside in case of a siege. The next afternoon Colonel Carrington with about fifty men went after the balance of the bodies. They dug a long trench and put two or three bodies into each box.

A day or two after the massacre the weather turned bitterly cold and the men were badly frozen trying to bury the dead. There was a heavy fall of snow which drifted the roads and ravines badly. The Master of Transportation had left some time in November and with him in his pockets went the money for our supply of wood and hay. It was reported that he went to Canada. We had to go seven miles for pine wood for the officers. The men got green cottonwood from the Piney bottoms and fed the tops

to the mules. The poor mules ate holes through the logs in their stables. We had to go to Reno, sixty-five miles away, for corn. The snow was very deep and it took several days to make the trip. The men suffered terribly as there was no shelter for men or mules and they were three or four nights out on the road. The mercury dropped to twenty-five and forty below zero and kept that way for about six weeks. Our shoes were made of cheap split leather and the shoddy clothes that were furnished at that time were not any protection. One thing in our favor was that after the first few days storm we had very little wind. Burlap sacks were at a premium and saved our lives. We wrapped them about our shoes to keep from freezing, for there were no overshoes or rubbers to be had at the fort. A few years later soldiers were furnished fur overcoats and overshoes. Some time the 1st of January reinforcements arrived, marching on foot from Fort Laramie. They had had to shovel snow all the way. Their arrival made our conditions, if anything, worse, for they had no provisions and no feed for the stock. Two companies of Cavalry that came to the relief of the fort returned at once to Fort Laramie. They had brought some extra ammunition with them which we needed badly. Most of the men were badly frozen.

In the early spring we were issued some cornmeal, ground at the fort. We were not as badly off as the men at Fort C. F. Smith. They were abandoned from the middle of November, 1866, until March, 1867, and corn was about all they had to eat. I am of the opinion that the officers thought that the men were all killed at the time of the massacre and no one was left. We didn't have a stick of wood three days after the massacre. The slabs from the mills were used in roofing the barracks and these were all covered with dirt except the officers' quarters and all of the buildings in the stock stockade. The cull slabs were used by the mills to keep up steam. The wood and hay all went to Canada with the Master of Transportation. About the first of March two sergeants—two men that should have monuments, but forgotten—volunteered to go to Fort C. F. Smith and see what had become of the men there. The snow was very deep and they went on snow shoes. They finally returned, bringing some Crow Indians with them and a lot of mail packed on dogs. The men at all three forts were out of tobacco and some of them seemed to miss that as much as their rations.

In the spring of 1867 General John E. Smith arrived with recruits. They had been snowed in all winter on the Platte River where Fort Fetterman was built later. After

his arrival, there was a great change at the fort. Men up to this time had worked at all kinds of work. There were all kinds of mechanics in the army, and they had built the fort, driven teams, etc., but had had no drill or target practice. General Smith put all extra men working at extra pay at 35c per day. We had target practice for the first time. This was expensive, as the government charged twenty-five cents per cartridge to the men if they were short. We received a couple of orders from Omaha, Nebraska, Department of the Platte, never to shoot at an Indian until he shot at you It was undersigned by General Crooke. He wanted us to save the ammunition, I suppose.

The spring of 1867 also was the time the effects of the spoiled flour and bacon showed up. All of the men that were at the fort at the time it was established got the scurvy. Some lost their teeth and some the use of their legs. In the spring when the grass came up there were lots of wild onions, and the scurvy gang was ordered out to eat them. The writer had to get out on his hands and knees for some time and then the general order came not to let the men dig onions, as some of them at Julesburg had been poisoned, but we went out just the same. We thought we might just as well die at once as to die by inches. The Government carried these men on the roll until their time was up. There were several of my company discharged at Omaha on the first of March, 1869. In this way they avoided the necessity of giving a pension, as would have been compulsory if let out as they they should have been. I remember one man they gave a "Bob-Tail" discharge to because he got drunk a few days before his time to be discharged. I do not know what became of him, as both of his legs were as stiff as posts from the hips down. A lot of men who should have been discharged for disability were thus carried or gotten rid of by some other means and did not get the pension they were justly entitled to.

At Omaha Barracks I saw another cruelty similar to the one I saw at Phil Kearney in 1866. A member of Company "C" had broken some of the rules, just what I do not know now if I ever did. His head was shaved and he was branded with a hot iron and drummed out of the army. At that time it was suicide to go a mile from the fort, for the Indians watched the road constantly, but this did not seem to matter. The day for carrying out the penalty had arrived, so he was drummed out About that time there was a bull train coming in and I suppose they picked him up. I had thought that this custom was just a way the officers of Fort Phil Kearney had of punishment, but by February

or March, 1869, there had been four or five men drummed out of the Omaha Barracks. In each instance the men were branded with a hot iron, their heads were shaved, they were marched around the fort with a fife and drum playing "Poor Old Soldier," and then drummed out. (The cruelty was not all practiced by the Indians.)

General Smith was a strict officer, but he was just. Our rations were better and things went along smoother. After the massacre, the Indians did not show up again until some time in May, owing to the condition of their ponies, I suppose. They then commenced to attack the trains again but we had more men to guard them by that time. In the summer of 1866 a detail of about seven men was the limit. In the summer of 1867 it was about twenty men.

The Wagon Box Fight

About July 1st, twenty men were detailed from Company "A" to guard the Gilmore and Porter bull train. They had the wood contract and had established their camp about six miles from the fort. They used only the running gear to haul the logs on, so used the wagon boxes to form a corral about two or three hundred yards from the timber. The logs were hauled out to the corral and the teams circled around the corral, and some loaded and some hauled logs and top-loaded at the corral. They could haul a full load from the corral to the fort, but only a small load out of the timber. These logs were some sixteen to eighteen feet long. August second, the day of the fight, the Indians charged up to these wood piles which were fifteen or twenty feet from the corral. The wagon boxes were of the "Prairie Schooner" type, about five feet high, with an extra board about fourteen inches high to go on top of the boxes. These wagon boxes had no lining whatever.

On July 31st, the Indians had tried to drive off the cattle that were grazing between the Pineys about a mile from the foot of the mountain. They tried to stampede the cattle, but the men at the corral ran out on each side and stopped the cattle. The Indians tried hard to get a civilian by the name of Brown. Some of the soldiers at the corral managed to give the Indians a hot time and several were hurt before they abandoned the idea and picked up their men. A boy about fifteen years of age was with the civilian and hid in the brush and was not injured. Both this man Brown, and the boy, were in the Wagon Box Fight, the only civilians in the fight.

I was with a detail of six men and a Corporal guarding a train a mile or so from the Gilmore and Porter train. We saw the skirmish, but took no part in it. The corral was

burned the day of the Wagon Box Fight, and the Indians followed the men to the timber and tried to burn up some of the oxen. They fastened them to trees, but only killed five or six head. During the years we were there, the Sioux Indians never followed the men into the timber, but seven men were killed by the Blackfeet Indians in the timber.

It was on August 1st that Company "C" relieved twenty men of Company "A." Company "C" was a strong company and General Smith knew the Indians would be after revenge. About eight o'clock, August 2nd, the men on the picket hill saw a large body of men (Indians) on the east side of the Big Piney and signaled the fort. The picket hill was south of the fort, and one could see all over the valley and watch the wagon corral and the men from the time they entered the timber or came out and all the way down to the fort. The men at the corral saw the Indians about the time the picket did. They cut port-holes through the unlined wagon boxes, scattered the ammunition along the boxes, removed the end-gates so they could move freely around the circle and piled ox-yokes and logs at the two ends of the corral which was circular in form. Smith immediately called out most of the available men to go to their relief and though he had been sick for some days he went with his men as far as the foot of Sullivan's Hill. The relief got there in time and the men at the corral were surely glad to see them. They were a hard lot to look at. The day was hot and the sun was beating down upon them in the wagon beds. The smoke from their guns had colored their faces and they looked as though they had used burnt cork on their faces. Red Cloud was fooled this time. Red Cloud with 3,000 warriors could not defeat thirty-eight men.

Up until about the first of June we had been armed with the old Springfield muzzle loading rifles. The men at the Wagon Bed were armed with needle guns, single shot, using a copper cartridge. They were good for eight to ten shots and after that it was necessary to eject the shell with a ramrod, as the ejector cut a groove in the rim of the cartridge. There were thirty-eight men in the corral and the Gilmore and Porter men that the soldiers were guarding were in the timber,—some fifty or sixty men, soldiers and civilians. The Indians did not molest them.

In the summer of 1867 the Government built a log cabin some three hundred yards from the fort and on the banks of the Big Piney, also a foot-bridge for the Indians to cross. There were about two thousand Crow Indians on the east side of the Big Piney. About the same time that the Indians came, there were six 6-mule Government teams

that arrived with goods for the Indians. There was an Indian agent at the fort whom we called Doctor. I will not give his name, for he is now gone where all good preachers go. The soldiers guarded the cabin, the agent and his goods. We also had a guard on the end of the foot-bridge to keep the soldiers from visiting the Indians. The Indians had also put a guard on their end of the bridge to keep the Indians from crossing the Piney.

We thought the goods were to be given to the Indians, but judging from what I saw, the Indians paid several times the value of what they got. For a folding pocket glass about three inches across, a beaver skin or two buckskins was the price. The goods consisted of beads, calico, blankets and all kinds of trinkets that an Indian would like. Our interpreter, John Sted, was busy for about ten days. The six 6-mule teams went back loaded with furs. When the Doctor got back to Omaha he published a long article in an Omaha paper, stating that a foreigner could travel anywhere on the plains and not be molested by the Indians. I noticed, however, that he had a guard of twenty men all the way to Fort D. A. Russell. (4)

The Crow Indians were not very well pleased with the treatment they had received and the young ones got quite ugly. When they went away they passed by Gilmore and Porter's wood train and helped themselves to what they wanted. They got a pile of ox-bows and two of the Indians would pull to see if they could pull it straight without breaking it. The bows were of good hickory, but owing to the dry climate some of them broke, which made Mr Porter angry, and he knocked one of the Indians down with one of the broken bows. The Indians then went away. It seemed that they wanted the bows to make a bow.

There were Indian camps scattered about along the Piney all the time after the first winter. The old squaws were inveterate beggars and a hard looking lot. They were dirty, their hair was matted and most of them had nearly all of their fingers cut off. I thought at first that they were frozen off, but later learned that this was the way they mourned for their dead. I still believe that they were frozen off, as they were beasts of burden, packing wood through the snow, sometimes for long distances, and with poor tools with which to cut the wood. The men folks and younger squaws burned the wood as fast as they could get it in the winter time.

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(4) Fort Russell—Name changed to Fort Francis E. Warren by Act of Congress effective January 1, 1930.

Iron Bull was the war-chief of the Crows at that time and ruled with an iron hand. General Smith asked him to keep the Indians at their camp. He put a guard at the east end of the bridge, but some of them would ford the Piney and get into the fort. The Indian police, armed with rods six or seven feet long, would get after them and if they caught any of the squaws or bucks would give them a good flaying. I saw one Indian at our quarters, whom the Indians had whipped with their switches. He got angry, and as he had smuggled a bow and arrow, he stood them off. One of the police hunted up a chief. When the chief got there he hit the troublesome Indian on the head with his tomahawk and he was a good Indian, maybe ever after. The Indians dragged him off to their camp.

One day when the Indians were trading at the cabin they tied an Indian to a tree and the squaws and children with switches, sticks and stones, punished him severely. I only saw the last part of the show. The Indian broke loose and the squaws and children scattered. After knocking over some squaws, he lit out over the bluff with very little, if any, clothing. At first we thought he was a Sioux or a Cheyenne prisoner until we saw his head. He had the hair trim of a Crow Indian. We inquired of several Indians as to what he had been doing and finally one said, "He heap bad Indian. He never come back." The Indian men were looking on but took no part in the performance unless perhaps they had tied him to the tree.

When the Crows were at the fort they would hold war dances lasting most of the night. When a war party got to camp we could tell by the action of the squaws what success they had had. Sometimes the squaws would go up over the bluffs crying.

Some may not understand how they scalped the dead. The ran a knife around the edge of the hair and took off all the scalp. Some tribes cut the scalp up in small pieces and braided in it with their own hair, making a "scalp lock." They then are, in their own estimation, heap brave and look pretty and they smell, oh, so sweet!

The summer of 1867, the Second Battalion 18th U. S. Infantry became the 27th U. S. Infantry, and that year a treaty was made wtih the Indians for the abandonment of Forts Reno, Phil Kearney, C. F. Smith and the Bozeman Road. The Indians were not to molest us and were to be peaceable, but that made no difference to Red Cloud or Spotted Tail. They were never known to keep a treaty.

The great game country along the Bozeman Trail was a myth. All the time we were in that country I do not

believe I saw more than a hundred buffalo. It was a fine grass country, however, I only speak of the country along the Bozeman Trail. There may have been buffalo east of that where Campbell and Crook counties are now.

About the first of June General John E. Smith was called east and Captain Hart had command. He was a good man.

We asked Jim Bridger how the Indians lived in the winter, and he replied that only for their ponies and dogs many of them would starve. Some of them also went to the Government Posts. It has been said that Red Cloud was a great warrior. Here is a typical example of his actions: The picket hill at Fort Phil Kearney overlooked the fort and one could see a man with the naked eye and could count all the men in the post. The Indians, however, had field glasses and spy glasses so they could easily count the men. After the pickets retired for the night the Indians would get on the picket hill and copy all of our signals for the enjoyment of those in the fort. After the massacre, we had not more than a hundred men, sick and wounded included, while Red Cloud had six or eight thousand men. The Crow Indians told us the next summer that at the time of the massacre, Red Cloud got his warriors together to take the three forts, changed his mind and decided to take Phil Kearney first, then divide his warriors and massacre the troops at Fort C. F. Smith and Fort Reno, but the eighty-one men put up such a stiff fight he gave it up as a bad job. Think of it,—eighty-one men were too tough to be palatable for Red Cloud and six thousand warriors! We abandoned the three forts about the middle of July, 1868, and marched to Fort D. A. Russell. After living so long away from where there were any vegetables and having a lot of cripples with the scurvy, we thought the Government would furnish vegetables, but not one vegetable did we get. The men chipped in mostly and traded bacon, coffee and flour for vegetables. During the three years I was in the army the Government never furnished us with any vegetables. Ours was indeed a **"Forgotten Battalion."**

After a rest of about four days, my company (Company "A") was detailed to guard the U. P. Railroad from Sidney, Nebraska, to Cheyenne. Six men and a "non-com" were at each station with headquarters at Pine Bluffs, a distance of about fifty miles. I had charge of six men at ~~Buford~~ Egbert Station, about thirty-five miles from Cheyenne, Wyoming, and west of there. The rest of the regiment was sent down in Nebraska to hunt Indians on the Republican and Blue who had been killing settlers and freighters. The

soldiers captured a few prisoners and brought them back to North Platte, Nebraska. They were turned loose a short time later, given some rations and told to be good. I suppose they were until the next spring. Two Indians, chiefs, I think, were sent to Omaha Barracks, held for some time and then shipped home. In the spring of 1869 I went to work for J. W. Ilif, a cattleman. His stock ranged along north of the South Platte where the towns of Eaton and Greely are now located, thence east to Fremont's Orchards, Fremont, Nebraska, and north to the U. P. Railroad. He was the only cattleman in the country at that time. I rode all over the country from Fort Collins to Sidney and north to Pumpkin Creek and Laurence Forks, Horse Creek. One man, a Mr. Sims, had a few cattle on the head of Horse Creek and Dick and Dan Latham on the Fort Laramie Crossing. In nearly two years riding I never saw a buffalo. The report was that the Government had beat the Indian out of such a wonderful hunting ground. They said the whole country was full of game and made believe the Indians were robbed. As I remember the Indians were paid for every foot of land they took from the Indians. When I was working for Ilif the Indians would pass back and forth going south into Kansas and Nebraska and north up into the Dakotas and Wyoming. They burned one of our ranches in the winter of 1869. It was close to where Grover, Colorado, now stands, but we were all well armed and they kept clear of us. They left the trail occasionally and killed cows so they could get the unborn calves to eat. They left their mark sometimes along the U. P. They killed several people at different times. Once I remember was at Pine Bluffs, where they killed a nephew of "Pine Bluffs' Tracy. They took toll at the Bluffs several times, also at Sidney, Nebraska, and at Point of Rocks, west of Sidney. Some time about the middle of May, 1870, they ran off a band of Ilif horses from Simpson Canyon, Chalk Bluffs. The horses were at North Platte in possession of the Sioux Indians the next year. Once later in the spring of 1870 two of us were driving a herd of beef cattle to Cheyenne from Simpson Canyon. At Chalk Bluffs we ran into a band of Indians—seventeen in number. The Indians didn't start anything, and we did not, either. That was about seven miles east of Cheyenne. Many of the Indians we fought were peaceable at later fights. We had to fight them all at one time or another. At the time of the Custer Massacre, June 25th, for example, the Arapahoe Indians were on the Wind River Agency in Cheyenne, in the Indian Territory, being fed by the Government. The site of the Fetterman

Massacre, December 21, 1866, was about sixty miles south of the Custer field and ten years earlier in time.

For a year or two before the Custer Massacre, my partner, Peter Hamma, and I had a contract to haul Indian goods to the warerooms at Camp Carlin and some to the I. W. French warerooms on the corner of 15th Avenue and Eddy Street, Cheyenne, Wyo. The goods consisted of flour, bacon, coffee, sugar, hardtack and some boxes of merchandise. There was a large quantity of it. From Cheyenne the goods were freighted by bull trains and mules to a Red Cloud and Spotted Bull agency, Dakota. Some years afterward they moved the depot to Sidney, Nebraska, and freighted the goods from there, as it was a shorter haul. At the time of the Custer Masacre, Sitting Bull's children, squaws and old men were well taken care of at the agency while he was out killing settlers and stealing stock. Some writers said the old men and the squaws were the ones that mutilated the Custer dead, but this was not so, for they were not there.

In the latter part of the year 1927, Governor Johnson of Oklahoma made a statement printed in the Kansas City Star stating that the Indians always kept their agreements and all treaties, especially the treaty of 1867, laying all the blame on the Government for all of the Indian wars. I can only be charitable and credit him with ignorance and good intentions—certainly his statement lacked truth. This was directly opposite from most experiences of those having to deal with the Indians. I do not claim that all the wrong was one sided, but I do claim that the Indians could never be trusted and never paid any attention to the treaty in question. Red Cloud in particular, to the best of my knowledge, never kept a treaty he made.

I was at a reunion at Sheridan, Wyoming, in 1908 and was told that the Crow Indians were nearly **self-supporting** at that time, after thirty-five years. The Government had built quarters on the land, given them stock and teachers to show them haw to farm and raise good stock and yet after THIRTY-FIVE YEARS, with all this assistance, they were NEARLY SELF-SUPPORTING.

Little publicity or public recognition has ever been given the Indian War Veteran and his accomplishments. They are indeed a FORGOTTEN PEOPLE and the only ones in American history so treated. They seem to have been put in the same class with the police in a city. They were so placed for the purpose of being shot at and abused. Their deeds were in a country little known and against an enemy that was not a national menace as in other wars.

The natural result was that they were shelved when other veterans were getting pensions and monuments. They traveled through snow and cold without shelter, and were expected to do the impossible, such as traveling fifty to a hundred miles in a day on foot to get to the scene of some depredation by Indians The popular idea was that they were no good anyway. If the settlers that now enjoy their ranches in Nebraska, Wyoming, the Dakotas, New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona, Minnesota and all of the western states, would stop and think, they would find that at least one Indian War Veteran lost his life for every township in the entire territory described.

All of the old timers in Cheyenne will remember my bunkie, John Donovan. He had three arrow wounds, one from a poisoned arrow that left a running sore. He was also a Civil War Veteran. He tried to get a pension for many years. I suppose when they saw he was a regular soldier they pigeonholed his application, for he was rejected several times. He finally got $16.00 per month. He died many years ago, but lived in the nine hundred block, East 22nd Street, in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

In 1908, when I went to the reunion in Sheridan, Wyoming, Colonel Carrington with his wife, five soldiers and two citizens were all we could rally. All but three are now dead. Mrs. Wheatly, the wife of the Wheatly that was killed at the massacre, married a man by the name of Breckenridge and lived on a ranch about five miles up the river from Fort Laramie. As I remember, she had two boys when she lived at Fort Phil Kearney. Lieutenant Colonel Grummond's widow married Colonel Carrington.

James Bridger was with us all the summer of 1866 up until late in the fall. If Col. Carrington and the officers had followed the advice of Bridger I do not think there would have been nearly as many of our men killed. He told the officers not to follow the Indians and to send more men on escort duty, but they thought he was old and did not know anything about Indian warfare. As I knew him, he was nothing like the Jim Bridger as pictured in the film, "The Covered Wagon," which I saw in 1926. I never saw him under the influence of liquor, and I know he did not have any squaws along with him. He must have been between sixty and seventy years of age at that time, but he was quite spry, was a good story teller and could speak the Indian language.

(Continued in January Number.)

JULY-OCTOBER ACCESSIONS

Carroll, Major C. G.—Fortune, magazine published monthly.

Clark, A. M.—Wyoming Masonic Bulletin and Utah Odd Fellow, magazines, published monthly.

Omwake, John—Book entitled "Conestoga-Six-Horse Bell Teams," 1750-1850.

Hilton, Huber C.—Map of the Medicine Bow National Forest, Wyoming.

Beckwith, Frank—Picture of the Beckwith & Co. business card used at the time Mr. A. C. Beckwith was in partnership in the grocery business with Ben Gallagher and S. A. Megeath in Bryan City, Wyoming.

Secretary of State's Office—Pictures of the following men who held the office of Secretary of State: Edward M. Lee, 1869-1870; John W. Meldrum, 1889-1890; Herman Glafcke, 1870-1873; A. Worth Spates, 1879-1880; George W. French, 1875-1879; Jason B. Brown, 1873-1875; Elliott S. N. Morgan, 1880-1887; Samuel D. Shannon, 1887-1889; Amos W. Barber, 1891-1894; Charles W. Burdick, 1895-1898; Fenimore Chatterton, 1899-1906; William R. Schnitger, 1907-1910; Frank Houx, 1911-1918; W. E. Chaplin, 1919-1923; Frank E. Lucas, 1923-1926.

Holmberg, Mrs. Addie E.—Three poems written by Mrs. Holmberg: "Old Independence Rock," "Pioneers of the West," "An Apostrophe to Wyoming."

Trail, Edgar B.—Original manuscript, "Life and Adventures of John Colter."

Altman, Henry—Two pictures of Hereford ranch, Cheyenne, Wyoming. Mr. Altman's plans for the Cheyenne City Park in 1888. Map of Salt Creek Field. Lake Superior Iron Ores; Mine Production in Western States and Alaska; Copper; Mineral Paints; Iron and Manganese; Lead and Zinc; Miscellaneous Non-metallic products; Metals and Non-metals except fuels; Grazing on the Public Lands, with maps; Agricultural Development in Argentina; Indian Corn in Argentina; Alfalfa and beef production in Argentina; Progress of Beet Sugar Industry in United States; Coal and Lignite; Coal Fields in Montana; the Bull Mountain Coal Field in Montana, with maps; Coal Fields in Wyoming; Coal samples from various fields in United States; Oil Shale of the Rocky Mountain Region, with maps; Geology and Oil Resources in parts of California, with maps; Petroleum in 1915, 1916, and 1918; Mineral Fuels, 1912, 1915, 1918, and 1925, all with maps; Artesian Basins; Forests and Water in the light of Scientific Investigation; Preparing Land for Irrigation; Deep Borings of the United States; Underground Waters of Gila Valley, Arizona; Underground Waters of Southern Louisiana; Water Problems of Santa Barbara, California; Official publication of the States of Wyoming 1899. All of the above are government documents. Seven business documents. "Story of the Herefords," by Alvin H. Sanders. This is the story of Hereford Cattle and contains much history of Wyoming cattle and cattle owners. "Turner's Guide to the Rocky Mountains," published in 1868. This book contains much Wyoming history and gives a description of the old town of Benton. Benton was at that time the end of the Union Pacific Road. "The Treasury of Ge-

ography," by Maunders, published in 1867, with maps. "Chronology of History, Art and Literature from the earliest period to 1856." Volumes 1, 2, and 3 of the General Gazetteer. This contains descriptions of various countries, states, cities, etc., and was published in 1823. Book of Lectures delivered by Dionyseus Lordner, LL. D., on the sun, comets, electrcity, etc., and published in 1842.

Pennsylvania Railroad—Nos. 1 and 2 of a series of twelve Pennsylvania Railroad Patriotic posters the originals of which were painted by the well known American artist, Mr. N. C. Wyeth.

Deming, William C.—Files, correspondence, reports and other records of the Wyoming commission to the World's exposition at St. Louis in 1904, and Portland, Oregon, in 1905. Clarence B. Richardson was president of the commission and Mr. Deming was secretary. The St. Louis board was named by Gov. DeForest Richards and the Portland commission by Gov. B. B. Brooks.

Meyers, E. D.—"Reports of the Governors of Wyoming, 1880-1890;" "Compiled Laws of Wyoming, 1876." From Hon. Henry Altman, given by E. D. Meyers.

Myers, E. D.—Original poem, "The New Baby," written with pen and ink and signed "Malinda Nimetz, Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, March 11, 1878." Blank sheet of blue-gray, lined letter paper at top of which is beautifully printed "Council Chamber of the Legislative Assembly, Territory of Wyoming, Cheyenne, 187—." The quality of the paper is very good and the lettering clear cut and very ornate.

Marzel, John G.—"The Dinosaurs of Wyoming," by Roy L. Moodie, Ph. D.

Shepherd, Rev. H. E.—Fourteenth Annual Session of the Wyoming State Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, 1928. Saddle bags used by Rev. J. H. Gillespie, a preacher in Wyoming, 1889.

Brown, Brig. Gen'l W. C.—Map of Raynold's Explorations. Picture of Robert Lindneux's painting, "The Slaying of Yellow Hair by Buffalo Bill, July 17, 1876." Small blue print containing two prints—one of the routes traversed by the Powder River Indian expedition and the other map of the region traversed by the three columns of the Powder River Expedition. Large blue print showing forty-one Indian battles with their dates, locations, names under which they are now known, etc.

Jackson, W. H.—Four original pictures of early pioneer days in Wyoming: (1) Emigrant train in the vicinity of Chimney Rock. (2) Independence Rock with a covered wagon train camping for the night in the foreground. (3) Emigrant train crossing South Pass in Wyoming. (4) The different modes of travel in the early pioneer days.

Madden, James L.—Copper token known as a "Jackson political token." This token is not quite as large as a fifty-cent piece, and is not a coin. Found ten years ago on the Cheyenne-Deadwood stage road in the vicinity of Hot Springs, South Dakota. Upon one side of the token is a picture of a turtle, bearing on his back a box with the words "Sub-Treasury" upon it, and on the other side is a picture of a running jackass with the words, "I follow in the steps of my illustrious predecessor." The date upon the

token is 1837. A copy of the last order, General Orders No. 10, issued at Headquarters 36th Inf., U. S. Vols., San Francisco, Calif., Mar. 15, 1901. Letter from Associated News while Mr. Madden was writing for the "Big Horn River Pilot" relative to mineral resources of the Philippines, dated March 31, 1899, New York. Note from Captain H. A. Clarke, Bat. "A," Lt. Art., Wyo. U. S. Vols., to Major Stranb, Manila, P. I., who was Regimental Surgeon of 36th Inf. U. S. Vols.

Madden, James L.—Roster of Battery "A," Light Artillery, Wyoming U. S. Vols., as printed on or about June 12, 1898. Metal (Concho) (Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary) being the external ear (Spanish) of the blind of a horse's bridle, found within several miles of the State, Telegraph & Pony Express Station on Horseshoe Creek on or about 1912, 1913, or 1914.

Lambertson, Eva G.—Booklet containing fourteen original poems.

Fox, Mrs. George W.—Copy of diary kept by George W. Fox in 1866, telling of his journey overland through Wyoming.

Staack, Henry B.—Original manuscript entitled "The First Christmas Tree in Wyoming," which tells the story of the Missionaries from the Iowa Synod who decorated the first Christmas tree for the Indians.

Kline,, M.—Original manuscripts entitled "The Hated Fort on the Little Piney," "The Bozeman Trail," "John Phillips, a Hero of Fort Phil Kearney," "The Pony Express," "Lewis & Clark Expedition," "Frontier Days," "Ashley-Smith Expedition," "The Ashley Fur Men," "The Astorians," "The Discovery of Gold in the West," "The Oregon Trail," "Religion in the Early West," "Thanksgiving Day."

Gray, Mrs. F. A.—Copy of the Daily Advertiser—Supplement, April 17, 1865, published in Boston, Mass., carrying the account of the assassination of President Lincoln.

Hooker, W. F.—"Glimpses of an Earlier Milwaukee." Four pictures of site of his cabin on the LaBonte creek, of the dedication of marker, and of the men who dedicated it. On one of the pictures Mr. Hooker has sketched in his cabin with ink. Speech made before the Boy Scouts at Independence Rock on July 4, 1930. Reminiscences prepared for use at the Rock but not presented. Reminiscences presented at the dedication ceremony of the marker on the site of Bill Hooker's cabin.

Henderson, Kenneth A.—Pamphlets containing articles on the Wind River and Teton Ranges written by Mr. Henderson.

Ellison, R. S.—"Independence Rock The Great Record of the Desert," by Mr. Ellison.

Goldstein, Abe—5691 Rosh Hashanah Edition—1930, "The Wyoming Jewish Press, Volume 1, Number 1, eighteen pages, Cheyenne, Wyoming, Monday, September 22, 1930. The copy of this new paper which Mr. Goldstein has given to the State is the first paper taken from the press. "The Wyoming Jewish Press" represents the first effort on the part of the Jewish people in Wyoming to publish their own paper. The format of the issue is attractive to the eye; the contents entertaining and informative. The paper is well edited.

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 7 JANUARY, 1931 No. 3

CONTENTS

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Vol. 7 JANUARY, 1931 No. 3

CONTENTS

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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

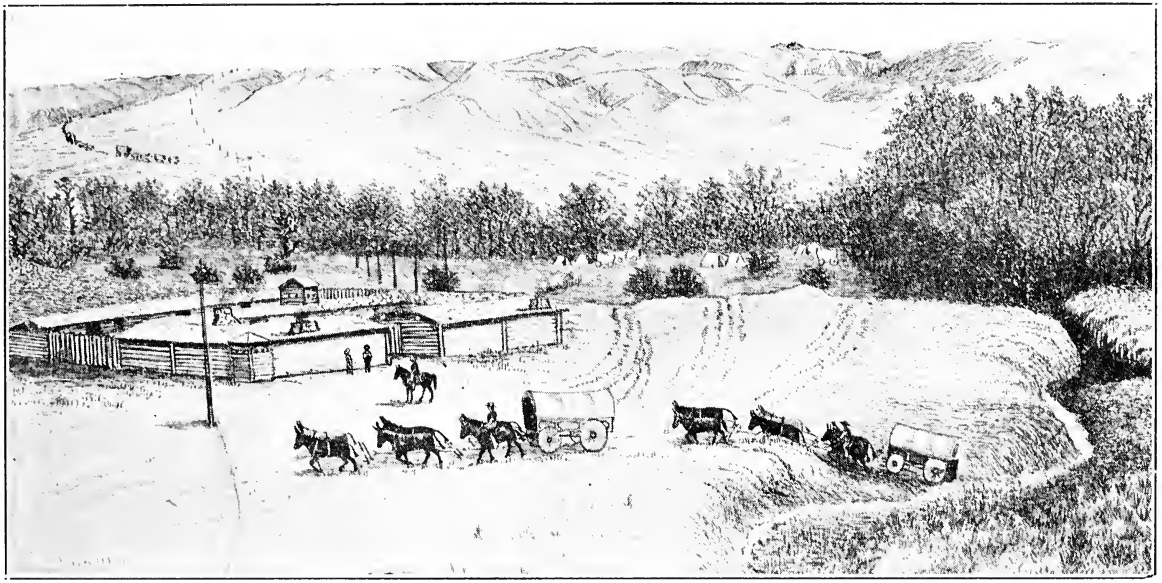
(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



THE LABONTE STAGE STATION IN 1863

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 7 JANUARY, 1931 No. 3

HOOKER'S CABIN AND MARKERS ON LA BONTE CREEK; HOME OF WILLIAM FRANCIS "BILL" HOOKER, WINTER OF 1874-5—A GLIMPSE OF HIS EARLY LIFE IN WYOMING.

By ALBERT W. JOHNSON

If you will shut your eyes to the present, and try to take the scene back to October, 1874, you can visualize Bill Hooker busily engaged in building a dugout-cabin on the west bank of La Bonte Creek, twelve miles due south of the present city of Douglas. The year before, Mr. Hooker, smitten with the western fever, had come west as a railroad man, and as such was employed by the Union Pacific Railroad, at the "Railroad," which in those days meant Cheyenne, (east and west). He was not long a railroad man, because the gang he was in was soon fired to the last man, owing to the improper handling of a sidetracked car of liquid freight, to the detriment of the railroad company. The spirit of adventure heaving within, caught him in its folds, and we find him seeking employment as a "Bullwhacker" with a bull train loading at Camp Carlin, for their long trek to the army posts north and northwest of Cheyenne. Nath Williams was the wagon boss for John Hunton, who had the contract of hauling government freight, and who put Bill on the job. The hard life to which he was being initiated developed a robust constitution, and with all the hardships and exposure encountered on the trail, it is to his credit that nothing daunted or discouraged him. At first he drove the mess wagon, which followed the rear of the train, until advanced to whacking the lead team in the second section of the outfit—in a few weeks we find him a night herder for Charley Clay, another freighter, and then later again back with John Hunton's bulls, driving seven yoke on the Medicine Bow-Fort Fetterman trail. Like all westerners Bill, no longer a tenderfoot, passed from one employer to the other—John Hunton, Charley Clay, and vice versa, whacking bulls over the old trails until in the

fall of 1874, his heart answering the call of the wild, he decided to stake on La Bonte Creek and live Nature's life, like a true plainsman.

It was in August, 1929, that the writer, accompanied by the late James M. Abney, made an exploration trip to La Bonte valley to begin the work of locating Bill Hooker's dugout-cabin site on La Bonte Creek, and which was completed on July 1, 1930, by the exact and certain location of the camp occupied by Bill Hooker and his old soldier partner, Nick Huber, during the winter of 1874-5. To leave some mark to identify the spot in the future, a limestone slab, from the historic La Bonte Stage Station, less than a mile above, was selected from a pile corded on Mr. Fred Dilts' place about one-fourth of a mile from the Bill Hooker cabin location; before returning to Douglas that evening (July 1, 1930) a crudely chiseled inscription was engraved thereon by the writer, and a promise obtained from Mr. Dilts to place it in position on the old site of Bill Hooker's dugout-cabin, the location being on land owned at present by him. The marker has the following imprint:

SITE OF
BILL HOOKER'S CABIN
1874-5

The interest aroused in the find communicated to Mr. Hooker, who was in Casper participating in the festivities arranged for the Fourth of July celebration at Independence Rock in connection with the Covered Wagon Centennial, and my personal contact with him there, together with his friends, Mr. R. S. Ellison, Chairman of the Landmarks Commission, and Malcolm Campbell, his old wagon boss in the '70's; an arrangement was perfected by Mr. Ellison to provide an opportunity for Mr. Hooker and Mr. Campbell to re-visit the old wilderness home of Mr. Hooker, and with Mr. Ellison in his automobile the trip was quickly made, meeting an appointment with Mr. L. P. Bishop, Secretary of the Pioneer Association in Douglas, who accompanied the party to Bill Hooker's cabin site on La Bonte Creek.

Moved by the same spirit to perpetuate the spot by the placement of a second marker, a granite boulder lying about half way between the cabin site and the stream, was chosen, and Mr. Bishop chiseled thereon (July 6, 1930) the following inscription:

BILL HOOKER
1874

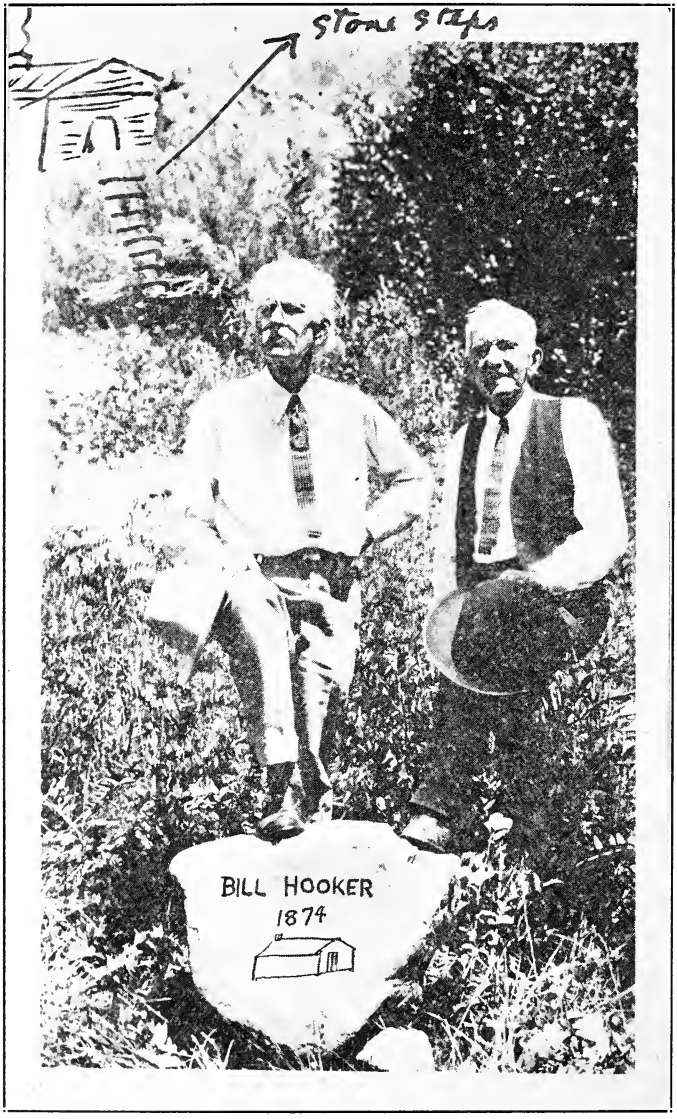
Underneath he engraved a picture of the cabin in outline.

At the completion of the marking the boulder with the above Rune—Bill Hooker (74) and Malcolm Campbell (91), standing back, each with one foot resting on the stone, had their picture taken, which has been preserved in this connection in the present issue of the Annals.

That future generations may know, a request was made on Mr. Hooker for a description of his cabin on La Bonte Creek (1874), incidents and life as he experienced it within the boundary of his immediate surroundings. Under date of November 19, 1930, he writes from his winter home in Florida:

"Your request for a rough draft of my cabin as it appeared in 1874 is a big order, but I am going to give you something that can be used as a guide for one who can draw.

My memory is not clear about the size of the cabin, but it was large enough for two of us to move about without running into one another. I should say it was fully fourteen feet in length and twelve feet in width, and high enough for us to walk about without striking our heads on the aspen rafters, which we split and covered with sod, a layer of sand, etc. The floor was a sort of clay, as I remember it, and quite solid after short use. Our bunks were made of crotched bits of trees with stringers laid lengthwise. On these we used staves of several barrels which had contained provisions brought from Fort Fetterman. On top of this was marsh hay, some old blankets and buffalo robes, and we slept very comfortably with only a gunnysack dropped down over the doorway. The fireplace, which I built myself, was of stones, some of which I identified last July, because they are still blackened after fifty-six years, and scattered about the neighborhood. The roof came even with the ground, we having dug into the solid earth, making an excavation that covered everything up to within a few feet of the front part of the cabin. The side walls were of small cottonwood logs, and the chinking was done with clay, and I think some grass mixed with it, so it was really adobe. I mentioned in a former letter to you that I made a bridge of a huge cottonwood log which I fell across the north branch of La Bonte Creek. I did not have an adz, but a two-bitted axe for this purpose. My chimney from the fireplace extended on a couple of feet, as I remember, above the surrounding mesa, which was covered with sage, prickly pear and cactus, reaching gradually the high knoll to the northwest, which you noted while there. This



(LEFT) PICTURE OF BILL HOOKER, 74 YEARS PLUS, AND (RIGHT) MALCOLM CAMPBELL, 91 YEARS OF AGE, TAKEN JULY 6, 1930, AT SITE OF BILL HOOKER CABIN ON LABONTE CREEK. MR. CAMPBELL CAME TO WYOMING IN MAY, 1867, AND HAS BEEN A RESIDENT OF WYOMING SINCE THAT TIME. MR. CAMPBELL HAS HAD A VERY INTERESTING CAREER. HIS PRESENT ADDRESS IS CASPER, WYOMING.

knoll was my lookout to which I repaired usually every morning at daylight to take a survey of the surrounding country, to see if there was any smoke. Frequently I made a circle of the cabin in the snow to discover any possible tracks, either of Indians or game, and on one occasion found that a moccasin track led directly to the chimney. This I followed, as I remember now, to a point across the Oregon Trail toward the North Platte River. Evidently this Indian was a scout from some camping party across the North Platte who had seen our smoke; but in the winter time, as you probably know, Indians were not as usual scalp hunting, but looking for deer, antelope or something of that kind. It was after the grass began to grow that they thought of lifting scalps. Mr. Hooker continues: Oh, yes, there was a splendid spring at the foot of the stairway made of flat stones that I built from the cabin door. This ran down to the big log which was beside the spring. It was also one of my first morning jobs to get a pailful of spring water for the cabin.

Our kitchen utensils consisted of several iron pots, a government camp kettle bought at the Commissary Department in Fort Fetterman, regulation government tin cups holding about a pint each, and tin plates, old fashioned wood handled case knives and forks, and a few things like that. We had no table, using our knees.

We had one full grain sack of navy beans, and they lasted us from October until June, and I think some were left when the Indians appeared south of the Platte, and we lit out for a safer place. There was always a pot of beans suspended over the fire on a rigging that I made from an old wagon tire and other pieces of iron that I found among discarded things near Bedtick Creek on the Oregon Trail. I doubt if there was ever a day for more than seven months that we did not have bean soup. We had plenty of bacon, and always the carcas of a deer or antelope hung head down on the front of the cabin."—Hooker.

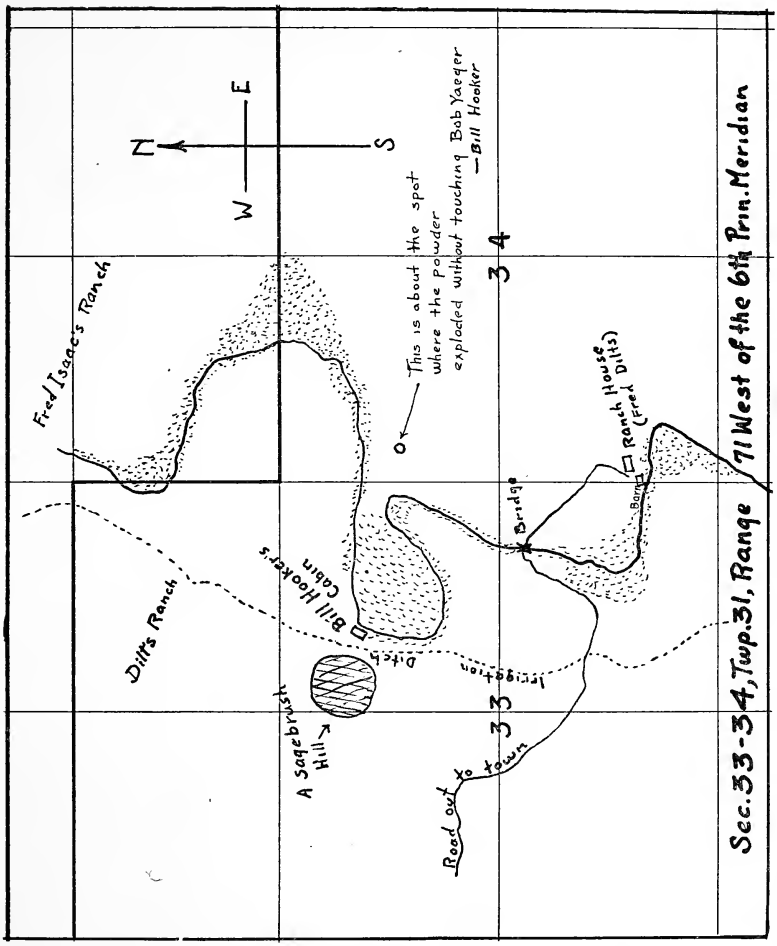
Bill Hooker, then only a youth of eighteen, living a primitive life on the plains on the far western frontier in Wyoming. Brave and capable as a man. For seven long months his sole companion was a half crazed old soldier (Nick Huber) against whom he had to be on guard constantly, for fear of bodily harm. Something unusual occurred—it was getting around to the season of Christmas, at least it appeared that way to Nick. A Christmas tree was discussed, and that likely one could be secured in the foothills of Laramie Peak to the south, which held the charm over La Bonte region, and on which we feasted our

eyes on clear days. Nick was the instigator of the idea, and it was agreed that he secure the Christmas tree, even if he had to go twenty miles for it, and that Bill would on the following day strike out for Fort Fetterman to obtain Christmas joy and a few dainties for the proper celebration of Christmas. Late that evening Bill Hooker arrived at the Suttler's store at the Fort, and was informed, to his surprise, that the day was Christmas. Having made his purchases and early on the morrow he started back over the frozen snow that covered the plain to Wagon Hound Creek and over the mesa to La Bonte Creek, reaching his abode there late at night, finding Nick decorating the Christmas tree—the first Christmas tree on La Bonte, a day late in the reckoning, but it was Christmas and Nick Huber celebrated his birthday that year a day late, and never knew the difference, for Bill kept his secret to himself.

I quote from Mr. Hooker: "We had no watch. No clock. No almanac. No thermometer, or anything to read. No book or paper."

The pioneer home in that Indian infested and wholly uninhabited country, a spot no one but a reckless youth and a homeless old soldier would try to live. Although it was winter, they chopped wood, with their rifles standing against the trees close at hand. No Indian, however, disturbed them while the snow was on the ground. They chopped, cross-cut logs for firewood, hunted a great deal, blasted all-dead frost filled cottonwoods, and put up during the winter one hundred cords of wood for government use at Fort Fetterman. The winter of 1874-5 was snowy and cold. It was nothing unusual to get game, for they could go out any time and get anything they wanted—elk, bear, deer, antelope and sage grouse.

Surely the Hooker cabin site should be recognized as an historic spot, surrounded as it is with so many interesting memories of the old days, marked for future generations, and a good record made of it in the archives of the Historical Society of Wyoming. Looking backward fifty-six years to the old days, Mr. Hooker says: He had no notion at all that it was a foolish and hazardous undertaking, although both felt that they might be attacked by the Indians; but that for some reason never felt at all unequal to a battle between a thousand of them single handed or with old Nick at his side. Isn't it funny? But youth and foolish old men are liable to do most anything.



William F. (Bill) Hooker holds membership card No. 1, (Honorary) in the Pioneer Association of Wyoming, and feels proud of the honor conferred upon him by the association, often recalling the fact with appreciation.

Wyoming's pioneering days are over, and those few pioneers who still remain this side of the Divide, carry the story of the old days of privation and a life full of hazard. Among that little company we still count Bill Hooker, active and with an ambition to spread the gospel of good cheer and historic things, throughout the length and breadth of

our land,—ever exalting and pointing to Wyoming as the fountain head of his fondest memories.

The victory of spirit and the fortitude of man was instrumental in the winning of the west from savagery of a thousand years. The graves and stone heaps that dot the trails, testify to the sacrifice and suffering endured in the quest of Eldorado.

William Francis Hooker, now actively engaged in editorial and other literary pursuits in New York, has contributed to the State Historical Department a series of very valuable reminiscences of the early days in Wyoming, when her history was in the making.

No other man is more qualified to give an accurate account of the events that transpired in those days than he. Mr. Hooker came to Wyoming as a sixteen-year-old boy, in 1873, and worked for several years as a "bull-whacker" for John Hunton, Charles Clay, Pratt & Ferris and others. His work took him over all the broken trails and he assisted in making new ones when the old ones failed to serve.

His picturesque portrayal of old Fort Fetterman in its rough and ready and withal, dangerous days, follows:

"Fort Fetterman, located at the juction of LaPrelle Creek and the North Platte River, was built largely of adobe and hewn logs, though some of the company quarters and the houses of the officers were made of sawed lumber that came from the range of hills to the south.

"Fort Fetterman, in the early years, was the 'jumping-off place' in the northwestern direction. All trails from the east and south ended there, though previously when Fort Caspar was occupied and Fort Reno and Fort Kearney were on the map, there was some traffic beyond this point for bull outfits.

"In 1874 there wasn't a ranch between Forts Laramie and Fetterman on the trail which ran east and west, south of the Platte, or from Hunton's on the Chug, to Fetterman. All that vast territory was in a virgin state. Neither was there a ranch between Fort Fetterman and Medicine Bow on the Medicine Bow Trail. As the Hon. John Hunton,* in a letter to the writer some months ago said, 'There wasn't a fence or fence-post for hundreds of miles in any direction when you were here.'

"It was all a wild, unranged, untilled expanse of sage or grassy plains and plateaus, crossed and fed by fast-flow-

*The Hon. John Hunton, beloved pioneer of Wyoming, died at his home in Torrington, Wyoming, September 4, 1928.

ing streams from well wooded mountains and hills, and still inhabited by deer, antelope, beaver, bear, wildcats, wolves, coyotes and other game, though the buffalo had already abandoned this part of the country, with the exception of a few straggling small herds. However, it never was such a buffalo range as those in western Nebraska and Kansas, along the Republican and South Platte rivers.

"It was through this wild section of Wyoming, now teeming with inhabitants, dotted with fine towns and producing millions of gallons of oil yearly, that Jack Hunton, still hale and hearty, and his hardy band of bullwhackers hauled the provisions for the soldiers, either from Cheyenne or Medicine Bow.

"These are some of the men who were on Mr. Hunton's payroll: Malcolm Campbell, wagon boss; Nate Williams, wagon boss; Ed Smith, blacksmith; Clem Ward, Enoch Berry, Frank Lacey, Dave Lord, William McDonald, Monroe Keeler, Sim Waln and the writer.

"During one winter, 1874-5, Mr. Hunton built a couple of hewn log houses on LaPrelle Creek about six miles south of Fort Fetterman and ranged his bulls in the vicinity. He also built a blacksmith shop and made a charcoal pit. This 'settlement' was the first and the only one at that time nearer than Medicine Bow, across the ranges and the rivers and plains of the same name. For a time he supplied the firewood for Fort Fetterman. Some of it—pine—was cut in the range of hills south of the fort, probably twenty-five miles, and hauled to the post by the men mentioned above. A considerable quantity of standing dead cottonwood and box elder was also cut along La Bonte and other creeks by men who received four dollars a cord. These woodchoppers were also bullwhackers and two or three discharged soldiers who were waiting for spring to come so they could travel across the ranges to the railroad.

"One woodchopper who stayed alone in the hills one spring after the contract had been completed, was killed by the Indians and his body literally filled with arrows. It was terribly disfigured and he was scalped, of course. His name was Jesse Hammond, an elderly man. The body was found in the early part of the summer following and given a decent burial, I believe, in the military cemetery or near by at Fort Fetterman.

"Roving bands of Sioux frequently came across the North Platte to the forbidden territory, to steal horses belonging to Mr. Hunton and commit other depredations, but it was generally understood that they had no particular

desire to fool with the bullwhackers at a range short of ten or twenty thousand yards, for the bullwhacker had no compunction about passing out the lead. Therefore, they did not commit a great many depredations along LaPrelle Creek.

"An Indian calling himself Jules Seminoe, who had, it was said, some French-Canadian blood in his veins, came to Hunton's log house one day, aboard the usual scrubby pony. He was alone and looking for whiskey. One of Hunton's men had a bottle and Seminoe was allowed—in fact, urged—to drink all he wanted, and he was soon lying on his back on the earthen floor, moaning in fairly good English:

" 'I'm a dying calf! I'm a dying calf!' repeating it over and over while his eyeballs rolled and he retched with nausea.

"It is doubtful if Mr. Hunton was ever made aware of this occurrence and the impression is strong with me that he was not in the neighborhood at the time. It was not a common thing for Hunton's men to possess whiskey or to drink it, except at the southern ends of the trails and there were no duties to perform. Then it was different, and McDaniels or Jack Allen played the part that the bullwhackers played on the poor half-breed and it was the bullwhackers who were the 'lost sheep.'

"However, instead of groaning that they were 'dying calves,' they whooped it up on the streets to the delight of everyone, including the newly-arrived tenderfoot, who was waiting for the show. The authorities were always very lenient, and unless there was destruction of property or assault the boys were allowed to work off their pent up bile. Sooner or later they were back in camp with empty pocketbooks and sore heads.

"There were two bars in Tillotson's sutler store—one for officers, the other for white citizens and buck soldiers. The officers didn't care to rub elbows with the bullwhackers and at this distant period it doesn't seem so serious a slight as it did then, for there was a great contrast in appearance between the men who faced the blizzards, forded the streams and ducked the obsidian and flint arrows of the Sioux, to haul flour, bacon, coffee, etc., across the uninhabited plains and mountains to the 'jumping-off place,' and the well dressed, clean-shaven officers—between Major Kane, for instance, and Sim Waln or some other bullwhacker, who wore a pair of elkskin breeches, a greasy sombrero, a buckskin shirt and a belt with two revolvers, forty rounds of ammunition and a butcher knife with a ten-inch blade!

"While the bullwhacker was surely a picturesque looking character, he was of necessity untidy, whether it suited his fancy or not. On the other hand, the army officer at old Fort Fetterman was as slick and neat as he was the day he left West Point.

"The officers were not very friendly with the bullwhackers and while most all of the former drank hard liquor —some of them excessively—they watched the bullwhackers who came out of the post sutler's with jealous eyes, so a crooked step—hardly a stagger—meant a trip to the guard house.

"There was no semblance of civil law north of Medicine Bow and not much of it there or anywhere else except at Cheyenne and Laramie City. The military was all-powerful. There were none other than the belligerent-looking bullwhacker for an army officer to experiment upon, consequently at least one of the men who whacked bulls for John Hunton, and who innocently crossed a forbidden spot on the parade ground, takes this opportunity to forgive Major Kane for the indignity heaped upon him by ordering him thrown into the guardhouse and kept there until several days later on a diet of sour bread and plain water from LaPrelle creek and which came from a mysterious hand that pushed it in a tin receptacle through a small apperture at the bottom of a heavily barred door.

"It may be worth recording here that this indignity was suffered by Waln and others, so many others in fact, that finally they got together up creek and determined upon reprisals of various sorts. Think of it! The plans were made as Indians made theirs. The first uniformed man caught alone away from the fort was to be tied to a tree and flogged; one of the plotters was to creep up the hill to the stacks of hay on the south side of the fort and strike a match; Indians, if they came across the ford, were to be encouraged to stampede the mule herd!

"But beyond glaring at one another for a year or two, there were no clashes between the bullwhackers and the officers or private soldiers. It was too one-sided. The military had the upper hand. Nevertheless, a lot of hatred was engendered by the rough treatment accorded the few citizens who ventured on to the reservation.

"There should have been the harmony and co-operation always encouraged by that great soldier, General Custer, who above all other military men of his day, was on friendly terms with the bullwhackers. They were the only citizens in the country at the time he visited Fort Fetterman to look

over the ground for the Sioux campaign that resulted in his death in June, 1876.

"Fort Fetterman was built on a hill. Beyond, to the west and north, and southward to Medicine Bow, the country was in its virgin state. The hands that held the quirt, the plow, the drill, in the order given, were yet to advance to this land of promise. There wasn't even a dream of a railroad.

"If men now living in Wyoming who came to it at a later day, after the fence came and the church and the school supplanted the tepee and the railroad and the automobile replaced the ox and his yoke, and the bullwhacker became as rare a bird as the imaginary dodo, could have known it as some of us did, they would better understand and appreciate it.

"They would insist upon a record of its rough and ready beginning that would be complete and authentic and pride themselves upon its achievement. They would insist upon the possession by the state, of a historical record second to none in the matter of completeness and authenticity, for no state in the Union is more worthy of it, none has a history of greater interest to posterity.

"All that is left of the cabin is the east wall of clay that supported the logs where they were under the earth. The front part of the cabin—about half of it—protruded, and the fireplace was in the rear, the chimney coming up to the level of the sod of the upland through which an irrigation ditch has been built. A telephone line and a fairly well used trail are a few feet in the rear of the site. The stones used in the fireplace and chimney, and as steps going up from near LaBonte Creek, are scattered all about.

This site still is in a wild place, and if it were not possible to see Mr. Diltz' ranch house and other buildings across the creek a half mile away, one would imagine himself in the wilderness when standing in front of the site, for beaver are building a dam within a few rods of the marker, having freshly gnawed two good sized trees preparatory to felling them across the creek. These trees grew many years after I left the neighborhood. When I lived there beaver did not build dams, but lived in the creek embankments. But now that the water is used for irrigation purposes, I suppose the beaver need more room and so are building dams. I once told the late Enos Mills about this and he was very much interested in it; that is, I told him that when I lived there there were lots of beaver but no

dams, and he said that he knew of only one other place of the kind."

Very truly,
(Signed) BILL HOOKER.

BILL HOOKER
Route No. 1
Lake Beulah, Wis.

July 26, 1930.

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

Dear Mrs. Beard:

Perhaps you would like a word or two from me in shape of a letter to accompany the report you make of the placing of the two markers on the site of my cabin built in the early fall of 1874 on La Bonte Creek.

I was one of the party that went to the cabin site with Mr. R. S. Ellison, chairman of the memorial monument commission, Mr. L. P. Bishop, secretary of the Wyoming Pioneer Association, Malcolm Campbell, old time bullwhacker with whom I was associated in freighting in Wyoming, W. H. Jackson, distinguished artist and explorer, Mr. Barber, New York director of the Oregon Trail Association, and others, to put up a marker containing my name and date and the carving of a little cabin. This 200-pound granite block was rolled into place and Mr. Bishop, who is a surveyor and possessed of considerable artistic talent, soon completed the job of cutting name, letters and a picture into the face of the rock that will stay there, he says, for 500 years or more.

The site of this old cabin is included in a 28,000-acre ranch owned by Fred W. Dilts, but was originally known as the Pollard ranch. It is about three miles from the old Oregon Trail.

It was easy for me to pilot the party to the site, for there were many topographical features of the surrounding country that have not materially changed in 56 years, especially mentioning a sagebrush hill near at hand that I regularly mounted every morning to scan the horizon in all directions to discover the smoke of Indian camps, should there be any, and to look for tracks (moccasin or otherwise) within a circle of several hundred yards.

To date there is much of the old flavor of the wilderness near the site, for beaver have gnawed nearly through two large trees that grew since I lived there, preparatory

to felling them across the stream. And while we were there one of the party killed a big, fat rattler, and I was sorry because he, too, was an old timer and, I believe, entitled to participate in the ceremonies in a far more happy manner.

But what I desire most to say, and have included in your precious records, is this:

For a long time I have been in rather feeble health; but the moment I reached Wyoming I found what doctors have been unable to supply, viz: the purest, sweetest ozone in the world, in a state where the skies are clear, the water first class—out where the handclasp is firm, out where the smile is genuine, out where the hearts beat true, out where **real men** and **real women** live, not only for themselves but for others.

All of this invigorated me, giving me the spirit and vigor of my youth, and the result was I dissipated for three weeks by sitting up until midnight, talking over those glorious pioneer days with other trail blazers, ate like a farm hand, slept well, perspired freely—something I hadn't done in five years, tramped through fields of sagebrush, climbed hills, rode several hundred miles in an automobile over trails that we once toiled over with our slow moving bulls.

I want all the old timers to know that I consider my return visit to Wyoming, where I lived in territorial days, meeting some of my old pals, and visiting the scenes of many of our early adventures, made up the great event of my life.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) BILL HOOKER.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE IN WYOMING

On July 5, 1859, the **Ev. Lutheran Synod of Iowa and Other States** sent out Missionaries Schmidt, Braeuninger and Doederlein with Messrs. Seyler, Beck and Bunge as helpers, as missionaries to the Crow Indians. The party left St. Sebald, Clayton County, Iowa, and late in the fall arrived at Deer Creek. On arriving at Deer Creek they were greatly disappointed to learn that no Crow Indians had been seen in that region since the previous summer. Two of the men, Missionaries Schmidt and Doederlein returned to Iowa in December to gather additional funds and supplies. Of the other four men, Captain Raynolds wrote as follows: "When we arrived at Deer Creek we found at the Indian Agency, the Rev. Mr. Bryinger (sic) and three companions, on their way to establish a mission among the

Crows. They were German Lutherans, and had been sent out by the German Evangelical Synod of Iowa. God fearing and devoted men, but ignorant of the world as well as of our language, and in consequence poorly fitted for the labors they had undertaken. They had started so late in the season that winter had overtaken them at this point. Their means were exhausted and they were awaiting funds from their friends in Iowa to enable them to prosecute their labors.

"I have the satisfaction of believing that I was instrumental in enabling them to pass a more comfortable winter than would otherwise have been their lot, and also of enabling them to continue the prosecution of their undertaking in the spring, though they never were permitted to reach their destination.

"Mr. Bryninger(sic) and his companions left Deer Creek a few days before we left our winter quarters, proposing to establish their headquarters near the lower canon of the Big Horn River . . . After my return to civilization, the authorities of the Synod under which they were acting refunded to me in full the small advance I had made to the party." (1)

It was while wintering here at Deer Creek that a Christmas celebration took place that is without doubt the first celebration of such a character in what is now the State of Wyoming. All the necessary decorations had been brought along from Iowa. On the Wednesday before Christmas, a tree was brought in from one of the bluffs, four or five miles distant, and the decorations were put in place. But the story is best told by one of the missionaries who, in February of 1860, wrote to his Iowa friends as follows: " . . . At seven o'clock in the evening everything was ready. But we thought we were to be disappointed, as our invited guests, Major Twiss* and family and Dejer(sic) and his people had already gone to bed. However, Reverend Braeuninger went again to one of the members of the expedition and as a result brought with him several Indians and children as well as members of the expedition. They were all exceedingly glad when they saw the tree with its decorations. One man, a lieutenant, stated again and again as his confession of faith, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men.' Really it was a great joy to me to see the man thus. Then we sang 'Von Himmel Hoch da Komm ich Her.' Missionary Braeuninger read the Christmas gospel in German and Captain Raynolds read it in English. These two men also played

(1) Bvt. Brig. Gen. W. F. Raynolds, **Exploration of the Yellowstone River.**

several selections. Reverend Braeuninger played the violin and Captain Raynolds the flute. Next we distributed to the assembled Indians gifts from the first Christmas tree in the territory of Nebraska. The lieutenant, already referred to, who spoke the language of the Indians very well, told the Indians that these gifts were from the Great Spirit and that these missionaries had been sent by Him. One of the Indian squaws, in a most naive manner, asked why the Great Spirit, while he was at it, did not send full sacks of sugar and flour. Why such small amounts? Finally we gave the Indians some bread and coffee and then dismissed the assembly . . . On the evening of Christmas day, various members of the expedition came in. They sang in the English language while we sang in German . . . Everyone had a good time and enjoyed himself . . ." (2)

In the spring of 1860, one of the men, Mr. Bunge, returned to civilization while the other three, under the leadership of Reverend Braeuninger, established their mission station on the Powder River. But on July 21, 1860, Reverend Braeuninger was murdered by Indians and as a result the other two men returned to Deer Creek. The Iowa Synod, however, continued in its efforts to carry on missionary work among the Crows as well as among other tribes until the summer of 1864, (3) when the Indian wars of that year forced the abandonment of the enterprise. While this missionary attempt ended in a failure, it is, nevertheless, this group of men who held the first Christian Christmas celebration in what is now the State of Wyoming.

Henry F. Staack,
Augustana College,
Rock Island, Ill.

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(2) Translated from the German in the **Kirchenblatt**, Vol. 3, No. 2, p. 1.

(3) Deindoerfer, J. **Geschichte der Evangel Luth Synode von Iowa und Anderen Staaten**, p. 64.

NOTE

Thomas S. Twiss was born in South Carolina and admitted to the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, as a Cadet from South Carolina and was graduated from that institution; was commissioned a second lieutenant in the United States Army, served, and was advanced to the rank of Major. He resigned from the United States Army and was appointed United States Indian Agent at the Upper Platte Agency (Deer Creek, Wyoming). His commission as Agent expired with Buchanan's administration. At the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, Major Twiss offered his

services to President Lincoln but they were declined because of his age.

It is said that Major Twiss had several Indian wives and that he passed his life in the hills north of Fort Laramie—no one knew just where. Captain Eugene E. Ware who was Post Adjutant at Fort Laramie in 1864 describes Major Twiss as "an old gentleman whose hair, long, white and curly, hung down over his shoulders, and down his back. He had a very venerable white beard and moustache. His beard had been trimmed with scissors so that it was rather long, but pointed, Van Dyke fashion, below the chin. He was dressed thoroughly as an Indian. He wore nothing on his head and had on a pair of beaded moccasins. He sat on one of the benches in front of the Sutler store, having in his hand a cane, staff fashion, about six feet long. On this occasion he was accompanied by "several squaws very finely dressed in macinaw blankets."

(From records in Wyoming State Historical Department. See also Annals of Wyoming, Volume 7, Number 1, Page 349.)

Green River, Wyo.,
Sept. 14, 1929.

My Dear Mrs. Beard:

I am enclosing a copy of the "Story of the First Shot" fired under the American flag in the World War, written by Capt. I. R. McLendon who gave the command to fire this first shot.

Capt. McLendon was very severely wounded in October, 1918 and was a patient in my ward, as he had a broken jaw and his face and mouth were so badly injured he was unable to talk, he wrote the enclosed story for me.

With best personal regards, I am

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) Mary S. Logan.

STORY OF THE FIRST SHOT

By Capt. I. R. McLendon, Field Artillery, U. S. Army

The Sixth Field Artillery left its border station, Douglas, Ariz., on July 22, 1917, bound for Hoboken, N. J., reaching the latter place just one week later, we went aboard the ship "Henry R. Mallery," an American coastwise steamer. We left New York harbor at 2:30 A. M., on the morning of July 29th, 1917.

The voyage across was very slow and uneventful. There were three troop-ships in our convoy, carrying the 5th, 6th and 7th regiments of Field Artillery, and we were accompanied by the Cruiser "North Carolina" and several destroyers. These three regiments later formed the "First Field Artillery Brigade" and was the artillery of the First Division, A. E. F. We landed at St. Nazaire, on the 13th of August.

Four or five days were spent in camp just outside St. Nazaire, permitting the men to get over the ill effects of the ocean trip. We then entrained and started for our training camp, which was at Valdahon, very near the Swiss border. Our trip took us through the very heart of France, passing through the cities of Nontes, Saumar, Tours, Nevers, Dijon and Besancon, and we saw on the route some of the finest scenery of France.

About two months were spent by the First Artillery Brigade in training at Valdahon. This was necessary due to our adopting French guns and ammunition, and all officers and men had to be made thoroughly familiar with the operation and care of the French guns. The week days were taken up with actual firing on the Artillery Target Range, and with classes for instruction in every department of artillery work. These classes were all conducted by trained and experienced French Officers who had spent a considerable time with troops at the Front, and they were attended by all the officers and enlisted men of the Brigade. Certain officers and enlisted men were selected for special training in some lines of work, but attendance at some class was compulsory upon everyone.

Beyond a doubt, the days spent at Valdahon will be looked back upon by the men of the First Brigade as the most pleasant spent during their whole stay in France. The men were housed in new up-to-date stone barracks. Everyone had a spring bunk with a mattress and pillow and plenty of blankets, clothing and good food. We were in a section where there were plenty of vegetables, fruits and fresh meats, also wines and beer. We were the first Americans ever seen in that country and the French received us literally with open arms.

Fruits and drinkables were to be had by the men everywhere, almost for the asking. The weather was still fine and agreeable. Besides being a picturesque locality itself, our camp was about midway between the valleys of the Loire and Doub rivers, both famous for their scenery. These two rivers joined at the City of Besancon, about 20 miles from Valdahon. Besancon was one of the old garrison towns of Julius Caesar during his conquest of Gaul, and is today one of the prettiest and most interesting towns I have seen in France. Our men had their Saturday afternoons and Sundays to themselves and the great majority of them took full advantage of their opportunities for seeing places of interest and beauty.

It was natural that the time at Valdahon should seem short to us, and although we were eager to get to the Front, there was many a sigh of regret when we got orders

to leave, about the 18th of October. Just a couple of days previous to this I had been given command of Battery "C" of the 6th Regiment, its former Commander Capt. B. R. Peyton having been detailed as an instructor at one of the artillery schools which the American Army was establishing at various camps. I had orders to leave Valdahon at 6:00 P. M., Friday, the 18th and march to Besancon where I was to begin entraining at midnight. Our march and the work of loading on the train was without special incident except that shortly after the train pulled out we discovered that our mascot "Mutts" had been lost. Mutts was a bulldog who had been in Battery "C" of the 6th Field Artillery longer than any soldier in the Battery. This was not the first or the last time she had been lost, but as usual she showed up several days after we reached the Front, having gotten aboard a train with a battery of the 7th Field Artillery, who followed us.

We detrained at Jarr, a little village 2 or 3 miles east of Nancy and marched several miles to the town of St. Nicholas. This latter place was to be our echelon, or supply depot, while we were at the Front. Here all of our horses, wagons, and supplies of all kinds were kept, while the four guns and about 50 men for battery were in the firing line about 10 miles away. Supplies and new men were sent up to the Front from the rear as called for.

The position occupied by Battery "C" in the firing line was just outside the village of Bathelement. Of course, the whole front was held by the French, the American batteries being put in the line and placed under command of the French, solely for instruction and a taste of real experience with the Hun. One of our batteries was attached to each French Battalion, and we were completely under the orders of the French Major in command, our own majors and colonels being attached to the higher French staffs for observation and study. Nothing could have pleased the American officers more than this. In the first place we had the utmost confidence in the French, and firmly believed that what they didn't know about the war game wasn't much. Secondly the French manner of commanding and exercising authority was radically different from the American. I have always noticed that the French officer secured implicit obedience and full co-operation from those beneath him without at the same time antagonizing and disgusting them. My commanding officer at Bathelement was Major Roger Villers, commanding the 2nd Battallion of the 33rd Regiment of French Light Artillery. He was a Parisian, a small, dark man, running over with "pep and vim," as we say, and personally as courteous, genial

and hospitable a man as I have ever known. The two weeks I spent at Bathelement under Major Villers will always live in my memory as the happiest of my whole stay in France.

I went up to Bathelement on Monday morning the second day after our arrival at St. Nicholas, taking about 40 men all armed to the teeth with digging tools. Major Villers went out with me and showed me the place he had selected for my battery emplacement. It was an old French position which the Huns had shelled so heavily that it had to be abandoned about six months before. Since that time it had been deserted, full of small craters, with dugouts caved in and littered with broken logs. It was the Major's scheme to put only one gun in this position and the other there in new emplacements to be dug about 200 yards further to the rear among some trees. The three guns in the rear were to be kept concealed as well as possible and would fire only in case of enemy attack. The one gun in the old position would do the daily firing for harrassing and annoying the Hun—and of course would receive a good pounding in return as soon as the Hun learned that the place was occupied again. I set my men to work on the pit for the first gun, filling the craters, reconstructing the dugouts and buildings a platform and shelter for the gun. There was no need to hustle the men, every man knew that the crews of other batteries were rushing the work on their positions, and every one of my men was intensely eager to get our gun in position and be the first to fire a shot at the Hun.

During the day one of our guns had been brought up from the rear and left in the village. By night, work had progressed so far on the gun emplacement that I believed we might be ready to fire sometime next day. Although all horses had been sent back after the gun had arrived, the men were all enthusiastic and eager to pull the gun into place that night. It was a back-breaking job, but we did it. Through mud and slush knee deep, across a field thickly peppered with big shell holes, then up a steep clay hill, we tugged and strained at the ropes and wheels, every officer and man eager to help wherever he could get ahold. It was two hours of the kind of work of which we were to get more than our fill in the months of hiking and fighting which we were to get later.

I reported to Major Villers that the gun was in position and that with a little more work on the gun platform I'd be ready to fire. Ammunition had been ordered up from the rear, and I expected to begin war on the Hun next day. I had underestimated, however, the difficulties of building

battery emplacements. It took my mechanics all of the next day, working their hardest, to complete the protecting walls and shelter over the gun. To add to my misery, the ammunition had not showed up.

So on the night of this day (22nd) I took my troubles to Major Villers. I told him of the race that was being run between the different batteries for the honor of opening the big fight for Uncle Sam. And like the gallant little Frenchman that he was, he came to my rescue by having 24 shells taken from one of the French batteries over to mine. Moreover, he told me to open fire on the Hun next morning when ready. I told him I was ready then, and that all I wanted was just a few minutes of daylight. I had it announced to my men that we would fire at daylight next morning.

There was no bugle-call, no waiting on breakfast, no late sleepers next day. They were all at the battery waiting for the first peep of day, every officer, every man, and Lieutenant Domine of Major Viller's staff, were present. The gun was loaded and directed upon its target—a German battery—and as the last shades of night disappeared before the coming day, I gave the command "Fire" and Sergeant Alex Arch, of South Bend, Ind., pulled the lungard of the piece and sent the first shot flying into Germany. I looked at my wrist watch, it was 6:05 A. M., the 23rd day of October, 1917.

The remainder of the 24 shells loaned to us by the French were all fired, the various members of the gun crew acting as gunners, and taking a crack at the wicked Hun. Several of the shots were fired into a party of German soldiers at work in some trenches. One of my lieutenants who had been on the lookout at an observation post (connected with the battery by telephone) had spotted them and they were quickly scattered and flying.

I immediately made report to Divisional Artillery Headquarters at Einville that Battery "C" of the 6th had opened fire at 6:05 A. M. Some one told me afterwards that the news was received by the French and American officers stationed there, with loud cheers, followed almost immediately by the loud popping of corks!! I can't vouch for this, though I wouldn't be sursprised if it were so.

The infantry of our own Division had not yet gone into the trenches. The much vaunted Marines who had come over early in the year had not yet seen the Front. Up to this time not even a pistol or rifle shot had been fired at the Hun by Americans fighting under their own flag. So the honor of firing the first actual shot at the Hun falls to the Field Artillery. Battery "C's" nearest rival in the

race for this honor apparently belongs to a battery of the six-inch guns, which opened fire about nine o'clock the same morning. Several other batteries of the First Brigade fired in this day. Late that afternoon a messenger came with an order from Major Gen. Sibert, our Division Commander, directing that the shell cases of the first eight shots fired be sent to his headquarters, where they were to be forwarded to America for presentation. I heard later that the first one was presented to the President.

Our stay at the Front lasted two weeks which were quiet and without special incident, except for the last night of our stay. At 2:30 A. M., on the night of November 2nd-3rd, the Huns raided the trenches of our infantry. Several of our men were captured, several wounded and three lost their lives (Gresham, Enright and Hay —?) the first Americans to die in France fighting under their own flag. The gun which fired the first shot also took part in the bombardment which the French and American batteries turned upon the Hun raiding party this night. At dusk on the afternoon of November 3rd, we pulled our guns from their emplacements, told our French comrades goodby, and began the hike for Ribeaucourt, a little village in the Gondrecourt billeting area where we were to undergo a long spell of intensive training.

I won't attempt to give even a faint idea of our experience during this spell of training. I should say, however, that the first gun stayed with us until after our next tour of duty at the front was completed in the Seicheprey sector, north of Toul. Then about the middle of April, as we were encamped near Toul, and overhauling all our equipment preparatory to entraining for Picardy where the Germans had been making a drive, orders were received to take the first gun to an arsenal near Toul and exchange it for another. There it was dismounted, boxed, and shipped to the States. I am told that it assisted in raising one of the Liberty Loans after which it was placed on exhibition in the Ordnance Museum of the West Point Military Academy, where it stands at the present writing.

Written for my nurse, Miss Mary L. Swan, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Base Hospital 67
Mesves, France,
Thanksgiving Day, 1918.

An Index for Volumes 3, 4, 5, and 6 of Annals of Wyoming is now in the office of the State Historian and will be published as early as there are funds to do so.

DR. EDWARD DAY WOODRUFF

By His Daughter (1928)

In the days when our sturdy and staunch forefathers left the shores of England to sail in tiny ships across the Atlantic and make for themselves new homes in the wilderness of America, they commenced a journey which would be continued westward by their descendants for over two hundred years. Their first new world settlements founded on the coast of New England and hemmed in by unknown miles, were the beginnings of a great nation. Following generations, facing the setting sun, made their way beyond the mountain barriers, pausing only long enough to start the building of communities soon to become united as sovereign states, then advancing into the Great Lake region and crowding the shores of the Father of Waters. Soon after this, their feet were marking out the weary miles which lead to the Rockies and to the Pacific—the Pacific which spelled the end of their journey and a continent won.

The direct ancestral line of Dr. Edward Day Woodruff, the subject of this sketch, begins with Matthew (1) Woodruff who came from England before 1640 to settle in Farmington, Connecticut, as an Original Proprietor. This Matthew (1) Woodruff and his wife, Hannah had a son Matthew (2) Jr. who married Mary, daughter of John Plum, listed in Colonial records as one of the first men to locate at Weathersfield—then Watertown—Connecticut in 1635. In turn, Matthew (2) and Mary Plum Woodruff were the parents of John (3). He resided in Milford, Connecticut, and his wife was Mary Platt, a granddaughter of Richard, who came to America from the Old Country in 1639 and located in Milford in 1639. To John (3) and Mary Platt Woodruff was born John (4) Woodruff Jr., who likewise made his home in Milford and whose wife, Sarah Baldwin was a descendant of Sylvester Baldwin—the Sylvester who died at sea in 1638 while en route to this country from England. The youngest son of John (4) and Sarah Baldwin Woodruff was Jonah (5). Jonah (5) chose Mabel, daughter of Abraham Adams, for his helpmate and Waterbury, Connecticut, for his place of residence. His oldest son was named Philo (6). It was soon after 1825—probably in 1826 or 27—that Philo (6) and his wife, Lucy Tuttle Woodruff found the beckoning lure of newly opened pathways too strong to be resisted. They moved from their home near Waterbury, Connecticut, to Windsor, Broome County,

New York, where they purchased a large farm bordering on the lovely Susquehanna River. Now of the eleven children of Philo (6) and Lucy Tuttle Woodruff, one had passed away, nine made the journey to New York state with their parents, but a son named John (7) who had been apprenticed to a tailor for seven years, was left behind in Waterbury to finish his education along that line. This was a situation which naturally did not appeal to John (7). The loneliness of the separation from his immediate family could not be assuaged by the presence of other relatives or friends. The necessity of acquiring a trade—especially under a master workman who took advantage of the absence of John's parents to be most unkind to his young apprentice—seemed as nothing compared to the need for sharing the family fortunes in a newer country. Accordingly, one night John (7) tied his most prized possessions into a bundle, dropped them from his window, followed after them with all caution, and started on his journey westward to rejoin his loved ones. He traveled the entire distance from Waterbury, Connecticut, to Windsor, New York, on foot. At this time John (7) was thirteen, or possibly fourteen years of age. As a consequence of this early pioneering John (7) grew up in Windsor and eventually was married there to Lucinda Mariah Dimick, a descendant of sturdy New England ancestors bearing such well known names as Russell and Hotchkiss. In the spring of 1849, John (7) and Lucinda Mariah Dimick Woodruff decided to join the throng of emigation that was pressing ever onward. They left their home in Windsor, New York, and with their five children, the eldest being twelve years of age and the youngest but a year and a half old, went northward to the Erie Canal where they boarded a tow boat whose destination was Buffalo. At Buffalo they embarked on a steamer—a side wheeler—to make the trip across the Great Lakes with Kanosha—then South Port—Wisconsin, as their goal. From Kanosha the remainder of the journey was overland in wagons to Bonus, on Bonus Prairie, in Boone County, Illinois, the location that had been chosen for the building of their new mid-continent, or as it was to them, western home. The first member of the family to claim Illinois as their birthplace was the son born to John (7) and Lucinda Mariah Dimick Woodruff at Bonus (in Boone County) on September 24th, 1850. This son was named Edward Day Woodruff (8).

The struggles of a pioneering community encompassed the boyhood days of Edward Day Woodruff (8). His father John (7) acquired a farm, and later purchased a

store which was moved to a corner of this property facing the main street. The store building also sheltered the post office. (Mr. Woodruff was postmaster there for over twenty-five years and the mail was at first distributed from his home.) There was very little money in circulation and small opportunity to earn any. Crops could not always be depended upon. Everything necessary for home consumption from candles to soap and sox had to be made by each individual household and even the work of very young hands aided in making easier the task of living. Among the vivid memories of Edward Day Woodruff (8) is the picture of his father and mother sewing by candle light, after their day's work was done, on the clothing necessary to cover their large family. No wonder the advent of the first oil lamp ("fluid lamp" as it was called) and the first crude sewing machine was a cause of rejoicing in the household. But if there was more than enough work to go around, there was also compensating pleasure. Luscious wild strawberries hid in the grass, fish lured one to the streams, while nuts grew in abundance in the woods. The little red school house where lessons were learned, was also where spelling bees and singing schools held forth. However, the best of all the compensations came in after years with the realization that these early efforts had been part and parcel in the building of a great epoch.

The fine Americanism which had always been inherent in the family thought and instinct, was fanned into active patriotism during Civil War times. There was the excitement when neighbors gathered to discuss what father, John (7), had to report concerning the Lincoln-Douglas debates which he had gone to Freeport to hear. There was the interest in the editorials which Mr. Brockway (a brother-in-law of Edward Day Woodruff) published in his Belvidere paper, the "Boone County Independent." Meetings—campaign songs—a southern sympathizer in the vicinity who proclaimed his sentiments until indignation was intense—and in May of 1861 an older brother who marched away to war, the first man from Boone County to enlist at Lincoln's earliest call for troops. Of course, brother Dwight also tried to enlist but was too young to be successful. In 1863 the government, preparatory to a draft, appointed father John (7) Woodruff, enrolling officer for his home county and part of an adjoining county, his duties being to see personally, question and enroll every man over eighteen in his district. Edward Day Woodruff (8) doing his young best to help keep the home fires burning during all this period, had his Republicanism so firmly

stamped into his heart and mind that it ever afterwards was part of his faith and creed.

Immediately following the lifting of the war clouds, Edward Day (8) lost his chum and playmate. His brother John Dwight, some two years and nine months older than himself, in an effort to check threatening tuberculosis, left for Colorado in the train of a neighbor who was driving west. This was a trial, for while to John Dwight, the sadness of leaving home was mingled with the joy of anticipated adventure, to Edward Day was both the loneliness of interrupted companionship and the gloom of remaining behind.

In 1869 Edward Day Woodruff (8) finished his district schooling, was examined for his fitness to teach and the following winter, had charge of a school in a Norwegian settlement north of Bonus. The spring of 1870 he obtained a job as an axeman, at $35 a month and board, in a surveying party going out for the St. Louis Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad, to make the preliminary surveys for its contemplated line through Missouri and Arkansas. By his study and diligence, young Woodruff soon advanced from his first position and eventually became one of the engineers for the road. He covered the entire length of this road from its beginning in Missouri through to Texarkana, Texas, on the original survey, in establishing the permanent grades, and again covered the same ground while in charge of actual construction work on several divisions. This was during the Reconstruction Days which immediately followed the Civil War period in the south and the many experiences encountered in those years, though too long and varied to repeat here, were intensely interesting. The panic of 1873 put an end to all railroad building. About the same time, Edward Day Woodruff (8) was crippled by a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, due doubtless to malaria contracted in the southern swamps, and was ordered home by his doctor.

The next decision to influence his life is best told in his own words: "At last my rheumatism was better. I was able to hobble out in the yard and sit in a swing we had there, but my knees were badly crippled and I had to use a cane for a long time. Dr. Stowe used to come in and see me every two or three days, so one time I said to him, just joshingly, not giving a thought to my words,

" 'Well, here I still sit in this swing. I'm not good for a civil engineer any more. I can't walk, so I guess I'll have to study medicine.'

" 'Well sir,' he said, 'I've known you ever since you were a little youngster and those are the best words I ever heard you say.'

"And that was the last I though of it, but the very next time Dr. Stowe came to the house to see me, he threw Gray's Anatomy and Dalton's Physiology on the table in front of me, and said,

" 'There you are. Now get busy.'

" ' And I did.' "

He prepared himself for medical school and entered the Chicago Homeopathic Medical College in 1876. In 1879 he was graduated with high honors and opened his office for the practice of medicine, on the corner of Van Buren and State Streets in Chicago. He, himself financed his entire college course from his earnings laid aside while in the employ of the railroad.

I, who write this sketch am the daughter of Dr. Edward Day Woodruff (8). So many times I have asked my father to relate the stories of his early Wyoming experiences and at these times I have so faithfully written down his own words, that it seems but right he, himself, should again tell the story, from this point on.

"The first vacation I had, after leaving medical college and establishing my practise in Chicago, was early in 1880. Never having been east, I went up to Boston, from there to New York and on to Washington. But my brother Dwight came home very unexpectedly on a visit—his first visit since we had parted as boys. He telegraphed me that if I didn't wish to break into my vacation, he would follow me east, so we could see each other before he returned to his home in Wyoming again. I replied that I would join him in Bonus at once—which I did.

"As soon as he saw me, Dwight began to coax me to come west with him. He said my ears were as thin as a sheet of paper—that he could see right through them and I needed a rest. This was true enough, though I objected to the idea of a prolonged absence, saying, " 'I've just established a nice little practise and I'm congratulated by all my class on my start here. I can't go away and leave it and it isn't good business to allow someone else to run the shop for me indefinitely," Dwight's reply was that there was a train headed east every twenty-four hours and all I had to do was to climb on board one of them whenever the spirit moved me to do so, but he did want me to come out and have a long visit with him that summer and he knew it would benefit me greatly. He finally persuaded me, and so we started west together in March of that year—

1880. Our destination was Lander, in Wyoming Territory, where Dwight was living at that time.

"Arriving in Wyoming, we laid over in Cheyenne long enough to each buy ourselves a fine saddle and some heavy woolen blankets. Then we went on to Green River where we left the train and took the stage. Well sir, our second day out, we ran into a blizzard and finally had to abandon our buckboard for a sleigh. It was all the horses could do to wade and slide and wallow along. At last Dwight put me down in the straw in the bottom of the sleigh and piled all the blankets on top of me to keep me from freezing to death. It certainly was cold. That evening we reached South Pass and went to Sherman's place. Dwight said, " 'You know, Sherman, my brother is a tenderfoot out in this country and if you've got any place near a stove where we can fix him up tonight, I'd be much obliged to you.'

" 'Why, sure thing. I have a boxwood stove right in the next room there. We'll fix you up.'

"Sherman's place was a low rambling, disjointed sort of building. The top story was partly open and the snow could drift into it or blow through it. They built us a roaring fire in the great long stove—a stove almost big enough to hold a piece of cord wood—and we went to bed. As soon as things got warmed up, the snow began to melt and drip—drip—drip—drip through the boards overhead. We couldn't find any space between the down pour and we spent a mighty wet night of it.

"As stated before, Lander, on the site of old Ft. Brown, was our destination. The six months I made my headquarters there, I boarded with Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Lowe. Mrs. Lowe was very kind and considerate to my comings and goings while Frank Lowe became my firm and respected friend. He was a splendid fellow—a good deal of a character, too, with a way all his own. For instance, Dwight came in one day after quite an absence and told me he and Lowe had been caught out in the hills in an unexpected fall of heavy, wet, blinding snow. They couldn' make it back to camp. They had just two matches between them and the wood was wet, but the only thing possible was to try for a fire. The first match went out. Lowe straightened up from where he was crouching over their fire-to-be and said,

" 'God, do you want me? If you do—you just blow out this last match and you've got me.'

"At that time Mr. and Mrs. Lowe had an adopted daughter living with them—an Indian girl named Maggie Cosgrove.

"Fortunately I had carried a small roll of instruments and homeopathic remedies with me, for I had three surgical cases the day we got into Lander. Then E. F. Cheney came down with pneumonia and I took care of him. Mr. and Mrs. Cheney, with their family, were then living in the rooms back of the J. K. Moore store—Mr. Moore having gone over to Ft. Washakie a few years before to open a trading post there. Later in that summer of 1880, however, Mr. and Mrs. Cheney moved into their new house which had just been completed and which stood near the Popo Agie River. I had no idea, nor had anyone else, that a younger sister of Mrs. Cheney, then living in the east, was to become my dearly beloved wife.

"Jack Parker owned the saloon next to the J. K. Moore store. It had a porch with a low railing all along the front. Parker was a nice fellow and splendid about keeping his word. He came to me to have me look at his lip. He had a cancer started where he always held his pipe in his mouth. The constant irritation will often do this to an inveterate smoker. The only thing I could do to help him was to operate but I didn't have any anesthetic with me. Jack said we would send over to the Fort and get some. They sent us all they had but I told Parker I didn't think there was enough to put him under, or to keep him under if he did get to sleep. He said to go ahead and try anyway—so we got busy. I could see there wasn't going to be enough—he was a strong, husky fellow—and pretty soon realized it too. He raised up and looked at the chloroform there was left, then he picked up the bottle, threw it clear across the room and said,

" 'To hell with that stuff. Go ahead and cut it out, Doctor.'

So I operated on his lip and he didn't twitch an eye or turn a hair while I was doing it. He was comfortable for about seven years after that. Then in spite of my warning, he began smoking his pipe again—and eventually had to have the whole side of his face cut away.

Then there was Mr. Cleveland. He used to go fishing with me. He was mighty good company on a fishing trip but he never seemed to have anything else to do. There were so many fine men—all pioneers and builders in their various ways—Major Baldwin, Eugene Amoretti, Edward St. John, P. P. Dickinson, Ed Young, J. K. Moore, Ben Anderson, Curry whose favorite cuss word was 'By Cripes,

it's terr-rrific,' Barney Quinn, and many more—all, of course, being but names to you though to me they mean friendships with the finest men who ever lived.

"One of the first things I did on reaching Wyoming was to buy myself a good pony. Then sometime, along the latter part of June, Dwight and I took a trip out into the hills. First in company with Ben Anderson, we visited Dwight's ranch on Owl Creek up in the Basin Country. Dwight was the first settler in this part of the state, taking up land and erecting the first cabin there,* even before the Indian depredations had ceased. The cabin itself was a low one-room affair, the dirt floor having buffalo bull hides about two inches thick stretched over it, making a dandy carpet, tough and warm. From there we ranged the country far and wide, hunting, fishing, glorying in the vivid blue skies and the brilliant days. We climbed high among the peaks and bagged a couple of splendid specimens of Mountain Sheep. And finally I shot my first buffalo. We passed over a vast expanse of country where the buffaloes had been, but the Indians had also been through there on a hunting trip. There was nothing left of Mr. Buffalo but the skulls—each skull having been crushed in order to obtain the brains—and a few bones. The Indians had taken every other part of the animals away, to use or to eat. I saw my first live buffalo, as we were jogging along up a little gulch, one day—just caught a glimpse of him over in the next draw. We dismounted, left our horses, crawled to the top of the divide that separated us, and when we got to a place where we could see him—I want to tell you that buffalo was a magnificent looking animal. I urged my brother to take a shot at him but Dwight said,

" 'Why shaw—I don't want to shoot him. I'd just as soon go out and shoot a cow. It doesn't mean anything to me, but this is the first one you've seen and it's a curiosity to you—so you go ahead and shoot him.'

"So I aimed for the heart and let her go, but Mr. Buffalo didn't seem bothered a bit. He just loped off very quietly and gently—up over a knoll and out of sight. I said,

" 'There, you see. I missed him.'

"Dwight laughed and replied, 'No you didn't. You shot him through the heart. I saw the hair part where the ball went through'—his vision was that wonderfully keen and sharp.

" 'Oh, all right then—come on. We'll go see.'

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*See Annals of Wyoming, Vol. No. Page.

" 'No we don't. We'll just go back and get our ponies first.'

"But when we followed the buffalo over the knoll, on our ponies, sure enough, there he was stretched out dead, with my bullet through his heart. We only took about five pounds of the best meat out of the hump. That was all we wanted. And there we had to leave that wonderfully fine animal for the coyotes—or the Injuns if they came along. I've always been sorry about that and ashamed of myself, to think that I killed him just because he was a buffalo and I was a man and could kill him. It is beyond my comprehension how men could run amuck with the desire to kill, for the sheer, wanton pleasure of doing so, yet I have often seen men ride through a herd of deer (there used to be great herds of them in Wyoming at one time) at a gallop, seeing how fast they could pick them off. There was nothing to do with all the meat but leave it for the coyotes. It was a terror and no wonder the deer were nearly exterminated finally.

"The fall of that same year—1880—they called me to Green River as witness before the grand jury in a murder case. The Republican county convention was held in Rock Springs about the same time, so the folks in Lander decided to send me as their delegate. My plans were to stay over at Rock Springs three or four days, on the way to Green River. The case before the grand jury didn't amount to much. There was a fellow named Leclaire who lived in Lander. He had married a squaw and they had several children.. Leclaire always wore a big, white-handled revolver. His bosom pal was a fellow by name of Butler. One day, when they'd both been drinking a good deal and were pretty full, they got into some sort of a wrestling row. Butler wasn't armed but in some manner, he managed to get hold of Leclaire's revolver and he shot Leclaire in the abdomen. Leclaire died—Butler got away and no one ever heard anything of him after that. Folks thought he struck off south, through the mountains. The grand jury was investigating this killing.

"It's a curious thing, but during all the time I was in Wyoming, I didn't miss one term of court, either as witness, or giving expert testimony before the grand jury in murder cases. And just to show you how things were in those days, in all that time, I only remember one man being hung. That was a fellow in Rock Springs who hid under the bed of a barber who had befriended him, until the barber was asleep, and then killed him with a hammer to secure his hoardings. Just before they executed this

fellow, they asked him if he had anything to say. He replied that he would have been given his freedom if he had had a fair trial. Just think of it. The priest who was with him cried like a baby because the fellow's last words were a lie. —And the worst punishment they ever gave anyone for murder, was given to a German butcher who owned a little meat market in Rock Springs. The butcher and an Austrian helper he hired, had an altercation. When it had cooled down, the Austrian went into a beer cellar that was right next door to the meat market. The butcher took a big high-powered rifle, stepped to the door of the beer cellar, threw it open and deliberately shot down the Austrian. The bullet went clear through the fellow and through a water tank standing in the back of the room. I picked up the flattened bullet from the floor under the tank. They gave the German five years in the pen.

"Court was very often held in a big tent, with nearly everyone chewing tobacco. It wasn't at all unusual for court to be adjourned for a few minutes for everyone to step outside while some man with a shovel went in and turned the earth over or dug it up sufficiently so the floor was again in a sanitary condition. It was during my years of court work that I became well acquainted with W. W. Corlett, Parley L. Williams and many other legal lights.

"But to get back to my story—there were five of us started from Lander for Rock Springs and Green River. We had a good mountain wagon with our provisions in it, and a team of one old horse and one young horse, that belonged to Frank Lowe. One morning at a camp some forty miles from Rock Springs, Lowe led the horses to water, just as everything was ready for breakfast. He figured if we needed more water, the mud stirred up by the horses would be settled by time breakfast was over. When he brought the horses back, he just gave their ropes a couple of turns around a sage brush—and left them. While we were eating, something frightened the horses—'z-z-z-z-t' went the rope around the bush, and they were off, the old horse following the young one. They headed northeast toward what was called the 'sand dunes' and disappeared over the first of these ridges. By time we had reached it and climbed to the top of it—we could see the horses a mile off and still going. The fellows said,

" 'Well, the only thing to do is to walk to Old Billy's ranch and get some horses.'

"Old Billy's—the nearest place—was twenty-five miles away. The boys thought I had better stay with the wagon and as soon as they reached the ranch, they would send a

team for me. I wasn't very strong in those days. In fact it was my health that brought me west in the first place, but I said,

" 'No sir, I'm not going to stay here. I'm going to walk to Old Billy's place. I don't expect to be able to keep up with you, but I'll get there just the same.'

"We left everything right there—each took a bottle of water and started out. We pegged along all day and when we got to Old Billy's—we found the place deserted. We didn't have anything to eat and I tell you we were a pretty tired bunch. Someone had left a little flour in an old tin pan but the mice had been in it—and we found an old rat-eaten piece of bacon—that was all. We cleaned out the flour as best we could, stirred it into a batter with some water and baked it. The bacon was boiled in an old can, and that was our dinner.

(Continued in April Annals)

THE FORGOTTEN BATTALION

(Continued from October Annals)

(Being a short chronicle of some of the hardships and conditions endured by Indian war veterans in the Phil Kearney massacre of December 21st, 1866, and the Wagon Box Fight of August 2, 1867, as chronicled by William Murphy.)

To correct a wrong impression about Colonel Fetterman, I wish to make one statement for those that may be interested. He was charged with disobeying orders. I am sure he did not disobey orders the morning of the massacre. Major Powell told some of the truth about the massacre, but in the phraseology of the day he was "squelched." When I was in Sheridan in 1908 there was a distinct feeling in the air that I should not say anything about it. The party went out to where the Wagon Box Fight was held, but did not take John Stwan or me along. I was on the massacre ground in July of 1908, and noted that the ledge of stone where the men were massacred was gone completely. It had been removed for some reason, but it would have been better to have left it. It was about where the monument now stands.

Just a little side light and a few comments on how the regular soldier was treated by Uncle Sam in those days. In the first place he was not taught anything about "first aid," and was not furnished anything for first aid use unless at a fort. Men were sent out on escort of wagon trains and if wounded, had nothing to bandage the wound or stop

the bleeding. Usually the wounded man was put on top of the freight wagon on the goods in it, and in the summer this was next to the wagon sheet where he would burn up from the rays of the sun, while in winter it was freezing cold. Often it would be several days before the wounded man could see a doctor. You will have noticed from this article that there was no doctor at the Fetterman Massacre, none at the Wagon Box Fight, and there was never one sent out with the escorts in those days. I trust that I have portrayed some of the events and conditions of the times in such a manner, however rambling, that a little more light will have been shed on some of the history of the times and more interest aroused for the survivors of those wars. They are the unsung heroes of a Forgotten Battalion—too long forgotten.

CORRECTION: Mr. William Murphy, author of "The Forgotten Battalion," sends in the following correction: Annals of Wyoming, Volume 7, Number 2, Page 398, fourth line from the bottom, first word Buford should read Egbert.

ACCESSIONS

October, 1930, to January, 1931

Museum

Hill, Mrs. Charles—Picture of President Roosevelt's ride from Laramie to Cheyenne, May 30, 1903. Distance 54 miles. Large photograph of an Editorial Convention which met in Laramie in the early days. Picture with the individual photographs of the members of the Cheyenne Bicycle Club, 1893.

Boruff, Mrs. Mabel C.—Indian battle ax found on the Custer Battlefield right after the Custer Battle. Ax was then broken and had blood and hair on it—the blood stain could never be removed.

Hebard, Dr. Grace R.—One bullet holder which is a semi-circular small leather case. Two small oblong leather cases which contained cartridges and bullets with places for powder. "Pair of stirrups which open when a heavy weight is placed on one side, if a man were shot by lead and fell from his horse the weight of his body would open the stirrups and that would allow the body to fall to the ground." This collection was brought by Dr. Hebard's uncle, John Charles Marven, when he came home wounded in the Civil War. John Charles Marven served through the entire period of the Civil War, being mustered out with his regiment, the first Iowa volunteers, March, 1865, as Brevet Lieutenant Colonel. One soldier's strap with a leaf design which Colonel Marven wore when he was wounded and was brought home to his sister, Dr. Hebard's mother, in Iowa City, in 1865.

Burnett, Edward—Two pictures of monument bearing the following inscription: "Here Nov. 25, 1876, Gen. R. S. Mackenzie with U. S. forces composed of detachments of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th Cavalry; 4th, 9th Artillery; 9th, 23rd Infantry, defeated the CHEYENNES under DULL KNIFE. Lieut. McKinney and six soldiers were killed in battle."

Newton, L. L.—Hand made nails found at old Fort Sanders, Wyoming.

Watson, John M.—Twenty-three postcard pictures dealing with Mexico.

Clark, A. M.—Framed Photograph of Frank W. Mondell.

Thulemeyer, Theo.—The first of a series of pictures showing the evolution of vehicles.

Meyers, E. D.—Two early day pictures of the Convent of the Holy Child Jesus, Cheyenne; 1 early day picture of Ivinson Hall, Laramie; photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Clark, early day settlers at Horse Creek, Wyoming, and parents of Mrs. W. S. Carpenter of Cheyenne; picture of the Wind River Canyon before the railroad was constructed through the canyon. Collection of various medals and programs, letter from the advertising agent for the Burlington Route, July 15, 1929; letter from Orville Wright, April 16, 1930, and newspaper clippings regarding letter. 92 large photographs of Cheyenne people taken on special occasions and of Cheyenne business buildings. Large picture of "Gold Dust" a Hereford bull. View of the Capitol Building taken from the air.

Original Manuscripts

Bond, Mrs. Wallace—Poem entitled "Fremont Lake."

Goodnough, Mrs. J. H.—Poem entitled "Hawaii."

Lambertson, Mrs. Eva G.—Manuscript entitled "A Long Trail—Pennsylvania to Wyoming."

Griffith, J. B.—Copy of the manuscript entitled "The History of Albany County, Wyo.," written by Judge M. C. Brown of Laramie, Wyoming.

Fryxell, Dr. F. M.—Manuscript entitled "An Episode from the Hayden Survey of 1877 in Wyoming."

Johnston, Clarence T.—Manuscript on "Mr. John H. Gordon."

Johnson, Albert W.—Manuscript dealing with William Francis Hooker's cabin and markers on LaBonte Creek, home of Mr. Hooker during the winter of 1874-75.

Ellis, Mrs. C. E.—"History of Carbon, Wyoming's First Mining Town."

Leek, S. N.—Expression of views regarding the extension of Yellowstone Park.

Documents

Ledyard, Edgar M.—Historical guide map of the State of Utah compiled by Mr. Ledyard, President of the Utah Historical Landmarks Association.

Sheldon, A. B.—Bible published in 1755 which contains the genealogy of the Angell family—Mr. Sheldon's mother's family. John Burr Angell who was President of the University of Michigan until his death and his son who is at this time President of Yale University are descendents from this family. The Sheldons came to Wyoming in February, 1888, and located in Laramie. Later they moved to Wheatland where the mother still resides. Mr. Sheldon was in the employ of the Swan Land and Cattle Company from 1895 to 1917, and was presented with a gold watch by the company in appreciation for his long and faithful service to them.

State Board of Land Commissioners—Original letter written by Colonel W. F. Cody to Mr. Elwood Mead, dated May 13, 1899, Newark, Ohio. Original letter written by Fred Bond to Hon. E. Mead, State Engineer, dated Dec. 21, 1895, Buffalo, Wyo.

Watson, John M.—Five documents verifying the service to our Government of Mr. Watson in Mexico during the year 1915.

Meyers, E. D.—Compiled Laws of Wyoming, 1876; General Land Office map of Wyoming, 1865.

Books

Mumey, Dr. Nolie—"Rubaiyat of Omar Kjayyam;" "A Study of Rare Books" by Dr. Mumey.

Lucas, Frank E.—"Life and Adventures of Frank Grouard" by Joe DeBarthe.

Carroll, Major C. G.—Volumes 1 and 2, "Roll of Honor, Deceased Ex-Service Men and Women in Illinois."

Meyers, E. D.—"The Old Timer's Tale" by El Comancho.

Pamphlets

Cheyenne Chamber of Commerce—"Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyoming, 1930."

Woman's Club of Basin—Constitution and By-Laws.

Avery, M. H.—"Trail and Timberline"—October 1930, published by The Colorado Mountain Club. Contains Wyoming scenic history.

Garraghan, Reverend Gilbert J. (S. J.)—"The Emergence of the Missouri Valley into History;" "Earliest Settlements of the Illinois Country;" "Trans-Mississippi West—Nicolas Point, Jesuit Missionary in Montana of the Forties."

Williams, Eward W.—Newspapers containing history about the Civil War dating from June, 1864 to June, 1865. One paper contains an article on Deer Creek Station in Wyoming.

Auerbach, Herbert S.—Sheet of printed matter dealing with pieces from Joseph Smith's home: "The Herbert S. Auerbach Furniture Collection from the 'Mansion House' in Nauvoo, Ill., shows feeling of the intimate domestic life so welded with the prosaic views of the day."

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 7 APRIL, 1931 No. 4

CONTENTS

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by the
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Cheyenne, Wyo.

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Neither the State Historical Board, the State Historical Advisory Board nor the State Historian is responsible for any statements made or opinions expressed by contributors to the Annals of Wyoming.

CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.

GOVERNOR OF WYOMING
January 3, 1927—February 18, 1931

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 7 APRIL, 1931 No. 4

THE WEST SIDE MINING COMPANY

By Clarance T. Johnston

There is a district of limited area along the Colorado-Wyoming boundary, where the highwayman, the rustler, the horse-thief, and their relatives in other fields of criminal industry, found sanctuary from the pursuit of officers representing law and order, long after their activities were frowned upon by an unquestioned majority of western people. The country to which I refer lies along the Little Snake River, a tributary of Green River. The river has its source in the Sierra Madre Mountains, some of its tributaries coming from Wyoming and the others from Colorado. After the river receives enough water from these tributaries to dignify the title, it wanders along in an uncertain way as though undecided whether it would cast its lot with one state or the other. It finally leaves Wyoming for the last time near the mouth of Dry Gulch—a channel of more importance than the name might signify—some thirty-five miles west of the mountains.

The boundary between Colorado and Wyoming is an astronomical line—the forty-first parallel of north latitude. Charles Lamb always expressed great respect for the equator. I sympathized with his feeling as I became acquainted with this boundary line. It was surveyed in 1872 by W. A. Richards, who later became commissioner of the General Land Office under President Roosevelt. An astronomer from Harvard accompanied the expedition. Monuments were set at each mile on which numbers were inscribed indicating the distance from the southeast corner of Wyoming. West of the Sierra Madre Mountains most of the original monuments were cottonwood posts which disappeared within a few years, although some remains of decayed wood could be found as late as 1900. The geology of the valley is varied. Coal measures abound and many ranchmen mined their own fuel supply at the time of my first visit. With an astronomical line, poorly located, a topography that had not been mapped and a mixed geology, the valley offered a paradise for scientists who delight in the com-

plications that accompany overlapping fields. It was something of an outrage, therefore, when society superimposed upon this tangle of natural complexities a population that was equally confused and heterogeneous.

While the valley had been explored prior to the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad, 1868 to 1869, it did not become a resort for the fugitive from justice until the railroad provided better transportation conveniences as well as an improved prospect for a more lucrative reward for violations of the seventh commandment. You may recall something of N. S. Meeker, formerly editor of the Greeley Tribune and then Indian agent at Fort Meeker, some eighty miles southwest of the Little Snake River Valley. Meeker believed that the Indian would be improved by hard work. The Indians, grasping too readily the gist of Mr. Meeker's logic, killed him early in October, 1879. To protect white people remaining at Fort Meeker, troops were immediately sent from Fort Steele, a station located at the point where the Union Pacific Railroad crosses the North Platte River, twenty-eight miles east of Rawlins. Most of the detachment—only a few hundred troops, under Major Thornburgh, were ambushed and killed by the Indians in Thornburgh Gulch, a tributary of Snake River from the south some ten miles east of Dry Gulch. A scout, Joe Rankin, made his celebrated horseback ride to Rawlins, a distance of eighty miles, to spread the news of the massacre and call for help. Troops were dispatched from Cheyenne, Fort Steele, Rawlins and Salt Lake City. These left the railroad at Rawlins, traveled sixty-five miles to Baggs, just north of the Colorado-Wyoming boundary and on Snake River—where a stockade was built. The Indians were soon subdued. Meeker was concerned in their civilization and he died a martyr to his theory.

The valley has been the home of some unusual characters. Old Jim Baker, early pioneer, squaw-man, trapper and guide, established his home in the mountains near the source of Snake River while this part of the country was Mexican territory. One of the early towns, as one proceeds downstream, is Dixon, Wyoming, seven miles east of Baggs. Several interesting people lived at or near Dixon. At a general store, conducted by Charlie Perkins, one could purchase violin strings, dynamite and whiskey at the same counter. Perkins' private office was an arsenal. His theory of survival was completely expressed in his own laconic phraseology by "Those who are alive learned early to shoot first." He was notified by a Wyoming sheriff one evening that attachment papers would be served on him the following morning. During the night he drafted all the

help he could muster and moved his entire stock across the boundary line into Colorado.

A physician by the name of Ricketts lived on a ranch just west of Dixon. He was an able man and highly prized by the people of the valley when he was not under the influence of morphine. Ricketts had chosen between success, as the word is commonly spelled, the morphine habit. Having decided in favor of the drug, he established his home among people who would not cast the first stone. His course naturally led to a suicide's grave.

The element that most interested the casual observer seemed to have no special headquarters. Jeff Dunbar, an outlaw from several schools of crime, spent his week-ends "shooting up" saloons. I was never in a saloon while this interesting pastime was in progress, but I inspected the devastated areas soon after the meetings had adjourned. Dunbar was a genius and an expert in his own field and no one could view the results of his handiwork without admiration. Butch Cassidy, another celebrity, was less prominent in local society. He took business trips several times each year. During his absence, or soon after his return, newspapers frequently published accounts of railway robberies and similar exploits, thus enabling those in position to put two and two together, to arrive at conclusions. These conclusions were seldom divulged to Mr. Cassidy. He had a reputation of being quick and effective in argument and his opponents generally lost interest in discussion as soon as sincerity and frankness exceeded caution. Johnny Red Shirt, another social light I met, was an ordinary horsethief. His abilities were probably hereditary, although the environment was not altogether discouraging to his chosen field of activity. After having been shot through the shoulder by a careless sheriff, he was brought to Baggs, while I happened to be in town. On the following day, he rode horseback between two officers from Baggs to Rawlins, a distance of sixty-five miles. No ordinary man, severely wounded in the shoulder, could have stood such a trip. I lost track of Johnny after he was sent to penitentiary for five years.

Although thirty years have passed since I made my first journey along the Little Snake River, I have said but little publicly of my impressions of the valley and its people. While I have not feared contradiction, I can speak with a little less reserve since receiving positive assurance of the death of Butch Cassidy. I have felt that the men with whom I was then associated had had enough grief and that publicity would only add insult to injury. In addition, many things of serious import to

them were more or less amusing to me. Most of the principles of the comedy that I witnessed in 1895 and 1896 have now passed to another sphere, where, I hope, they have laid up treasures too frequently ignored by promoters of mining disappointments.

Sooner or later in nearly every community, a prophet appears to introduce a new era. The Snake River Valley escaped this sort of a calamity until along about the year 1894, when John Hardinburgh, suffering a lucid interval, due to a temporary separation from alcohol, concluded that the hills along Dry Gulch and in that vicinity contained placer gold. Hardinburgh had all of the essential attributes of a prophet; he believed in his theories and he believed in himself. He was in a position, therefore, to make converts to his cause. He did not make a general appeal to the public and he never dreamed of proving anything to his neighbors. In some mysterious way he sold his claims to a group of men living in Providence, Rhode Island. It is possible that any prophet, engaged in a venture of this kind, would think of Providence first. The names of all of the Providential victims are unimportant. Many of them did not figure in the Dry Gulch activities in any direct or personal way. They appointed trusted agents to represent them. George H. Haskins, club man, and an expert on clam bakes, was elected general manager. George W. Perkins, formerly milk inspector of Providence, was appointed as assayer. Unlike Charlie Perkins of Dixon, George represented science rather than business and diplomacy. George T. Martin, whose real name was Abraham Mack, a broken down sardine salesman and friend of Haskins, was selected as bookkeeper and accountant. These men with others became linked together under the name of the West Side Mining Company, a corporation organized under the laws of Rhode Island, for the purpose of placer mining.

Although discretion had been cast aside while John Hardinburgh had the floor, the new company, under the influence of Haskins, became very conservative if not over-cautious. He doubtless felt that since the horse had been stolen it might be well to lock the barn. His first responsibility was to find someone who understood placer mining. Inquiries were made of western railway officials and the Burlington Road finally recommended a man by the name of Miller. This recommendation was doubtless made with entire safety since Miller's placer mining activities had been confined largely to South Africa. When Haskins learned that a water supply would have to be provided he sought the advice of Elwood Mead, then state engineer of Wyo-

ming. The state engineer recommended Fred Bond, an engineer of experience, to prepare plans for the canal and superintend its construction. It was found that an existing ditch, diverting water almost opposite the town of Dixon, could be enlarged and extended to Dry Gulch at a cost of about $85,000. About five miles of wood stave pipe were installed in the neighborhood of Thornburgh Gulch where a bad-land formation presented obstacles to open canal construction. All of the money for this canal work was advanced by one of the enthusiasts in Providence, who was willing to leave the funds invested until placer mining operations produced gold enough to recompense him. The canal was finished by the middle of September, 1895.

Although the Little Snake River Valley might have been a place where angels feared to tread, fools did not rush in prior to the year 1895. It is necessary for me to explain how I became entangled with the affairs of the West Side Mining Company. The construction engineer, Fred Bond, left immediately after the canal was finished, without even saying goodbye to Mr. Haskins. While Bond had spent much time on the western fringe of civilization, he had never seen anything just like the Little Snake River country. At about this time it occurred to the local management of the company that the mining claims should be laid out on the ground so that some of them might be found. Mr. Hardinburgh had overlooked this detail. His deeds seemed to describe something, but there was no evidence on the ground that would support any description. Inquiries made by Mr. Haskins finally reached me, and, much against the kindly advice of Mr. Bond, I agreed to go to the Little Snake River Valley and see what could be done.

I took the Union Pacific Railway from Cheyenne to Rawlins and a stage from Rawlins to Baggs. We left Rawlins at about six o'clock one morning early in November. The wind was blowing a gale and there was snow in the air. The stage was a light affair while the horses should have been in a hospital rather than on the road. We had lunch at the Willows, about half way between Rawlins and Baggs. This was simply a place. There was water and a few willows; also a tent where a half-breed Indian woman served substitutes for food. I had lost my appetite, along with my breakfast, during the morning due to the motion of the stage, and entered the tent to get warm rather than because I had any desire for refreshment. I found the lady manager under the influence of whiskey and consequently a little arbitrary. She suggested that I eat my lunch and I acquiesced rather than enter into an argument. The lunch was no great acquisition as I discovered later in the day.

We reached Baggs at two o'clock that night. My circulation had practically stopped sometime before we arrived at our destination, so we roused the clerk at the hotel and had him heat milk and do other things to stimulate signs of life. I was met, the following morning, by Charlie, the teamster of the West Side Mining Company. As far as I could tell, he was perfectly sober. I never saw him in that condition again. We arrived at Dry Gulch before noon. The houses of the little settlement were not built to provide the best kind of shelter from the normal winter weather of the valley. My arrival seemed to stimulate renewed interest in the great adventure which had called these typical New Englanders from their firesides, their clam bakes, milk inspection and sardines, to live in the sagebrush along Dry Gulch. The accountant, Martin, was assigned to me as a computer. He was a wonder with figures. I stated problems in multiplication and division and he immediately gave me the results. A party was sent out to cut red cedar for corner posts, four feet long, four inches in diameter and squared at one end, to be set two feet in the ground. I found something like descriptions of claim boundaries in the deeds obtained from John Hardinburgh. Enough of the corner posts were made in a day to warrant the beginning of field work. We decided to start at the eastern limit of the property, some four or five miles east of Dry Gulch, and work westerly. The first task was to find the state boundary. The remains of several posts were found after some search. Although the lands in Colorado, in the vicinity of Dry Gulch, were supposed to have been surveyed under the direction of the General Land Office, no one had ever found a monument, and the general impression seemed to be that the surveyors had fudged their notes, and after a pleasant summer, probably spent in fishing and hunting, they had made their affidavits, drawn their pay from a trustful government and gone their way rejoicing, leaving it to the entryman to fit maps and notes to the ground in any manner the law and local customs and manners might approve or permit.

My field party was of nondescript character. Haskins and Perkins accompanied me the first day as observers. They never appeared in the field thereafter. Charlie, the driver, attended to the team and spring wagon and was besides, the custodian and chief consumer of the whiskey supply. It seemed improbable that he had taken any part in the naming of Dry Gulch. A half-caste Uinta Indian from Utah acted as rear chainman; a half-breed Cherokee Indian from Tennessee was head chainman and a Norwegian held the rod. The incidents of the first

day were typical of many that followed. There was bad blood between my chainmen, but the 100-foot tape kept them separated while at work. We were obliged to cross the Little Snake River as we followed the boundary line. The Uinta Indian would not wade it, so, while the rest of us took off our shoes and stockings, walked on the ice for ten or fifteen feet, then stepped into sixteen or eighteen inches of water and across a second strip of ice at the opposite bank, he returned to the wagon for a riding horse which fell midstream, giving him an unexpected bath. His clothes froze immediately and we sent him to camp. We then built a fire to stimulate circulation, replaced our footgear and went on with the survey.

After a few days about eight inches of snow fell and we found it inconvenient to return to Dry Gulch each evening. The company ordered some tents for us but these did not arrive until after we had completed the survey. But little snow fell during the ensuing six weeks, and, although the sun shone brightly nearly every day, the thermometer registered below zero most of the time. I only have general impressions of these days and I am thankful that time and memory conspire to remove irregularities from the graph of a somewhat trying experience.

The claims ran from forty to 160 acres each and the total area embraced in the deeds of John Hardinburgh was slightly in excess of 9,000 acres. Time and patience were required to locate all of the corners. Astronomical direction and careful measurement furnished data for mathematical checks to the work. The setting of corner posts in frozen ground was most trying. Recording notes in cold weather is not an activity one would ordinarily choose for recreation. There seemed to be no limit to the area of land eight or nine men might appropriate for placer mining, by employing a little ingenuity in the application of the theory of permutations and combinations. While I saw no reason for classifying placer miners of my acquaintance with the meek, it was evident that they might inherit the earth under the laws then in effect. The survey finally came to an end and I returned to Cheyenne to make maps and final computations.

Sometime in March, 1896, I was asked to return to Dry Gulch to carry out the plans of the expert mining engineer, Miller, and to take charge of maintenance work on the canal. I accepted the offer and reached Dry Gulch almost simultaneously with the first signs of spring. I lost confidence in the ability of the mining engineer within a few weeks. Placer gold mining was in progress in the neighborhood. The local miners

had tried to extract gold by the use of mercury and had given it up because of arsenic and antimony in the sand and gravel. These coat the mercury and the gold does not amalgamate, but slides over and is lost in the tailings. The local miners had substituted burlap and Brussels carpet for mercury and riffles. They were making good wages with very scanty water supplies. Miller insisted on the use of mercury. He designed a plant that promised something in the nature of a monument to his memory. He had already made surveys which furnished him with an approximate knowledge of the topography. Regardless of his information—he located the first plant at such a point and on such a grade that it would have projected into the air and never have reached any of the gold-bearing material. I assumed some responsibility when, during his absence, I changed both location and grade. Miller approved these changes when he next visited the gulch. By that time I had as much hope of extracting gold from the air as from the sand and gravel. As my faith in the financial success of the placer mining venture disappeared, I tried to preserve reputations as far as possible and to afford consolation to those whose hopes were soon to be wrecked.

In the meantime, Perkins, the former milk inspector of Providence, was busy in other fields. He was placing some anchors to windward as he made frequent prospecting trips into the mountains to the east. His assays showed gold in all samples of ore he brought back with him. When he found gold in a fire brick we pulverized for his benefit, he made an analysis of the chemicals used in his assays and found gold in the litharge, lead monoxide. This discovery discredited much of his work up to that time. He had also failed to number his ore specimens or to describe the places where they were found. When his assays showed minerals in paying quantities he was unable to say where more of the same rock might be obtained. His reputation as a prospector and assayer rapidly declined and he soon found diversions that excited less general interest.

One pleasant summer night the driving team and all of the riding horses owned by the company were stolen. The horses of a contractor engaged in repairs on the canal were overlooked. Riding horses were borrowed from neighbors, local deputy sheriffs were notified and a large party assembled quickly and started off in pursuit of the robbers. The trail led directly east toward the mountains where all of the horses were found although much scattered. The party returned to Dry Gulch feeling rather proud of its exploit only to find that the horse thieves had returned to the camp while all the men were

absent and taken the contractor's horses. These were never recovered.

When life at Dry Gulch seemed dull and monotonous, Martin, our bookkeeper, would restore us to a normal state of animation by attempting suicide. Finally, one morning late in June, he did not report for breakfast. Searching parties were at once organized and it fell to my lot to find his dead body in a deserted cabin near Snake River, a mile and a half from the camp. The camp was located in Colorado, five or six hundred feet south of the boundary line, so that the bookkeeper had crossed into Wyoming to end his life. While we did not believe that he did this purposely to inconvenience us, it necessitated our sending for the nearest coroner in Wyoming. That officer arrived at about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the inquest was held. The coroner's jury quickly found the case one of suicide by the strychnine route. We then planned and carried out a funeral ceremony that probably has no parallel in the history of the two states. It took place after dark. Two searchlights, used for night placer mining, were requisitioned to light the way. A mormon laborer volunteered to read the Scripture and to say the last solemn words as the body was laid to rest. In fact, practically everything was provided that usually goes with a funeral with the possible exception of mourners. The grave had been dug a few hundred feet north of the camp and at the appointed time the procession formed and marched to dedicate there a new cemetery. The men about the grave were a mixed lot. Our half-breed Indians, several ex-highwaymen and horsethieves and two or three others who held diplomas from noted penitentiaries, stood in silence while a companion and disciple of a new faith bade farewell to the earthly remains of a son of the ancient Hebrews.

While laying out a channel to carry the tailings from the placer plant more directly to the river, a few days after the death of the bookkeeper, the state boundary line was accurately extended so that we might know where this proposed work would pass into Wyoming and hence enter lands not owned by the company. I was surprised to find that the boundary passed directly over the grave of our late accountant.

Feeling that my education was becoming too much diversified and further, that I was no longer needed, I left Dry Gulch before the end of July. In November I received a telegram from the headquarters of the company in Providence, asking me to return to Dry Gulch to check up the results for the season. I spent one night at the hotel at Baggs on my way. My room overlooked a yard back of the hotel where wagons

and similar equipment were kept for guests and other travelers. On the following morning, I noticed a familiar-looking box on one of the wagons in this yard. The hotel proprietor informed me that the relatives of our late bookkeeper had requested the body to be disinterred and sent to New York for final burial. The freighter, employed to transport the body from Dry Gulch to Rawlins, had reached Baggs some six weeks prior to my arrival. He had consumed enough whiskey each day since that time to relieve him from any annoying feeling of responsibility.

I soon reached Dry Gulch where I measured the volume of material that had been worked and then inquired for the gold recovered. No response being made, I did not press the matter. My report to the stockholders in Providence was brief, and to the point. The camp soon closed and the moving spirits of the enterprise at Dry Gulch, charging all costs to the experience, collected their personal effects and left for parts unknown.

The Little River Valley society exhibited one or two outstanding characteristics as I remember it. For mental alertness the natives of the valley could not be excelled. Charlie Perkins of Dixon probably had the right theory. Only those who could think quickly and accurately were doing business and reporting regularly for meals. John Hardinburgh was an ignorant, unprepossessing man, yet he convinced men of much different type that he owned something worth buying. These New Englanders, Yankees, if you please, were unable to compete with men representing a society stimulated by necessity and purged of the weak and unfit. In every transaction, commercial, social or charitable, the man who lived in the sagebrush, walked away with all benefits, prizes and profits. It is possible that none of the people of the valley could have successfully staged a clam bake and none of them, to my knowledge, ever manifested any interest in milk inspection or the selling of sardines. They displayed wisdom when they adhered to their own vocations, whether these were horse-stealing, stockraising, mine promoting, or something else.

One quality all shared in common. The great gambling instinct—the joy of taking a chance—appealed to the sons of New England and the denizens of the sagebrush alike. John Hardinburgh was a conservative. He only risked the price of transportation from Baggs to Providence and return. He might have refused to partake of a lunch at the Willows, while making the journey, or he might have contradicted Mr. Cassidy upon his return. He avoided these opportunities for diversion and lived to enjoy the profits of the business he represented

with such credit. The mining company took a long chance to begin with, and in exhibition of rare sporting blood, the management grasped every opportunity, as the game progressed, to make success more difficult.

REMINISCENCES OF A. A. SPAUGH

"Do you know, Bill, I don't know whether I am going to get home for Thanksgiving or not, the way this 77 Ranch deal is dragging. But if I don't, it won't be the first time I failed to get home for Thanksgiving dinner.

"I remember one time I left here on Thanksgiving morning expecting to eat dinner on my ranch at Manville that evening, but I did not arrive there for two days."

"What was the trouble?" inquired Bill.

"It's not such a long story and I don't mind telling you, although I never like to tell of these things, as lots of people do not believe them and may say that one is a wind jammer, but believe me or not, Bill, there have been lots of stranger and more interesting things happen right here in old Cheyenne and in this country than were ever written in books."

The story starts away back in the seventies, nearly fifty years ago. I was on the Iron Mountain roundup and we were just pulling into the Cheyenne Pass to camp for dinner. Zack Thomas, manager of the Two Bar outfit for Alex Swan, was in charge of the roundup. He had arranged to go to Cheyenne after dinner and left me in charge of the outfit.

There were about one hundred men in the roundup and they had an average of about ten saddle horses to the man, making about one thousand horses.

We expected to roundup the country between Cheyenne Pass and Cheyenne that afternoon, making two roundups, and get to Cheyenne that night. All the men were in their saddles and rearing to go, expecting to have a wild time in the city that night. Just as I was giving the last order as to how the drive should be made, a little girl rode up. It was unusual in those days to see a little girl nine years old ride up to a roundup. She came down the canyon like the wind, her hair streaming down her back and her eyes filled with tears. She asked for Zack Thomas and some of the men told her that Mr. Thomas had gone to Cheyenne but that Ad Spaugh was left in charge and she had better see him.

I rode up about this time and had considerable trouble in learning from the child what was wrong. She was wild with

grief and I could see that something serious was the matter. Finally I gathered from the girl that her little brother about eight years old had left the ranch early that morning to hunt a pony that had gotten away with a rope on and that they feared the boy was lost or that something had happened to him. The forenoon had been cloudy but now the clouds had settled down from the tops of the mountains into the valley and stretched across the plains where they were touching the ground. It was already spitting snow, the wind was rising and the clouds began to roll down off the mountains, having the appearance of one of those severe, destructive spring snowstorms that so often visit the Rocky Mountain region.

I told the men that we would abandon the afternoon roundup and make a drive to find the boy. A little cloud of disappointment showed in the faces of the boys, for they knew that the visit to Cheyenne would have to be postponed and perhaps lost altogether, but every man was ready to go.

We went up to the ranch and found that the boy must have followed the pony through Cheyenne Pass and into the mountains above. The old California Trail passes through this canyon, out by Pole Mountain and on to the Laramie plains. By the time we got to the head of the canyon where the men were to spread out to hunt for the boy, it was snowing hard from the east.

I spread the men out about fifty on each side of the road with instructions to ride out every hill and dale for a distance of three or four miles and that we were to all meet on the California Trail about six miles west of the Cheyenne Pass in a little park and report the results.

We met at the park designated about the middle of the afternoon, but the boy had not been found. I scattered the men out again as before and we were to meet at the north of Pole Mountain next time. We reached that point about dark with no better results. Kind Providence favored us at this time, for the clouds cleared away, leaving a full moon and we spread out for another drive by moonlight. I felt sure the boy was farther on as the boys all declared they had searched every bush and rock.

I had given orders that if the boy was found, the rest of the men were to be notified by three rapid pistol shots. I think we were on the third drive that was made after nightfall, when one of the men who was riding with me in the road, noticed something in the snow that looked like a boy's track. In a short time it became so plain there could be no doubt about it. We signalled the other men to come in. We then struck up a

swift gallop and the other men came back to the road and followed up. We rode for nearly an hour before we overtook the boy. He was badly frightened—in fact he was almost wild. One of the men got off his horse and tried to catch the boy but the child could outrun the cowboy, so one of the other men threw a rope over the boy who fought and scratched and bit the men at first, but we soon quieted him, wrapped him up in a coat and one of the men's slickers and put him on behind one of the men and started back.

The boy had nearly reached the Laramie plains, a distance of almost thirty miles from home, when we found him, the wind and storm was at his back or he never could have traveled so far.

We had no more than started back toward home than the wind came up from the northwest and it commenced to storm. It snowed and blew a perfect gale and turned very cold. On our return, after we had found the boy and when we were about half way to the ranch, a pack of black timber wolves crossed the trail just ahead of us and, in fact, we rode into the bunch of wolves before they all got across the trail. The wolves were so hungry and cold that they would hardly get out of our way; they even bristled up, snarled and snapped at our horses as we rode through them. Some of the boys unbuttoned their overcoats and drew their revolvers but by the time they were in position to shoot, the wolves had started to run; the boys fired at them several times but did not get any of them. It made the cold chills run over my nerves to think what would have happened to the boy had the wolves crossed the trail when the boy came along alone. It was daylight when we got back to the ranch and restored the boy to his mother, who wanted to hug and kiss the whole roundup. Cowboys being rather shy, I came to their rescue and represented them in this act, although I wasn't any too well posted, as I had never known but one girl up to that time.

We had several days bad weather so the boys all went to Cheyenne and had a gay time.

It was more than twenty years later that the sequel to this story was played. It was on Thanksgiving morning and I was leaving Cheyenne, expecting to get to my ranch at Manville for a six o'clock dinner. The train should have left Cheyenne at seven o'clock a. m. Seven-fifteen came and no train was in sight; seven-thirty, and no train. There were a lot of people at the station who had been in Cheyenne shopping for Thanksgiving and wanted to get home for dinner. Everyone was pacing up and down the platform, nervously awaiting the Cheyenne

and Northern train—which was made up here—to be backed in, or some information of it.

They ran a mixed train those days—box cars, cattle cars, mail car, baggage, smoker and day coaches. The train was backed in soon and the loading of mail, express and baggage commenced. It was long after eight o'clock when Shorty Donahue hooked the engine onto the train. We were soon off, and the way Shorty whirled that old train up the Crow Creek valley, past Silver Crown, over the Horse Creek divide and even up the Iron Mountain hill, was a ride long to be remembered. People who attempted to walk up and down the aisles were piled up first on one side of the car and then the other. But when we reached the Iron Mountain divide and started down that canyon with its steep grade and sharp curves the women shrieked with fear. The head car would get so far from the track that I thought it never would get back, but it did alright. I thought Shorty must either be drunk or had lost control of the train.

The train suddenly stopped its terrific rate of speed with a chug. Shorty had set the emergency brake tight. I could hear the brakes grinding the wheels and then the train sliding on the steel rails, and could smell the burning of steel.

Everyone was piled over into the seats ahead of them and in the front end of the cars. The train came to a stop with a thud. I was one of the first to hit the ground and there stood the engine with its front out over a burning bridge!

It was one of those high, long wooden trestles so often constructed by new railroads across deep canyons in those early days. I had no more than reached the side of the engine than the bridge fell, a mass of flames.

I noticed a cowboy standing by his horse on the high bank just outside the right-of-way of the railroad, with his coat in his hand. I suspected it was he who had flagged the train. I went over to him and he told me that he did. He said he was at Iron Mountain to get the mail and had seen the smoke of the burning bridge and took it to be the train with a broken down engine. He thought he would come up there and get the mail sack so that he could take it in to the post office, and then he was going over to Horse Creek to eat Thanksgiving dinner with his mother. About this time another cowboy rode up.

Preparations were being made by the conductor to back the train up to Horse Creek and report the trouble. The man who had flagged the train turned his horse over to the other cowboy to be taken to the ranch and he took our train back to

Horse Creek. The man seemed to know me but I could not place him. He rode in the seat beside me to Horse Creek.

When we reached there it was reported the train would be held there until a southbound train came down, which would be late in the afternoon, then we would be transferred at the burned bridge and sent on our way.

The cowboy asked me to go down to his house and eat Thanksgiving dinner with him. It is needless to say I readily accepted the invitation, as the ranch where he was to take me was only a short distance from Horse Creek station.

When we entered the house the man inside wanted to know what was the matter with the train and why he had come that way instead of horseback. The mother had hardly seen me as yet and the man went on to tell her about the burning bridge.

"You saved the lives of everybody on the train," she said. "I suppose so," he replied. "And this man was on the train, too," said the boy's mother. "This is Mr. Spaugh," said the boy, whereat the lady threw her arms around me and kissed me on one cheek and then the other and almost frightened me to death. Holding both my hands in hers and with eyes full of tears she said, "Don't you know," pointing to her son, "that this is the boy whose life you saved from a frozen death? And to think that today he has saved you from a fiery grave! I have never seen you from that day to this, Mr. Spaugh," said the lady, "although I see by the papers that you have been successful!"

We had a good dinner and a pleasant time talking over the early days in Wyoming and the changes that had taken place, until about four o'clock, the time for the train to move on. I might as well tell you how I finished that Thanksgiving.

"There was much delay in transferring the passengers, baggage and express as is usual in such cases. It was midnight when we reached Orin Junction. A Thanksgiving dance was going on there at the hotel. I took a few whirls at the dance but soon went to bed, but I could not sleep as they were dancing in the dining room just under my room.

Finally the dance broke up as the sun was peeping through the curtains and as I passed into dreamland I heard the last strains of the dancers singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

I must have thought a little more or dreamed of the little poem written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox about the departure at the close of an old-time ball given at an old southern plantation:

"Half to the setting moon have gone,
Half to the rising day;
Loud on the stone and low on the sand
The last wheel echoes away."

It was high noon when I awoke and it was about time for the Chicago and Northwestern train for Manville.

"Ad, I wish you would tell me the story about the pranks of the fifteen saddle horses which some of your old-time cowboys told me knew more than some men."

"It is getting late and we must retire. I will tell you about them sometime."

"How about that famous roundup of 1884, when you had four hundred men and four thousand saddle horses?"

"I'll tell you about that sometime, Bill, and the story, too, about the long cattle drive with 3,700 big longhorn Texas steers from Brownsville, Texas, at the mouth of the Rio Grande to Canada. I'll do it sometime, Bill."

DR. EDWARD DAY WOODRUFF

(Continued from January Number)

Next morning we started for Rock Springs without any breakfast, with between fifteen to eighteen miles to go to reach town. I was pretty well played out and stopped to rest at the first ranch house we came to—some two miles from our destination. The others went on into town and said they'd send some one out with a team for me. But after I had rested awhile, I started out again—and was only about a quarter of a mile from town when I met the team which the boys had sent to pick me up. And that was my first trip to Rock Springs.

The afternoon of the day we reached Rock Springs, they brought in a miner from one of the coal mines, who had hurt his back in an accident and was in a serious condition. The nearest physician lived in Rawlins and they were going to send for him when one of the boys in my party said:

"Why don't you use our surgeon?"

"Bring him over here, quick," was the reply. "We didn't know you had a surgeon in your party."

Well, I fixed the man up—and let me tell you he was in bad shape when I reached him, but I made a neat job of it and that made me feel mighty good. As a consequence, that next night the miners got together and held a meeting. They sent a

committee to tell me they liked my work and would fix me up right if I would stay there. I replied that I didn't intend to remain in the west—but they wouldn't give it up, and the next night they called another meeting. They wanted me to sign a two-year contract. Finally I told them that I only intended to stay in the west long enough to recover from overwork and the very most I would do would be to sign a six months' contract, with the understanding that I probably wouldn't stay there after it expired. Well sir, the upshot was that they accepted my conditions. I went on to Green River, from there back to Lander, and again to Rock Springs where I started to work the first of November (1880). My intention had been to stay there six months. I remained ten years as surgeon for the Union Pacific Coal Company and resident surgeon for the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

In addition to my work as surgeon for the Union Pacific Company, I soon became medical examiner for the Bankers Life Association, an insurance company of Des Moines, Iowa. And still later was appointed medical examiner for the Northwestern Masonic Aid Association. In 1882 or 1883 I was elected superintendent of schools for Sweetwater County. At that time Sweetwater County extended nearly across the state—or rather territory—of Wyoming, and took in what is now Sweetwater and Fremont Counties. The Wyoming Commissioners of Pharmacy was organized on May 10th of 1886 with myself elected as first chairman of the organization and Fred P. Shannon, secretary. In August, 1886, I took the examination and became a registered pharmacist. Mustn't forget to mention that there are still some of the prescription blanks of the Central Drug Store of Rock Springs—J. W. Gates, proprietor—in my old medical case.

As I mentioned before, the nearest physician lived in Rawlins. He made occasional visits to Rock Sprnigs to care for the sick and he used to be called to attend the more serious cases, there being no doctors there before I came. When this gentleman heard the miners in conjunction with the companies, had hired me, he came right to town, hunted me up and started to raise hell. He said I was poaching on his territory, and I'd have to get out or he'd have me run out. That made me pretty mad. I told him I didn't consider it according to professional ethics for one doctor to treat another as he was doing; that this was virgin territory open to all comers, that it was not my intention to make this my home permanently but that no man could run me out of town, and as long as I was there I intended to "make good." So the doctor went out, hunted up

some of his friends among the Molly Maguires and asked them to help him run "that tenderfoot doctor out of town." As a consequence, for some little time I was the object of threats and attempted intimidations by the group whose aid the doctor had enlisted. For instance, one morning I was forced to use my gun to chase two big, brawny Scotchmen, brothers, out of my office. Another time a row of "Mollys" were sitting on an embankment just across the street from the front door of my office. A new rule or law had recently gone into effect making it impossible to get any whiskey during certain hours without a prescription. These men began betting they could get one from me, and finally one of their number was told to "Go get a prescription from that tenderfoot doctor."

I was ready for the fellow with my gun, as soon as he walked into the office and opened his head. I made him back up to the wall and sit down on the floor against the baseboard —and I kept him there for a couple of hours, with the men on the embankment outside patiently awaiting the outcome, as though it were a sporting event. When I finally let the fellow go, told him to clear out, his companions jeered and ridiculed him plenty. They kept it up, too, so hot and heavy that before they got through he had to leave town. And still another time, a man came in demanding his money because he had not needed my services. I refused to give it to him. He said:

"That's all right, Doc. I see you going out of here at all hours of the night and I'm going to lay for you behind some of these piles and some dark night I'll get you."

The railroad ran right through the main street of town and they always had a great many ties and one thing or another stacked around.

"Well, sir," I replied, "now I'll just tell you what I'll do. When I go out I'll have my medicine case in my left hand and in the right pocket of my overcoat I'll have a mighty fine little gun, and my right hand will be on it all the time. If you're going to lay for me you'll have to lay mighty quiet or else be god damned quick about it or I'll wing you."

Finally the group of Molly Maguires who were trying to make things uncomfortable for me left me alone. They said:

"Aw, you can't bluff that tenderfoot out of town. Of course, you **can** kill him, but you **can't** bluff him out, and besides it's kind of handy to have a doc around."

DIARY KEPT BY W. A. RICHARDS IN SUMMER OF 1873

He Acted as Assistant to his Brother, A. V. Richards, the "Lon" of the Diary

Survey of South Boundary of Wyoming

May 26, Sunday—1873

Left Omaha and home at 11:30 a. m. to rejoin the boys at North Platte. Took dinner at Fremont; supper with Mr. Fox at Grand Island. At Elm Creek received orders to lay the train up till morning, on account of washouts on the road. Spent the night in the mail car with Johnson and O'Sullivan. A good bed and sound sleep. Breakfast at section house. Reached Brady Island about 1 o'clock. County through we had passed all overflowed, and a bridge out between B. I. and N. Platte. Waited two hours; no dinner. Got into my trunk in baggage car and set up the bread-doughnuts and cake, for the trainmen and mail agents. Reached camp O. K. at 4:00 p. m. Glad to get back. All well.

Tuesday, May 27

Called on Col. Park to have boys sign notes. Found him insensible from paralysis. Signed notes to P. R. Bdry & subdivision before Goodale N. P. Had dinner. Made arrangements with Foley & Seuter to ship corn and flour at .60 and 4.45 per cwt. the last in seamless sacks and corn sacks to be returned. Lon waited in North Platte to take train for Cheyenne. The boys and I made west and camped for night at O'Fallon station. A dozen emigrant teams camped here too. Voted after supper for the "handsomest man" to receive Mrs. Wakeley's present—Pattison was elected. Votes that Swain make a picture for Mrs. W. of the recipient of her gift (a cake of soap). Moved by Schneider that "Dot bicture was tooken pefore he could use dot soap." Heap of fun. Weather fair. Roads good.

Wednesday, 26

Just at breakfast passenger came up; Lon aboard. Took his overcoat—Left camp 6:30—made Alkali—14 miles—for dinner—took twenty minutes for same—reached Roscoe siding at 3:00 p. m. and camped as I telegraphed Judge Wakeley we would camp here tonight. Big Springs tomorrow and Julesburg Friday night. Took a bath in Platte. Had axes and tools ground. Cooking done and all preparations for a big drive tomorrow, as it is 29 miles to Big Springs. Came 24 today. Weather fine. Roads hard and dry; sometimes sandy. Surface Sand Hills last ten miles—

Thursday, 29

Left Roscoe at 6:30 a. m. Camped for dinner near Brule 17 miles. Now camped for night at Big Springs—No Judge last night. Wind is now high and a good prospect of rain.

Friday, 30

Reached Julesburg at 1:30. Found Campbell waiting with gun etc. from Omaha. Laid up for night as some corn we had ordered did not come in and I had telegraphed Judge W. that we would camp here. Prospect good for rain. At 3:00 p. m. received dispatch from the Judge at Columbus saying that he got left by the train at that place. Telegraphed him at Grand Island that we would leave Julesburg tomorrow morning.

Saturday, May 31

Raining at daylight. Did not start until 8:00 a. m. Camped for dinner at Chappel, a flag station. Found an American as Sec. master. Used their stove. Learned that there were buffalo just south of Lodge Pole Creek (along which we have traveled today) in the bluffs. After dinner Campbell and I with the pony left the road and teams and went into the bluffs hunting —taking the pony. Sighted buffalo within mile from the road —Campbell gave chase and had a heap of sport but killed nothing; while he was gone I killed a fine doe antelope—the first game for my new gun. Struck another herd of buffalo on our way to camp, but very wild. Reached camp at Lodge Pole Station at dark.

Sunday, June 1st

Just as we were ready to start this morning learned that the Judge was almost here on a freight train. Waited for him. Gave him a warm (cold) breakfast and moved on. Teams all stuck crossing a slough just out of the station. Delayed an hour. Camped for dinner on Lodge Pole. Had a good meal with cakes and bread furnished by Mrs. W. and antelope steak. Reached Sidney at 5:00 p. m. A three Co. post is here, an eating house and quite a little town. Water runs through the street brought from Lodge Pole two miles west. The Judge left for home. At depot saw Meachem, Captain Jack's intended victim, on his way East. A tall fine looking man. Saw Laughton Sith Cole and Johnny Warner on train. Sixty-three miles to Pine Bluff, must make it in two days—

Monday, 2nd

Left camp at 6:00 a. m. Camped for dinner at Potter. 19 miles. Found Waters our pilgrim "put off here again." Moved on west. Overtook Waters "Put-Off" again. Will go with us to Pine Bluffs. Camped at 5:00 p. m. on Lodge Pole. Just north of Bennett station. A fine camp ground—Four emigrant wagons

in camp here too. Regulated sights on my gun with target practice. Campbell and I on guard—
Tuesday, 3rd

Dinner a mile east of Bushnell—Reached Pine Bluffs at 5:30—Found Lon and MacConnell in waiting. Got in ten minutes ahead of us. Camped a mile north on Lodge Pole—Put up the new tent. Lon and Mac—Bob and I occupy it.
Wednesday, 4th

Spent the a. m. in reloading and regulating wagons and camp; writing letters and taking leave of civilization. Supt. Sickles of the U. P. R. R. and Dr. Latham, Sur. Genl. Wyo. are anxious to have us establish the S. W. corner of Wyo. first, and Mr. Sickles offers through Latham to furnish us transportation and passes while out here to do it at once. We are open for such propositions. Left the Sta. at 1:00 p. m. Lon, Mac and four men going down the line; I and the teams going around the bluffs S. W. We met at the cor. of Wyo. Colo. and Neb.—at dark. No water in the country, and timber two miles. Boys tired and hungry—Tried to get a station rigged for astronomical observations, but failed. Went to bed of course. Lon and Mac working until 12:00 M.—
Thursday—5—73

Took three men and a team and cut a load of posts on the bluff, took them 6 miles west and left them. Dug a well on Muddy Creek three miles west of camp. Good cold water. Weather hot—Reached camp at 7:00 p. m. tired and hungry. Killed an antelope coming in Campbell did do—Reorganized guard duty, putting three men on each night. Bob, Arthur and I on first night. Lon and Mac worked until 1:30 a. m. taking observations to test this initial point. So Lon took my "chance" and part of Bob's. Weather fine and warm—Lon rode the pony to Pine Bluffs for mail but got none—
Friday, 6th

Went to the station on a mule—Sent the old Winchester in to be repaired, ordered axes and grindstone from Edgar, to Cheyenne. Got dinner at a section house—Bought a pick—Reached camp at 6:00 p. m. Lon ran four miles of line. Dick killed an antelope, and Patterson do—Cloudy—No observations tonight. Wrote to Miss H. Judge W. and Aut—
Saturday, June 7

Can't move today—Took four men and went post hunting—Picked up the load of posts and took them to a point 8 miles west of camp at a spring. Killed a very large antelope coming in. Prospects good for rain.

Sunday, June 8th, '73

Raining nearly all night. Slept 'till 7 this morning. No stars last night, consequently must lie in camp all day. Finished Martin Chuzzlawit and was well pleased with the sequel. Tom's vindication; the happiness of Martin-Jim-Mary-John and Tom's sister Ruth brought about by their well being and well doing forms a strong and striking contrast to the downfall and utter ruin of Pecksniff and Jonas. The moral is good and impressed at every step of the narrative. Be generous, good and wise; truthful, honest and kind and prosper and be happy; fail in these essential qualifications and misery, ruin and death must follow—before dinner (at 3:00 p. m.) Campbell and I took a stroll of three hours for our health. After dinner read Harper's and mended up some. The Prof. discovered that the Level on the Astronomical Transit was broken—how no one knows. This is an aggravating and expensive accident as it will necessitate the ordering of a new one to be forwarded to Cheyenne and cause further vexatious delays. It is now impossible to test this point, so we will start west with the line tomorrow. Long going to the station. Had a camp fire roast of antelope and retired—7 antelope brought into this camp.

Monday, June 9, 1873

Breakfast at 5:00 a. m. Lon started on the pony for Pine Bluffs to open communication with Chicago and Washington about a level. The team started west for a new camp 8 miles west, and I took the line. At the edge of the bluff 1 mile 65 chs. from corner, in setting the 2nd M. C. found the west end of the line incorrect. Ran on to 4th M. C. found the line as previously run too far south. Returned to edge of bluff and reran it; but made it a random line to camp. In going over it west the first time, Mott accidently shot Mack through the outside edge of his right foot with his revolver, while both were firing at a large rattlesnake. Campbell ran 5½ miles to camp and brought back a team in a little over an hour. The team took a load of wood from the bluff and taking Mack, went to camp. We proceeded with the work. Reached camp at 5:00 p. m., 12 hrs. btwn. meals. After supper, dressed Mack's foot; not a bad wound—only through the flesh. 10:00 p. m. Have been working with Mac-C—taking observations. Sky full of light clouds, making it slow work, Lon not yet arrived. Think he must have stayed all night at the station as he knew where we would camp—and had been nearly here. Hope he is not out on the prairie. Am not much anxious as he knows how to come home. List of attractions tonight—Mosquitoes—first and nearest — Lon out of camp — whereabouts unknown — level

broken—line crooked this soon—Mack wounded and weather cloudy—and all hands tired—rather bad but jolly still. see Topley—

Tuesday, June 10, '73, 7:00 a. m.

Worked last night until day was breaking. Got some observations—Lat. and a few for time. Got the transit on the North Star at its Eastern Elongation, and found the true Meridian, turned a right angle after deducting the distance from Polaris when taken to the true Meridian and found my line of yesterday correct. Am waiting now at 8:00 a. m. for Prof. to make some calculations for Lat. from last night's work, when we will go to work again. Lon not in yet. Kept a red light out all night. Team has gone west with Al and Patterson to take a load of posts on west. The weather is beautiful this morning. Air clear and pure. Good weather for running. We are camped on a small spring near the line about eight miles from the initial point. Soil strongly impregnated with Alkali but good water to be had by digging a few feet—6:00 p. m. Went to work at 11:00 a. m. At the same time started Neal for the station on a mule bareback—to see why Lon didn't come. Got into camp at 4:15 p. m. At same time Lon and Neal hove in sight. Lon was waiting for an answer to his telegrams. Failed to hear from Safford, but got word through from Washington. Can get a new one in a week.

Wednesday, June 11, 1873

Started from camp at 5:20 a. m. with the line. Reached the Crow Creek and had dinner at 12:00 M. 8 miles. This is a stream 25 lks. Swift running and good water. A few scattering cottonwood and willow trees in the bottom. Country rolling. Soil gravelly, 2nd rate. Large herds of cattle grazing near. Antelope plenty. Lon killed one coming over this morning. After dinner ran two miles west without building the mounds as we will take Latitude and Azimuth tonight and start anew tomorrow. The line seems to be a little to the north of the Parallel now. Got caught in a heavy rain coming to camp. A herder passed through camp with a wagon going east to his ranche during the storm. Followed him on pony to inquire as to water west on line. Found that there was water at 4—7 and 15 miles. Will make one of those places tomorrow. Also found Shorty's umbrella in his wagon. He asked if we had lost one. I told him I thought we were liable to lose one.

Thursday, June 12, 1873, 7:00 a. m.

Mac C— and Lon got a few observations last night and are now working them up. Morning opens clear and pleasant. Mosquitoes plenty on Crow Creek, but — Crows — Evening —

Moved west at 11 oclock. Built up 17 and 18 miles and ran 7 miles farther through very rough country. High rocky bluffs putting into the bottom south of us. Camped 25th mile post on edge of bottom near E. end of Big Simson Canon, Iliff of Cheyenne has a ranche in this canon and 1,200 head of cattle in all on the plains. Lon and Mac taking observation nearly all night.
Friday, 13th

Started with the team to distribute stakes along the line while the obsers. were being figured up. Found the country too rough. Sent team back and Campbell and I scouted about 6 miles ahead. Back by 12:00 M. Mac had found our Lat. unchanged. So we moved on. Ran four miles west. Very rough. Lon brought posts in on a pony. Camped in Simson Canon—29 mile—Thirteen miles to the O. P. R. R. so reported. Will try to make it tomorrow.
Saturday, 14th

Left camp at 5:20 a. m. Reached the R. R. at 1:30 p. m. 41st mile post on R. R. track. Camp E. of R. R. line and near it. I killed an antelope with a needle gun at 300 yards. Same very good steak for dinner. Broil for supper. Snow capped Mts. very plain from here. We could see a snow storm there this p. m. though they are 75 miles away. Indications of rain—
Sunday, 15th

Ran line three miles west. Camped at a beautiful spring just east of Lone Tree Creek. Summit Siding is just south of us and Terry Bros. cattle ranche near us on the west. Hay and Thomas Surveyors under Reed. Now cattle and sheepherders are two miles N. of us. The herds of this Co. start a Round-up tomorrow. Each ranch sends a man, they scout the country, get up all the cattle. Then each man picks out his stock and drives them in—35 men start this time and they expect to pick up 50,000 head of cattle. Did some washing. Read Kenelm Chillingly and Harper's for June. Slept some and wrote to Alice and the home folks. Now at sundown, will close—Tomorrow, Lon and I go to Cheyenne to get supplies and send out and get mail—No rain last night—Weather beautiful. Thermometer 90 degrees at noon. Bar. indicates 6,275 feet—
Monday, 16th, 1873

Went on guard this morning at 2 o'clock. Breakfast at five. Campbell and four men with a team started west to the Black Hills for wood. Lon, Billie and I with a team and the pony started for Cheyenne nine miles distant at 6:00 a. m. Stopped at the Ranche of Hay and Thomas, ex-surveyors, who were thrown out of a job by the retirement of Dr. Reed and the succession of Dr. Latham as Surveyor or General. They

have a fine sheep ranche; also a large number of horses and mules. Are busy now shearing sheep.—Reached Cheyenne at 9:00 a. m. Met Jos. Carey and Gillen. Kimball and Woods of Omaha. Found letter from Miss H. Also from Aut— Found gun, axes, grindstone and baking powder all right. Tested chain; mailed letters; bought lots of things. Got a dinner at R. R. House—$1.00 and beat the hotel keeper about 75 cents then — Saw Warner at dinner — Started home at 4 — reached camp at 6:10 p. m. Boys got in from timber 12 miles distant. A rough country west of us. Plenty of water and more wood. Signs of Indians. One seen near camp—Got a splendid letter from Alice. She is at San Jose for her health. A bad cold and cough. Perhaps it is worse than she tells me but I hope not—I haven't written just as I should; but I will make ample amends next time which will be tomorrow. Camp was so dull and I tired that I wrote a dull uninteresting letter, but will do better—she deserves the best that I can do in writing or anything else.

Tuesday, 17th

Lay in camp all day. Jap Corey and his cousin visited us —Campbell and I took a hunt after 4:00 p. m. Returned gameless—

Wednesday, 18th

With Arthur and Texas and a span of mules started for town. Changed teams at Thomas' Ranche to try one he had to sell. Too small and too high, $275. Arthur went to the post with his cousin Capt. Wessels who sent him to camp in wag, with an escort of cavalry.

Thursday, 19th

Rode a grey pony to town belonging to Hay and Thomas. Price $80. Too high. Reached camp at sunset.

Friday, 20th, 1873

Went to town with a team and Scott, Campbell and Pattison. Rode a black pony of H. & O. Like him pretty well. Price $60. Got caught in a hail storm. Reached camp at sundown. Brought in large stone for Astronomical station—a foot square, seven ft. long, price $12.50. On 19 Campbell and Pat killed antelope.

Saturday, 21st

With Lew, Al and Geo. Scott went to town. The eastern train brought the long expected level, C. O. D. $84.20, an outrageous price. Had new spring made for large transit. Got stone hammer. Letters from Aut. Heard from Supt. Sickles through Sur. Genl. Latham. Nothing definite. Rode home with Thomas Campbell. Killed two antelope. Found that Matt and

Dick had almost finished dressing the stone shaft—25 saved thereby. Weather very hot in Omaha and the East—but pleasant here—Men—on the 20th H. F. Clark, Prest. U. P. R. R. died very suddenly.

Thursday, 26th

Have spent this week in getting ready to move, and at 9:00 a. m. pulled out. Made ten miles on the line, camping at a spring—Lon went to Cheyenne. Saw Sickles. He will do nothing for us.

Friday, 27th

Started for Dale Creek thinking it was 12 miles. Found the country very rough. Crossing Box Elder canon, on the bank of which the 62nd mile came—Had team on line till 1:00 p. m. Ate lunch. Ran till sundown making 9 miles and no sign of camp. Found team awaiting us near old saw mill. Reached camp at 10:00 p. m., 15 hrs. since breakfast.

Saturday, 28th

Did not move camp. Went with team to work. Was until 4:00 p. m. running 5 miles coming out—South of camp—very rough—Wrote to Aut & P. M's. We are now south of Sherman, the nearest station. Will send up tomorrow and when we reach the Laramie River Campbell and I will go to Laramie, 40 miles.

Sunday, 29th

Left camp at 7:00 a. m., crossed Dale Creek on 1st miles (69th). Very rough. Took lunch at 3rd mile—brought out by Lon—Made 5 miles camping on Fish Creek at 43rd miles. Which mile crosses a mountain too high for chaining so we triangulated. Received letter from Alice. Only one that came — Weather all fine — nights cool — Line timbered with pine, hemlock, birch and Aspern.

Monday, 30th

Ran 4 miles camping at McGreavy's tie camp near Diamond Mt. Reached camp at 7:00 p. m. Boys killed a yearling elk. Stood guard—rained in p. m.

Tuesday, July 1st, 1873

Ran line 4½ miles. Very rough. Heavy timber. Thermometer 48 degrees above. Camp in deep canon at foot of Boulder Ridge Summit of Black Hills.

Wednesday, 2nd

Ran one and ¼ miles working ten (10) hours. Heavy timber. Camp near line.

Thursday, 3rd

Took an azimuth last night. Byers got his back up because we changed him from the teams to the line and left. Moved

camp 4½ miles west to the plain. Ran the line same distance leaving timber on the 85th mile. Dick killed an antelope—Billie went to Laramie.

Friday, July 4th

97th anniversary. Pleasant and cool—Didn't work. Billie returned at 11:00 a. m. bringing letters and papers. Received letters from Wiltze, Aut. Miss H. and Judge W. Wrote to D. Miss H. and Alice—Are now camped on south edge of Laramie Plains. Snow capped Mts. to N. W. and S. W. and W. & S. Black Hills behind us, Mts. ahead.

Saturday, 5th

Left camp at 10:00 a. m. Ran 7½ miles. Country rough, but well watered. Camped on small stream at 4:30 p. m. After supper, Bert and I mounted on mules started to explore tomorrow's line a little. When just out of sight of camp, over a hill, dismounted and fired at some antelope. I killed two, the second at two hundred yards running. Our mules ran back to camp. The boys thought we had been attacked and turned out to help us. Got our mules and proceeded on. Returned to camp at 11:00 p. m. On guard.

Sunday, 6th

Left camp at 6:00 a. m. Reached Poplar mountain at noon. Quite heavy poplar timber on top of Mt. Patterson saw a bear —Billie failed to find us with lunch and water and we ran to the Big Laramie, which we reached at 6:30 p. m. without either. Weather pleasant. Reached river on the 103rd mile.

Monday, 7th

Lon, Billie and Mack went to Laramie 35 miles away. We are stopping here to establish an astronomical station. Laramie River is about two chains wide swift running, clear water and pebble bottom—MacConnell got good observations early in the evening. Pat got an antelope.

Tuesday, 8th

Wrote letters home and sent them up by a stranger. Lon returned at 6:00 p. m. Bringing some additional supplies. He applied for an escort to Gen. Ord to come down here from Russell and follow us. Found a stone on west side of River for our monument. Boys got it in shape for planting.

Wednesday, 9th

No observations last night—Too cloudy. Campbell and I went out west to explore the line. Got caught in a rain. Killed a young antelope for dinner (by Bert) and ate most of it. I killed a buck before leaving camp, near the tents; also killed a buck while out exploring because he had a queer looking head —Found it was owing to a crooked horn. Found plenty of

game—all antelope. Found the road quite rough and heavily timbered. Reached camp at 6:00 p. m. If the Prof. gets "good stars" tonight we may get away tomorrow.

Thursday, July 10th

Cannot move today, as Mac wants another night to work in. Took mail down to a ranch near here and left it. Campbell and Ben went back on the line to make some corrections. Heavy rain and hail in p. m. Set 2nd Latitude monument at 103rd mile. 27 chs. west of Laramie River. Sand stone with large mound of stone.

Friday, 11th

Lon with the party who run the line left camp at 7:00 a. m. to proceed with the line. Lon will run to next station and I run camp. Crossed the Laramie 1½ miles north of camp, got the team upon the level by doubling and camped at 12:00 M. for dinner on small stream running east. The boys ran three (3) miles before dinner and 1⅓ in p. m. returning to the camp at night. Storm of wind and rain at sunset. Killed an antelope.

Saturday, 12th

Boys were on line at 6:30 a. m. Arthur and I took a hunt from 6:30 to 9:00 a. m., killed nothing. Took dinner to boys and had camp moved along the road. Met them and follow road running up Douglas Creek just north of line. Camped opposite the 110 links and 10 chains point, on N. side Douglas Creek. Took an Azimuth in the woods on the line early in the evening. Dick quite unwell day before yesterday. Nearly well now but has a sprained or swollen wrist and stays in camp. George Scott taken quite sick this morning — an attack of bilious fever I think.

Sunday, 13th

Very cold last night. Mercury only 28 degrees above half an hour after sunrise. Boys left camp at 6:15. Took bay pony and started west to scout the road. Went nine miles from which could see the North Platte bottom—Summit of Medicine Bow Mts.—four miles west of here. Reached camp again at 10:00 a. m. Had a good ride. At 11 took dinner to men on line. Cannot move camp nearer to the line than we now are, so will remain here. Men made 1¾ miles on line. Very heavy timber. Ben killed a deer.

Monday, July 14th

Cold again last night. Thermometer this morning at 5:30, only 24 degrees above. Took dinner to boys on foot. Moved camp west over summit of Mts. and camped in a little open valley 20 chs. E. of 114th mile on line. After making camp went out looking for a way over the Mts. Killed two antelope.

Tuesday, 15th

With Billie left camp at 6:20—mounted on mules—took old road south through a little valley; eight miles from line entered North Park, which is simply a large basin or open park, without timber. Surrounded on southeast and west with snow capped mountains and bare Mts. on the north. The North Platte rises in the Park which is about 15 miles in diameter I should think. We found a pass out of the Park over a Mt. to the Platte and a crossing over the river. After which we returned to camp over the mountains. Each killed a black tail deer coming in. Reached camp at 3:00 p. m. Too late to move camp. So sent Fred out to find the men and pilot them in. He got lost in woods, and but for meeting Bob the whole party would have slept out. It was impossible to get camp much nearer the quitting place for the men—they made about three miles of line.

Wednesday, 16th

Packed two mules and the bay pony with provisions and blankets and sent them on the line, as the men will sleep out tonight. With the camp started at 10:00 a. m. to go south into the Park. Reached and crossed the Platte before 5:00 p. m. Drove north two miles and camped on small stream, using sagebrush for fuel.

Thursday, 17th

Found the line two miles north of our camping place at 9 o'clock a. m. The boys reached the river early this morning and crossed with no greater losses than that of a pick, spade and ax, which Pattison lost in crossing. Made camp four miles west of the river on small stream at foot of mountain range. Camped at 3:00 p. m. After which took a mule and scouted west for a road over the Mts. Found a tie cabin three miles north of line in timber. Camp near 124th mile and four chains north of line.

Friday, 18th

Broke camp at 8:00 a. m. Drove north and crossed the Mt. A rough road and hard work. Camped at 3:00 p. m. 3 chs. north of line and 10 chs. west of 130th mile post on small swift stream running north.

Saturday, 19th

Left camp at 8:00 a. m. to move west over another mountain range. Had a hard ascent to make, requiring eight mules to take up the lightest load. At 1:15 p. m. was about 10 chs. W. of camp, 40 chs. south and 15 chs. higher. Camped at 3:30 p. m. on swift running stream, going north with a similar one 20 chs. east of us and Mts. all around us. Raining all p. m. The

camp is on the 133 degree mile. Took an azimuth. Lon killed an antelope.

Sunday, July 20th, 1873

Did not work. Lon and I rode over the Mts. to look for a way over with the teams. Found an old blazed road. Much speculation as to who made it. Ate our lunch on a snow bank 10,000 ft. above the level of the sea. Mosquitoes very bad there. Boys picking wild strawberries in camp at foot of Mt. Campbell killed an antelope. Rained in p. m.

Monday, 21st

Lon and party went on with line. Billie going out with pack mules to supply them bed and board. Went with Neal to clear fallen timber from the road. Hunted in p. m. George Scott still sick but improving. Pattison came in feeling unwell. The change of climate is too great for some of the boys. Line running through heavy woods, 2½ miles.

Tuesday, 22nd

Rose at daylight to hunt, as the boys must have game on the lines. Came into breakfast at 5:00 a. m. Left camp again at 5:30 and in 20 minutes had an antelope. The largest yet. Weighing over a hundred pounds dressed and very fat. Rode put on line. Found the boys eating dinner on a snow bank with a smudge to keep off the mosquitoes. The line crosses the road on the 138th mile. Continental Divide. We will move tomorrow.

Wednesday, 23rd

Broke camp at 7:00 a. m. Took dinner on side of mountain. Crossed over summit and camped on small stream ½ mile S. of 139th mile post. Billie came in with his pack train and took out a new supply of provisions.

Thursday, 24th

Left camp at 6:00 a. m. and prospected for the road which we have been following. Traced it to a ravine where it crosses our line. Broke camp at 10:00 a. m. Reached the line and camped a little north and a few chains east of 142nd M. P. on which mile the road crosses the line to the N. Quite a stream just north of camp running west which we take to be Little Snake River. Mts. all around us. The men on line came into camp and it seemed quite a reunion. Had a slight touch of a mountain thunder storm near dark. The thunder roared and crashed through the valleys in a terrible manner.

Friday, July 25th, 1873

Left camp at 6:15 a. m. road hunting. Found a camping place on a small stream running north on the last ½ of 144th mile btwn. two N. & S. Mts. Killed a black tailed deer just in

the place for camp. Broke camp at 10:30 and moved over Mt. and camped at 3:30 in a hailstorm. Yesterday, our line ran along a stream which it crossed five times. Today over a high mountain. The line is running through heavy timber and the men make but two (2) miles per day. Slow progress, and cold nights approaching.

Saturday, 26th

Moved west and camped on stream 50 lks. wide running north—½ S. of 145th post. Rained in p. m. Billie went out to line with his pack train. Had difficulty in tracing our old road.

Sunday, July 27th

Broke camp at 7:00 a. m.—Dinner on stream running north about a mile north of the line. Quite a heavy rain about noon. At 2:00 p. m. the teams moved west and I took bread and venison and started S. to the line which I readily found. Ben being unwell came back to camp with me. Camp about north of 149th post—1½ miles.

Monday, 28th

Left camp on pony to find road at 6:00 a. m. Traced it south over a high mountain and fortunately found the line on S. side. Took Billy and his pack mules and returned to camp at 12:00 m. Was camped on line at 5:00 p. m. McConnel went out to the line to assist in taking an Azimuth. Billie and outfit also went out. Mat and Dick came in to camp. Rained in p. m.

Tuesday, 29th

Left camp at 6:15 a. m. Found that our road runs on south from here to a range of Mts. and is of no further service so we must chop our way through. The field party are now two miles ahead of us. In p. m. went out to line and a mile beyond the party, from which point I could see an open country ahead extending to a range of Mts. perhaps fifty miles distant. Reported the discovery to the boys and there was joy in camp. After working three weeks in heavy timber an open prairie looks beautiful. Marked a road back through the woods for the boys to chop out tomorrow for the teams and we will move on. Thermometer below freezing in camp this morning while in the other camp on the Mts. at an elevation of 10,000 ft. it was 47 degrees above zero. Dick sick this morning but went on the line this p. m. Texas in camp sick. McConnel still on line and Matt in camp.

Wednesday, 30th, '73

Left camp at 6:00 a. m. Reached the line at 8. Found Lon taking a long sight over all the timber ahead of us—probably two miles. Traveled a while with Billie and his train hunting a passage down the Mt. Found none. While I was gone,

the boys were chopping out the road—Got back to them at 2:00 p. m. Found them about half way along with the teams. Road steep and through timber—Lots of chopping. Billie came in for "grub" at 4:00 p. m. Had seen nothing of them since morning. There is some danger of their laying out tonight. Went into camp near 152nd post at 6:00 p. m. Have discovered no way down the Mts. yet. Must find one tomorrow.

Thursday, 31st, 1873

Left camp at 6:00 a. m. Blazed a road to foot of Mt. Returned to camp at 9:00 a. m. and with three of the men went to work chopping out a road. Ben and Lew came in from line to help. Lon and party are out of the woods. I wish we were. The way looks pretty bad over the Mts.

Friday, Aug. 1st

Left camp at 6:00 a. m. while the men were clearing the road to the foot of the Mt. Blazed a road around the south side of the same. At 10:00 a. m. Bert, Dick and Pat came to us to help us over. The remainder of the line party being in camp awaiting us. Passed over the highest part of the Mts. and camped on low divide on line near 155 m. p. Stood guard 40 minutes a piece.

Saturday, Aug. 2nd

Broke camp at 7:30 and started down the Mt. Met Lon about 11:00 a. m. Reached Snake River at noon, crossed it twice and at 2:30 reached the other camp. Quite a reunion, having been separated a week. Our pass over the Mts. was a rough one and long to be remembered and now we can sing "out of the wilderness." An old miner named Duickl stayed with Lon's party last night. The first man we have seen for over a month. Two other miners with us tonight. They are at work 22 miles south of here on Henz peak or what used to be the Bear River diggins. Not much gold, about wages. We apparently have an open though broken country ahead of us and hope to make better time hereafter. We will run another day and then put in a station. Are now camped on Snake River. Lon and I scouted ahead a few miles this p. m. and Lon killed an antelope. Campbell did also. "Ain't I glad I'm out of the wilderness." Karner, a miner working at Henz Peak, went east to the divide on south end of North Park prospecting with Perkins. Both young men. About July 25th accidently shot himself through the leg. His companion returned to camp for help and upon returning found him dead. These facts given us by James Carroll, a miner and friend of Karner's.

Sunday, Aug. 3rd

Moved camp west about 5 miles, crossing the Snake River twice and driving up a steep mountain side camped on line at the 163rd mile post on plain near Sheep Mt. and a few miles S. E. of Battle Mt. where the Utes and Arapahoes or the latter and trappers—(had a fight) which lasted ten days. Note by Copyist—Something seems left out here) * * * Nothing definite about it. Erected post for observations as we will put in a station here. Lon and Texas caught a fine string of trout and Pat killed a goose.

Monday, Aug. 4th

Trout and cornbread for breakfast. Spent the greater portion of the day hunting a stone suitable for the monument at this place. Found one and got it to camp all right. Max went out in the morning on Sheep Mt. just west of here and killed a mountain sheep and an antelope. Lon went out in p. m. after supper and killed a sheep and a black tailed buck. Professor got some pretty fair observations last night. Cloudy and rainy at dark. Boys caught lots of trout.

Tuesday, 5th

Went trout fishing. "Caught'en you bet." (Washed out clothes and mended my breeches (confidential). Campbell killed two antelope. No stars last night so the work of the night before is worthless too.

Wednesday, 6th

Lounged about camp. Wrote to Nellie B. Good observations last night. Campbell and I strolled over to Sheep Mt. After supper. I killed a young buck on the steep side of the Mt. Shot him through the head and heart. Campbell wounded one. Was on guard last night.

Thursday, 7th

A duplicate of yesterday. Weather pleasant. Wrote to Alice. Went out with Lon in p. m. He killed a black tailed buck. Have high living nowadays and no work. Deer, antelope, sheep, geese, trout and grouse, breakfast 8 and dinner 3.

Friday, 8th

McConnel completed his observations last night. Today we will set the stone and move on—Weather fine—Wrote home —Later. As we couldn't get started today, it being late when Mr. McC completed the reduction of his observs. We concluded to do nothing until tomorrow. Cloudy at sunset.

Saturday, 9th

Found our line 252 ft. south of our tent. Set stone shaft with huge old mound and elk horns on top. Lon went on with line. Left camp at 11:00 a. m. Camped on the river on W. side

of Sheep Mt. (which we crossed on 165th mile) near the 158th M. C. Explored Battle Mt. on a mule. Reached camp at dark. Raining. Lon killed a she black bear.

Sunday, 10th

Breakfast at 5:00 a. m. Men left camp at 5:30. Camp in motion at 6:30. Camped at 2:00 p. m. on the river 20 chs. N. of 175. 40 chs. Killed an antelope. Supper at 5:00 p. m. No dinner.

Monday, 11th

Broke camp at 6:00 a. m. and moved down Snake River. Three miles from camp found Reader's Ranch. An old Galenian. Bought of him flour, baking powder, thread and buckskin. Two (2) miles further found Slater & Brown's Ranche. Jim Baker, the old partner of Bridger, also lives there. The latter with three teams just starting for Rawlins for winter supplies. Sent in mail. Learned that Bridger's Pass is about twenty (20) miles north of where we crossed the Mts. and the settlers very much surprised that we could cross elsewhere. Four miles below Slater's is Perkin's store. Bought of him baking powder, tobacco and pick. Went south to line on pony. Found it 1½ miles south of river. Came back, took on wood and water, crossed river and struck S. W. to the line. Made dry camp in sagebrush at (186) M. C. Men made 11 miles on line. Raining at dark.

Tuesday, Aug. 12th

Broke camp at 6:30. Took dinner on the Snake—where the line crossed at 192nd M. C. In p. m. went S. around a bend and camped at 6:00 p. m. on S. side and on line at 197 m. 20 chs. Took an Azimuth in evening.

Wednesday, 13th

Broke camp at 6:30. Brought teams on line to the river which we crossed on the 1st ¼ of the 204th mile. Had dinner near 204th M. C. Then turned north to get around the bluffs. Got about four miles N. of line. Got back to the line at sundown. Camped on dry creek at 308 m. 20 chs. Have now averaged nine (9) miles on line from last station. The country here perfectly worthless. Nothing but sagebrush and greasewood. Soil sandy clay.

To be concluded in July number.

CORRECTIONS AND NOTES

In January Annals on page 410, tenth line from bottom of page Mr. Bishop's initials should be L. C.

On page 416, seventh line from top of page, is the end of manuscript written by Mr. Albert W. Johnson. The two paragraphs which follow are an introduction to the manuscript written by and signed by William Francis Hooker. This manuscript begins the twenty-third line from top of page 416. Mr. Hooker also wrote the manuscript which begins on page 421. These manuscripts complete the history of the Bill Hooker cabin on the La Bonte.

On page 438 the footnote should read Vol. 3, No. 4, p. 222.

The illness of the State Historian at the time the January Annals was in press accounts for these errors.

On account of legislative work the publishers did not deliver January Annals until March 9th.

The very small appropriation made by the Twenty-first Legislature for the Historical Department makes it imperative that the Department of History issue Annals for the present biennium without illustrations.

ACCESSIONS

(January 1931 to April 1931)

Museum

Richardson, Thomas G.—Cartridge (Holland & Holland 500 calibre) belonging to a buffalo gun which is in possession of the State Historical Department. "This cartridge came from Green River from an old hunter by the name of Boon, years ago."

Carroll, Major C. G.—Photostat copies of (1) letter written by Bill Carlisle, train bandit, to the Denver Post, Denver, Colorado, April 10, 1916; (2) envelope in which the above letter was enclosed; (3) watch and chain taken by the bandit from passengers on Train No. 18 on February 4, 1916, between Green River and Rock Springs, Wyoming. Two pictures of Governor William B. Ross taken at the time the troops were in review—1925.

Hopkins, Mrs. Ruth Joy—Two etchings of the Platte Bridge Station, Idaho Territory, 1865, by Mrs. Hopkins.

Wills, Miss Olive—Two Christmas cards drawn by the Wyoming artist, Harold Curey.

Newton, L. L.—Token used for money at old Camp Brown.

Pease, Mrs. Vera Jane—Collection of World War relics consisting of a musette bag, gas mask and case, helmet, cooking pan and rubber cap.

Wayo, Mrs. Alexander—Two reprints showing the hanging in Laramie on the night of October 18, 1868, of Big Ned, Con Wager and Asa Moore and the interior and exterior of the Bon Ton Saloon which was owned at that time by Con Wager and Asa Moore.

Dunlap, Mrs. R. G.—Stuffed owl, swift and weasel killed by Dr. Wyman about 30 to 40 years ago in the vicinity of Cheyenne.

Jackson, Richard J.—Picture of Captain Seth Bullock and cowboys taken in Washington, D. C., March 4, 1905. This group consists of 40 men, largely from Weston County. Another picture of these men taken while seeing New York in an automobile.

Original Manuscripts

Canterbury, Hazel—"Wyoming Art and Artists."

Watson, John M.—Life and adventures of Mr. Watson while in Mexico about 1915, written by himself.

State Geologist's Office—"Spanish Diggins" written by G. H. Smith of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Goodnough, Mrs. J. H.—"Sacajawea."

Thomas, David G. and Goodnough, Mrs. J. H.—"Memories of the Chinese Riot" told by Mr. Thomas to his daughter, Mrs. Goodnough, and written by her.

Douglass, Mrs. Ruth—"An Overland Trip to Wyoming," May 29, 1895, by Mrs. Hannah Lee, grandmother of Mrs. Douglass.

Documents

Fryxell, F. M.—"Report on the Exploration of the Yellowstone River" by Bvt. Brig. Gen. W. F. Raynolds, 1868. "Geological Report of the Exploration of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers" by Dr. F. V. Hayden, 1869.

Hastie, Eunice—Minute book of the Industrial Club of Luther (the name formerly given to Burns), Wyoming, 1908, John C. Hastie, Secretary.

Pamphlets

Fryxell, F. M.—"Glacial Feature of Jackson Hole, Wyoming" by Professor Fryxell.

Hinrichs, O. W.—Two copies of "The Goldenrod" January, 1931, published by Mr. Hinrichs, containing the article entitled "Reveries—Fort Laramie."

Pease, Mrs. Vera Jane—"His Cartoons of the A. E. F." by Pvt. Abian A. Wallgren, U. S. M. C. "The Rhine and Its Legends," a souvenir of the days of the American Army of Occupation in Germany.

Newspapers

Spaugh, A. A.—Four copies of the article "1884 Round-ups of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association"—William C. Irvine, President.

Carnegie Library, Cheyenne—Newspaper clipping dated December 24, 1877, containing history about Cheyenne.

Pease, Mrs. Vera Jane—Stars and Stripes Newspaper, Friday, June 13, 1919.

Wyoming Labor Journal Publishing Company—Bound volume "Wyoming Labor Journal" 1930.