

# *Showings of Copper Ore Found in Swift Current Creek in 1894 Resulted in Purchase of Land Which Later Became Glacier Park*

Ira Myers, Old Time Mining Man, Tells of His Activities Which Brought About Treaty With Blackfeet Indians and Sale of 600,000 Acres of Rocky Land to Government for \$1,500,000, Which Did Not Prove Profitable to the Prospectors and Which Now Is a National Playground, Attracting Large Numbers of Tourists From Everywhere

GLACIER National park—Nature's wonderland and a playground that each succeeding summer will attract more and more tourists to Montana from all parts of the United States—might never have been had it not been for a chain of circumstances that originated in 1894.

Twenty-seven years ago, copper ore was discovered on the eastern slope of the continental divide in what is now Glacier park, but was then a part of the Blackfoot Indian reservation. Because it was believed that the development of that section by mining would bring wealth to the state of Montana, a movement was started to induce the government to purchase by treaty 600,000 acres of this rocky land which could never serve the Indians for either agricultural or grazing land. The purchase of this land which was later known as the "ceded strip" was consummated in 1898, and it was opened to prospectors in the following spring.

There was a great rush for claims but actual development never assumed the proportions that were anticipated, and in 1910 the government opened the "ceded strip" and some adjoining area as the Glacier National park and prospecting for oil and minerals there is no longer permitted. The sum paid by the government to the Indians for the "ceded strip" would never have been paid had it not been believed that the land was rich in copper, and for this reason. I believe that if it had not been for the copper showing discovered back in 1894, the land would never have been purchased from the Blackfeet and there would be no Glacier park today.

**Thought It Rich in Copper.**

The "ceded strip" was a piece of land belonging to the Blackfeet tribe of Indians, running south from the Canadian boundary line to Birch creek and east from the crest of the Rocky mountains to the foothills. It was said to be rich in copper. The strip in all covered 600,000 acres of rocky land.

Major Steele, who at that time was government agent for the Blackfeet tribe, came to me in Great Falls in May, 1894, and gave me 37 assays of copper ore with maps of the country they were in. Knowing that I was interested in mining and well acquainted with Senator T. C. Power, the only United States senator we had at that time, and that I was fairly well acquainted with Hon. Hoke Smith, who was then secretary of the interior; also George Bird Grinnell, editor and publisher of "Forest and Stream" in New York City, he asked me if I would not go to Washington and try to have the government make a treaty to purchase that strip of land from the Blackfeet Indians.

Mr. Grinnell was one of the leading officers of the Indian Rights association, with headquarters in Philadelphia, and no treaty was approved by congress without this association's sanction. For many years previous he had spent his vacation with the Blackfeet Indians, hunting and fishing. He understood their language fairly well and they all loved him.

**On Swift Current Creek.**

The assays Major Steele showed me were a surprise to me and I asked him the width of the lode and how far one could trace it. He said it could be traced for a distance of about six miles from the point of discovery on Swift Current creek to the Upper St. Mary's Lake, and that it was 12 to 15 feet wide, but he could not tell what the average assays would be, as he knew nothing about mining. He said the late Joe Kipp and Ed Garrett, who were associated with him on this enterprise, had an assayer camped on the ground for several weeks who might tell about the average of the lode matter had he been there.

So I concluded to take the chance and go to Washington and try through Senator Power to have treaty commissioners appointed to purchase this strip. I knew the senator was a good business man and willing to do anything he could for Montana so long as he thought it was the square deal for the state. As soon as I could arrange my affairs, I left on the mission.

I arrived in Washington in the morning and went to see Senator Power immediately. While he was not in the senate at the time, I was told that I might find him at his office with his secretary, which I did. I laid the case before him explaining all I knew about the matter, showing him the assays and maps and asked him if he would not take an interest in getting a treaty commission appointed.

He asked me if I thought Major Steele and associates were telling the truth about these assays and I told him they surely were because they had no object in doing otherwise. Senator Power knew Major Steele well and had great confidence in him. He then said that he would do all he possibly could to get the commission appointed to make the treaty.

**Sees Secretary Smith.**

"You will have to see Secretary Hoke Smith of the interior department," he told me.

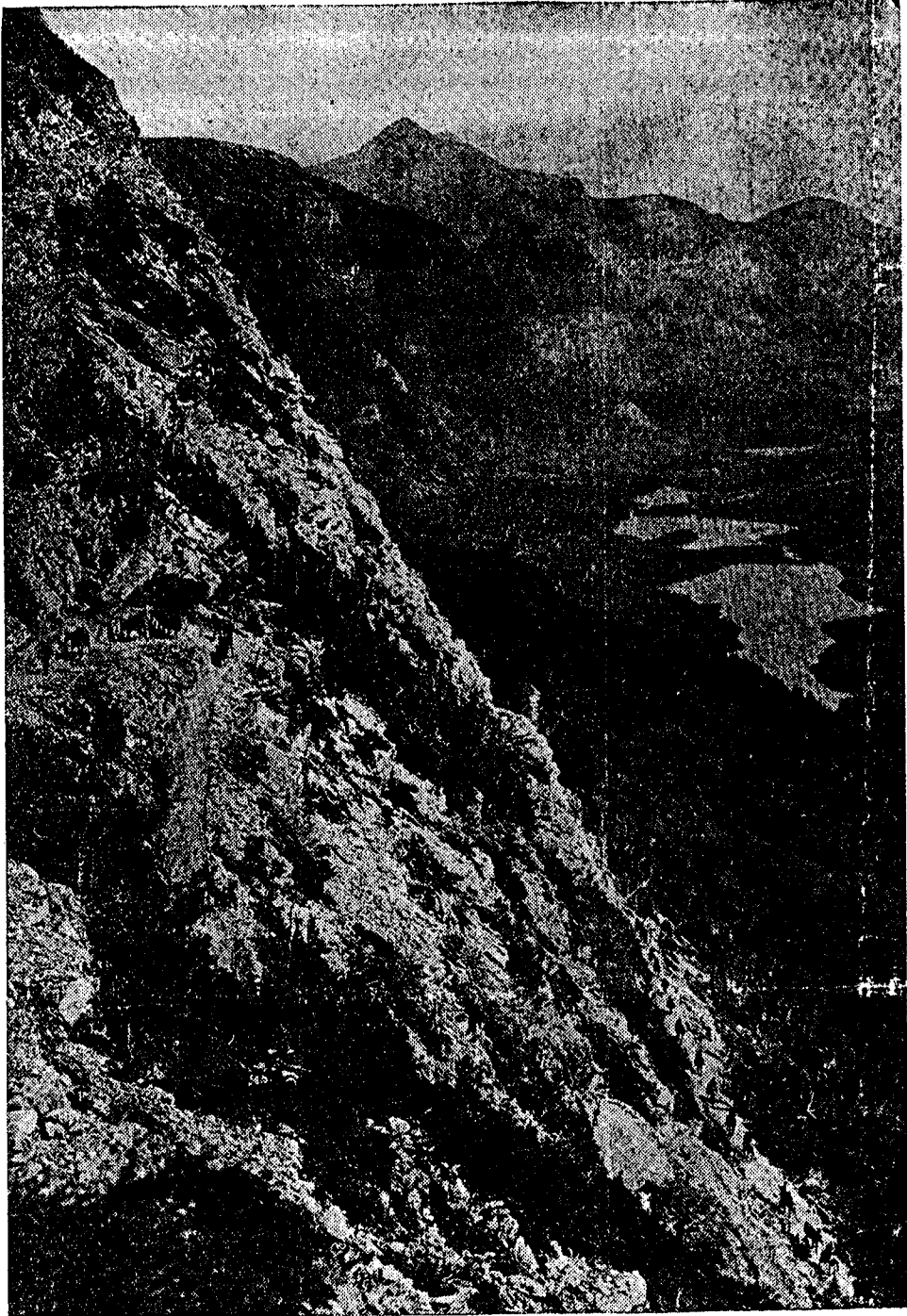
I told him I had intended to do that, knowing him fairly well. My interview with Senator Power did not take more than an hour, after which I went to see Secretary Smith and fortune favored me for I saw him almost immediately.

He was pleased to see me and asked all about Montana. He took a great interest in this part of the country. After talking a few minutes about Montana, I told him about the mission that brought me to Washington, showing him the assays and the maps. He was much impressed with the proposition knowing that the strip of land from the map was absolutely worthless to the Indians, as there was no grazing land on it at all.

"I will give you a letter to Major Powell who is the head of the geological department," said Secretary Smith, "and he will know if there is any copper on the strip."

I asked what he knew about the minerals that were on that land.

"I know little or nothing," said the



**SWIFT CURRENT PASS.**  
It was on Swift Current creek, not far from Upper St. Mary's lake, that the copper ore was found which led to the purchase of the "ceded strip" from the Blackfeet Indians. This section is now a part of Glacier park.

secretary, "but the major will know." My interview with the secretary lasted about half an hour, then I went immediately to see Major Powell as I did not want any grass to grow under my feet but wanted to do this as soon as possible.

I met the major at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon and presented the letter which he read. He then called for a boy to swing up the maps. They had large maps about 10 to 20 feet long on rolls, which would swing up. He took his wand and pointing with it, he said, "Yes, there is copper there."

I had not told Major Powell the character of the land so asked him how he knew that there was copper there. He said that he had had all that upper country country through the mountains from the Canadian boundary line down to Sun river classified and in the classification of the rocks, they found that there was copper but no other mineral—no lead, no gold, no silver—only copper showing in the classification.

**Major Powell Agrees to Report.**

"Major Powell, will you make that kind of a report to Secretary Smith?" I asked.

"I surely will, and he will have it tomorrow morning some time," he replied.

I talked to him a little while about the Colorado river where it went through the canyon as the major was in all that country, having had charge of the great canyon on the Colorado river, and he described wonderfully to me how they got down there and traveled in the early days. It was very interesting. I bade him goodbye and then, of course, I had to wait until the next day to get his report.

That evening I saw Senator Power and he asked me what progress I was making. I told him, "Very well, senator," and related how the secretary of the interior had received me and how kind he was to talk about Montana and give me the letter to Major Powell, etc. I told the senator I was going down the next day at 2 o'clock as that was the time set for the secretary of the interior to see me.

The next day, I went promptly at 2 o'clock to be received by the secretary, who greeted me with "I have received the report; it is very favorable—there is copper in that country."

He then asked me what I wanted him to do in this case. I told him I wanted a commission appointed and that I wanted George Bird Grinnell on that commission as he was an im-

portant factor, for if the Indians Rights association undertook to fight the selling of these lands, it would be a hard proposition to ever get the privilege from the government to have it purchased.

"Very well, I will be very glad to do so. I suppose there will be a commission of about three appointed when the time comes," was the secretary's reply.

I then went back to my hotel, saw Senator Power in the evening and left on that night's train for New York City to call on Mr. Grinnell.

**Finds Grinnell in Office.**

Fortunately, I found him in his editorial offices. He was glad to see me and asked, after a few minutes conversation, if he could do anything for me. I told him he could do a great deal for me and a great deal for the mining prospectors of Montana. Then I showed him the assays and the maps and he said, "Well, the cat's out of the bag, isn't it?"

"Why, what do you mean by that, Mr. Grinnell?" I asked.

"I have known there is copper there for the last two or three years," he replied, "but I didn't want it to get out among the miners as the Indians

might have to be forced to sell the land to the government."

He said the Indians had brought him pieces of copper from that country and they had always kept it secret.

"But," he said, "Now it is out and I will do what I can to help get the treaty made."

I then asked him if he would go as one of the commissioners to make the treaty with the Indians. He said he would if it was agreeable to the secretary of the interior. So I bade him good day with the hope that I would soon see him in Montana. I left that evening for Washington and the next morning called on Senator Power.

"Have you seen Grinnell?" he asked. I replied I had. "Well, you do things quick."

I told him there was no use of wasting time, that I wanted to do this thing quickly and get back to Montana.

"That is the right spirit to do these things in," said the senator.

I then had another talk with the secretary of the interior who said he would assist Senator Power in every possible way to accomplish the treaty. So after getting the ball rolling in good shape, I started back for Montana.



**BLACKFEET INDIANS CAMPED NEAR "CEDED STRIP."**

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3) Upon my return, I went to the Blackfoot agency to see Major Steele, told him what I had done—that everything was favorable and that all the persons I had talked to really sanctioned it and were willing to have this strip opened.

Senator Power kept me posted all the time on what was going on in Washington and he finally got it in shape so that a commission of three was appointed by the secretary of the interior. This commission was made up of Mr. Clemens of Georgia, George Bird Grinnell of New York, and the third member was, I believe, the clerk of the secretary.

It dragged along until the spring of 1895 before anything was done. Then just as the commission was ready to start, it came about that Mr. Grinnell could not go at that time. I made

"All right, I will see about it," he said. So he left me that afternoon and took the train for Shelby where he met the other two commissioners who had arrived there only a few hours ahead of him.

The chiefs of the Indians were all there (four or five of them) and the next morning they went into council to consider the matter. For some reason or other, I don't know what it was—never could find out who told them to ask this fabulous price—but the Indians asked \$3,000,000 for the land. They talked it over, argued the matter and were in council for two or three hours, but could come to no conclusion about it.

There was a woman who met with them in council—Miss Helen Clark—who was the daughter of Major Malcolm Clark, a graduate of West Point

would have made a failure of it.

Senator Power had an interview with Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota who was then chairman of the Indian appropriations committee in regard to having the treaty ratified. Senator Power showed Senator Pettigrew the treaty was for the purchase of only about 600,000 acres of worthless, rocky mountain land with little or no feed on it and that was only fit for the prospector who might find mines on it, and that its development would benefit Montana and the national government as well. Senator Power also showed him that the Blackfeet would soon need money, as their present appropriation would be exhausted in two years and then the government would have to care for them at all events.

and the government would have to take care of them. He pointed out that by the time the Blackfeet had received the \$1,500,000 for the "ceded strip" they would be in better shape to take care of themselves. This surely has proved to be the case. In this way, all opposition to the appropriation from other senators was set aside.

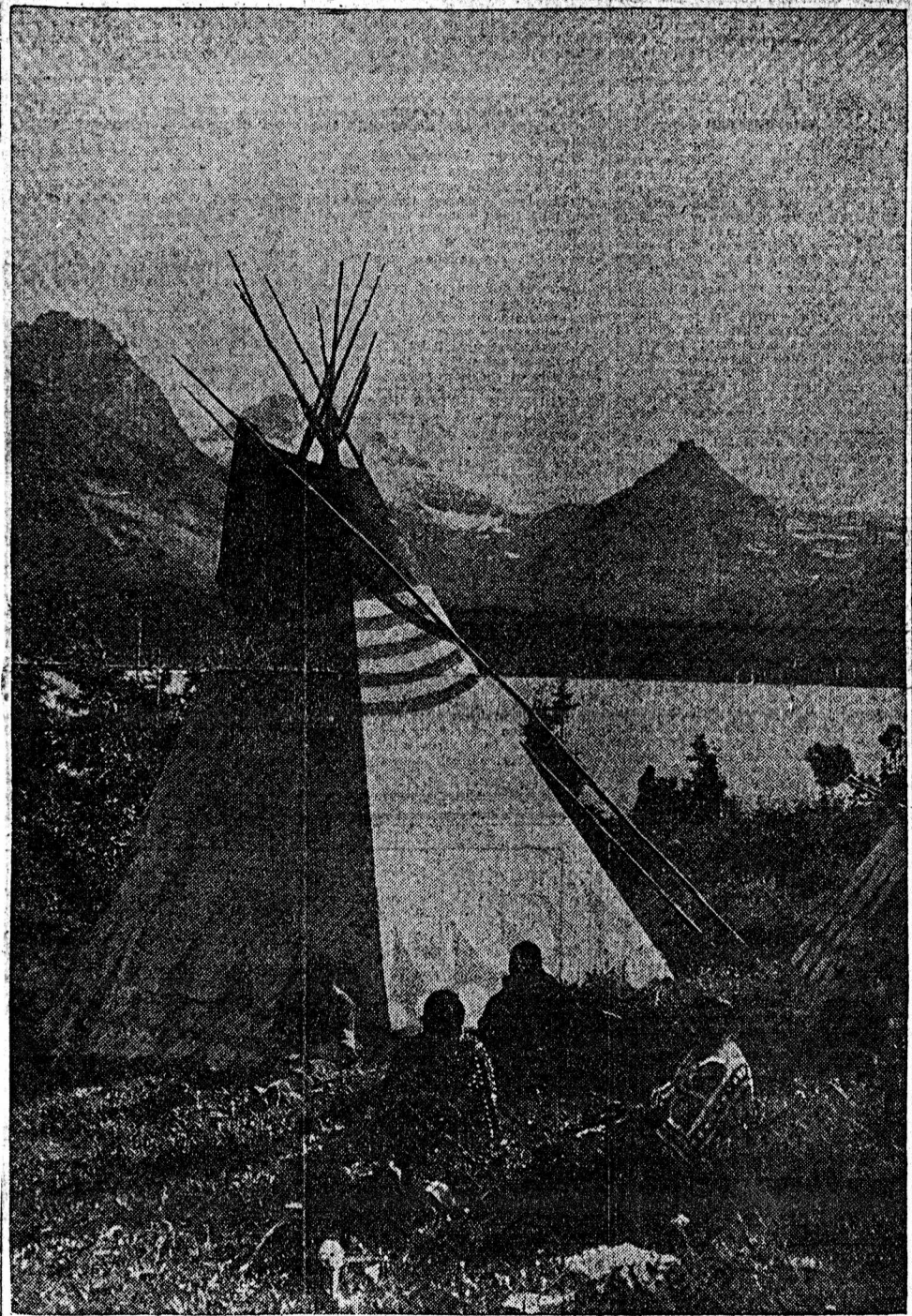
**Opening Held Off Until Spring.**

It was late in the fall of 1896 when everything was ready to go through with the "ceded strip" so that it might be opened to prospectors, but Secretary Smith thought it best to delay the opening until the coming spring of 1897 on account of the bad weather. He did not want anyone to suffer by going there in the winter.

The latter part of April, 1897, was the time it was thrown open. The secretary gave orders to the Indian agent at the Blackfeet agency not to allow anyone to enter the strip and the agent had it guarded by Indian police. All persons were kept out until the word was given on a certain day in April. The rush came by foot and horseback, as most of the people camped on the border; prospectors and otherwise.

After the claims were located and staked out according to law, then came the problem of working them. As most of the prospectors really were unable to stand the expense of finding out what was on their ground, they gave leases to different parties.

O. M. Holmes, former secretary of the Great Falls Commercial club, and now secretary of the chamber of commerce at Livingston, after a few months, took several leases on claims and through some of his Boston-located friends raised \$15,000 to \$20,000 for the purpose of developing this mining property. He put several men to work trying to find out by hitting the lode low down whether these narrow little seams, which were in the general very small seams, eventually all came together, in which case, he would really have a richer copper mine. But where he struck it, he found little encouragement in the chance of the little copper veins coming together and after that, he laid off his men and threw up his leases and never went back.



Courtesy G. N. Ry

**BLACKFEET INDIANS.**

Throughout Glacier park, particularly in that section which Mr. Meyers tells of in the accompanying article, many of the mountains, rivers and lakes are still known by the names given them by the Blackfeet Indians.

the second trip to Washington to talk the matter over, then went up to New York to find out why Mr. Grinnell could not serve at that time. He told me that his mother was ill and he would not leave her more than a few hours at a time. He advised me he would go as soon as she was thoroughly recovered.

So it went along, her sickness continued more than a year. We did not want anyone but Grinnell because we knew he was well acquainted with the Indians and could speak their language. We felt that we really must have him on that commission because he would have more influence with the Indians than almost any other person.

Just as soon as Mr. Grinnell's mother was well enough to leave, the commission left Washington. This was in the fall of 1896. The commissioners came to St. Paul where two of them went over the Great Northern railroad. Mr. Grinnell came over the Northern Pacific, coming to Helena so that he could come to Great Falls to see me before he proceeded further in the matter. He consulted with me about the price that the Indians should ask for this land.

**Thinks Half Million Enough.**

I had quite a talk with him at the old Park hotel. We discussed the matter a great deal and I told him that I thought the Indians might ask \$500,000.

"Don't you think that's little enough?" he asked.

"That might be little enough, but I'm satisfied that if it is any larger amount congress will not ratify the treaty," I replied.

who was afterwards in the employ of the American Fur Co., at Fort Benton. Miss Clark was a lady of fine personality and well educated and made many friends in Helena and throughout the state, never neglecting her Indian friends, who were without number—her fine education did not spoil her in any way. She lived in Helena with the family of former Senator W. F. Saunders and served two terms as superintendent of schools of Lewis and Clark county.

**Indians Agree to \$1,500,000.**

The council could not come to any understanding about the price. The Indians finally came down to \$2,000,000 but the commissioners would not listen to anything of that kind so the council broke up. After about an hour or two, the commissioners went back to the Indians who said, "We will take a million and a half dollars and no less."

The commissioners did not want to go back to Washington without making some kind of a treaty so they agreed to this price and left for Washington that evening. Before leaving, Mr. Grinnell wired me stating the price that they had agreed upon and I wired him back that I thought it was all up in air; that the treaty would never be ratified by congress.

I then wired Senator Power and he wired back, "Wait, letter." In his letter was an explanation saying that the treaty asked a monumental price and he didn't think it would pass congress. Had it not been that it was during the fight on the Dingy tariff act which at that time was occupying everybody's time, it probably would have been a hard proposition to save

**Put in Indian Appropriation Bill.**

After this explanation, Senator Pettigrew saw it in that light, which was surely the proper one. After reflecting a while, Senator Pettigrew said he could embrace the amount in the general appropriation bill which the committee was then working on. He did so, after a full explanation to the committee, and the amount of \$1,500,000 was appropriated at the rate of \$150,000 a year, to buy cattle, machinery, etc. for the use of the Indians through the government. No money was paid to the tribe only in that way.

In this way was former Senator Power instrumental in giving to the people of the United States what has become one of the most beautiful playgrounds of the American continent, with its fine hotels, driveways and sight seeing beyond description, which in a few more years will surely be a wonderland which has to be seen to be fully appreciated in all its general beauty.

As the \$1,500,000 the Blackfeet Indians were to have for the "ceded strip" was included in the general appropriation for all the Indians the government was taking care of yearly, a senator went to Senator Pettigrew and asked him why the appropriation for that large amount did not, as a new treaty, come up by itself. Senator Pettigrew explained the matter by saying all of the committee agreed upon the proposition that it was the best thing to be done for all concerned. He further said that under the provision of a former treaty for a part of the Indians' domain, in two years among the Blackfeet Indians would have no

**Holmes Was Most Energetic.**

Mr. Holmes was very energetic in the whole proposition of trying to find the mines; he worked night and day attending to it, going back and forth from Helena where he lived to the "ceded strip."

In one of the tunnels where Mr. Holmes worked he found little cups of oil in blasting the rock. He could not understand how that oil got there. About two years afterwards, a man by the name of Somes saw it and he concluded he would go down Swift Current creek and see if he couldn't find this seepage. He found plenty of seepage two miles below on Swift Current creek which created quite an excitement. Five companies were organized here and in Helena to drill for oil which they did, going down 1000 feet to 2800 feet. They got a little oil from the pounding of the shale but no oil deposit. Each company spent from \$20,000 to \$25,000—but that is another story.

These copper veins that the prospector found as Major Steele told me, ran for about six miles from Swift Current to the Upper St. Mary's lake and the lode was from 12 to 15 feet wide but on uncovering, they found the ore in little seams from the width of one's finger to about half of the width of one's hand but nothing more. Where the creek, a branch of the swift Current, comes down and crosses this lode, one could look down from the bank and see seams an inch or so wide. The ground between these little seams was not really mineralized. It was the opinion of a good many mining men that when one got deep enough on that great vein, he would surely have a rich copper property but, of course, that was all a surmise as no one can look into the ground to know what's underneath. Now the "ceded strip" has become Glacier park and all prospecting is prohibited.

Had it not been for the good, kind assistance Senator T. C. Power gave me without any reward, in my efforts to have the treaty made, there in all probability never would have been a Glacier park, as the government would not feel satisfied to spend so large an amount of money for a public playground and there would have been no "Appian Way" from park to park.

**"Camera Hunters"**

(Continued from Page Three)

the end of the good auto road, at Beaver creek dam, to the springs. In the winter time this vast surface, when frozen will afford unexcelled ice yachting and like winter sports. Nature is said to have designed the hills back of the springs, up to Arsenic creek for skeeving, coasting and toboggan slides. With the construction of all-year roads between Gilman and the Canyon, this place will afford opportunity unequalled elsewhere for a winter carnival.

**THE SHORT CUT.**

An ambitious young man went to a university professor and said: "Sir, I desire a course of training which will fit me to become the superintendent of a great railway system. How much will such a course cost, and how long will it take?"

"Young man," replied the professor, "such a course would cost you \$20,000 and require twenty years of your time. But, on the other hand, by spending \$300 of your money and three months of your time you may be elected to congress. Once there you will feel yourself competent to direct not one but all the great railroad systems of our country."—New York Evening Post.

**HEAVENLY CURVES.**

"Curves make woman angelic," says an enthusiast. They also make angels of speedsters.—Baltimore Sun.

St. Falls Tribune  
Sunday, June 5, 1921

# Indian Teepee Designs

## Their Historical Significance

By TED YELLOW-FLY, Gleichen, Alta.

### THE CREATION OF THE VARIOUS DESIGNS OF INDIAN TEEPEES

The average observer will invariably exclaim: "What are those designs and what do they represent—why don't they paint flowers or something more exquisite?" Little does he know, that some of these designs have passed from one generation to the next, from time immemorial, and that the colors and design cannot be changed to suit individual taste.

The original design must be rigidly maintained, even to the location of the various objects on the tepee. There are three main sources from which these designs are obtained: they are as follows:

**FIRST:** Those that have been kept from one generation to the next, from time immemorial.

**SECOND:** Those that were created by individuals who copy a design given to them in dreams or by vision.

**THIRD:** Those that are created by war deeds. These three sources from which a design is obtained will be explained in the following article.

### DESIGNS GENERALLY USED ON MOST TEEPEES

There are two designs used extensively on tepees: These are the chain of conical objects painted around the lower or bottom part of the tepee, and the seven circles painted on, or near the flaps or smoke regulators, at the top of the tepee directly above the doorway.

The former mentioned cone-shaped paintings from a row. These start at the doorway and extend around the bottom part of the tepee to the other side of the doorway. They represent the mountains, and are a token of permanence. It is believed by the Indians, that in having this design along with the principal design on the main body of the tepee the existence of the design will last indefinitely.

The seven circles painted on the top of the tepee, near, or on the flaps, or smoke regulators, represent the Seven Stars (as called by the Indians) or generally known as the Dipper. "The seven stars of the great bear"—these are painted on the tepee, either in the form of the dipper, or painted in a group. When painted in a group, six circles are painted in a row forming a circle and one circle is painted in the centre, making the complete set of the stars. But in both cases they signify the same meaning. The belief is, that by having this design, the design on the main body of the tepee will also have the blessing of the heavens.

Another design sometimes used with the star design is the black background, in which the star design is painted when this is used, all the top part of the tepee is painted black. This represents, "night." When the seven stars display all their brightness and glory, and according to Indian belief, all things spiritual and supernatural function. It is believed that before a design can meet with the approval of both heavenly and earthly beings, it must contain among its contents certain objects representing the heavens and the earth that we live on.

The mountain and star designs may be used with any design, but in every case where this is to be done, the Indian who is adding these designs to the design he already owns must go through certain ceremonial rites. In doing this, the design as a whole meets with the approval of the tribe.

### OWNERSHIP OF DESIGN AN IMPORTANT POINT

When a design is in the position of an Indian he is considered the sole owner of that design. Nobody else may use that design. He may use the design for as many tepees as he wishes. For instance, he would have the design on a certain tepee, and this tepee is destroyed by the elements, he may build another tepee and paint the design on the new one. Or he may have a very large tepee. This would be too heavy to take along with the numerous articles that he must carry with him. He may then build a smaller tepee and also paint the same design on it too.

When an Indian sells or gives a design to some other Indian, he has no further right to use that design. The design then belongs to the new owner.

When a design passes from one person to another, certain

ceremonial rites have to be performed. The ceremonial rites in all designs are the same, but the ceremonial songs are different. Each design has its own set of ceremonial songs.

The following is the typical procedure followed in all cases when an Indian wishes to purchase a design from another Indian:

The Indian will go to his own tepee, then will prepare his pipe and fill it with the necessary ingredients, then he goes to the tepee of the Indian who owns the design he wants. He goes in and makes certain gestures with his arms and hands, and at the same time offers a prayer. He then offers the pipe to the owner of the design and at the same time asks of him if he would sell the design which he desires to purchase. The owner of the design may never say a word, but if he accepts the pipe and smokes it, this is a token that he will sell. But if he refuses to accept the pipe after it is offered to him four times, this is a token of refusal. If the owner of the design accepts the Indian goes home and proceeds to have the horses and goods prepared with which he is buying the design.

The owner of a design may perform the ceremonial rites but the usual custom is to ask some former owner of the design to perform the ceremonial rites. It is then announced throughout the tribe that a design is to be transferred from the owner to the Indian who is buying it. In some cases an owner of a design may consent to sell his design, but before he parts with it, may demand a certain horse or a certain number of horses, before he will permit the ceremony to be performed. When a design is bought the tepee and poles usually go with the design, because the design is on the tepee and the owner of the tepee no longer owns the design.

As many design owners who wish, may attend the ceremony. A tepee is then put up where the ceremony is to be held. The Indians gather in there and the ceremony starts. After the complete set of ceremonial songs are sung and the ceremonial rites are performed, the Indian who purchased the design is then the authorized owner. No other Indian may use that design without suffering abuse from his tribesmen. It is considered a humiliation to use it without the consent of the owner. In a case where an Indian purchases a design and he does not get the tepee with it, he builds a new tepee and paints the design he purchased on it. An Indian may have as many designs as he desires to possess. Some Indians own as many as twenty designs. An Indian's wealth is counted by the number of horses he owns and the number of tangible goods in his possession.

### DESIGNS KEPT FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL

There are only a few of these ancient designs in existence today. The rest have been lost. The older Indians still remember some of these designs but cannot use them, because the owners have died without selling them. Each separate design has its own history.

The old Indians claim that some of these designs are, at the least, three to four thousand years old. These designs have passed from one generation to the next, and are considered very sacred by the Indians. Some have been kept from generation to generation by hereditary title. The history of any ancient design is practically the same as the others, that is, the principle is the same. The only difference is in the source from where they were obtained.

One of the most important, and probably the oldest design in existence today is that of the bear design. This is now the property of "Many Fires," an Indian on the Blackfoot reserve at Gleichen. The history of it was obtained from "Red Leggings." This old Indian is one of the few Indians who keep records of Indian customs and he also keeps a record of the history of all the ceremonial rites. The story as told by Red Leggings is as follows:

The Indians of the north-western plains have always been known as a transient people, moving from one place to another, as the means of living was mostly made by hunting buffalo and other game. At the time of the story, the means of transportation was by dog and travois. There were no horses at the time. Some Indians had more than fifteen dogs and travois. Each dog and travois carried different articles belonging to the same owner, for instance, one dog and travois would carry the owner's tepee, others would carry the tepee

poles. The dogs and travois were used for carrying the children also. This period is called the dog period. The bear design was created during this period.

The bear design was obtained by an Indian who was raised by bears, from his childhood until the time he was captured by his tribesmen. How he was obtained by the bears is told in the following story.

The Indians were moving from one place to another. While they were travelling along the edge of a large forest, something in the forest attracted the dogs. These dogs were used for carrying their possessions. Some of the dogs ran into the forest. One of the dogs carried a little child. The Indians immediately followed the dogs into the forest and found every dog except the one carrying the little child. After an exhaustive search through the forest they found the dog, but it had lost the travois in which the child was carried. The Indians searched the forest for many days but failed to find the child. It was then assumed that the child must have been devoured by some wild animal.

### SAW HUMAN CREATURE WITH BEARS

A few years later, a party of warriors were standing near the edge of a precipice overlooking a river, and on the other side of the river they saw a bear and her cubs coming out of the bush towards the river. With the bear and cubs they saw a human creature. The party immediately went across the river and went to the spot where they saw the bear, but could not find the bear. One of the Indians found a large hole on the side of a bank, this Indian went to the other members of the party and told them about the hole that he had found. The party then went to the hole and surrounded it. One of the Indians approached the hole and learned that the bear was in the hole. The party then proceeded to entice the bear to come out, but she could not be tempted. The party went home to the encampment and told the Indians there about the bear and the human creature they saw with it.

The next day a large party of Indians went out to try and tempt the bear to come out. The party first surrounded the hole, then one Indian went towards the hole, he stopped a few yards away and listened to see if he could hear any sound. Not hearing anything, he went up to the mouth of the hole and found that the bear was not in there, but by good fortune there were the cubs and the human creature. The Indian immediately told the rest. Then a number of the strongest Indians, after much struggle, finally captured the human creature and took him to their encampment. It is not told of what they did to their captive after they arrived at the encampment, but it was learned that he could not speak a word of any kind, all he did was make a few growling sounds from his throat.

### THOUGHT THE BEARS WERE HIS PARENTS

Some years later the captive was able to speak their language, he then told them about his life and that he thought his parents were bears. It was learned later that the captive was the child who was lost in the forest by the dog. The captive became one of the most prominent Indians of the tribe. He made frequent visits to the hole where the bear lived. Every night after he visited the bear, she could be heard howling, so affectionate was her attachment to him. It was in one of his visits to the bear that she gave him the bear design, and gave him the name of "Big Bear" also.

Big Bear then painted the design on his tepee. The name of the first Indian who obtained the design from Big Bear is known as "Chasing Buffalo."

The place where Chasing Buffalo obtained the design from Big Bear is now known as the junction of the Bow and Red Deer rivers. From then until today, the bear design has passed through from one generation to the next.

### THE VISION OR DREAM DESIGNS

The designs that belong to this class are the most numerous as one of this nature is created by individual Indians and medicine men. Nearly all prominent chiefs and medicine men of the past have created designs which were given to individual Indians, in dreams or in vision. Some Indians claim they were given a design by a supernatural being, while still conscious of all their faculties.

#### History of a Dream Design

One of the most popular designs of this nature is now the property of old Donald McMaster, of the Blackfoot reserve. This is the Thunder Bird and Horse design. It is very old. The name of the Indian who has created it is disputed, but its history has been kept by the various Indians who have owned the design.

The story of how the design was obtained is as follows:

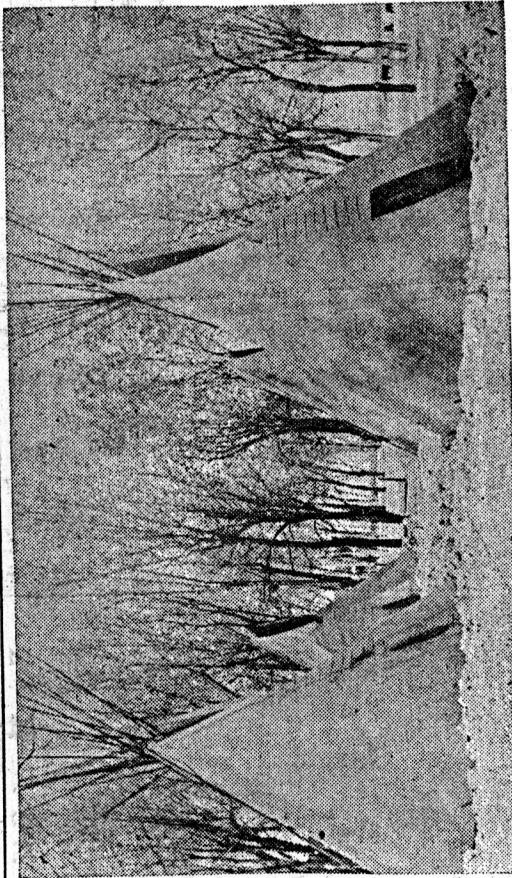
An Indian went out on a hunting

Calgary Daily Herald

July 8, 1929

# R. H. Bemis, Pioneer Publisher, Wrote Impressions of Early West

Crow Indian Homes



Crow village on the Yellowstone —Photo, 1871, by Allen

days in Montana is taken from a previously unpublished letter written in 1937 with the title "Hemis early day newspaper man of Hell and Hellari. The story has since remained in the files of this newspaper."

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INSTALLMENT II  
CHAPTER III

(Continued From Last Sunday)

HE did not order me out of camp. So I simply stuck around, made myself useful and gradually I realized I was on the payroll and part of the crew, for when the boat finally arrived I sweated and tugged with the rest and fell in with John and Bert Cunningham, who drove the two lead teams of the 10-team outfit. When we finally pulled out, across the flat toward Fort Keogh, it made a grand cavalcade, strung along for nearly a mile and kicking up a wonderful cloud of dust. I was right up in front with John and Bert. I was relatively happy in the realization that I was a part of this splendid outfit. The wagon boss was on ahead, riding his strawberry roan cayuse and watching for bad spots in the trail, possibly a place to get a drink. There was an occasional saloon along the trail, for there was great traffic on the road at that time. I found there were saloons for 10 miles at least, as we were still crossing the military reservation of Fort Keogh, where saloons were distinctly discouraged.

It was a cool morning and the bulls made good time after the several days of rest on good feed. We had gotten well beyond the post by the time the sun began to make itself felt and then the fast walking teams began to lag. As it grew hotter the bulls began to display protruding tongues and the driver given the corral when we arrived near a small stream.

After unyoking and turning the stock loose, I helped the cook with his fire and carried water while the rest of the crew looked over wagon brakes, axles and such other matters as required attention. After dinner all laid about in such shade as they could find and waited for the heat of the day to pass. I learned this was the custom with bull trains in hot weather, as those heavy and sluggish beasts are keenly susceptible to heat, necessitating early and late pulls with a long rest in the middle of the day.

Five to seven miles at each pull was a good day's journey with this slow going cavalcade, and if difficulties appeared, sometimes much less distance was made. The bulls foraged on the country, big bunches hanging in the overhead; in fact, it time was not a consideration, it was the cheapest transportation that up to that time had been devised.

How I did enjoy those long hours of laziness in the heat of the day! It was during those hours that I began to appreciate the qualities of my new friend, John Miner, as I listened to his tales of frontier experiences. He was not educated, in the sense we attribute to book lore, it is true. He could read and write, but his whole schooling had been intermittent and even that came to an end in early life and he had not had time nor opportunity to write into books. But he was far from ignorant, as he was a keen observer and his life had been rich in experience.

Although he drank, as nearly all of that young and virile element dominating the west at that time did, it was rarely that he indulged to excess. I never saw him lose his temper or mistreat an animal, even in the exigencies of controlling or urging the rather stupid motive power of a bull train. He had a fluent and lurid vocabulary pertaining to his profession, but it was not accompanied by any frothing at the mouth, or insane antics engendered by giving way to uncontrollable temper, such as I had observed in some other drivers. His fiery remarks convinced the bulls, perhaps, but we knew there was no heat behind them. He was acknowledged the best driver in the outfit, though modestly disclaiming any great skill, but it was noticeable his advice was always listened to by the wagon boss in any emergency.

A Gentleman  
He was instinctively a gentleman in his deportment toward all. I do not mean that he was a polished diplomat gifted with fine phrases and a manner of elegance, but rather that he possessed a consideration for the feelings and rights of others greater than himself, though when occasion arose he was ready to combat for his own rights or those of a friend. He was rarely called on for active demonstration of fisty prowess, his very size and catlike activity commanding a thoughtful regard for consequences on the part of aggressors. Even in the light of mature experience, there is no dimming in my mind of my conviction that John Miner was a real man in every sense of the word. Perfection is not attained by any human and John was human and, therefore, not faultless. His greatest failing was a careless disregard in financial matters of his own, a very common attribute of the worker in those days, or any other days for that matter, a state of mind carefully fostered by the preying parasites who pandered to the questionable taste of laboring men who sought amusement in their free hours in a raw and new land where laws were tolerant and even those were laxly enforced. With money John was prodigal. His debonaire gesture at a bar was a revelation of innocent disregard of any future contingency. It was the same at the faro table where he might win or, more often, lose his last dollar with an equally imperterbous spirit.

Lacked Education  
John's aims were not high. Handicapped by a limited education, his world seemed bounded by manual labor, so why vex the mind with future problems? He was a good bullwhacker and in necessity he could turn his hand to other strenuous vocations. Few manual toilers of that day visualized opportunity, though it was glaringly visible in a flat land waiting development by the astute minds of the Anglo-Saxon. The average worker looked on indifferently while the frightened grasped the chance and gained a foothold that eventually brought a competence. The drifter ever passed on to new scenes of endeavor.

The bull train was even then almost a thing of the past, though we could foresee nothing of the vast and unbelievable rapidity of the changes taking place. With the Northern Pacific pushing its railroads simultaneously across Montana, both from the east and from the west, and the Utah & Northern coming up from the south, the territory was peopled by the white race in almost a twinkling. Where the tent town flourished at

places the location appeared strategic and more substantial habitations grew in place of canvas-covered cities. The form and came into being almost overnight.

Realization of the march of events came too late to the large majority, who drifted on, ever seeking the free and careless life of the frontier, until they finally awoke to the fact there was no frontier. They failed to observe the insatiable opportunity of becoming leaders in development. In fact, they wanted no teeming civilization with its crowding competition and struggle for place.

Tolerant Freedom  
The old heedless irresponsibility and tolerant freedom of personal action suited the frontier. The opening of their simple commodities, including liquors that cheer, which they had become accustomed to consume a two-bits a drink and which, with the arrival of cheaper transportation had been cut in half, failed to meet their approval. The coming of the nickel and dime circulation was the final straw that exhausted the patience of the old-timer. He scorned "cheapness" even in the things he had to buy. The whole thing was offensive to the best in western tradition.

However, the realization was not quite so bad as it seemed. Montana covers a big territory. It takes more than one transcontinental railroad to develop its huge open spaces. Progress doomed the bull train, though, and it was one of the first of the picturesque features of the old order to become extinct. It was altogether too slow to serve the clamorous demand for rapid transit.

John Miner reacted to the transition true to form. He bewailed the nickel and cursed the inevitable. He had no quarrel with the individual newcomer, or "pilgrim," as they were contemptuously termed, but the mass irritated him.

"Dang it all, Kid, this country is getting too crowded. They ain't no place to go nowhere now, 'thout meetin' hard hats and umbrellas, look over at that pile of lumber! They tell me it's going to be a Methodist church! I think I'll drift back to the reservation. It's off this damned railroad anyway."

Changes Too Great  
We had drifted up to the new town of Billings early in the fall, with John Holmes' bull outfit, which we had joined at Huntley, where we had severed our connection with the Shafter outfit. The latter had been ordered back to the Black Hills, and we did not care to travel in that direction, so we threw in with the smaller outfit for the trip up the river. We were now idle and enjoying the sights of the little town destined to become a city of consequence.

John was opposed to churches in the abstract, only as they were symbolic of the inevitable change. So far as I could see, the nucleus of Christianity, as exemplified in the lumber pile destined to figure in the attempt to spread the gospel, had not affected to any visible extent the activities of the wide open saloons and gambling houses. Garrison's and Smith's places were crowded day and night, while dozens of saloons of lesser pretense were doing their utmost to separate the eager spender from his hard earned wages. Games of chance and games where the sucker had no chance at all were operating at resort and were crowded with players, seemingly having no object but to lose their money. Quick action was desired and received in the new town paralleled the newly laid rails on both sides for two or three blocks, and at that time these few blocks constituted pretty much the whole town. For the moment it was the terminal of the railroad, though the track-layers were some miles to the west and the railroad was working toward the setting sun at the rate of a mile or more a day. The one street was crowded night and day almost with freight teams loading for trips westward, while the plank sidewalks resounded with the restless tread of humanity of all degrees seeking diversion or novelty, whether it consisted of them was a rather bizarre environment.

Snakehead Appears  
John had spoken of the "reservation." Ah! I recalled a noonday camp some three months before, where we had unyoked in a big bottom near the Yellowstone where the grass was to the liking of the stock. We were talking about in the shade at the edge of the cottonwood grove, fighting mosquitoes and cursing the heat, when we were aroused by the complaining voice of the cook.

"Damn it all, here comes old Rain-in-the-Face and his squaw and I suppose they'll be beginnin' for suthin' to eat!"

I looked up and saw an Indian, followed by a squaw, riding across the flat toward camp. The squaw was behind and leading another pony with a pack as they approached. John looked up and exclaimed:

"Why, that's old Snakehead and his girl. I wonder what he's doin' way up here. I used to know him down on Tongue river."

around in Indian fashion and went on up the river.

I was full of curiosity and wanted to know at once who they were and where they were going, but John was reticent and seemed inclined to say little about them. The other men noticed his disinclination to discuss the visitors and, for a wonder, refrained from any banter regarding the Indian girl, which was an unusual display of consideration on their part. As a rule their comment regarding the opposite sex was distinguished more for its freedom than for any refinement of expression. But John had a way of displaying his moods that discouraged levity when he was not in the humor for it.

Honored Women  
His general attitude toward all womankind savored of a sort of reverence, extending even to those poor creatures who made a precarious living in the resorts of those seething and blatant communities that sprung up at every advantageous point along the right of way. In our casual visits to these resorts I noticed John's treatment of the female parasites was tempered more with pity than any desire to make their hopeless lives more miserable. Many other men of coarse nature, and other men of like nature, in cruel and contemptuous allusions and comment appeared to derive pleasure in arousing anger and profane repartee.

In discussing with him one day the obvious changes taking place and the influx of a new people, in my ignorance and immaturity I ventured the assertion that "there would soon be good women for the west."

"Good women! Why, Kid, there's always been good women in the west. The first covered wagons that crossed the plains carried them and they've been comin' ever since. Remember, you haven't seen any of the west yet. Why, the best and bravest women in the world are scattered all over the west. We men see many of them along this damned railroad while it is building, for that's a man's job, but they are comin' and it will be a different country when they get here. This country is going to be civilized in a few years, I know, because I've seen Denver and Salt Lake and all the towns along the Union Pacific. There'll be more women than men and it will be a better country, but it won't be any place for me to live in. I ain't used to that kind."

Story of Snakehead  
Finally, one day as we were by ourselves in one of the long quiet rests, during which we had taken a swim in the cool Yellowstone, and were then sunning ourselves on a grassy bank, John unbent and told me the story of Snakehead.

"Old Snakehead, you know, got in bad with some of his people while he was a sort of a subchief of the Cheyennes. A lot of the young bucks wanted to join Sitting Bull in his campaign of the Big Horn but Snakehead was against it and did his best to prevent it, without much success. In the end, of course, but the loss of prestige as a war chief through his plea for peace, and has never regained it wholly. He is a progressive old chap and wants his people to take their allotments and follow the white man's way of life. He tells them they will have to come to it sometime anyway and they might as well start now."

"Of course he has some followers and he is now on his way to see his old friend, Paul McCormick of Junction, to get him to help him out at Washington. They want allotments of land and intend to begin farming and stock raising. He took his daughter along, as so is an educated squaw, you know, and, though she's back to the blanket now, she's backing the old man in his scheme for imitating the white man. She talks about her future self-supporting Indian. She's a mighty smart girl and she'll shed that blanket this fall and return to college to finish her schooling. I wish I knew as much as she does. We were at their camp on Tongue river for two or three weeks last summer."

When John spoke of going "back to the reservation" while we were in Billings, I had an idea of what he meant, especially as I recalled the manner of the young Indian girl who visited our camp and who apparently had no eyes for anyone else. I wondered.

quent trips to the water keg lashed at the side of the big lead wagon with its tepid and unsatisfying liquid and the longing for the camp and its possible refreshing bath—and doubted. Along the roadside a clear stream rippled in the ditch, a trickle here and there turned through the bank to give life to the vivid alfalfa in a broad field or perhaps to the even rows of a splendid orchard.

But as I turned my eyes toward the enclosing bluffs beyond the green at a great belt of cottonwoods marking the course of the river, I was assured. The abrupt pinnacles and bold headlands had not changed. They were of the same yellow tint as ever, and I could discern no change in conformation as mile after mile they reflected the heat of a blazing sun.

A Great Change  
My business called me to the White Anelope Indian agency, but it was a small matter and only the excuse for a vacation trip. I left the valley and steered my roadster into strange lands, though, for that matter, my whole morning's drive had been through a new Montana, so great had been the change from the days of toilsome youth. The unchanging bluffs held a familiar aspect, but memory could identify no particular vista with certainty except one. Pompey's pillar, that strange and solitary sandstone pile, huge and lonely, standing aloof in solemn silence, was recognized at once when it came into view. It is not only a landmark but a spot of historic interest, as under its shadow, it is reputed, is the site of the camp made by Captain Lewis of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

Toward evening buildings of the agency came into sight as I topped the low hill and allowed the car to climb down the easy grade leading to the narrow valley of Locust creek and drove up to the administration building, the largest of many set in an orderly fashion about a large open space. The tall flagpole in front of the building was the cause of my guess as to this being the headquarters of the agent, whom I had come to see, and it proved accurate, although there was a flagstaff in front of another smaller edifice that I later learned was the agency school.

Meets Major Austin  
An Indian in the uniform of the reservation police directed me to the main office, where I introduced myself to Major Austin and stated my business, which, as I have intimated, was of a trivial matter, though the information I desired could not be explained satisfactorily in a letter or telegram—hence the journey. Major Austin directed his secretary to look through certain files and while we were waiting we engaged in conversation. Learning that I was connected with the newspaper work, he suggested that I remain for a few days as his guest and learn something of progress made by the government in its guardianship of the Indians.

"I am a bachelor," he remarked, "and visitors are rare. But I have an excellent oook and plenty of room at my quarters. I would appreciate your company for as long as you can stay. I can show you a few points of possible interest around the reservation and also give you an idea of what we are trying to do and what we have already accomplished."

The files secured and data noted my business was completed and soon after I accompanied Major Austin to his establishment and was shown to a comfortable guest room where the dust of travel was removed. I was frankly, hungry for I had driven many miles that day with an indifferent lunch at a small town hotel. I agreed with the major as to qualifications of his cook, most thoroughly for it was an excellent meal and enjoyed as only such a meal can be enjoyed with a keen appetite gained through many hours in the open. Its very unexpectedness gave it an added flavor, for that is one of the charms of travel in strange surroundings. I remarked something of this to the major in an attempt to congratulate him on the excellence of his establishment.

Likes Good Living  
He smiled and agreed. "Yes, it is no use for men to try to disguise the fact that good living occupies a large space in their minds. For myself, I have been eating a great many years now and, strange to say, it never gets monotonous. With health, we never lose that boyish interest in the next meal, especially if we bestir ourselves and take the proper amount of outdoor exercise. For myself, I can imagine no more pleasure after a long ride in the open air than to drop into strange surroundings and sit down to an unexpectedly excellent dinner. I am pleased that you approve."

I was in no hurry and had accepted the hospitable offer of Major Austin, though I had no intention of making any prolonged stay. I was favorably impressed with the genial agent and had no reason to change that opinion for in my few days' visit I found him a cultivated gentleman of fine attainments and learned he had held his position through sheer merit and love of his work, notwithstanding political upheavals.

The next day we visited the irrigated farm operated in connection with the agency and several farms and stock ranches where Indians had taken allotments and were becoming

self-supporting. At most of these places the buildings were crude log affairs and all flanked with ubiquitous tepees. There were white men in evidence at one or two of the more pretentious establishments and I took occasion to ask the major: "What is the general influence of the 'squaw man' on your charges as a whole?"

Mixed Blood Problem  
"At present good. In the majority of cases, I should say. You know we made it disagreeable for the vicious element and are pretty well rid of them now. Of course there are a few weak ones left, but most of them are well meaning and fairly industrious in a way, while we have a few who are a real help to us. Some of our young men of mixed blood cause our most serious problem and they need firm discipline at times. They will get liquor occasionally despite all law and penalties and invariably that causes trouble. Our police system is efficient, though inadequate, but I believe we are gaining ground each year."

We were driving across a high and fairly level bench where a few scattered bunches of white faced cattle were grazing. To the left and ahead of us were the foothills, merging into the mighty range of peaks dominating the southern boundary of Montana for more than 150 miles. The shadows of those peaks were reaching toward us as the car brought us to the rim of a deep valley of virgin green, attesting to the virtue of water when diverted to a thirsty soil. It was a typical foothills ranch, the buildings showing a startling white against the brilliant green of alfalfa and timothy meadows.

"I want you to meet a remarkable man and also an unusual woman," said the major as we began the descent into the valley over a fairly good graded road. "He is a 'squaw man', but I warn you that his wife is better educated and more intelligent than the majority of white women and I'll also gamble that you'll forget she's an Indian when you see her home and the way she manages it."

Modern Ranch House  
It was getting toward evening as we drove up to the modern looking ranch house, the entire establishment presenting a striking contrast to those places we had heretofore visited on the reservation. The whole place bore insistent evidence of excellent management and would not be out of keeping in the most progressive of Montana communities. Only two dogs were in sight and they could even boast of lineage, that most reservation dogs are indifferent to, as I had noticed. At places heretofore inspected we had been vociferously greeted by from six to a score of canines, apparent descendants of every known breed, and some quite unknown.

I noted an elderly man seated on the broad veranda as we approached. He arose and stepped down to greet us and I felt there was something familiar about the massive figure, still erect and active. Before I had opportunity to search memory, Major Austin greeted him: "Hello, John. Allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Miner, meet my friend, John Miner."

other instance this was a woman, an Indian, but here she was a white woman in all that pertains to the habit of civilization. One was inclined to feel, compelled to meet her as an equal with no lingering sense of mental or physical superiority to her. The real pleasure of making her acquaintance.

"Hullo, Mrs. Miner!"  
The table was well appointed and there was nothing to indicate we were guests on an Indian reservation unless the slightly unusual decoration of the room brought it to mind. There were chokercherry wood bows with mountain birchwood arrows crossed on the walls, pipestone ornaments and beadwork and a beautifully painted robe hanging on one side of the room. Mrs. Miner did not seem to be ashamed of her race, at least and I noted these things. Habits of thought are fixed and stubborn and so are physical habits. It is common to find large proportion of civilized humanity, every morning I perform certain personal rites—wash, brush teeth, spray mouth, nose and throat. Lots of us do it unconsciously and forget it immediately. Thought has the same trick through long habit. Here I was, the guest of a woman of inferior and alien race, but I admitted to myself that the woman was my superior in education and refinement. Again reason interfered and raised the question—was she of alien race? Of course not. We went to the alfalfa matter of fact and I realized our false superiority was founded on nothing more substantial than that we had dispossessed her ancestor through trickery and superior numbers. My pride vanished with the reflection and I accepted my hostess as a lady and at her true worth. With all my boyish hero worship of John Miner, I now knew he had not married beneath himself. Quite the contrary.

"Typical Cattle Ranch"  
After supper we strolled about the place, which was typical of any prosperous Montana cattle ranch, the only noticeable difference being that the half dozen or so cowboys or haying crew were Indians or breeds, only the foreman being white. We visited on the porch and smoked, yarning of youthful days and the romance of Montana in general, for we were all old-timers and had seen great changes in the commonwealth. Later we adjourned to the living room and Mrs. Miner exhibited with the pride of any mother photos of her three sons and two daughters, all grown and fighting their way upward out of the world. The eldest daughter was a teacher at the agency school for girls, while the younger daughter was attending the nurses' school at one of the hospitals in Billings, intending to follow that as a profession. The eldest son had taken a degree at a famous medical university and was now practicing in an eastern city. The second son had completed a business course and was employed with a copper company in Butte, while the youngest boy had developed a bent for mechanics, refused college, and had gotten himself a job in a garage at Miles City.

A Grand Profession  
In turn I told Mrs. Miner of my family and much of my wanderings since the bullwhacking days when I had followed her husband and admired his superlative skill in things pertaining to the frontier.

"Yes, John even now thinks bullwhacking a grand profession and often talks about the good old days, but if he wanted to go somewhere I noticed he'd always saddled up his fastest horse. Since we bought a car, he doesn't ride horseback any more and he drives as fast as the roads permit, too. I'd like to see him with a string of bulls, as he calls them. I think he would find them rather slow for his taste even."

"Possibly, Mrs. Miner, it is not so much the good old times as old fellows sigh for as it is our lost youth. We have the habit of kidding ourselves, but in reality we want nothing of the old life except the visions of romance and adventure inseparable from the young mind."

"Yes, we are all of us wishing for the unattainable, but yet a few dreams come true after all," she smiled.  
"Oh, I admit that, but really has a habit of changing the fabric, so that later visions are tinted with reason, until finally we cease dreaming and juggle with cold facts, and the weight of years is the hardest and coldest fact of all."  
"I know, but we should be thankful that memory is left us and if we desire we have the faculty of living over again our young dreams of romance. Not all of them turned to ashes, you know. We can recall with calmness the unpleasant episodes—even force them from memory altogether, while the pleasures can be recalled at will and in a moment, lived over again. After all, has some compensations."

Seeking Enjoyment  
"Perhaps, Mrs. Miner, you have discovered it also, but I have found something that seems remarkable to me, and that is we do not lose the capacity for enjoyment with advancing age. Youth looks on age as the mere and yellow leaf. I recall as a boy that I looked upon 40 as approaching senility, but when I arrived at 40 it seemed that life was at its best, though I have since discovered my judgment was still immature. So long as we retain our faculties and health, I am firmly convinced that life becomes fuller and more satisfying with each receding year. We can look with equanimity on vanishing hair and teeth, for the true philosophy of life has arrived with their departure, and it brings a calm content that appears to me better than the thrills of youth. Perfect happiness is, of course, never attained, but, with moderate health, I have at least found life bearable." "I suppose I should console myself with a peculiarly happy woman, and I feel that I have been very fortunate. But I doubt if I have been really much

of course, the "squaw man" is a white man's point of view, leads one to a hopeless and dreary existence. In spite of a drah and weary round of the incessant struggle of a primitive life, the Indian woman finds moments of womanhood and pleasure. I know, because I am an Indian myself, have lived with them and know the life. The Indian woman is not content and knows not the meaning of the word in the sense the white woman defines it. She is usually uncomplaining and performs her duties she has been taught by centuries of service. And there is a sort of joy in service for itself, as even some white women have discovered."

Not Making Apologies  
"I know," she continued after a pause, "that we are considered an inferior race by many of your people, but I am not making any apologies. I am really proud of my ancestry and sometimes compelled to smile inwardly at the patronage and condescension I have occasionally been treated with by women of your race. I sometimes wonder if any of that race would have the same reason to venerate some of their ancestors, when they plainly indicate they regard me as an alien. Allen, in his right mind, said that my people at one time owned this vast country; at least, they occupied it, and possession, according to the white man's code, is nine points in the law, and the fact that no one else claimed it at that time seems to me made the title complete."

"I don't wish to appear bitter, for I am not. The men of your race I have counted as the fairer sex and gentlemen, who have treated me with consideration and on a basis of equality, but when your women sneer at me as an alien, I laugh. They are excusing themselves, probably they never realize that they are the aliens. John and I are able to live anywhere we wish, but I would live nowhere but on the reservation among my people, and I am sure John feels the same way."

"Mrs. Miner, you have enlightened me and also forced an apology. I con- away, seemingly. In fact, there were two almost complete cessants; one above the other. We sat on the veranda enjoying the freshened air until the display faded and finally dissolved, when supper was announced."

Major Marcher Subject  
On the veranda again after supper, with cigars lighted, Major Austin broached the subject that was on my mind, also, by remarking: "I wonder just what constitutes miscegenation? We look with repugnance on intermarriage between white and black races or the white and yellow. There is more tolerance where it comes to the white and black of the white and red, but just wherein lies the difference I am unable with certainty to figure out. Of course, my experience is confined to examples of the latter and it leads me to the conclusion there is no great meaning to the term in an undesirable sense."

"It seems to me the brain of the North American Indian functions very much like that of the white man's. His sense of honor and integrity is similar to ours; his logic is faultless, with a keen and clear idea of justice for his reasoning faculties. The proportion of good Indians and bad ones appears to me to run in about the same ratio as that of good white men and bad ones. The Indian mind absorbs civilization clearly and completely, unfortunately his physique is not yet attuned to the white man's way of life."

"In time, with the gaining of sanitary knowledge, this handicap will be removed. With my opportunities for observation I venture to prophesy a complete amalgamation with the white race of America. Then there will be no Indians, but rather a new race of Americans. Of course, I do not venture to name a date for any such occurrence, but I firmly believe the time will come. I admit an optimistic streak in my mental attitude and possibly a slight prejudice."

"Well, major, I have seen some things since I have been here that inclines me to a tolerant view, at least, of your opinion. These Indian police, now, appear rather able young fellows, and I certainly can find little to criticize in the appearance and deportment of the young school girls and of the clerks observed in the administration building. I really hope you are right. But you were going to tell me something of my friends, the Miners."

"I'm not much of a story teller, but I'll make a beginning: (To Be Continued Next Sunday)

A Remarkable Pair  
I voiced my thoughts: "Mrs. Miner is a remarkable woman, don't you think?" "Yes, and John Miner is a remarkable man," agreed Major Austin. "I have known them both for 30 years. You know I taught in the reservation school many years before I was appointed agent and received the honorary title of 'major.' Their lives and achievements are both romantic and interesting in its influence on the affairs of the reservation."

"You must tell me about it, major." "Well, I'll try and narrate a few incidents this evening that may give you some of an insight into reservation life. Now, I'll have to step on the gas if we are to beat that shower coming up over the mountains," and he nodded toward the range to our right, where a dense bank of clouds were heaving up behind the peaks.

We pulled up at his quarters just as the first drops of a fierce thunder gust swept over the agency buildings, kicking up spiteful bursts of dust in the street, but shortly changing the latter into soggy mud as the rain beat down in almost cloudburst fury. Now and then the gloom was pierced by a blinding flash, followed by crashing thunder.

In 20 minutes the western sun broke forth and, as the black cloud drifted east, thunder rolled away in the distance, the sun came through gently falling rain a few minutes longer, although the sky overhead was apparently clear, while one of the most brilliant rainbows it has been my fortune to view appeared over the eastern horizon, each segment resting on the earth but a few rods away, seemingly. In fact, there were two almost complete cessants; one above the other. We sat on the veranda enjoying the freshened air until the display faded and finally dissolved, when supper was announced."

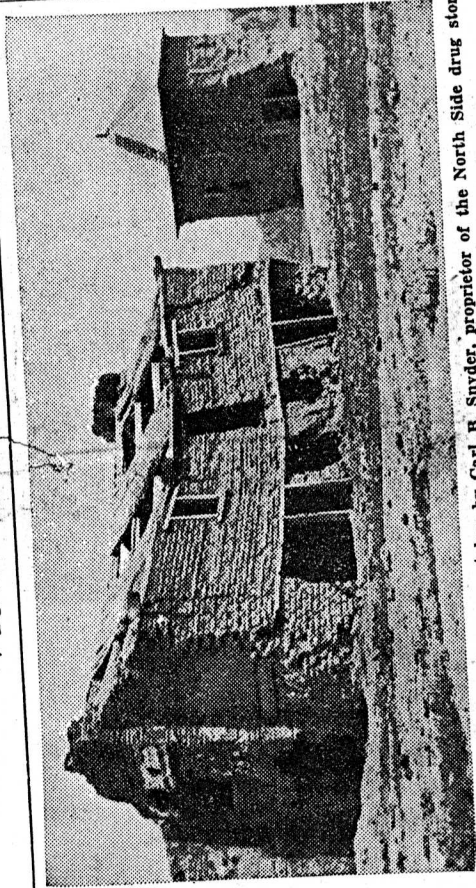
Major Marcher Subject  
On the veranda again after supper, with cigars lighted, Major Austin broached the subject that was on my mind, also, by remarking: "I wonder just what constitutes miscegenation? We look with repugnance on intermarriage between white and black races or the white and yellow. There is more tolerance where it comes to the white and black of the white and red, but just wherein lies the difference I am unable with certainty to figure out. Of course, my experience is confined to examples of the latter and it leads me to the conclusion there is no great meaning to the term in an undesirable sense."

"It seems to me the brain of the North American Indian functions very much like that of the white man's. His sense of honor and integrity is similar to ours; his logic is faultless, with a keen and clear idea of justice for his reasoning faculties. The proportion of good Indians and bad ones appears to me to run in about the same ratio as that of good white men and bad ones. The Indian mind absorbs civilization clearly and completely, unfortunately his physique is not yet attuned to the white man's way of life."

"In time, with the gaining of sanitary knowledge, this handicap will be removed. With my opportunities for observation I venture to prophesy a complete amalgamation with the white race of America. Then there will be no Indians, but rather a new race of Americans. Of course, I do not venture to name a date for any such occurrence, but I firmly believe the time will come. I admit an optimistic streak in my mental attitude and possibly a slight prejudice."

# Al H. Wilkins Tells of Early Days in Vicinity of Old Fort Benton

View of Fort's Ruins



This picture of old Fort Benton was taken by Carl B. Snyder, proprietor of the North Side drug store, in 1897.



3) 7/22/34

I have seen a good many descriptions of Liver-Eating Johnson in print, most of them wrong. In one he was described as a giant weighing 300 pounds, with fiery red hair and beard. As a matter of fact, his average weight was 200 pounds and his hair and beard were dark brown. Some persons believe to this day that Johnson acquired the handle to his name from actually killing an Indian and eating his liver. I asked him once how he got his name and I think he told me the truth.

He said he had three tenderfeet out hunting in the Shonkin mountains a few years before and they were fired on by a war party. He dropped as if he had been shot and fell back of a big log. The three tenderfeet ducked into thick brush for safety. The Indians, believing they had killed Johnson and that they could get a white man's scalp, started crawling through the tall grass towards him.

All this time foxy Johnson, well protected back of the log, lay watching their movements. He had a repeating Henry rifle and was a dead shot. When the Indians were within 50 yards, Johnson opened fire on them, getting their chief the first crack and killing two more Indians before they managed to get to the brush. With half of their party of six dead, the rest fled for their lives.

Johnson said that when he knew the Indians were out of gunshot, he cut the livers out of two of the dead Indians, threw one away and drew the other across his mouth and beard, leaving plenty of blood on them. Then he called to his buddies who thought him killed, and finally persuaded them to come out of the brush. He held up the Indian's liver before the frightened men and shouted, "I have a treat for you, boys. Here is some Indian liver. I just ate one and this is for you fellows." The men threw up their hands in horror, and

said, "We are no cannibals! None of that for us!"

"Just taste it now, while it is fresh," Johnson insisted. "It's no good after it gets cold." The tenderfeet refused, but they finally ventured out to look at the dead Indians. "How could you eat that liver?" they asked. When they returned to Fort Benton, the tenderfeet told their horrifying stories and, when listeners tried to tell them that the whole thing was a joke, they would have it that the story was a fact because they had seen the blood all over Johnson's whiskers and both Indians' livers had been cut out and one was missing.

The story and joke were often told by Johnson, with much mirth on his part. On the strength of it he acquired a name that stayed with him until his death in California some years later.

Value of a Dairy

I have often regretted, of late, that I didn't keep a diary from the time I first came to Montana. The years have blotted many matters of interest from my memory. The residence section of Fort Benton 60 years ago I shall never forget. I could draw a picture of it, with its scattering string of log cabins along the water front, mostly occupied by squaw men and their families. The place was full of halfbreed children. Some of them, like their Indian parents, copper colored with black hair; some of them with light complexion and even with blue eyes. The heads of families were mostly hunters or freighters. Their faces were marked with manhood and courage. The latchstring of their cabins always hung on the outside and anyone who called found a hearty welcome.

It was a custom of the country at that time, if a traveler came hungry to a man's cabin, for him to eat whether the owner of the shack were home or not. If anything were missing, that was an unforgivable offense and if the culprit were caught it was likely to be his last theft. I know several men who made their getaway between two days after the vigilante 3-77 was marked around town and I knew some who didn't escape. The vigilante notice was usually respected.

In the spring of 1881 there were two Chinamen in town who were not wanted. One night the vigilante warning was written on their door and the next morning the Chinamen were at the stage station, bag and baggage, in a hurry to leave town. We didn't have any more Chinese in town until 1885. Then one came in with his hair shingled the same as a white man and he was allowed to stay. It has been stated that two Chinamen kept a restaurant at Fort Benton in 1884, that one killed the other and that the murderer was hanged. This is a pipe dream, as there was not a Chinese restaurant in Fort Benton at that time and I doubt whether there has been once since.

Fort Benton had the largest graveyard I had seen in the west when I arrived there. The cemetery was a 10-acre plot between the post and the butte back of town. It was a gruesome place, for many of the graves were shallow and human bones were exposed to the elements. On the south side of the butte old graves were washed out by the spring rains. I suppose long before this the old skeletons have been buried or carried away.

Old Saloon Keeper

I have mentioned Mose Solomon. He was quite a character and one of the oldest saloon keepers at Fort Benton. He had more than one adventure. Big Mike, a bad man when drinking, came into Mose's saloon one day, drew his six gun, and fired at Mose point blank over the bar. Mose ducked and dropped back of the bar. Mike thinking he had killed Mose, started around the end of the bar to help himself to whisky. He didn't get far, for Mose shot him as he came in sight and ended the career of one more bad man. He filled one of the shallow graves south of the butte.

Three men besides myself were in the saloon when the shooting took place, Sam Duster, Ike Clark and Mike Worley. Mose was given a vigilante trial, but the evidence showed he shot in self-defense and he was cleared. His troubles were not over. He was constantly mixed in dangerous scrapes but seemed to bear a charmed life. Not long after he put Mike out of the way a drunken Indian came into the saloon, drew his gun and demanded whisky. Mose told the Indian not to shoot and that he would give him the whisky. He reached under the bar and got the bottle in one hand and his needle gun in the other. He set the whisky on the bar. The Indian grabbed it and turned to go. Mose got his needle gun into action. One more "good Indian" went to fill an other shallow grave.

When I visited Fort Benton 10 years ago, I found graves where the dead had been laid 50 years before. Since I first watched a vigilante trial I have served on many civil cases as jurymen or witnesses but I have never seen a court that carried greater merit of fairness and prompter justice than the old vigilante trials.

After many escapes, Solomon died a natural death on the Marias river at an extreme age.

Met an Old Friend

During my stay at the old fort I stayed at the Pacific hotel. The landlady, Mrs. Casey, told me Charley Bristol roomed there. I hadn't seen Charley for more than 40 years and asked that he be brought into the lobby. When he came in with faltering

step, stoop shouldered and gray haired, his appearance impressed me more than anything else had done with the changes made by the passing years. Charley was in his nineties and was losing his memory. At first he didn't seem to remember me. I asked him if he remembered the fight with the Nez Perces and he said he did. Then it all seemed to come to him and he said, "You are the kid that was with us." He died a year or two later at Fort Benton.

When I left Fort Benton years ago, two ferry boats were in operation. Ed Smith ran one and Mike Lynch the other. I have lost track of both of these old timers and hope against odds that they are still alive. On my visit to old Fort Benton I went in from the south and found a modern bridge across the Missouri river. When I crossed it I saw, straight ahead, in large gilt letters the sign of the River Press. I said to a companion, "I am pleased to see that. One of the old timers is still with us. That sign looks natural, for I was one of the first stockholders in the paper."

X. Pulls Fast One

One night in the hotel lobby X started to tell a story and every one went to sleep. A few days later, when X came in off the road, he posted me on what to say in the lobby that night. About supper time X came rushing in, apparently excited, and said he had missed his dinner on a man hunt and wanted his supper right away. I said, "I heard you caught Skinny Waterhouse." Skinny was a notorious stage robber.

"Yes," he said, "Skinny is wearing a ball and chain in jail for a change." The news caused some excitement among the hotel crowd. I said, "I'd like to see that prisoner." By this time a dozen or more old timers were crowding around, eager to hear about the prisoner and get a look at him.

After supper X put on his hat and started out, saying he wanted to examine the lock on the jail before night. I asked Bledler if I might go with him. Then the rest of the men wanted to go and Bledler said they might. We all started out to see the captured road agent. The log jail was a dark old hut, with only a half window in it for light. As we came close, X stopped us and said, "Men, I don't want no funny business about this—when I open the door a little, you all crowd in." X opened the door a little, the men shoved through promptly and X slammed the door shut and locked it, with most of the gang inside. "Now, boys," X said, "if you are not too sleepy I'll tell you the rest of that story."

"Windy" Pete Moon shouted, "To hell with your story!" "No," X retorted, "I'm going to keep my story here for you fellows." X went around to the various saloons to tell the joke on the gang and get a drink on it, then he would go back and tell them some more of the story. He kept this up until midnight, when the jailed men agreed to treat and were turned loose. X spent most of his later days at Fort Benton. During 1885 and 1886 he was a special officer stationed at Firehole basin in Yellowstone park. From the park he went to Helena and died there during the winter of 1886-87.

Paris Gibson Arrived

Along about 1879 the late Paris Gibson came up the Missouri river from the states, as the expression went in those days. I have forgotten whether he told me he came from the Twin cities or St. Louis, but at any rate he brought with him a limited amount of lumber and started a sawing and replenshing his stock from time to time that season as long as the steamboats could run. The next spring he brought his two sons with him, Phil and Theodore. After the boys came Mr. Gibson began to branch out. He took up land on the Missouri river six miles above town at what was called "Three Islands." He put it in charge of my father, who was running a road ranch and stage station at Eight Mile springs at that time. We were the Gibson boys' nearest neighbors, and fine neighbors we found them.

Not long after Paris Gibson started in the sheep business, his progressive spirit began reaching for larger achievements. I think it was in the winter of 1880-81 (probably 1881-82—Ed.), the worst winter I ever saw in Montana, that the overland stage had trouble making its daily trips through deep snow. One morning the stage had as one of its passengers Mr. Gibson. It was an extraordinarily cold day and the driver, Gus Shaffer, had already frosted his fingers and hesitated about continuing the trip. Gibson said he must get to Sun River that day if possible, as he had an engagement there. Shaffer asked me if I would make the drive for him. Gibson spoke up and said, "There is an extra 10-spot in it for you if you think you can make it safely."

I made the trip all right and brought Gibson back with me the next day. I found out afterwards that Gibson's mission that cold day was to buy a squatter's rights to what is now the townsite of Great Falls. His superior judgment recognized the great resources of water power that would make a commercial center in the west.

Early in the spring of 1885 my father and I rounded up our horses and started for Yellowstone valley. We passed through Great Falls on our way. There we met Mr. Gibson again. There were 15 houses in the town. Mr. Gibson was heart and soul in the development of the place and offered us a corner lot to build on as an inducement for us to stay and go into some business in the growing city.

Montana history records that Paris Gibson came to Fort Benton from St. Anthony's Falls, now Minneapolis, in 1879. He had built the first flour mill there, and built and operated the first woolen mills at St. Anthony's, so he was informed as to the value of water power. He became impressed with the possibilities of the Great Falls of the Missouri in 1882 and enlisted the support of James J. Hill in development of Great Falls in November, 1884.—Ed.]

I believe W. O. Dexter was the first man to operate a steam power sawmill in the Fort Benton country. It was during the summer of 1878. That spring the first steamboat tying up at Benton unloaded a steam engine for Dexter. He had a light sawmill. As soon as the engine was unloaded, Dexter filled the boiler with water, the firebox with dry wood and started firing up. When it was pretty well steamed up Dexter said to the crowd in his stuttering way, "I d-d-d-don't n-n-n-n-k-n-o-w h-o-w m-m-m-u-c-h s-s-s-steam that thing will b-b-blow up!" Then he hooked up four horses to the outfit to pull it to his house.

Had Highwoods Mill

Of course the steam outfit was the center of attraction to a crowd of spectators. When everything was ready, Dexter got to the driver's seat, gathered his lines, spoke to his team, and pulled open the whistle. The resultant blast was such a surprise everyone jumped back and Thomas Shears, not realizing how close he was to the river bank, went backward into the water and was fished out by friends while Dexter drove up and down the street blowing his whistle as loud as there was steam to make it blow.

That fall Dexter set his sawmill in the Highwood mountains and continued to get out lumber there for several years. By the time he moved, quite a few settlers had come into this part of the country and some were beginning to raise grain. Dexter added a threshing machine to his portable engine, and for years he sawed lumber in the winter and ran a threshing outfit in the fall. Later I believe he operated the first ferry boat at Great Falls.

I first met Dexter at Fort Walsh in 1874, while we were helping build the Canadian military post there. Dexter

put up hay for the mounted police that summer. When the work was finished, all of us Americans went together to Fort Benton, accompanied by Colonel Walsh and 12 mounted police. That fall my father bought Murray Nicholson's trading post at the mouth of the Marias river, and W. O. Dexter wintered with us.

The second sawmill man that drifted in was George Wines. He started a mill on Belt creek about 1879. George was a fine man and a big fellow. He weighed 300 pounds and was not fat, either. He cut a lot of logs that winter and in the spring ran them down Belt creek to the mill. His log drive was a success and there was a good demand for lumber. The next winter he went into the timber business a little stronger. He put his boom across Belt creek and started the drive. The river was high from melting snow and the logs began to pile against the boom. It broke and his whole winter's work went down the river. This was a terrible loss to Wines, who watched \$8,000 washed away at one swoop. The last I saw of him he was leaning on a saddle horse, all his earthly possessions on a pack-horse at his side. This was a deplorable incident. The Belt was a treacherous stream during high water.

Another family named Morris, or Morton, found this out, to their sorrow. A few days after Wines left, they were returning from a shopping trip to Fort Benton. They had to ford Belt creek to reach home. The swift water caught them and drifted them past the ford into deep water. The team was drowned, with the family at the mercy of the swirling water. The son got to shore some way. The parents and their little girl were drowned.

The day after the accident search was begun for the missing family. A half mile below the ford we found a man's boot tracks on an island. Apparently the man had reached safety here and then gone back to see his wife and daughter, and lost his life trying to rescue them. Farther down the river the woman's body was found in a pile of brushwood. Her body was submerged, but her legs were thrust up through the brush heap. Searchers removed the log drift, hoping to find other bodies, but if any others were recovered I did not hear of it.

There was another old timer of Fort Benton whom I remember, who had a hard journey getting to the place. He was Jim Flett, a Scotch-

men who had worked during the early sixties for the Hudson's Bay company in Canada. Employees of the Hudson's Bay company were under almost as rigid discipline as men enlisted in the army. The company had autocratic powers and men were sent to the extreme northwest to remote and isolated parts where the frequently told Indian women for wives and reared large families of halfbreed children.

Flett and a companion became dissatisfied with the company and determined to run away. They had heard of Fort Benton, 250 miles away, as a place of freedom. In the spring of 1871 they headed for the American fort. Their route lay through a wild, unsettled region and they had to make it on foot. Each had a flintlock gun, two pairs of blankets and a limited supply of ammunition.

They had to pass through a country infested with hostile Indians, but they had broken their bondage and were determined not to turn back. They had a light supply of hardtack and dried beef when they started, and figured on killing game on their long journey. They didn't do any shooting while their provisions lasted, because they were afraid the shots might attract Indians.

On their fourth day out, Flett told me, they ran out of grub. Buffalo, deer and antelope were plentiful, and they killed an antelope that evening. Not wishing to camp where they had killed the game, each took a hind quarter and continued their journey after nightfall. They traveled four miles and came to a river which they decided to cross so they might camp for the night on the opposite side. It was dark and they got into deep water. All their powder except the charges in their guns got wet. That was a serious situation in a hostile country. They were compelled to do most of their traveling by night to avoid Indians, but eventually they came to a hunters' camp on the American side of the line. Sore footed and nearly starved, they were brought to Fort Benton by the hunters, Jack Ripley, Jim Rutherford, Pete Polite, Charles Jackson, Charley McFall and Lew Ell.

Five years later Flett was drowned while swimming horses across the Missouri river near Fort Benton. Lew Ell, who had assisted him years before, was stabbed to death by an outlaw the same spring, and the outlaw stretched hemp.

# Hunting Parties Brought Winter's Catch to Benton

This Business Netted River Town's Business Firms Thousands of Dollars Annually; Indians Fired on Adobe Fort



# OLD CARROLL TRAIL STORY BY McLEMORE

G. F. F.

Interesting Chapter in History of Montana Contributed by Writer

(Continued From Page 10)

built near the present Absarokee, Stillwater county.

The day Gibbon set out from Fort Shaw a battle occurred "on the connecting ridge between the Judith and Snowy mountains" between a war party of Crows and a band of Sioux, in which the former lost Chief Long Horse but lifted seven Sioux scalps.

Under orders from the commander of the department of Dakota, a small party in charge of Capt. William Ludlow, corps of engineers, made a reconnaissance of the Musselshell road. They arrived at Carroll on the Key West July 27 and were at Camp Lewis Aug. 2. In his report Ludlow commented, as to Carroll:

"... a frontier town of perhaps 20 or 25 log buildings... situated on a timbered plateau 15 or 20 feet above the level of the stream (Missouri river) at low water. . . . The road . . . out leads up a long, sharp ridge to the west, constantly ascending, with many turns, until an altitude of over 900 feet above the town is attained; the view thence was wide and open."

Proceeding westward on the road to Camp Baker, Ludlow went to Fort Ellis and to Yellowstone park, returning to Camp Lewis Sept. 9. Ten days later he was at Carroll, where he boarded the Josephine for Bismarck the 20th. A detachment of his party took a different course in Judith basin but rejoined Ludlow at Carroll for the down-river trip.

#### Much Business

The steamers arrived with more or less regularity during the long season, from May 10 to Oct. 19, as follows: Josephine, May 10, June 24, July 12, Aug. 25, Sept. 4, 19; Oct. 10; Key West, May 15; June 6, July 1, 27; Nellie Peck, May 23; Carroll, May 24, July 15; Benton, May 24, July 2, 13 (double-tripping from Wolf Point), Aug. 27, Oct. 19; C. W. Mead, June 4, Aug. 7; Fontenelle, June 11; Far West, June 20; Katy P. Kountz, June 26; May Lowry, Oct. 6; Western, Oct. 10. (As in the previous season, there were but six arrivals at Fort Benton. There were two arrivals at Cow Island.)

Winter came before the last freight trains got through to Helena. Heavy snowfall north and east of Brewer's springs made the otherwise preferable Duck creek route impassable and some outfits were obliged to detour northward to Camp Baker and thence down Confederate gulch by way of Diamond City. One of the 12 mule teams of the Diamond R, says the Diamond City Rocky Mountain Husbandman Nov. 12, passed eastward that day. Other incidents connected with the storm were told by that paper as learned from Ed Sayre, who was "just in from the Musselshell."

"A driver on the Northern Pacific stage line," he said, "was overtaken in a storm near Judith gap, and lay out all night, freezing his right hand severely. He came in to Camp Baker, had his hand dressed by Dr. Whiteford, and is now (Dec. 2) doing well."

"Tom Claire, wagon master of the Diamond R, lost 35 head of cattle near the forks of the Musselshell. Ten or 15 of the old ones perished in a storm. The loss of the remainder was occasioned by the herd stampeding over a bank into the creek and chilling to death. Several old mules also perished in the storm."

"There are three Diamond R trains at the forks loaded with ore, enroute for Carroll. Magonegall, of Missouri valley, loaded with oats and potatoes for Murphy & Neel, was also caught in the storm at the forks and had his potatoes frozen."

#### Carroll Flooded

By the time the steamboat season opened the following spring, 1876, numerous events occurred, which, together, all but finished the flourishing Musselshell route. First there was a flood on the Missouri.

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"Murphy, Neel & Co.," says the Herald of June 12, "are in receipt of a letter from their Carroll house, giving the particulars of the flood on the town of Carroll. The stores of Murphy, Neel & Co. and Col. George Clendenin, built 300 feet from the river bank, had to be hurriedly torn down and built on higher ground. Every house in Carroll was either taken down or washed away. All goods were saved, and the work of rebuilding on more solid ground had been commenced."

High water made navigation to Fort Benton more certain and easier, and, moreover, Benton boat lines reduced rates to compete more successfully with Carroll.

Furthermore, the Diamond R outfit entered into a contract with the military to do freighting that summer along the Yellowstone during the climactic campaign of that year against Sitting Bull and his cohorts, which employment demanded much of the company's resources and doubtless offered larger rewards. Perhaps, because of concentration of all available troops for that campaign, military protection could not be provided for the Musselshell road.

#### Reference in Record

Nonchalantly, the Fort Benton Record of July 14 remarks that "Col. George Clendenin, we are informed, is now the only resident of Carroll." There may have been freight trains on the road, though no contemporary notices of such have been found. It is certain, however, that the Northern Pacific stage line was still operating, carrying mail to Camp Baker enroute. The Husbandman Sept. 28 mentions "a passenger who came up on the Carroll coach," and the Herald Oct. 2 notes, "Capt. Nick Wall was a passenger this morning on the Carroll coach for the state."

The 13th of that month the coach turned over near Diamond City. The incident was thus reported by the Husbandman:

"As the Carroll coach was going down the mountain into Benton gulch last Friday, it capsized, giving the passengers a considerable shaking up, and breaking the leg of Benjamin Stone, a colored man. Gov. B. F. Potts, E. G. Maclay, H. M. Parthen, all of Helena, and Gen. A. J. Smith were on board, but fortunately they escaped injury. The party were enroute to the Judith basin on a buffalo hunt. They left Ben in care of the post surgeon at Camp Baker."

The road seems to have fared no better in 1877. "Carroll is nearly abandoned," said the Herald Sept. 27. However, "the steamer, Gen. Mead, put off 27 tons for subsistence stores at Carroll for Lieut. Doane, Second cavalry, and his Crow scouts." No further notices of the stage and mail

line have been found. Upon establishment of Forts Keogh and Custer in Yellowstone valley, their occupancy by large numbers of troops and consequent establishment of mail facilities for those posts, the Helena-Carroll line may have been discontinued.

#### Coming of Railroads

During the following year the Diamond R was operating extensively between Helena and the southern railroad depot, receiving at the northern terminus of the Utah & Northern railroad 6,500 tons of Montana freight and delivering at that point 3,000 tons from Montana shippers—which indicates that the arrangement between the Northern Pacific and the Diamond R had lapsed, for their original contract had obligated the Diamond R to withdraw its operations and business from the southern route.

In advocating a road between that place and a new mining camp, the Fort Benton Record in January, 1879, incidentally remarks, "Three years ago when Carroll was the so-called rival of Benton. . . . Now, however, Carroll has not only ceased to be a rival of Benton, but her downfall precludes the belief, etc."

And the railroads were coming. During 1880 the Northern Pacific reached the eastern border of Montana and the Utah & Northern entered from the south. Both were planning to push on rapidly. Those engaged in freighting and staging were forced to recognize the handwriting on the wall.

# Wanderings on Indian Trails

By R. C. HAMILTON-CHRISTIE

## THE STORY OF AN INDIAN NAME

"WHAT is his name?" I asked my Indian friend, as we stood admiring the antics of a little chap of only three months' acquaintance with the ways of the world.

"His name?" he repeated. "It is Shot Ribs. . . Bennie James Shot Ribs. He is my brother's youngest one."

"Shot Ribs?" I murmured. "It is an uncommon name. Perhaps you know why it was given the boy. Can you tell me?"

"Yes," my friend admitted slowly. "I know its beginning. It was in the years long before there were many of you white men in the country. I will tell you."

Bennie James, his black eyes sparkling, kicked at the air about him, as though enjoying the anticipation of a tale he already knew and was willing to hear again.

His uncle and I sat down on one of the tepee couches and the story told me on that hot July day is here set forth.

Many years ago the papoose's grandfather, Running Steer, was a young man, not yet married and wild and lawless, as only unmarried young men can be. He had not yet gone on the war trail, for the country was fast filling with whites and war parties were becoming fewer and fewer.

Anxious to prove he was now a man in his own right, Running Steer was in the habit of creating trouble if he thought there was any chance of a fight. For many months he had been unsuccessful. This thought hurt him sorely, for there was a very deep reason for him wishing to appear as a brave. A very deep reason . . . a woman!

### Rancher Accuses Him

More months passed, snow fell and melted and yet Running Steer had not had his long wished for chance. He fretted and complained, but no chance for a daring deed came his way. He feared that the woman he wished for his own would go with another man.

One night, as Running Steer lay on a couch in the lodge of his father, a rider called for him to come out.

Leaving the tepee, he saw many of his friends gathered about a rancher, whose cattle ran the range not many miles from the Indian camp. When he saw the young man he had called for he turned to face him. The boy did not know what he wanted.

"Running Steer," the rancher said in the Blackfeet tongue, "you are a thief. You killed two of my cattle last night and left the knife with which you skinned them. One of your friends knows that it belongs to you."

The horseman held up a long thin blade covered with dry blood. It was Running Steer's knife.

"What have you to say?" the white man continued. "You are a cattle thief. I came to warn you. The next time you come to steal I will shoot you as I could a cur. My cattle do not belong to Indians."

Running Steer looked at his friends closely. He said nothing. Turning, he went back into the lodge from which he had stepped to face his accuser.

### Accept Invitation

More days went past and the young man became more restless than he had been before. At last he summoned some of his best friends to the lodge.

"You have heard what the white man said," he began without wasting words. "He says he will shoot to kill. It is well. I will go and defy him. Who of you around my fire will come with me?"

His steady eyes swept the circle of assembled braves.

None refused his invitation. It would mean blood and probably glory. If neither resulted there would at least be excitement. The time for the raid was set and preparations made.

Long after dark of a warm summer night, furtive shadows slid into Running Steer's lodge. They were the young men who had signified their willingness to go with the man the rancher had accused of theft.

Running Steer rose to address them. . .

"My brothers," he said, "we are ready to start on the trail that leads to the lodge of he who called me a thief and all of you his enemies. He said none of his cattle belong to Indians, yet he forgets that they fatten on Indian land. Before Sun has rubbed the traces of sleep from his eyes the white will be poorer by 50 fat steers."

### Boasts No Fear

"I am afraid of him, he thinks. Bah! I will show him. The crowd jeers at the bear but he is careful not to alight in his path! It is so with the man who called me a thief. That knife was not in my hands. I had given it to my brother!"

### Running Steer continued:

"His big words do not frighten me. I shall wear my white eagle feather so that if he sees me he will know that it is I, Running Steer, the man who has no fear! We will steal his cattle, burn his stacks and shoot him. Never again will his tongue say, thief. Come! It is late. We must leave."

Eleven shadows stole forth noiselessly from the yellow lodge. Eleven shadows moved to the outer edge of the camp to picketed horses. Eleven shadows, mounted, cantered into the bloom of the summer night.

Once away from the sharp ears of their elders, who, if they knew, might forbid this rash action, the raiders broke into a noisy gallop. Soon they were on the white man's range. Running Steer signaled them to stop.

"We will round up 50 cattle," he said, "and take them to the shelter of the river and there slaughter them. Six of you will do that. The rest of us will move on to our revenge. We will meet at the bluffs."

The remaining five horsemen rode faster than the party had before and soon the gleam of a lamp shone dimly through a shack window. When very close, Running Steer drew up his horse and spoke in a whisper to his four followers.

"I will go the stacks and set fire to them and the stable. Two of you cover the windows with your carbines. You, Striped Weasel. . ."

A sharp bark interrupted his speech.

"Stripped Weasel, you and your brother stay here with the horses and watch closely. Have our horses ready when the time comes."

With that the three Indians left. Stealthily the warriors made their sinuous way through the long prairie grass and towards their objective. They would crawl a few yards and then listen intently. No risks could be taken. This was a surprise attack. Their quarry should be in bed but his light still burned.

Closer . . . closer . . . closer . . . At last Running Steer gained the deep shadows of the yard and two pairs of unblinking black eyes held gaze on the shack window.

A spark flashed, protected from the night breeze by Running Steer's cupped hand. A thin wisp of smoke curled into the night and then a sheet of flame threw its lurid fingers to the sky. The two men watching the shack shifted position. Something must be wrong. No one came from the room. The smell of burning hay was strong on the cool air. Strange that the owner did not come to investigate. Both crept to the window. No one was there!

### Running Steer Falls

They rose and shouted the news to Running Steer, who came running to meet them. This was a lucky night. The owner had gone while his light still burned. Surely the omen was good.

"We will shoot his horses!" Running Steer shrieked above the roar of the flames, as he made for the stable.

A thirty-thirty stabbed the darkness to his left and he fell. His companions fled.

The rancher stepped forth from some weeds and strode over to Running Steer.

"I have a good dog, Running Steer," was all he said as he looked at the path of the bullet through Running Steer's left side. The young Indian told him of the whole plot and promised that he would make no more trouble.

"And," concluded my friend. "That is what happened to one warrior . . . a bullet in the ribs. The girl became his after all. Even though he had lost, I think she considered him brave, anyway."

Yes, I thought, he got his woman and Bennie James got a name.

As I looked at the bright-eyed papoose, I could only conclude that that night and its episode of the long ago had a happy ending after all.

Joseph's Famous Retreat Through Northwest Earned for Him Title of Napoleon of the Red Race; Surrendered in Montana in 1877

C. R. Noyes of Chinook Draws Detailed Map of Battlefield Site to Complete History

(Continued from Page 8)

for the Lolo, where they met Captain Rawn and 25 soldiers and went into camp about 10 miles up the Lolo. They threw up breastworks of logs and waited for the Indians, thinking they had Joseph and his band stopped and feeling secure from an attack in front, the only direction from which the commanding officer seemed to think an attack possible. There was no protection from crossing of the Indians, dodging from tree to tree on the mountain side, and it was the belief of most who took part in this battle of "Port Fizzle" on the Lolo trail that it would be another Custer massacre.

Copyrighted Chart Is First Published by Tribune; Noyes Also Reviews War Events
Miles stopped his command right there instead of making a charge—and it was right there he made his big loss. (We buried 22 men and they were dying all the way back.) I was in the lead and thought Miles was coming. The Indians shot me down three times and he fell dead and I was behind him for an hour or more, or until the bullets began to come through and made my fortification the colliery place of safety. There was a boulder about four or five feet from me and I wiggled to get behind it. It was not a rock, only a log or two above my head when I was lying close to the ground. Pretty soon Yellowstone Kelly and Haddow, a soldier, came to me and wanted to see my head. I told them I did and that I was getting some shots that counted. Haddow crowded up close to me and placed his arm around me and I told him to lie low or they would get him. I had no more than told him when a bullet hit him just below the collarbone and he pitched down. I looked back and saw that he was shot to die, so I asked Kelly to take him by the legs and pull him off and we would get away if we could. I believe in the safety. We started but he died on our hands.

Stout Will Be Main Speaker at Feb. 22 Gathering of Democrats
Special to The Tribune.
HAYRE, Feb. 15.—Democrats from 15 counties will convene at Hayre Feb. 22, according to a call issued by L. K. Devlin of Hayre, president of the north Montana democratic organization.

Press Censorship in Venezuela Ended on Public's Demand
CARACAS, Venezuela, Feb. 15.—(AP)—The Venezuelan government capitulated today to mass public demands for an end to press censorship and a shakeup of officials after a day of rioting in which at least five persons were killed.

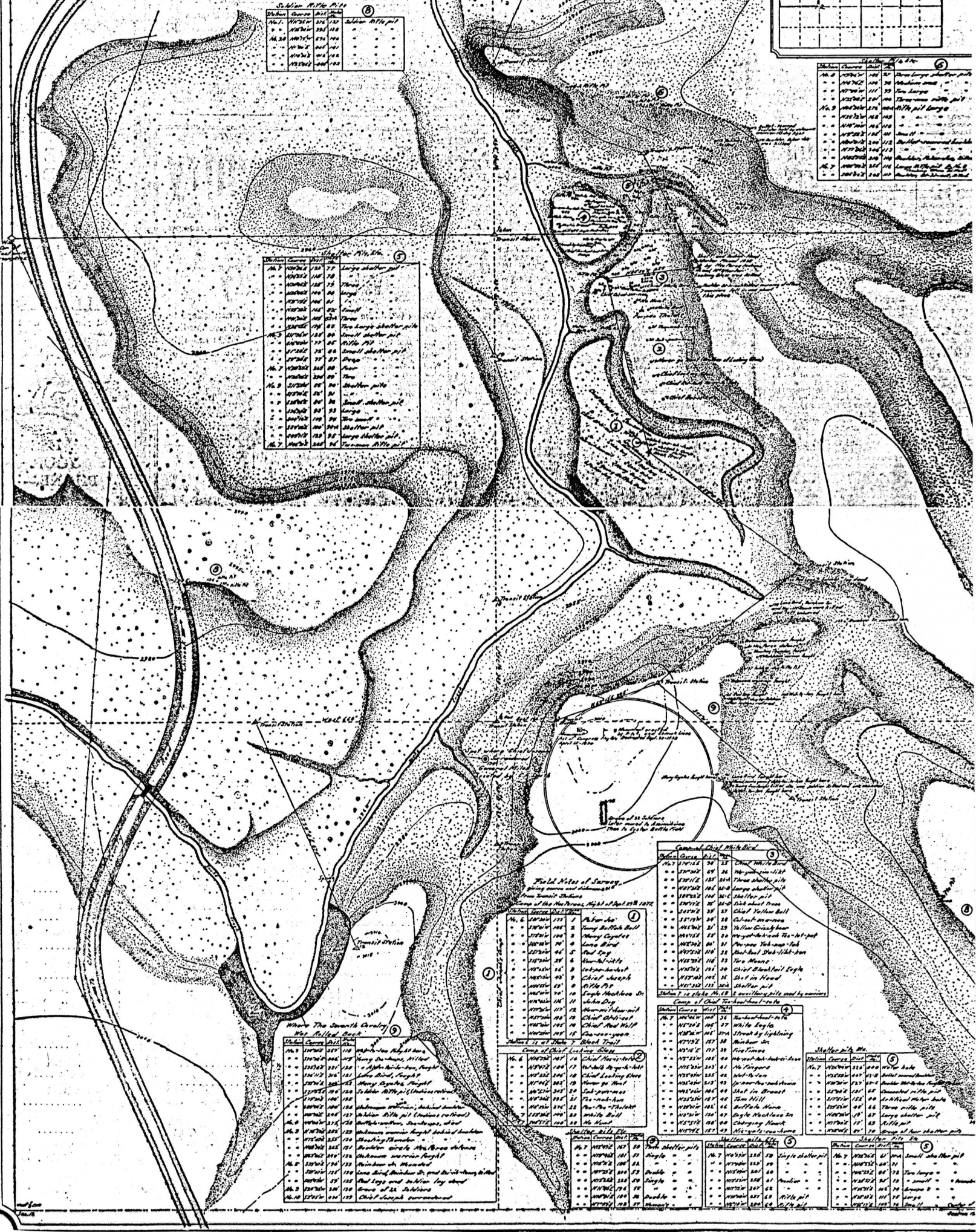
Another Kidnaping Story Given About American Engineer
GUADALAJARA, Mexico, Feb. 15.—(AP)—The newspaper El Informador published today a report attributed to travelers recently arrived from Ezequiel that a disgruntled employe was responsible for the kidnaping of Samuel C. Faneuf, American assistant manager of the Amparo Mining Co.

It's Her Turn Now
NEOSHO, Mo., Feb. 15.—(AP)—Dr. W. C. Ingram was with his wife almost constantly while she was under treatment in the hospital here for a fractured hip. He even rode home with her in the ambulance. But on the way and it fell through the ambulance door and was injured.

# BATTLE OF THE BEAR'S PAW

BETWEEN  
General Miles and Chief Joseph  
Sept 30 to Oct 5 1877  
Scale 1"=100'  
Surveyed by C.R. Hayes

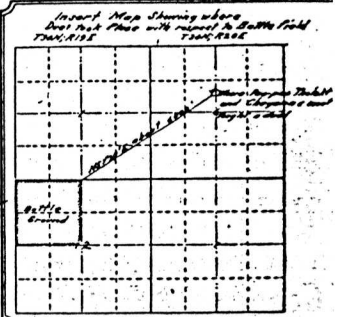
**Remarks**  
This battle ground was set aside as a National Monument through the efforts of L.V. Briggs at the time when these lands were being homesteaded. The staking and location of points of interest was done by L.V. Briggs, Chief Moxley, and Chief White Hawk, in Aug 1935. The Chinook Lions and Chief Moxley of Ashcroft, B.C., standing the expenses of bringing above party from Washington and Idaho.  
With in the large circle is where Miles lost 14 men, out of 32 killed and over half of the wounded were received on the first charge of the seventh cavalry, as they were surprised when the Indians opened fire on them from their breast works, on brow of hill to the right.  
Small circles with numbers show general location of camps, etc. with reference to field notes, so that points of interest can be picked out more readily.



Station	Course	Dist.	Remarks
1000	100	100	Station 1000 pit
1001	100	100	
1002	100	100	
1003	100	100	
1004	100	100	
1005	100	100	
1006	100	100	
1007	100	100	
1008	100	100	
1009	100	100	
1010	100	100	

Station	Course	Dist.	Remarks
1011	100	100	Large shallow pit
1012	100	100	
1013	100	100	
1014	100	100	
1015	100	100	
1016	100	100	
1017	100	100	
1018	100	100	
1019	100	100	
1020	100	100	
1021	100	100	
1022	100	100	
1023	100	100	
1024	100	100	
1025	100	100	
1026	100	100	
1027	100	100	
1028	100	100	
1029	100	100	
1030	100	100	

Station	Course	Dist.	Remarks
1031	100	100	Small shallow pit
1032	100	100	
1033	100	100	
1034	100	100	
1035	100	100	
1036	100	100	
1037	100	100	
1038	100	100	
1039	100	100	
1040	100	100	



Station	Course	Dist.	Remarks
1041	100	100	Large shallow pit
1042	100	100	
1043	100	100	
1044	100	100	
1045	100	100	
1046	100	100	
1047	100	100	
1048	100	100	
1049	100	100	
1050	100	100	

**Field Notes of Survey**  
From Summit Station  
From the top of the mountain, high about 2500 feet

Station	Course	Dist.	Remarks
1051	100	100	Station 1051
1052	100	100	
1053	100	100	
1054	100	100	
1055	100	100	
1056	100	100	
1057	100	100	
1058	100	100	
1059	100	100	
1060	100	100	

**General Chief Joseph**

Station	Course	Dist.	Remarks
1061	100	100	Station 1061
1062	100	100	
1063	100	100	
1064	100	100	
1065	100	100	
1066	100	100	
1067	100	100	
1068	100	100	
1069	100	100	
1070	100	100	

**Camp of Chief Joseph**

Station	Course	Dist.	Remarks
1071	100	100	Station 1071
1072	100	100	
1073	100	100	
1074	100	100	
1075	100	100	
1076	100	100	
1077	100	100	
1078	100	100	
1079	100	100	
1080	100	100	

**Where the Seventh Cavalry Was Killed**

Station	Course	Dist.	Remarks
1081	100	100	Station 1081
1082	100	100	
1083	100	100	
1084	100	100	
1085	100	100	
1086	100	100	
1087	100	100	
1088	100	100	
1089	100	100	
1090	100	100	

**Camp of Chief Joseph**

Station	Course	Dist.	Remarks
1091	100	100	Station 1091
1092	100	100	
1093	100	100	
1094	100	100	
1095	100	100	
1096	100	100	
1097	100	100	
1098	100	100	
1099	100	100	
1100	100	100	

**Camp of Chief Joseph**

Station	Course	Dist.	Remarks
1101	100	100	Station 1101
1102	100	100	
1103	100	100	
1104	100	100	
1105	100	100	
1106	100	100	
1107	100	100	
1108	100	100	
1109	100	100	
1110	100	100	

**Station 1111 etc.**

Station	Course	Dist.	Remarks
1111	100	100	Station 1111
1112	100	100	
1113	100	100	
1114	100	100	
1115	100	100	
1116	100	100	
1117	100	100	
1118	100	100	
1119	100	100	
1120	100	100	

# MAP DEPICTS DETAILS OF INDIAN WAR

### C. Y. Noyes of Chinook Assembles Complete History of Nez Perces Battle

Editor's note—The following resume of the Nez Perces war and the Battle of the Bear's Paw near Chinook, which was fought between Sept. 30 and Oct. 5, 1877, was prepared especially for The Tribune by C. Y. Noyes of Chinook, Blaine county surveyor. The Battle of the Bear's Paw was the last armed conflict of importance between Indians and whites in the northwest. The map on the opposite page, which was recorded in the Library of Congress by Mr. Noyes, and on which he holds a copyright, was completed by him after years of detailed study of the Nez Perces campaign. It represents the finest presentation of the Battle of the Bear's Paw ever made. Pictures accompanying this article were taken by Mr. Noyes on the Big Hole and Bear's Paw battlefields.

By C. Y. NOYES

**I**N PRESENTING this story of the Battle of the Bear's Paw, which was fought Sept. 30 to Oct. 5, 1877, on Snake creek, about 17 miles south of the present town of Chinook, I think that it would be proper to give facts that led up to this last pitched battle between the United States troops and the Indians.

To give the reader who may have never heard the causes that led up to this battle a clear view, it will be necessary to explain conditions prior to this last stand of the Nez Perces.

Our first knowledge of these Indians came to us through Lewis and Clark. The impression left by these explorers was one which gave praise to the Indians, as it tells of their friendliness to the expedition. Chief Red Bear, who was the great-grandfather of Chief Many Wounds, who helped stake the points of interest this last summer on the Bear's Paw battlefield, was one of six Nez Perce chiefs who met Lewis and Clark in the Clearwater valley in 1805, helped make the famous canoes with which to continue the trip to the mouth of the Columbia river and guided the expedition as far as Reparia, Wash., then returned in the first canoe built to the Clearwater. This famous canoe is now at Old Spalding Log Cabin mission, Spalding, Ida., an Indian museum, and is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Evens. It was cut out of a large tree.

The Nez Perces were always proud that they never shed a drop of white man's blood. The land they claimed and held when Lewis and Clark explored that country was, roughly, bounded by the Bitter Root mountains on the east, the Blue mountains on the west, the Samon river from below the mouth of White Bird on the south and the North Palouse on the north. It was a land of natural advantages, warm in winter, cool in summer, with abundant grass, plenty of water and hills covered with game.

#### Friends of the Whites

These Indians were friends of the white man until the whites began to fence his lands and plow the soil. Then trouble started.

Old Joseph, who was the father of Chief Joseph, who made his last stand at the Bear's Paw, would not consent to go into a treaty with the United States government and be placed on a reservation as some of the other tribes did in 1855. At the time of Old Joseph's death, he called his son to his bedside and exacted a promise that the Wallowa should never be given up.

The whites came into the valley and clashes took place in which an Indian was killed, the white man took the Indians' land and were the first to shed blood. Troubles of various kinds took place for several years and culminated in a war that began in June and ended in October, 1877.

The first white man killed was Richard Devine, an old miner, who lived alone in a cabin above the mouth of White Bird on Samon river. That took place June 15. Colonel Perry, who was sent after the Indians, was defeated June 17. General Howard started to clean out the Indians. Several engagements took place in Idaho in which the Nez Perces showed their ability in a signal way. Chief Joseph came to the conclusion that he would take his people from the land they called home through Montana into Canada, where they thought it possible to establish a new home free from troublesome whites.

The Nez Perces did not intend to harm people of Montana on their passage through, as they proved when going up Bitter Root valley. To enlighten the reader as to the difference between actions of the Indians and the settlers in Bitter Root valley, I will try to give a picture as to who showed the best lesson of that old teaching of the Golden Rule, the white man or his red brother.

Early in July, 1877, word was brought to western Montana that Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Perce Indians had broken out over in Idaho across the mountains from the Bitter Root valley. Aggravated and enraged by encroachments and depredations of some lawless whites, the Indians killed some settlers, burned their homes and were on the war-path.

#### Were Well Armed

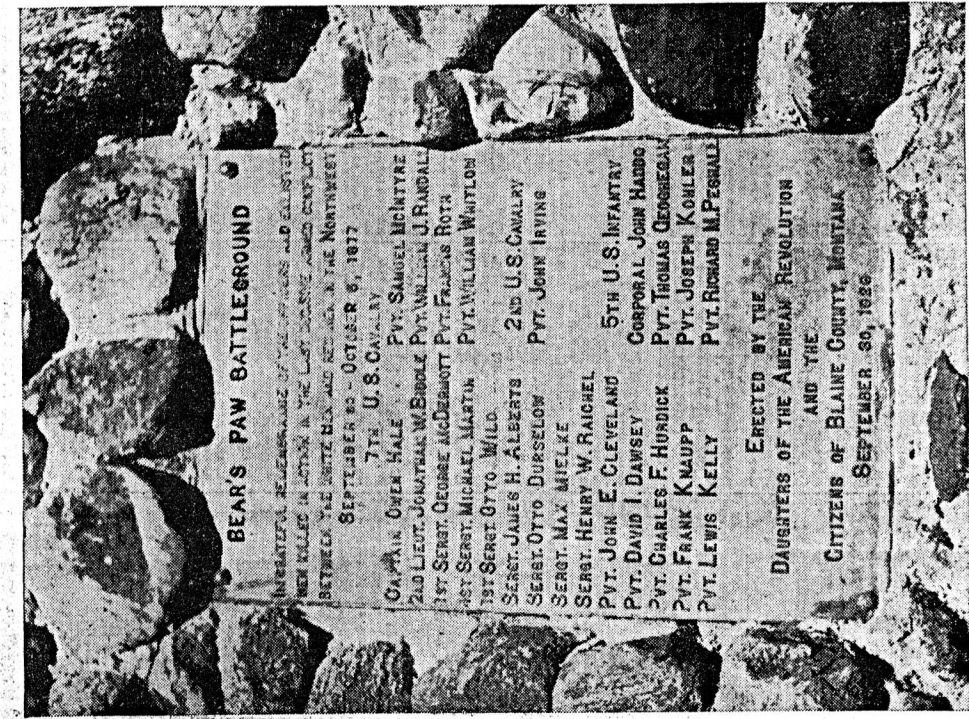
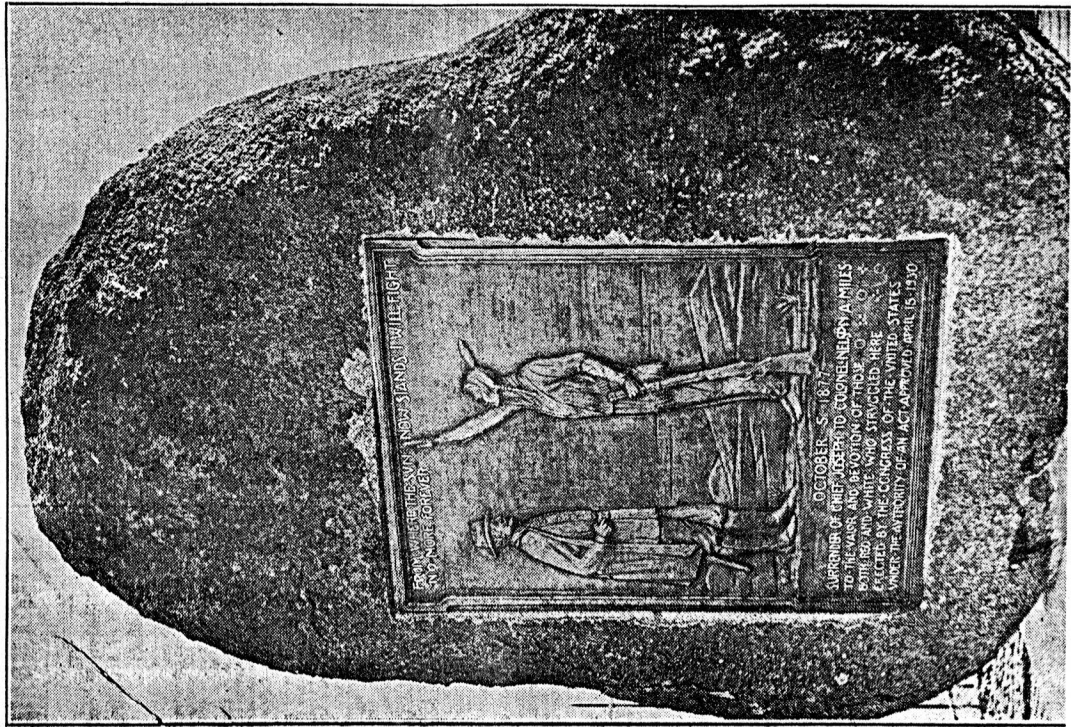
The Indians, some 900 strong, counting men, women and children, were well armed when they started over the Lolo trail for Canada and their new home, some 2,000 miles away. They were pursued at a safe distance by Major General Howard, Colonel Miller and about 600 soldiers of the regular army. The Indians sent couriers into the Bitter Root asking the Flatheads to help fight the whites. Chief Charlos not only refused, but said that he would fight with the settlers if necessary.

The Nez Perces then sent word that if they were allowed to go through the valley peaceably, they would not fight the whites nor destroy their property. No answer was made to this offer, as no one had authority to give it. The Bitter Rooters became alarmed for the safety of their families, placed them in old Fort Owens at Stevensville and two new sod forts hastily constructed at Corvallis and Skalkaho.

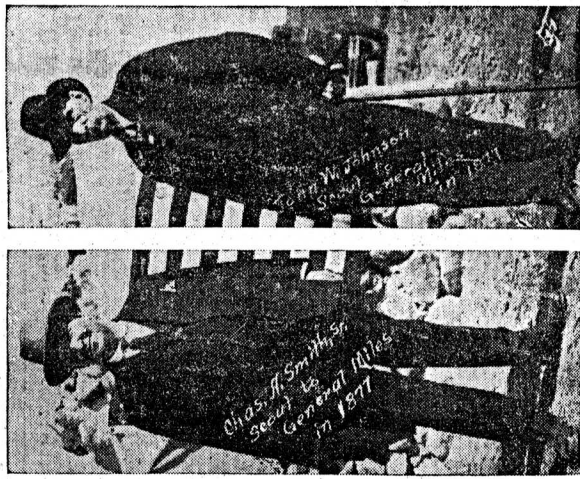
Soldiers from Fort Missoula were going up the Lolo to attempt to turn the Indians back or fight them. Thirty-five men, pioneer settlers of the Bitter Root valley, left Fort Owen

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 1)

# Persons and Scenes in Nez Perces Campaign of 1877 in Montana

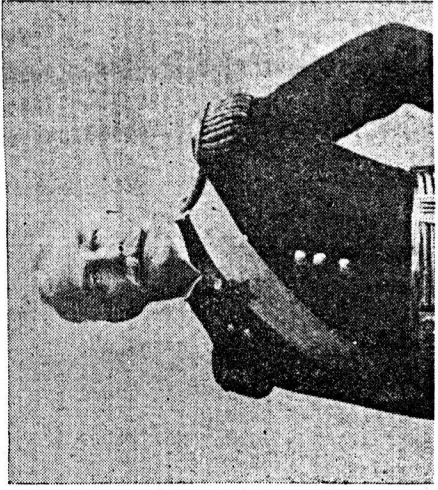


Tablet in west side of Bear's Paw monument was erected in commemoration of soldiers who lost their lives in the battle of the Bear's Paw.



Charles A. Smith Sr., only known living person who was with Colonel Miles when Chief Joseph surrendered.

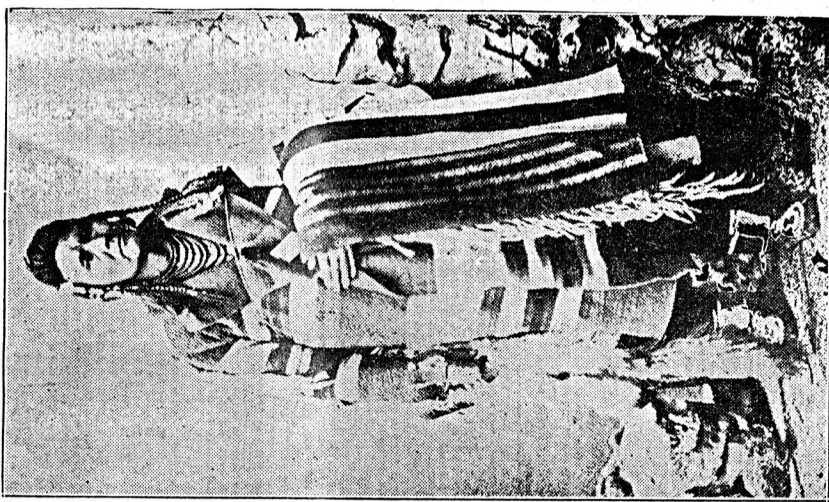
JOHN W. JOHNSON  
Sergeant for Colonel Miles in 1877.







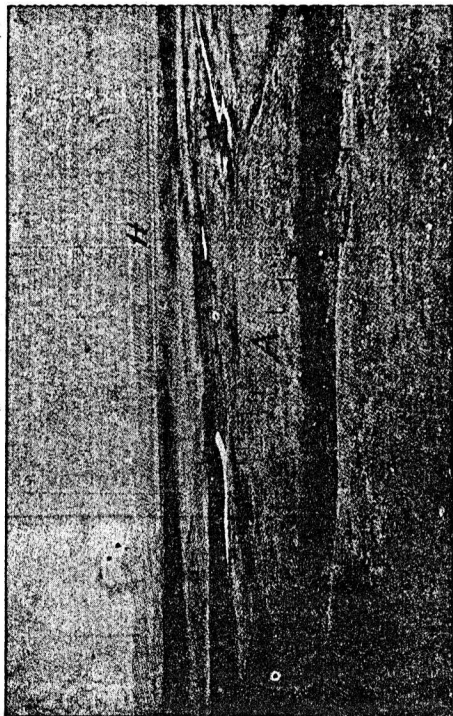
**COL. NELSON A. MILES**  
Who pursued Chief Joseph through central and northern Montana and forced his surrender following the battle of the Bear's Paw.



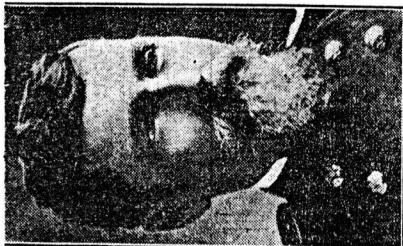
**CHIEF JOSEPH**  
Leader of the Nez Perces during their great retreat from their northwestern home through Montana to his surrender following the battle of the Bear's Paw near Chinook. Joseph was called the Napoleon of the red race because of his superb military strategy.



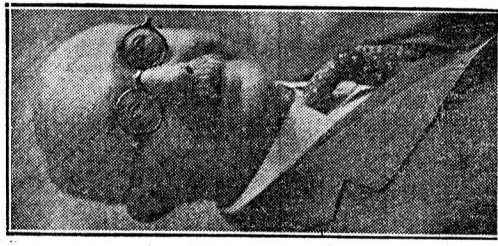
This is a photograph of a painting of the famous Big Hole battleground. The original is in the possession of B. E. Stack, formerly a resident of Fergus county and now of Long Beach. Mr. Stack was a resident of Montana in 1877. When James H. Mills, then secretary of the territory of Montana, issued the governor's call for volunteers to fight in the Nez Perces war, Stack volunteered and, with nine others, left for Fort Missoula under Captain Turner and reported to General Gibbon for duty. General Gibbon informed the Montana volunteers he had all the men he wanted so Turner's men did not participate in the battle. The fiercest of the fighting was waged on what in the picture is the left bank of the river. For many years bones of Indian warriors killed there were left unburied on the field and the artist has depicted them, with fidelity to detail.



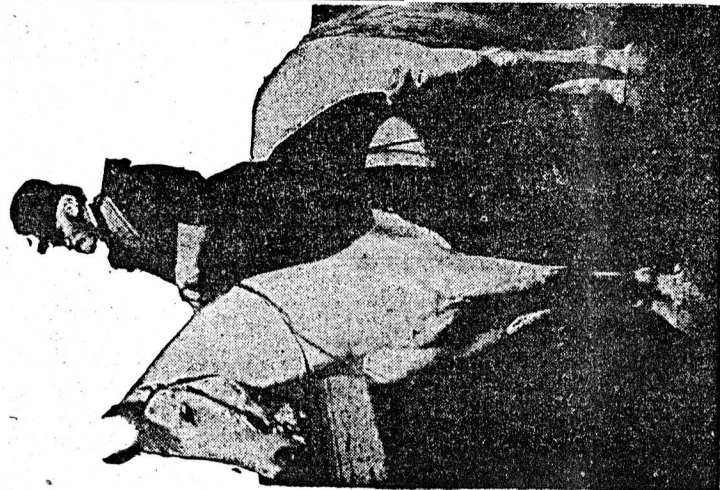
This is a scene where the battle of the Bear's Paw was fought in 1877. Not only was this the field where Chief Joseph surrendered to Generals Gibbon and Miles but it has come to be known as the place where the Indians made their last stand against the whites in the northwest.



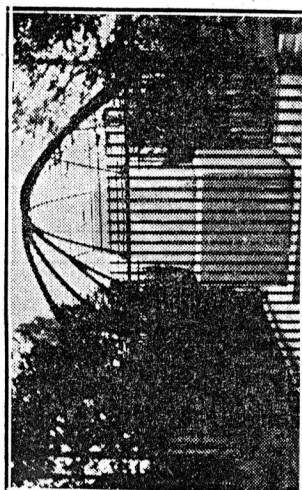
**GEN. JOHN GIBBON**  
Who participated in the battle of the Big Hole against Chief Joseph. If the Indians had not known that General Gibbon's forces might have been annihilated.



**JAMES GRIFFIN**  
President of the Chinook Lions club in 1929 and under whose leadership the club erected a stone monument commemorating the battle of the daughters of the American Revolution. The Lions club procured two bronze plates, as pictured on this page, to place on the monument.



**MAJ. GEN. O. O. HOWARD**  
Who followed Chief Joseph and the Nez Perces through Montana "at a safe distance."



Granite shaft erected by the government at the upper end of the Big Hole valley, marking the site of the battle of the Big Hole.

*Photograph scene 2/16/36*



# BROWNING "CHIEF"



"For what avail, the plow or sail, or land or life, if Freedom fail"

VOLUME 12

BROWNING, GLACIER COUNTY, MONTANA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1943

NUMBER 41

## Council Delegation's Mission To Chicago Success

# Trekking Over Canadian Prairies As Indian Trader, Buffalo Hunter

rounded with timber down to the sandy beach. The command laid over here a few days to make preparations for leaving a few men who were to start a government farm.

We had word of a large camp of Santee Sioux a few days' drive ahead. These were Indians father had traded with the winter before, so we made a long day's drive ahead of the command and drew up that night at the Indian camp. After exchanging the customary presents, we succeeded in trading for a fine lot of furs, and were ready to join the command when it came along a few days later.

From here on we began to get into the country of the Assiniboines and Crees, supposed to be peaceable Indians, so father and I stayed with the troopers only part of the time, stopping to trade at the Indian camps from time to time, wherever we found them. Here we struck bad water, and the inexperienced policemen lost many of their saddles, horses and draft animals from permitting them to drink alkali water. The troops were compelled to travel slow on account of their weakened horses. My father often hooked on ahead of one of the police teams that became stuck and pulled them out. We were nearly always repaid with a heaping measure of oats for each of our big mules. From now on we were able to travel as far in one day as the troops could in two, and it was easy for us to lay over a day and trade at the half breed or Indian camps and still keep up with the command.

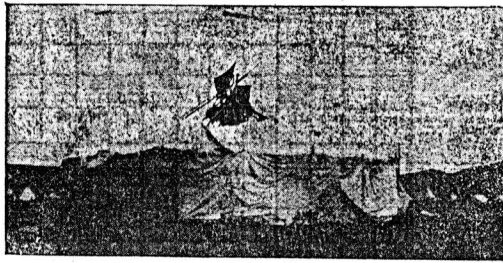
We made camp one day at what the half breeds called Old Wife's lake. We had made 35 miles that day to get to good water. When we arrived we noticed a terrible odor around the edge of the lake, but we had made a forced drive to reach it, and it was late and we had to camp. All that day we had noticed the grasshoppers traveling in great numbers, an army of them, so thick they looked like snowflakes between us and the sun. They were flying north. Crossing this large body of water so many of the grasshoppers lit and fell into the lake that their dead bodies, washed ashore, contaminated the water close to the edge. I recall that we got on the mules backs and rode out into the lake as far as we could to get water to cook with.

The next day we overtook the troops again, camped at a good spring. They were waiting over a day to let their stock rest and give the men a chance to clean up.

An incident happened the morning we left Old Wife's lake worthy of mention. We knew we were getting close to the buffalo country, but as yet we had seen none. We had hardly left camp when we saw two buffalo making for the lake for water. Father said he would kill one, and taking his muzzle loading rifle he went to a small ridge to wait until the buffalo came within range. He fired, and one fell. He waved for me to drive over to the meat, while he stood reloading his gun. When we were within 50 yards of our meat, the buffalo jumped to its feet and ran away. We had been congratulating ourselves on how good fresh meat would taste, and father remarked that we'd not say we had meat again until we had it in the pan. From there on there was no scarcity of either buffalo or Indians.

The Indians in this part of the Canadian territories were poor and had few ponies. It was a curious sight to see them moving camp. Each family had from six to a dozen wolf-dogs, and they used these dogs to pull travois made from their lodgepoles for hauling their belongings. First they put a pad on the dog's back, then placed the two lodge poles with the upper ends across the pad, fastening them with a wide strap around the dog's body back of the fore legs, with another wide strap as a breast collar. Then the load was lashed on the poles behind the dog. These animals were usually large and strong, and one dog could move 100 pounds. I had seen white traders using dog trains and toboggans, but the Indian method was a new one to me. Another novelty was the Indian dog feasts. Even where wild game was plentiful they chose a fat dog to eat above all other delicacies.

One camp of Crees that we struck, on the beautiful creek called Swift



Cree Indians of the north lived in skin lodges of this type in the days when Al Wilkins, Montana pioneer, and his father used to meet and trade with them.

Current, was having a dog feast. We presented the chief with some minor presents and were making a good trade for furs when the chief came to our wagon and invited us to his lodge to eat. I didn't like the idea at all, but my father said we must go or our trade would not be so good. He went first while I tended camp. Then reluctantly I went to dine for the first time in an Indian lodge. I knew the invitation had to be accepted if we were to make a successful trade, so down I went determined to eat whatever the Indians did. I thought it would be buffalo meat for the most part, and pemmican mixed with berries. When I reached the chief's lodge the squaws took great pains to load my plate with meat from a large pot hanging on a tripod over the fire in the center of the lodge. Then they insisted on my having some pemmican. I tried to clean up my plate, and was doing fairly well when one of the squaws insisted on giving me more meat. She stuck a long forked stick into the pot and brought up the upper part of a half-grown pup's head. That was the end of my dinner. I tore for our camp, and by the time I got there I had got rid of the dog and everything else that was loose in me.

#### Lost His Appetite

After this I observed how the Indians prepared for a dog feast. They scalded the dog's hair as we would scald a hog. Whenever I came to an Indian camp and saw dog hair scattered around I didn't have any appetite.

We were two days' drive behind the detachment when we came to a small camp of Crees who wanted to do some trading. We camped with them late in the afternoon, and traded for a few furs. Just before sundown the Indians moved camp. This did not look good to my father, who knew the redskins' cunning. As soon as they pulled out father said, "I don't like the actions of these Indians. We will hook up and drive till dark." This we did, but were still a days' drive behind the troops. We noticed a few Indians afoot on a ridge to the north of us, and as it was growing dark we camped on a little rise of ground, unhitched the mules and tied them to the side of the wagon and put up our tent back of the team. We had hardly got the tent up when the Indians fired on us. Father told me to lie flat on the ground and use my butcher knife to dig a little trench into which I could roll for protection. I did not need to be told twice. It was not long before I had quite a little trench dug, with the earth banked up around me on both sides, so I was quite well protected from Indian bullets.

I began to worry about father, who was returning the Indian's fire whenever they began to come too close. He warned me to lie low and not expose myself or shoot unless the redskins got inside the tent. Father would shoot, and then move to another place in the tent. The moon came up at last, making it light enough to see a man at close range, and the Indians drew back until daybreak. Then they made a final attempt to get our team. While five or six were shooting at intervals on one side to hold father's attention, one Indian crawled up on the opposite side and succeeded in getting

into our wagon. Our mules began to snort, then pull and rear and lunge. Looking through a hole the bullets had torn in one side of the tent I saw an Indian's arm reaching down from under the wagon cover in the very act of cutting the tie ropes so his companions could stampede the mules. I raised my gun to where I thought the Indian's body would be, and fired. The arm disappeared and soon the team quieted down. We could see the high grass wave where an Indian was crawling away. It grew light, and the little bunch of reds whose idea was to kill us for our trade goods and team gave it up as a bad job, or delayed to get reinforcements.

As soon as it was light and safe for us to expose ourselves we got ready to make a forced drive to overtake Colonel Walsh's command. We found blood in the wagon and on the box where the Indian had crawled out on the opposite side. I had been told not to fire unless an Indian got inside our tent, but I shall always think that shot of mine saved our team; and if we had been set afoot on those plains the reds would have got us sooner or later.

We drove until 2 o'clock without food or water and overtook the command in camp at the spot where Fort Walsh was later built. The commander persuaded us to stay with the troops for two months and help with the work of building the fort. Soon some Americans from Fort Benton, 120 miles distant, came to the new British post and got the contract for putting up hay that fall. It seemed good to see my countrymen again.

Although it has been 62 years since I met these Americans at Fort Walsh I remember the names of nearly all of them. They all lived at Fort Benton. W. O. Dexter had the hay contract. With him were Charles Thomas, Osborn, Vogel, Bell and Hughes, and John Kennedy. There were a few others whose names I cannot recall, but an incident happened in this connection which I shall never forget. One Sunday three of the hay-makers asked me to go with them five miles down the river to a place where they and eleven other men had had a fight with Cree Indians that spring. On the way they told me all about the fight and what had caused it. The white men engaged in it were a bunch of hunters and wolfers returning with their buffalo and wolf hides.

#### Crees Steal Their Horses

While camped on the Teton river, four miles northwest of Fort Benton, they had all their horses stolen by the Crees. Fourteen of the men took the trail of the stolen stock and followed it on foot 120 miles through a wild country. When they finally reached the Indian camp, the Indians met them on the bluffs of Milk river and opened fire on them. There were 50 warriors and 75 old men, squaws and papooses in camp.

These northern Indians were armed with muzzle loading guns, but the hunters had repeating Winchester rifles and six-shooters. The Indians so outnumbered the whites that they were not afraid, and started to fight in the open. They were met with such a fusillade of bullets that they retreated down a coulee where a narrow strip of chokecherry bushes

grew. Here they made a last stand. The white fighters saw the strategy of dividing their forces, putting part on each side of the coulee. With the enemy on both sides, the Indians could find no hiding places in the narrow strip of bushes, and met their fate.

The white hunters followed down to the camp, where one of them was killed, and here another slaughter took place. One of the men discovered his horse picketed inside the camp. Taking his rawhide rope, he threw it time after time over the top of a lodge, and pulled the lodge to the ground while his companions shot down everything inside. After the fight was over the men piled the lodges and Indian effects up and burned them, but they gave the Indian dead a decent burial. They gathered their horses and what few ponies the Indians had and returned home.

I was but a young lad, and the scene of this fighting was a gruesome thing to me. There were the moldering forms of 125 human beings, exposed by the ravages of wild animals and the elements.

Colonel Walsh had been told that the white men had murdered these Indians for their furs and ponies, and had found out that Vogel, Bell and Hughes were of the party. He thought proper to arrest them and make them answer for their supposed crime. The day we started down the river to visit the old battleground, the colonel conceived the idea that these men were making for the American line, and sent 12 mounted policemen after them. Just as we were preparing to leave the battlefield, and the men were looking at the graves of their dead comrades, the policemen rode up and arrested us.

I was a badly scared lad. They took us back to the fort and put us in the guardhouse. Shortly afterward the colonel came to the jail to interview the men and asked the guard what he was doing with that boy in the guardhouse. He ordered the guard to turn me loose. The next morning Vogel, Bell and Hughes, chained together, were started for Winnipeg under a guard of 12 mounties to stand trial for their lives. They were cleared of the murder charge, and that fall were returned to Fort Benton by the Canadian government.

#### Finish Fort Walsh Job

We finished our job at Fort Walsh by the time the haymakers were through with their contract, and were ready to start back to Fort Benton with them early in October. We camped the first night out on the North Fork of Milk river. The Benton boys said this was the most dangerous part of our trip. We had a large Indian lodge that we had traded for, and put it up to accommodate the whole crowd. After supper our dog, trained on the plains not to bark, began to growl and look back on our trail. Each of us grabbed his rifle and we scattered in the high grass expecting Indian trouble. By the time we were hidden back of our horses, picketed around camp, we heard the rattle of a wagon in the distance, followed soon by voices which we recognized as those of white men. Soon a detachment of mounted police came in sight. Colonel Walsh and his guard of 12 men had made a forced march in order to spend that night in camp with us. We built up a bigger fire of buffalo chips to welcome them, fried buffalo meat, and soon had a meal ready that the company greatly enjoyed.

That night we camped at Lonesome Prairie springs, a great place for game to water, and the following morning I saw more buffalo, antelope and wolves than I ever saw at one time before or since. These springs were the only ones for miles, and the game was all working in for water. Here for the first time I learned how wolves make their kill. Not 20 rods from camp a few wolves singled out a buffalo. Two or three wolves bayed him in front, while others ran up behind him and cut his hamstring, letting him down behind.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

# Indian Murders at Wolf Meadows

By G. M. HOUTZ  
Tribune Historical Writer

There was very little Indian trouble in the early days of settlement of the Flathead valley. That is, nothing like a standup fight between the whites and the red brothers. The latter preferred to catch their victims alone, then kill and rob them. Two or three men together were never attacked unless they could be taken unawares or from ambush. A large number of these killings occurred during the passing years before the region became so thickly settled that ventures of the kind came to be regarded by the Indians as dangerous. In most of the cases of butchery by Indians the perpetrators were captured and punished, usually by hanging, an especially disgraceful end from the Indians' point of view.

Very few, if any, of these crimes were attributed to the Flatheads, who stayed pretty close to their reservation and agency at St. Ignatius. But the bunch of Kootenais chieftained by Aneas were bad actors. They resided in Canada, but some of them drifted across the line into the United States when it became too hot for them in their home country. A band of them were herded away from the neighborhood of the then unmarked international line and sent south, as was the case with Rocky Boy and his people east of the mountains.

Having no reservation, nor entitled to any, properly belonging to Canada, where they dared not go, they roamed about this section, avoiding contact with the Flatheads, finally making their base of hunting and criminal activities at Dayton creek. And it was there that officers first looked for anyone wanted for murder or robbery. Killings of whites were usually charged to Aneas and his people, and seldom was a mistake made. Guilty Indians were generally caught and hanged, but in one or two recorded cases justice missed fire.

### Crimes Easily Solved

Indians, and especially squaws, could not resist the temptation to strip the dead of valuables, the vain display of which often led to the solving of mysterious disappearances of white men. An example of such a case was that of a squaw who appeared in the white settlements wearing a gold ring with a Masonic emblem setting.

The exhibition of this ring led to the capture and execution on the old cottonwood trees of four Indians.

The murder of the white man, a newcomer about whom little was known and whose name was forgotten by all who have been interviewed in regard to the story, occurred somewhere near Egan landing. Information as to the identity of the guilty Indians was learned from a young deaf and dumb fellow who lived near Sheriff Hueston had charge of the chase and capture of the reds. The story is that the Indians fled to the neighborhood of where Theriault ferry afterward was located, swam their ponies across and put out for Bad Rock. It was night and very dark. The posse kept to the chase from the sound of the running horses ridden by the fugitives. The criminals were captured before they got to Bad Rock and were brought back to Demersville. The sheriff was promptly relieved of his prisoners and they were hung on the cottonwood tree. It is said that the convenient limb of this old tree finally became adorned with many remnants of rope used in hangings. It was undermined years ago by the river current, finally falling in and becoming covered by drift.

At that time there were dense forests along both sides of the Flathead river, giving cover for the Indians and aiding in their escape from pursuers. Yet most of the atrocities committed by them were followed by capture and execution of the guilty. Whether the right parties were always hanged did not worry the strangers of that day, the general observation after such a hemp stretching being, "Well, they're good Indians now, anyway."

### Braggery Brings Justice

The inclination of the Indians to brag of their feats in crime sometimes led to their punishment. One case of that kind is historic. Three prospectors were unreported for six months, which was not unusual. But there was no suspicion they had been murdered until one of their slayers talked too much in front of Billy

Ramsdell at his store in Tobacco Plains, giving the key to the disappearance of the men and their untimely fate.

On a leaning headstone in Demersville cemetery appears this inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of  
Daniel MacDonald  
Ben Tomkins  
John Cheley

who were cruelly murdered by Indians in Sept. A. D. 1887 on Wolf prairie, and whose remains were removed from there and buried by order of the coroner in this cemetery at Demersville, Sept. 30, 1890.

As a token of respect this monument is erected by J. E. Clifford.

"Peace to their ashes."

The above epitaph is the sequel of the solution of the mystery of the disappearance of the men to whose memory the stone was raised. Their bodies were not found for three years. The punishment of their assassins came long before the remains were located, removed to Demersville and decently buried.

In the fall of 1887 MacDonald, Cheley and Tomkins outfitted for a prospecting trip into the West Fisher country intending to spend the winter in that section in quest of placer gold. They laid in supplies accordingly. They left and were never again seen alive.

### Details Are Learned

It was half a year later that an Indian bragged in the presence of Ramsdell, giving a cue to the fate of the three men. It was learned—how is not stated—that on a day shortly after the adventurers had reached Wolf Prairie they were eating dinner when a band of Indians appeared. Some accounts say there were four bucks and a boy, others that there were 10 Indians in the party. They indicated that they were hungry, were fed by the prospectors, then ostensibly went on their way.

That night, while the white men were lying about their campfire talking, with no thought of danger from the darkness there came a sudden burst of gunfire from the weapons of their late guests. Every white was killed. The Indians stripped the camp of guns, blankets, food and horses.

After the disclosure to Ramsdell, who could not alone have apprehended the assassins, they left the store and the Plains. Ramsdell hastened to Demersville to consult with other white settlers. A close watch was kept on all the Indians that were hanging about, Billy being sure he could identify the slayers.

On March 23 1888, six months after the slaughter, the murderers were taken from among a bunch of Indians encamped below Demersville. No resistance was made or objection offered by their fellows. There was good reason for this docility, for the camp was surrounded by armed white men spooling for a fight. Those arrested admitted the murder. There are conflicting stories about the number. One account says 10 Indians were hanged, another says two were taken and turned over to J. E. Clifford, deputy sheriff. Afterwards, according to the second story the cap-

tors adjourned to the Cliff house saloon where, after filling up on Dutch courage, they decided that they had best take the two away from Clifford and hang them, which they did.

### Court Too Far Away

Perhaps the most authentic story of the affair is the one told by an old timer who was at Demersville then and who took a leading part in the arrests and the executions. He it was who recalled the date, March 23. After the Indians confessed their guilt their captors held a consultation as to what should be done.

The nearest court was at Missoula. To get there with their prisoners it would be necessary to cross Flathead lake, then go by land for more than 50 miles through the Flathead Indian reservation to the Northern Pacific railroad. Though the captives were not of the Flathead tribe, it was feared that an effort would be made to rescue them by their own people from Dayton Creek, which would result in a fight in which more white men might be killed. A very strong guard would be necessary, and if it were taken along, it would leave the women and children of the new communities almost unprotected.

"So," said the teller of the tale, "to save time, money and bloodshed, we hanged them right there and settled the matter." Still one Indian is reported to have made a break and got away on a fast pony into the wilds of Smith valley. Ralph Ramsdell went after him, but was distanced and gave up the chase. The fleeing Indian, says tradition, was afterwards captured, tried at Missoula and executed, at a cost to the county of \$15,000.

One fantastic tale of this hanging is that there were two Indians. The leader of the lynchers, it is related, asked all in favor of hanging to come forward and take hold of his rifle. None came. The boss man then sent them all away and himself hung the two to a cottonwood tree. One was long and one short. They were bound together and this strong man hung them unaided and left them dangling from the limb.

After the hanging was over and the tumult subsided, Chief Aneas and a band of his braves came charging up to Demersville, making hostile demonstrations. Instead of attacking forthwith, when they would have had a chance of victory, they stalled and bluffed until the people of the town had time to summon the settlers, and again the Indians found themselves surrounded by armed white men. Consequently Aneas allowed himself to be pacified with liquor. The gang was then disarmed and started back to Dayton creek.

### Demersville's Close Shave

Demersville had a rather close shave of it in the last brush between whites and reds recalled by old settlers. This was in the fall of 1888 when the Indians sought to avenge the death of a son of Chief Aneas at the hands of a white man.

On a warm evening in early fall, Uncle Tommy Twisp (which is not his name) was sitting relaxed on his front porch in Demersville enjoying the cool of the evening when he awoke to find a woman's scream coming from a domicile about a block distant. A young buck was

capering about the house trying to get in. The woman who lived there was alone with her children at the time, and though the doors and windows were looked after she was badly scared—hence the screams. Annoyed at having his siesta disturbed, Uncle Tommy got out his .30-30 and plugged Mr. Indian. Tommy was a dead shot and could never afterward understand why the bullet he fired "aimed at his legs" blew out the Indian's brains.

However, and despite Uncle Tommy's stammering excuse, there was a cadaver on hand that had to be disposed of, and this job fell to George Stannard, who was then the only white man that could talk the lingo of the Indians, and who conducted most of the traffic of the whites with them.

George had a neat box made; in it the body was placed, and sent by team and wagon down to Dayton creek, where were camped Aneas and his tribe. The body proved to be that of a son of Chief Aneas, so trouble was expected.

In a few days it became apparent that Aneas' tribe was on the way to Demersville to demand the person of the killer of the chief's son; determined to fight for him if necessary. They were all in war paint and armed with rifles, revolvers and knives. They went into camp a short distance below the town.

In the meantime the townspeople were not asleep. The women, children and old men were sent across the river to the island so as to be out of harm's way in event of a fight. Only eight fighting men were left in the settlement, but word had been sent to all settlers of the impending danger, so it was not long until the force was increased.

### Parley for Time

To gain time to permit the arrival of more settlers, Stannard parleyed with the chief and suggested that they discuss the matter after a big feed that he would provide. He had the cooks at the Cliff house make a "mulligan" in a wash boiler with which to regale his unwelcome guests.

While the cooking was going on the Indians came into town and loitered around in the store and saloons, but mainly in the hotel bar room back of which the mulligan was cooking. They took whatever they fancied without paying and without rebuke, so ticklish was the situation. Whites, of course were mixed with the crowd, as by this time they were so many present, the sides were more equal. Ike Finchpaugh says that he and Frank Linderman were there and decided things were apt to pop soon, they made their way across the street where stood the running gear of a freight wagon. Behind this they crouched ready to take part in any fracas the Indians might start.

Dr. Cunningham at that time was the only physician in the valley. Stannard told him of the preparations that were going forward to feed the hostile redskins.

"Well," said Doc, "I'll fix 'em." So saying he pulled two vials of strychnine from his pocket and started toward the kitchen. Stannard took the poison away from him and threw it into the river. Cunningham left the town shortly after this and it is said that his wanderings took him to South Africa where he was with Jamieson in the raid that preceded the Boer war.

In due time the feed was ready. The hostiles were required to stack their guns at the door and then attacked the feast. While they were gorging themselves the loads were drawn from their weapons.

A full stomach, along with plentiful fire water had put the Indians in a more peaceable frame of mind. They were not nearly so anxious for a scrap. After they found that all the fighting men of the valley had assembled, outnumbering them two to one, their courage fizzled out entirely. After staying in their camp a day or two they went peaceably to Dayton.

At present there are but few of this tribe of Kootenais left. They live in the neighborhood of Elmo, on the big arm of Flathead lake, inhabiting some tumble down cabins. Their existence is precarious. Mayor Bruckhauser has furnished them food on several occasions, and has written to Senator Wheeler of their desperate plight in an effort to obtain relief for them.

## Surface Treatments Enhance Store Walls

Various surface treatments can be given to store walls and ceilings to bring them up to date. Older buildings as a rule require structural alterations such as lowered ceilings that make the store look broader and longer. This can change effects better and more economical use of overhead lighting.

To relieve the monotony of long, unbroken walls, many stores can use wall-niches and bays for display purposes and sometimes for counters and shelves for the actual merchandising of quick sale packaged items. Such structural improvements are generally inexpensive and greatly enhance the appearance of the store.

Banks, building and loan associations, and other private financial institutions insured by the federal housing administration advance credit for modernization purposes to responsible persons.

## Turbans Popular For Evening Wear

PARIS.—(UP)—Turbans are proving immensely popular for evening wear. They are practical for last minute invitations where a woman has not time to have an original coiffure arranged by a hairdresser. Silver or gold lame is the most popular material for the evening turbans, although many are made of silver and gold threads that are braided and dressed exactly like real hair. Little velvet caps, exactly matching one's gown, also are shown in the newest collection.

## Store Reports Paint Sell-Out for Repairs

LEXINGTON, Ky.—A local department store reported to the office of the federal housing administration that it completely sold out on paint, following its advertising in the modernize for winter campaign conducted in this city.

# The Old Milk River Indian Agency And Forts Browning, Belknap and Peck, Part of It

Old Forts Browning, Belknap and Peck and Something of Sitting Bull in Relation Thereto

By CLYDE McLEMORE

MILK RIVER, Indian agency, the earliest in Montana east of Fort Benton, was at old Fort Browning on Milk river. From it, by a series of changes, evolved the agency at old Fort Belknap and the one now at Poplar, whose immediate predecessor was at Fort Peck, the date of the great dam across the Missouri.

Having made a treaty with the Gros Ventres, about 2,000 in number, and the River Crows, about 1,000, in July 1868, Special Commissioner W. J. Cullen selected for an agency for those Indians a site on the south bank of the Missouri and on the west side of Peoples creek, two miles southwest of the present Dodson, Phillips county. In honor of Orville H. Browning, secretary of the interior, it was named Fort Browning.

Andrew Jackson was the great father at Washington, having succeeded the martyred Lincoln three years previously. Green Clay Smith was governor of the 4-year-old territory of Montana, whose 30,000 white residents lived in the vicinity of the mountains and in the mining regions. Fort Benton, where lived a few hundred, saw more steamboats the summer of 1868 than ever before or after. In the vast area stretching eastward to Dakota, at fur trading posts and wood camps along the Missouri, lived precariously a more or less nomadic class, unmarried males and a few squaw men, whose number probably did not exceed 150. Here and thereabouts was soon to be the last retreat and stand of the primitive natives who had and desired no other means of subsistence than the buffalo herds.

The great father this summer was abandoning the military road from the Platte via the Big Horn mountains to Bozeman. Two years only it had been established. The Fetterman massacre, the Wagon Box fight, the Hayfield fight, numerous demonstrations, and the constant menace of encircling warriors of the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes seemed more than the road was worth; so, to the chagrin of Montanans, the garrisons at Forts Reno, Phil Kearney and C. F. Smith, stalled and whiplashed, were being withdrawn. Along the Yellowstone, from its mouth to Tongue river, swarmed other Sioux; the Hunkpapas, Minneconjous, Blackfeet (Sioux), Sans Arcs, and Yanktonais—refugees, driven westward in 1862 and '63 by Sibley, and in 1864 and '65 by Gen. Alfred Sully, who five years later was to be detached for service as superintendent of Indian affairs for Montana. Also, in 1865, Gen. P. E. Connor had made a drive northward from the line of the Platte, destroying an Arapahoe village on the head of Tongue river.

The site selected, Cullen began the construction of crude houses which he had the optimism to hope the Indians would inhabit. "I have already built several houses for the Gros Ventres," he wrote on Sept. 2, "and will have 30 houses for them in a few weeks." To have charge, in the status of special agent, Alonzo S. Reed was employed, and entered upon his duties Oct. 1. (This was he who several years later was to become more widely known as the proprietor of Reedsfort, which became Lewistown).

#### Fort Hawley Abandoned

Later in the fall the chosen post traders, A. J. Smith of Chicago, James B. Hubbell of St. Paul, and A. F. Hawley, sometimes known as the Northwest Fur Co. but more often simply as Hubbell & Hawley, abandoned their Fort Hawley on the Missouri above the Musselshell and moved their merchandise 75 miles northward to Fort Browning. Transferred also was J. A. Wells, an employe who had been in the vicinity of Fort Hawley two years and who three years afterward was to move to Fort Benton, his home until he died during the winter of 1884-85.

While engaged upon an unofficial enterprise, in December, Agent Reed contacted a large number of Sioux invaders in the eastern part of his domain. During the summer the steamboat Amelia Poe had been wrecked at the mouth of Milk river. After salvaging most of her cargo,

the owners sold the remainder to Reed, Wells, Tom Campbell and two others.

At the time mentioned these gentlemen thought to go down and possess themselves of their purchased property, stopping first at Fort Peck, a trading post established a year or two previously by Durfee & Peck and named for C. K. Peck of that firm, sometimes known as the Northwestern Transportation Co. Having employed seven men to assist them, Reed and his associates, on the 8th of the month, left Fort Peck to proceed the 12 miles eastward along the Missouri to the stranded boat, some riding horseback and some in Reed's wagon, drawn by four mules.

Enroute the party encountered the band of ill-natured Sioux who attacked them. The whites took to flight. Full 30 minutes the wagon was pursued by Indians behind and on either side. When two of the mules were killed, Reed, Wells and Campbell abandoned the wagon, mounted the remaining mules and a horse tied behind the wagon, and escaped. Of the nine other members of the party, four were killed. It was not until the following summer that the enterprising agent and his co-partners were able to take from the wrecked hull its residue of cargo, which consisted principally of whiskey and rum.

The same summer (1869) the great father resumed his efforts to pacify the bellicose Sioux, a consummation for which he had been striving for some time. The Ogilias under Red Cloud, the Brules under Spotted Tail and other bands, had become reservation subjects at agencies to the eastward. Always, however, there had been and still was a large and over changing group of holdouts, whose leader it had been learned by now was Sitting Bull of the Hunkpapas, born in 1831 and for two years the elected chief warrior of the loosely confederated Sioux nation.

This time the commissioner of Indian affairs induced the veteran missionary Father Pierre J. DeSmet, to make a special trip from St. Louis, proceed to the camp of Sitting Bull and attempt to persuade him to meet treaty commissioners on the Missouri at Fort Rice, Dakota. At his camp on the south bank of the Yellowstone, six miles above Powder river, whose population DeSmet thought was probably 5,000 souls, the chief respectfully received and listened to the "black robe." A few delegates, including Chief Gall, accompanied DeSmet to Fort Rice. Gall was the first of the number to sign the proposed treaty, a ceremony and nothing else, as subsequent events were to prove.

#### Would Not Sell Lands

Sitting Bull remained on the prairie, along and on either side of the Yellowstone. While he desired peace, it was peace on the basis of his being left alone. He sent delegates to meet the agents of the great father at Fort Rice, but he wanted it understood that he did not propose to sell any of his lands; nor did he want the whites to make roads through his country, wantonly kill buffalo and game, or cut his timber.

At Fort Browning, improvements had been going forward. Being supplied with work oxen and some farming implements, Agent Reed had plowed 40 acres of ground; but, having no seed, the land lay idle that summer (1869). From green cotton-wood were constructed buildings usually found at agencies. Besides the numerous cabins designed as dwellings for the Indians, already mentioned, there were other structures; a warehouse, a blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, houses for the interpreter, the farmer, the physician and one intended for a school house. Surrounding them was a stockade with two bastions, and nearby, a corral.

In the fall, from the south, came 10 lodges of Arapahoes and camped among their kinsmen, the Gros Ventres. This was but a small part of the entire band which had started. The others, 150 lodges, stopped on the south side of the Missouri, in the Judith basin.

During the fall and winter 741 Gros Centres died of smallpox. The River Crows, camping for the most part in the Judith basin, did not contract the disease until the following June.

Reed promptly procured an army doctor to administer wholesale vaccination which kept the deaths among them to a minimum, only 80 of them dying.

It appearing that the Crows preferred to remain generally south of the river, 60 lodges of the upper band of Assinibolines under Chief Long Hair, sometimes called Whirlwind, took up their abode at the fort. The relation between the newcomers and the Crows was not entirely harmonious but they got along well with the Gros Ventres, as indicated by the marriage of about 100 of their women to Gros Ventre braves during the summer of 1870.

Reed had now become convinced that the agency should be moved to a more favorable location for farming.

"From my experience on Milk river," said he, in a report dated "Gros Ventres and River Crows agency, Aug. 31, 1876." "I am fully satisfied that it will be impossible to farm successfully, owing to scarcity of water. It seems when crops would need irrigation there is no water; the river becomes dry for miles, in dry seasons." Then, too, there were the buildings, now about two years old, which, he said, "are in bad condition, having shrank, need repair. The houses erected for the Indians were so shabby built that the Indians refused to live in them. I have torn them down, as they afford cover for the hostile Indians."

And, certainly, there was opportunity to observe the actions of hostile Indians thereabouts; for, in the 90 days preceding, bands of Sioux from the vicinity of the mouth of Milk river had made five several raids upon the agency. July 24 they stole from the Gros Ventres 28 horses, and six belonging to agency employes. In a foray six days later, the raiders were less successful. The Gros Ventres were able to get their horses into the corral, and, moreover, killed two of the Marauders. Upon a day in August they made off with eight horses belonging to employes. The Sioux, Reed remarked, are "very troublesome," which was a conservative way of putting it.

The pony express riders on the short-lived mail route from Fort Hawley via Judith basin to Helena, 1867-68, which had to be discontinued because of these same Sioux, and the settlers at Kercheval and then Musselshell City, who had several fights with them between 1868 and 1870, doubtless would have used stronger language.

#### Mismanagement Is Charged

But things were in a bad way for Reed in respect of his official and personal conduct. A new superintendent for Montana, Jasper A. Viall, removed him and on Nov. 7, placed in temporary charge C. L. Clark, a deputy United States marshal. Viall stated that under Reed's administration, "affairs at this agency were grossly mismanaged, it being made a rendezvous for whiskey dealers and illicit traders of all descriptions. . . provisions sent for issue to the Indians were traded to them for robes and furs, and whiskey openly traded at the post, and government property squandered and sold in the most disgraceful manner. I succeeded in seizing 21 head of work cattle belonging to the agency, which had been disposed of by the late agent, A. S. Reed," continues Superintendent Viall, "and they are now held by the United States marshal, subject to the decision of the courts. . . Reed found that he was so closely beset by affidavits of his former employes and others that he came forward and acknowledged by affidavit that he had embezzled the cattle and sold them, pointed out where they were . . ."

In one particular, however, Viall agreed with the discredited Reed—the Milk river agency was unfavorably located. "The truth is," he asserted, "influence was brought to bear in the interest of the whiskey trade when the place was built. . . The employes. . . have to boil and skim all water used for domestic purposes, and, besides, the location itself is totally unfit for an agency, being commanded by a long bluff within 200 yards of the gate where 10,000 Indians could conceal themselves and attack the post without fear of dislodgment."

Yet while Fort Browning continued as the Milk river agency; and never again was there complaint of graft or criminal mismanagement, for the next April 1 (1871) a new special agent took charge—Andrew J. (Jack) Simmons, well known and respected in and about Helena. Born in Indiana in 1834, he went to California when 17 years of age; then to Nevada, where he became speaker of the first state legislature. Later he located in Idaho, and then moved to Helena, where he married Miss Kate Chumarsero, daughter of one of the most prominent lawyers of the territory. To sketch his subsequent career, at some cost to the continuity of this story, Simmons, like scores of other Montanans in whose blood was the mining urge, stampeded to the Black Hills of Dakota in 1876, was active in various enterprises in that region, became councilman and later, mayor of Rapid City, where he resided many years. His death occurred at the home of a son in Denver, Dec. 23, 1920.

In the reformation of Fort Browning, of importance almost if not quite equal to the appointment of Simmons as agent was the appointment of James Stuart as post trader. He was a man of known courage, integrity and intelligence. With his brother, Granville Stuart, he had come to Deer Lodge valley before the days of the gold rush, which began in 1862, and was widely known throughout the territory.

As of Aug. 31, 1871, says Agent Simmons, the Sioux immigrants included about 2,500 Santees under Standing Bull's brother, about 4,300 Yanktonas, Yanktonais, and other Sioux, under Medicine Bear. Further west, and nearer the agency were Assinibolines, Gros Ventres, River Crows and a small number of Arapahoes and Cheyennes living among the Gros Ventres. In the aggregate, the various bands claimed about 30,000 square miles, an area which today includes most, if not all, of Hill, Blaine, Phillips and Valley counties besides which they claimed hunting grounds and privileges in the areas of what are now Roosevelt and Sheridan counties, and, south of the Missouri, in Judith Basin and in Garfield, McCone, Dawson and Petroleum counties.

#### Indians Urged to Hunt

To care for his wards Simmons was able to issue small quantities of flour and bacon for hunting parties. The Indians were urged to exert themselves in the chase. During the season, it was estimated, 50,000 buffaloes were killed for meat.

"They appear to fully appreciate the fact," Simmons goes on to say, "that the game will in a short time disappear, as it did in the eastern country, which they (the Sioux) formerly inhabited, and that it will necessitate a change in the mode of life. Some of the chiefs have told me that they have now no other place to go, and will die here unless provided for by the Great Father."

Speaking for the Assinibolines, Chief Red Stone of the lower band desired his people to learn about the white man's farming so that, as the chief said, "my people may live after the game is dead."

About the middle of October, Superintendent Viall at Helena received information that a group of half-breeds from Canada had settled among the Indians and were engaged in illicit trade, probably selling arms and ammunition to the recalcitrant element under Sitting Bull of the Hunkpapas. Gen. John Gibbon at Fort Shaw, on Sun river, was requested to despatch an expedition to arrest the offenders and seize the contraband stores.

Maj. H. B. Freeman, on the 20th, set out with two companies of the Seventh infantry, and in 10 days reached Fort Browning. Learning there that the half breeds were camped about 70 miles east northeast, on Frenchman creek, they resumed the journey the same evening. By forced marches they were able to surprise the camp about 2 o'clock, the morning of Nov. 2.

Sixty families of half breeds, with 20 lodges of Santee Sioux, were found scattered along the creek for a distance of four or five miles. No resistance was offered. A trading establishment of five buildings, and an-

# Yellowstone River Important Waterway in Early Days

By CLYDE McEMORE  
Tribune Historical Writer  
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FOR three-quarters of a century, with intervals, the Yellowstone was an important waterway, a much used avenue of travel and transportation. Almost every year from 1806, when Capt. William Clark's party descended the river, until the railroad reached Billings in the summer of 1882, man powered craft of various types plied the stream. There were explorers and fur trappers and dealers; then eastbound miners, and, lastly, contractors and traders who supplied provisions for soldiers occupying the valley.

During the period last mentioned the steamboats greatly overshadowed the smaller craft—but that is another story.

With exceptions which will be mentioned, the small craft traffic was never organized in the manner of carriers for hire. For the most part, the boats were fitted, designed for single downstream trips. As to type, they included the pirogue, or log canoe; bull, or skin, boat; keel boat, sail boat and the mackinaw, or flat, boat and, while the railroad was being built up the valley, there were tie and timber drives on the river. Only the keel boat was used for upstream as well as downstream navigation.

Adopting the custom of mariners, the proprietors gave their boats individual names, which sometimes were fanciful and striking. Always there were a captain and a pilot. The crew was numbered according to the size of the vessel.

It will be recalled that, on their homeward journey from the Pacific, Captains Lewis and Clark separated west of the Rocky mountains, the former to descend the Missouri and the latter, the Yellowstone. It was planned that their reunion would be at the confluence of the rivers. Clark's party was divided at the three forks and again on the Yellowstone, at or near the present railroad station of Rapid, about midway between Columbus and Park City. There he fashioned two large cotton-wood canoes, 28 feet long, and, with rawhide thongs, lashed them together, side by side. In this craft, the captain, Charbonneau and his wife, the celebrated Shoshone woman, Sacajawea, and several men passed down the river during July.

Clark's journal, July 24, records that he "had all our baggage put on board of the two small canoes which when lashed together is very sturdy and I am convinced will carry the party . . . at 8 p. m. (a. m.?) we set out. . . . That night the party tied the canoes near the present Huncey. After pausing at Pompey's Pillar the next day, they stopped for the night a little below, at Bull Mountain creek.

The next camp was at the mouth of the Big Horn. On the 27th they proceeded to a point about 12 miles above the present Forsyth and the following day stopped several miles below the Rosebud. They reached the mouth of Tongue river and the site of the present Miles City the 29th and the following day camped just below the mouth of Powder river and a little west of the present Terry. The next evening they made camp at or near the present Glendive. Aug. 9 their canoes nosed into the Missouri.

**Built Bull Boats**  
Upon launching the canoes at Rapid, Clark had sent four men in charge of 25 horses to be driven to the Mandan village on the Missouri, but this little party, after the Crow Indians had stolen the horses, constructed two small tublike bull boats, which they launched at Pompey's Pillar and in which, about a week behind Clark's canoes, they proceeded down the river. Boats of this type were made by stretching buffalo hides, hairy side in, over a willow frame.

The following summer Manuel Lisa and his fur trading party from St. Louis brought up to the mouth of the Big Horn a large keel boat heavily loaded with goods and supplies. Such boats were usually from 60 to 80 feet long, sharp at the ends, with a rounded bottom, covered, and equipped with a small cabin. With great difficulty they were brought up stream by French-Canadian and Creole voyageurs, who walked along the bank or in the water as occasion demanded while pulling or "cordeling" by means of a long rope attached to the prow or bow of the boat. There were cars, push poles and sometimes a sail, which were brought into use when conditions permitted. Lisa's outfit arrived Nov. 21, and at once began construction of a trading post and fort to serve as winter headquarters.

Leaving some of the party at the fort, Lisa and the remainder returned down the river the next spring to

## Channel of Navigation From Time Captain Clark Boated There Until Coming of Railroad in 1882; Interesting History Associated With Stream in Montana

In the fall of 1809 he sent another outfit to the Yellowstone. Two barges were brought to the mouth of Tongue river, where, because the river froze, they were left and the goods cached. The following spring Pierre Meynard, a partner in the enterprise, and a number of employes set out for St. Louis with the original keel boat and one of the barges left at Tongue river. For the purpose of hunting, and thereby supplying meat for the main party, Thomas James and another went ahead in a skin, or bull, boat.

**Indians Drove Them Out**  
A dozen years or so later the Missouri Fur Co., an outgrowth of Lisa's enterprise, came up the river to trade with the Crows, but after the murder of seven of their men in a party led by Michael E. Immel and Robert Jones near the mouth of Error creek May 31, 1823, the survivors constructed skinboats in which they left the country, taking their harvest of furs to a post of theirs on the Missouri.

In August, two years afterwards, William H. Ashley of St. Louis, principal partner in the Rocky Mountain Fur Co., transported down the river in a fleet of skin boats a cargo of furs valued at from \$40,000 to \$75,000, the boats being manned by 25 men under direction of Ashley, himself. The furs were obtained in the Green river country in what is now western Wyoming. Because of reported hostility of the Arctostare Indians along the Plate river route, he chose to return homeward via the Big Horn, the Yellowstone and the Missouri.

Coming overland to the lower end of Big Horn canyon, the party there constructed the boats. From that canyon to the mouth of the Yellowstone required 12 days. Among the party were James Bridger and James Beckwith (also spelled Beckwith). At the Missouri Bridger separated from the main party, coming back to the mountains, while the others arranged for transportation down the Missouri. Boats such as Ashley made were 10 to 15 feet long and five or six feet wide.

With an interim of one or two years, the American Fur Co. maintained a post in the Crow country for 28 years, beginning in 1832 with Fort Cass on the south side of the

Yellowstone and two miles below the confluence of the Big Horn. During that period other posts were established successively, at the mouth of Tongue river, near the mouth of the Rosebud, and about opposite the mouth of the Great Porcupine, each post being destroyed in favor of a successor.

For bringing up the supplies and taking down the furs annually, a keel boat was hauled up the river from Fort Union, the headquarters post on the north side of the Missouri a few miles above the mouth of the Big Horn. During one or more brief periods a competing company also maintained a trading post in the Crow country and likewise made use of keel boats.

In 1832, besides the keel boat brought up the river to the junction of the Big Horn by A. J. Tullock of the American Fur company, whom the Crows knew as The Crane, Johnson Gardiner, a free trapper, also navigated the river. At the "Crossings," which seems to have been below the confluence of Powder river and near the mouth of O'Fallon creek, Gardiner loaded his catch of 206 beaver skins into a bull boat, which he named Antoine, and proceeded down to Fort Union to trade with Kenneth McKenzie, the factor there.

The next year the fur brigades operating in the Green river country chose to return to St. Louis by way of the Big Horn. Yellowstone and the Missouri, as had been done by Ashley's outfit eight years earlier. The first to arrive at the lower end of Big Horn canyon was the little party of Nathaniel J. Wyeth, Aug. 12. There Wyeth built a large bull boat from three buffalo skins, a vessel 18 feet long, about 8 1/2 feet wide, sharp at each end, with flat bottom and drawing 18 inches of water when loaded.

Besides Wyeth, the party consisted of Milton Sibley, a Nez Perce youth, and Baptiste, a Flathead halfbreed. Wyeth complained that because of their too free use of bad liquor the two Indian employes almost capsized the boat the first day in the turbulent waters of the Big Horn. The following day the party stopped a while at Tullock's post, Fort Cass, where Wyeth disposed of some of his

furs. It was six days later, the 24th, when the Missouri was reached.

3,000 Beaver Skins  
Closely behind Wyeth were two larger outfits, one belonging to the Rocky Mountain Fur Co. and the other to Capt. Benjamin Lewis Eulalie de Bonneville. In charge of the former was Robert Campbell, one of the partners, who at the foot of the canyon made three skin boats in which part of the men took down the river the season's catch, 3,000 beaver skins. On the Big Horn the boat in which Campbell took passage was capsized and he narrowly escaped drowning; 200 skins were lost. Bonneville's men, in charge of Michael Carre, likewise made three boats, in which 36 of their number embarked with their cargo.

Not long afterwards Tullock completed five wooden boats of the mackinaw, or flat bottomed, type, in which he transported to Fort Union the first winter's accumulation of furs at Fort Cass.

In addition to the usual navigation by the American Fur Co. that season, there was also on the river in 1848 a young Irish sportsman, John Palliser. Having spent the previous winter at Fort Union, he took a hunting trip up the Yellowstone. Traveling overland with horses he ascended the valley probably as far as the Rosebud, and maybe further. Returning, he sent employes overland with his horses while he and one man went down the river in a skin boat towing another in which were stowed supplies and provisions.

Also this season, there came up the river an opposition fur company, a trading outfit representing Harvey, Pletche & Co. At the mouth of the Yellowstone, where they had built a fort, they constructed a barge of sawed lumber to pull which required 21 men, who labored four weeks to reach the site selected for their Yellowstone post, a point about opposite the mouth of the Great Forcyp. A few miles west of the present Forsyth. That winter this outfit built another barge and the following June it and the one brought the summer previous were taken down the river, the down trip requiring but four days.

**Annuity Goods Contract**  
In July, 1854, Alfred J. Vaughan, United States Indian agent, arranged with the fur company to transport to its post on the Yellowstone annuity goods for the Crows, which had been brought from St. Louis to Fort Union by the steamboat, Genoa, belonging to that company.

"On Tuesday the 18th of July," Agent Vaughan reported, "the goods of the Crow nation were safely stored in a keel boat; and . . . we left Fort Union . . . up the Yellowstone. The boat was 70 feet long, loaded almost to the water's edge with the government's good and those of P. Chouteau, Jr. & Co. [Am. Fur Co.-C. M.] for their trading post on that river. The boat was to be taken a distance of 300 miles . . . by human strength, with the cordelle.

"We encountered many difficulties . . . and arrived safely at our destination. . . . Often the men would pull for hours in water up to their waists, with a current against them which would carry them off their feet at the slightest misstep, making not more than six miles in 12 hours, when it was necessary to be in a continual state of readiness for an attack, not knowing at what instant an unseen enemy might fire upon us from their thousand lurking places. . . .

"On the morning of the 19th of August, as we were passing along near the mouth of Tereque [Tongue-C. M.] river, the [six] Crow Indians who had accompanied us by land . . . were riding in advance of us, when suddenly a gun was fired from a thicket of willows, and our Indians uttered a terrible shriek and ran. Fifty shots followed in quick succession, and, with a whoop and yell, over 70 naked warriors of the Blackfeet tribe rushed out of the bushes. . . . Two of the Crows were killed and scalped, and their bodies horribly mangled, their skulls knocked in, and otherwise dreadful disfigured."

Because of the hazard of hostile Blackfeet, the Crow post was abandoned and burned the following spring. To carry down the stock of furs, two wooden boats were constructed. James H. Chambers, an employe, noted in his diary that the larger boat, named the Colonel Vaughan, required "one & a half bale oakum, 14 hole cloths & 9 good lodge skins, 14 flour sacks & sugar sacks" for its caulking. Upon the two boats were loaded "about 180 packs (1,500 robes, 4 packs (400) beaver, deer, elk, etc." Starting at 1 p. m. May 12, the



Emperor Haile Selassie personally took command of his troops relating Italian invasion by journeying from Addis Ababa to Dessye where he settled down to a military routine. He is shown with his Empress on a recent visit to the Red Cross hospital unit set up at Addis Ababa. (Associated Press Photo)

# Indian and White Brought in Touch

Captain Ed Ball, the Lieutenant Clark and the Lieutenant Reed. Each carried from 6,000 to 14,000 pounds of freight. Between them they had as passengers 27 recruits for Gibbon's command. On the 17th went the mail boat, Gen. Phil Sheridan, manned by Sam Malin, P. Shindorf and T. Sherman.

"Mr. Tracey's second boat was rolled out on wheels for Benson's landing last Monday," says the Bozeman Times of Aug. 31. She was promptly launched with "7,000 pounds of vegetables for Tongue river."

The number of boats that passed down the river from May 1 to Oct. 1 cannot be determined. Enough have been noticed to indicate they were numerous. Although the pattern and size were by no means uniform, a standard was specified by Lieut. G. A. Doane, Second Cavalry: length 40 feet, width 12 feet, depth 3 feet—requiring 3,485 feet of pine lumber, capable of carrying 22,000 pounds and drawing eight inches of water when so loaded; but most of the boats actually built were much smaller than Doane's suggested model.

That fall McCormick concluded to establish a store, or at least engage in trading at Tongue River cantonment. Gibbon's men had been returned to Fort Ellis and Fort Shaw. Yet there was need for flatboats again in 1877, for Gen. Nelson A. Miles and his Fifth Infantry units were permanently located at the mouth of Tongue river, while other units were building the new Fort Custer near the present Hardin.

A correspondent at Tongue River cantonment, March 26, reported to the Bozeman Times: "I understand that L. M. Black & Co. (of Bozeman) have the mail contract between this place and Fort Buford, D. T. The first mail will leave tomorrow in a mackinaw for Buford. M. M. Black, I understand, is going down with it to make necessary arrangements."

Two boats owned by (James M. ?) Brewer set out from Benson's the 17th of May and 17 days later arrived safely at the new Miles City. The following day came three boats owned by (T. I. ?) Dawes; a fourth, with its cargo, was lost enroute.

**More River Traffic**

Later in the month the Paulding and the Captain Ball weighed anchor at Benson's for Miles City. Both were owned by Charles W. Hoffman, sutler at Fort Ellis, who was sending down the river 12,000 pounds of goods and 6,000 pounds of potatoes. Aboard the former, besides its crew of two men, were three passengers, John X. Biedler, deputy United States marshal; John McCormick and Alex Carmichael, who were going down on official business in connection with the organization of Custer county. Aboard the other boat were Assistant Surgeon H. O. Paulding, U. S. A.; George Herendeen, Cy Mounts and one Willson. The boats touched at Huntley May 28. Five miles below that point the Paulding was capsized that day. Biedler lost all his official papers, including the commissions for the men appointed by Gov. B. F. Folsom to be the first county fathers. The boat was raised, repaired and reached Miles City.

During the season at least 14 boats, privately owned, came down from Benson's to Miles City. Besides this known number, the government contracted with Jerry McGraw to build a fleet of 30 to be launched at Benson's in September. At the same time bids were called for on 270,000 pounds of potatoes and 25,000 pounds of onions, which were to be transported by the boats. Company H, Fifth Infantry, was ordered to proceed from Tongue river to Benson's to assist in the undertaking. It was not until Oct. 18 that the fleet got off. Twelve of the boats bound for Fort Custer were in charge of Lieutenant Thompson, Fifth Infantry, and George Herendeen, a civilian; 18 of them were to go to Fort Keogh on Tongue river.

Also in that month Nez Perce captives who surrendered to General Miles at the Bear's Paw mountains Oct. 5—those of them whom Miles had brought back with him to Fort Keogh—were to be transported to Fort Abraham Lincoln on the Missouri, opposite and three miles below Bismarck. Fred G. Bond, a buffalo hunter, having been engaged to take charge of one boatload, was allowed to choose his boat from 14 the government bought from citizens who brought down vegetables for sale to the soldiers. "Being the first to select my choice from the flat bottom fleet," says Bond, "I picked out one that appeared to be the swiftest runner. It was 32 feet long and 8 feet wide, tapering slightly at each end and made double of inch whipsawed lumber, caulked with pitch and tar and having four long sweep-oars." In this, with aid of a crew, he took 22 of the Nez Perce prisoners.

Late in March of the following spring, John C. Guy, storekeeper, rancher and postmaster at Sherman (postoffice, Etchetah), two or three

## Adventure and Romance, Often Crowded With Tragedy, Occupy Stage of Human Action as Men Push On for Fur, Gold or Other Profit in Dawning of Newer Day

miles below and opposite the mouth of the Big Horn, loaded 6,000 pounds of potatoes into a mackinaw for the market at Miles City and Fort Keogh. The 25th of the same month Clark and Hubbell, from above, and a Mr. Warren passed Sherman with two boatloads of potatoes, flour and other provisions enroute to the same market. Early in April Peck and Riley of the Gallatin valley country brought down two or more flatboats loaded with potatoes.

The first part of May a sailboat, the Speckled Trout, capable of carrying about 60,000 pounds, was launched at Benson's landing by Capt. P. C. Sovereign, freighted with provisions for the Tongue river trade and other things to be taken on down the river and down the Missouri to Sioux City. At Huntley Omar Hoskins of the firm, Hoskins & McGillivray, who operated the store, stage station, postoffice and ferry at that place, arranged with Captain Sovereign for passage for himself and transportation to Sioux City of a large quantity of country produce. The Speckled Trout had a main sail

of 30-foot hoist and 28-foot boom and was built at a cost of \$1,000. Besides a sizeable cargo, she carried, altogether, six passengers, making the entire trip speedily and without mishap.

Having returned to Bozeman, after a trip through the national park, J. H. Schenberger, by arrangement with seven others, in October, constructed a boat by which to proceed to the states from Benson's Landing. They rowed all day and slept on the bank at night. Snowstorms overtook them. Melting snow froze the oars. In spite of these and other difficulties, they kept going. Below Fort Buford, on the Missouri, a steamboat picked them up.

**60-foot Flatboats**  
In the spring of 1879, Judge Henry H. Blake, having arranged to hold a special term of district court, the first in Custer county, accompanied by E. Vivion, district attorney, traveled overland from Bozeman to Benson's and there, for the remainder of the journey, boarded a steamboat appropriately named the Blackstone.

In May, 1881, two or more large

flatboats, 60 feet long, were built at Miles City for transporting to Bismarck the season's accumulation of robes, furs and hides—several thousand in number. At Wolf rapids, just below the mouth of Powder river and a little above the present Ferry, one of the boats broke in two upon a rock. It was a complete loss but, because they were securely tied in large bundles, the peltries were saved.

On the 3d of July a small boat with six men aboard, enroute from Miles City to Bismarck, was wrecked a short distance below Glendive. One man was drowned; the others were rescued by the steamboat, Big Horn, bound upstream.

While the railroad was being built westward through the valley, closely paralleling the river—during the latter half of '81 and in 1882—contractors cut ties and bridge timbers on the upper reaches of the tributaries of the Yellowstone, which they floated down the smaller streams and to the desired point on the river in the manner of log drives. I. D. O'Donnell, who shortly afterwards settled at the infant town of Billings and who has long been known as a pioneer in eastern Montana, was employed on one or more such drives, and, in particular, on a drive from about 100 miles up Tongue river.

A correspondent at Big Timber, under date of July 28, 1882, wrote of a large drive then being made from the Boulder, which enters the Yellowstone from the south at Big Timber: "Messrs. Seelye and Kilroy are running a large force of men in the timber back in the mountains along the Boulder, getting out ties and timber for the Northern Pacific railroad. They have just started their tie drive of 200,000 ties down the Yellowstone."

That winter rails were laid as far westward as Livingston, after having reached Billings in August, bringing to a close, except for an occasional pleasure craft, navigation on the Yellowstone, which, as to small vessels, had been carried on for 76 years (1806-1882): first by explorers; then, for more than half a century, by fur traders; next by miners returning to the states from the gold mines in the western part of Montana territory; and, finally, by contractors and hucksters transporting vegetables and provisions from the Gallatin country to the settlement at Miles City and to soldiers at Forts Keogh and Custer.

"In the National Geographic magazine, July, 1928, may be read the log of a pleasure trip from Livingston to St. Louis made (in 1921) by Lewis R. Freeman in a 14-foot sectional steel skiff weighing 150 pounds.

## Yellowstone Park Region Known to Trappers and Traders Roving Through Storied Land of Beauty

By ALBERT J. PARTOLL  
Tribune Historical Writer

**H**ISTORY will always speculate as to how well the region of Yellowstone park was known to wandering bands of trappers and traders. The natural display of wonders was often mentioned by these mountain men, whose stories while perhaps colored by imagination, had a basis of fact.

James Bridger and the Yellowstone region have gone down in history as associates of wilderness days. Bridger was one of the early publicists of the region, for by his yarns of a region of natural wonders he let it be known that the west has something worth investigating.

Few witnesses there are who really took stock in Bridger's tales or who cared to remember them. Yet by good fortune, P. W. Norris, a man who knew Bridger and who became superintendent of the Yellowstone national park, wrote a paper in 1897 which tells of what he actually learned from Bridger.

**Qualified to Judge**

The account of Norris deserves incorporation in the early history of the region, for he was well qualified to judge the value of Bridger's yarns. Norris, in 1875, had explored a portion of the park and written a "Journal of Rambles in the Far West," which is not the same as his other account referred to.

One who personally knew Bridger, the Norris account is worthy of quoting:

"In 1844 James Bridger to me personally, and as I now know correctly, described the canyons of the upper Snake river but had neither seen nor obtained a correct conception of the geysers, deeming them real incancesses. His description of Two Ocean pass south of the park is now admitted to be mainly correct, and there is more truth than sport (as per campfire custom) in his famous story of a foaming torrent, icy cold at its snowy fountain head and seething hot half a mile down the mountain side, though not caused, as he boasted and perhaps believed, by the velocity of the descent but by a crag hidden firehole basin of spouting water and seething brimstone.

**Millions of Beaver**

"So with his famous legend of a lake with millions of beaver nearly impossible to kill because of their superior acuteness, with haunts and houses in inaccessible grottoes in the base of a glistening mountain of glass, which every mountaineer of our party at once recognized as an exaggeration of the artificial lake and obsidian mountain which I this year discovered, as briefly stated in my explorations chapter of this report.

"I have ever given much credence to a well indorsed campfire legend of a mountaineer named Smith having, prior to the days of Bonneville, written a narrative of his explorations of the firehole regions and being killed by Indians before its publication; but have never found written proof thereof. Border legends although often

gross exaggerations, are seldom wholly false, and scores of them indicate that white mountaineers did long ago occasionally visit portions of the park for trapping or concealment, and perhaps both.

**White Men's Work**

"This is, in fact, proven by ancient stumps of large trees cut for breast-works and for footlogs across the crevices. Heliboarding and other mountain torrents, which no experienced mountaineer would fail to recognize as those of white men, from being routed from below in a way never practiced by any known Indians. Also a corral near Amethyst mountain and the ruins of an ancient blockhouse with a roof of dried porcupine, clearly the work of unknown white men, near the grand canyon below Mount Washburn, and a cache of martin steel traps of a peculiar form only used by the Hudson Bay trappers some 50 years ago, which were recently found along our road near the Indian arrowhead quarry at Beaver lake."

Montanans will be interested in his statements about naming a few places in the park region. He quotes that "as discoverer, and probably yet sole white visitor, I from its group of white geyser cones name it the Montume basin, and I trust none will ever question the appropriateness of Beaver lake, Obsidian mountain and other names given to localities which I have discovered and explored to do with the tourist interest in Yellowstone park and in this connection it is appropriate to mention a real pioneer road making venture by Norris and party. The record of Norris reads in this regard:

**A Difficult Job**

"Obsidian there rises like basalt in vertical columns many hundreds of feet high, and countless huge masses had fallen from this utterly impassable mountain into the hissing hot spring margin of an equally impassable lake, without either Indian or game trail over the glistening fragments of nature's glass, sure to severely lacerate. As this glass barricade sloped from some 200 or 300 feet high against the cliff at an angle of some 45 degrees to the lake, we—with the silvered fragments of timber thrown from the heights—with huge fires, heated and expanded, and then, men well screened by blankets held by others, by dashing cold water, suddenly cooled and fractured huge masses. Then with huge levers, steel bars, sledge, pick and shovels and severe laceration of at least the hands and faces of every member of the party, we rolled, slid, crushed and shoveled one-fourth of a mile of good wagon road midway along the slope; it being, so far as I am aware, the only road of native glass upon the continent."

Although Norris penned these few notes in 1878, they serve as a reminder that the heritage of Montanans and every citizen of the nation includes the privilege of seeing a land of natural wonders unexcelled by any place in the world.



**PLAYS BETWEEN PICTURES**  
—Rochelle Hudson, youthful screen actress, is a frequent visitor at Palm Springs, Cal., where she whiles away time at play between pictures.



*The Monarch of the Plains may once more be classed as a game animal*

# A Prophecy Fulfilled

*"And the buffalo shall return to the Northern pastures"*

By MICHAEL O'MAYO

CHIEF GREAT RUNNING HORSE sat before his tepee, surrounded by his squaws and a few of his young braves. Gazing across the swirling waters of the Athabaska, mighty river of Canada's northland, he echoed an age-old prophecy. "And the buffalo shall return to the Northern pastures!" cried the aged Indian Chief. "For so it was told to me by my father and grandfather, who learned it from the wise men of our tribe. They shall return in a moon when the skies shall weep much, and when the Athabaska shall fill her banks with spring waters."

The squaws sagely nodded agreement, but the young braves grinned among themselves at these old men's tales. Those dark-skinned youngsters had reason to scoff, for had not the palefaces driven the buffalo from the plains years before? The Monarch of the Plains had been vanquished by the onward rush of civilization.

For all that, Chief Running Horse was right, for in the spring of 1925 there

moved down that same Athabaska one of the strangest cavalcades since Noah drove the original pair of buffalo into the ark and started on his journey which ended at Mount Ararat. In that year the buffalo returned to the Northern pastures! And strange to say, like the original pair of buffalo, they came in a boat.

Now the Athabaska, while a mighty river, is sluggish, and her ever shifting currents throw up sand-bars to hinder navigation. Only a river man who knows her whims and moods can follow the channel. The good ship *Northland Echo* had such a pilot, and steadily she pushed her way between the sandbars of the river. Just before reaching Fort Fitzgerald an order was transmitted from the bridge to the engine-room. The engines were throttled down, and the ship slowly nosed her way toward the east bank, pushing ahead of her a great decked scow from which came curious noises of clashing horns and shuffling hoofs.

A gate at the end of the scow was open-

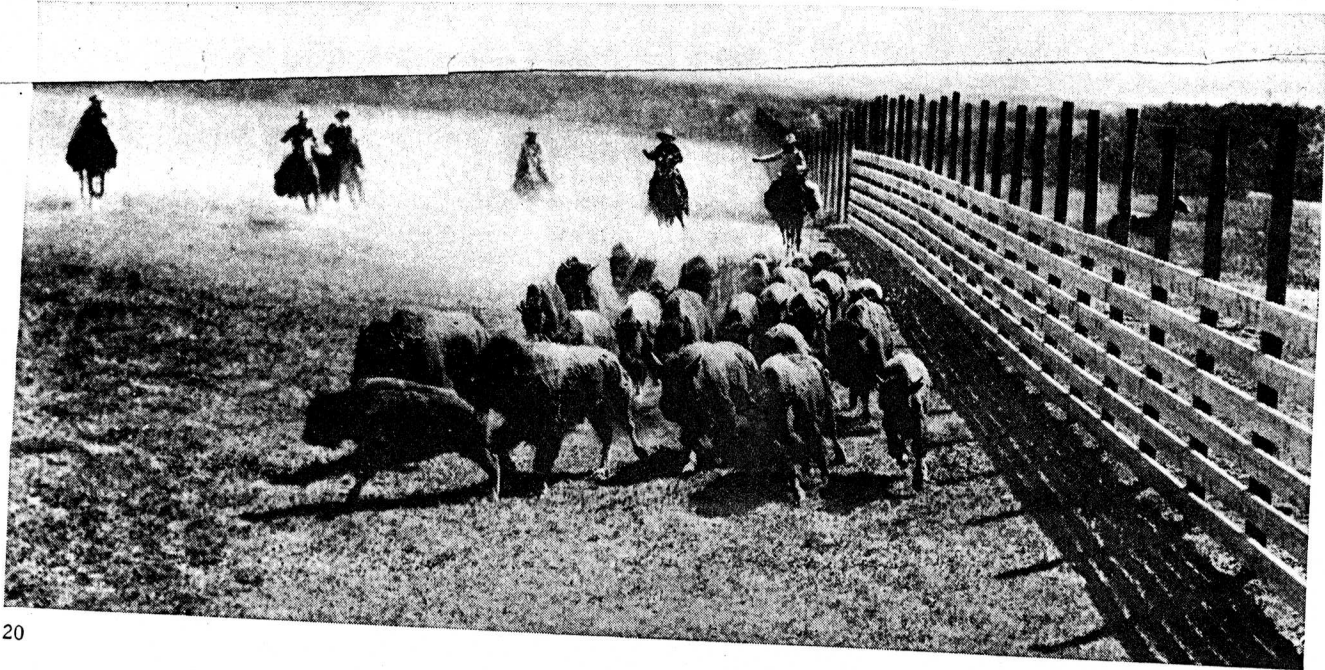
ed and a shaggy, inquiring head peered forth. A deck-hand, from somewhere in the rear, yelled "Hi!" and the owner of the shaggy head hied. A two-year-old buffalo ambled ashore. Just ahead was a tuft of grass. The buffalo bull tasted it, and somehow telegraphed a soundless message to his fellows aboard the scow. More of the animals went ashore, following the venturesome one.

Ahead of them lay knee-deep, lush pasture and a fringe of trees which afforded shelter from these humans who crowded them into strange places, poked their ribs and shouted queer noises. A few at a time, the young buffalo moved toward their new pastures. Then, with heads down and tails in the air, they raced toward the inviting shelter.

A time-honored prophecy had come true, for the buffalo had returned to the pastures of the North!

There was a time, to be sure, when the rolling plains of North America were blackened, as far as the keen eye of the

*Round-up of young buffalo stock for shipment to Wood Buffalo Park*





## A Prophecy Fulfilled

pioneer could see, with these huge, shaggy, hump-backed creatures. They bellowed, fought and pawed the earth until it trembled as though under the stress of an earthquake. They roamed from the Gulf of Mexico to the Peace River, and their numbers were so great that they seemed as inevitable as the sunrise.

**B**UT the course of civilization was westward, and the paleface crossed the plains, lured by the promise of gold. The buffaloes fell before the blazing guns of pioneers, frontiersmen and hunters. The slaughter was terrible, but the immense numbers of buffalo seemed to be inexhaustible.

After more than half a century of this unbelievable slaughter, William Blackmore, a railroad pioneer, wrote in his diary in 1868 that "whilst crossing the plains on the Kansas Pacific Railway, for a distance of upwards of twenty miles, between Ellsworth and Sheridan, we passed an almost unbroken herd of buffalo. The plains were blackened with them . . . and more than once the train had to stop to allow unusually large herds to pass."

Three years later, Col. R. I. Dodge recorded that from Old Fort Zara to Fort Larned, in Arkansas, he saw a herd of buffalo twenty-five miles wide and fifty miles long, which took three days and nights to pass him. He estimated that there were more than four million animals in that enormous herd. And this, be it remembered, was after millions of buffalo had fallen to the red-hot guns of hide hunters frenzied with the lust of slaughter!

The carnage was terrible. In Canada, for instance, many large expeditions left the Red River colony (now Winnipeg) to hunt buffalo. Westward went these expeditions with their long trains of Red River carts, made without nails and with wheel-tires of stretched buffalo-skins. In 1825 there went forth an expedition of 680 of these creaking carts. Five years later the number had grown to 820, while in 1840 no less than 1,200 Red River carts, accompanied by "an army of buffalo hunters greater than that with which Cortez subdued an empire," set forth to carry death to the buffalo of the Northwestern plains.

Men slaughtered for the sheer lust of

slaughter. Parties of European tourists would gamble as to the number of animals they could kill in a day, and would leave the bodies to rot or as food for the wolves. Professional hunters, armed with long-range rifles, butchered on a wholesale scale in order to secure buffalo tongues—a great table delicacy. Prairie fires were deliberately lighted to drive the animals into death-traps.

The plains were turned into a shambles. In 1874, for instance, the I. G. Baker Company shipped from its trading post in the West more than 250,000 hides, to secure which hunters had to butcher on a vast scale. And added to the process of extermination were dread diseases peculiar to cattle.

With amazing rapidity the great American bison vanished from the scene. Its amazing numbers and heroic courage could not withstand the terrific onslaught of civilization, bent on conquering the plains. In 1882 over 200,000 of them were killed. In the following year the number had dwindled to 40,000. In 1884 the hunters were running short of victims, for in that year only 3,000 fell to their guns. In 1885 the record comes to an end. The buffalo, once proud Monarch of the Plains, had been swept away by the onward march of civilization.

Mournfully the great naturalist, Ernest Thompson Seton, wrote that the buffalo had "fed a quarter of a million and clothed twice as many human beings. But these services are ended! As a wild animal the buffalo is gone! The great herds will never again be seen roaming the plains!"

**W**HOO, then, can blame those young braves for scoffing at the fantastic prophecy of Great Running Horse? Had not the buffalo vanished from the plains? Had not that meant starvation and death for thousands of their dark-skinned brothers, who, from the dawn of history, had depended upon these animals for food, clothing and shelter? The squaws, wise in the lore of their tribe, might nod agreement; but the young braves, having full knowledge of the facts, could do nothing but scoff.

The year 1885, then, seems to close the history of the buffalo, but it did not. Two years previously an Indian, rejoicing in the name of Walker Coyote, captured four

buffalo calves—two bulls and two heifers—in the Sweet Grass Country of Alberta. He gave these animals to the Mission of St. Ignatius in settlement of certain debts, and went his way.

Some years later there entered the story a half-breed named Michael Pablo, who lived on the Flathead Reservation, Montana. This shrewd, far-sighted man conceived the idea of purchasing these animals, letting them run wild on the reservation and selling them, as occasion offered, to zoological gardens and public parks.

**T**HE experiment prospered, and so did Pablo. In summer the animals fed out on the plains and in the fall swam the Pend d'Oreille River to winter in the hills and bluffs closer to the mountains. Their numbers increased rapidly.

In 1906 the shrewd half-breed began to think of turning his herd into money. He believed that he had two hundred animals, and he offered them to the United States Government. But the terms offered him were too low, and the Government of the Dominion of Canada purchased the herd. At the time of the purchase Pablo was afraid that he did not possess two hundred animals; so he changed the agreement to read "not less than one hundred and fifty."

In 1907 there was a spectacular round-up, and about 300 animals were transported across the International Boundary to their new home at Wainwright, Alberta. Two years later the final shipment was made, bringing the total number to 709 animals.

During the round-up there were many hair-raising episodes. The three R's learned at school failed to give the horsepower of one of these huge animals, but anyone who watched the loading will vouch for the statement that one of them is equal to ten cowboys. A buffalo doing a fandango in a cloud of dust, with ten or more dusky cowboys hanging on to a rope, is a thrilling sight, and would convince anyone that as an insurance risk one of these cowboys leads a more dangerous life than the most daring of stunt fliers.

Men escaped the enraged buffalo without knowing just how. Fifty horses were lost, huge vans smashed and reinforced cattle cars wrecked. The majority of the older animals had to be pulled into the

*In the corral at the Wainwright reserve, ready to start the long trek northward*



## Field and Stream

railroad cars by means of a block and tackle. So desperate was the struggle that eight of these huge creatures killed themselves rather than submit to transportation north.

But loaded they were. Seven hundred and nine buffalo were finally turned loose in a pasture more than 105,000 acres in extent and completely surrounded by a nine-foot steel-wire fence. A few outlaws, stubbornly refusing capture, were left on the Montana range, only to fall in a buffalo hunt in which a few invited guests participated, including Colonel William F. Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill.

The animals flourished in their new home. In sixteen years the herd grew to 12,000 animals. Wainwright Park became hopelessly overcrowded and the pasturage overtaxed. Killing off the surplus animals, although it did not meet with general approval, was the only possible solution at that time, and old-time buffalo hunts were staged in the great park. In 1923, for example, 1,600 animals were killed, and the meat of the early pioneers again found its way to dinner tables, while genuine buffalo-robbers were again offered for sale.

Such slaughter was objectionable, and the Canadian Government searched for a better solution of the problem of overcrowding. In the far North there was known to be a wild herd of wood buffalo; just how many, no one knew. Very few people had seen these animals—the only ones of their kind in the world—for the territory over which they roamed was a wild region, covered with poplar, willow and jack-pine bluffs, with stretches of prairie intervening.

**T**HE Government made a bold move. The feeding grounds of these wood buffalo were declared a sanctuary, and one of the largest wild game reserves in the world—more than 10,500 square miles in extent—came into existence along the shores of Great Slave Lake. This far-flung sanctuary, Wood Buffalo Park, offered a brilliant solution to the problem of overcrowding at Wainwright Park, for the Canadian Government conceived the idea of transporting the surplus animals to this immense wild animal refuge in the northland.

which fulfilled the fantastic prophecy of Chief Great Running Horse.

Special corrals were built at Wainwright and specially reinforced stock-cars were provided by the Canadian National Railways. Loading time brought practically the whole population of the town to the corrals where Bud Cotton and his gang of cowboys were engaged in the round-up of the first batch of 210 yearlings and two-year-olds. With heads down and tails up, the huge animals came at a gallop into the corrals, pursued by the daring horsemen, who swung their ponies in and out of the herd with amazing skill.

From places of vantage atop box cars and fences, Wainwright, aided by a small army of newspapermen, watched the proceedings and clicked cameras. And there was excitement aplenty. The buffalo is apparently a two-speed animal—straightway gallop and dead still. He has neither sense

of humor nor sense of the fitness of things in general. The cowboys handling the animals were in just about as enviable a position as a lion-tamer with a bunch of untamed jungle cats.

But the animals were herded into the corrals, branded with the "rolling W" to signify their origin as part of the Wainwright herd, and driven into the cars, ready to speed them into the far North. After more than four hundred miles by train the animals were unloaded into an elaborate system of log corrals at Waterways, the end of steel. Here they were fed and watered and allowed to rest for thirty-six hours.

**T**HEN they were reloaded on two river barges, specially designed for the purpose. Here began the 257-mile journey by water to their final destination. Toward the end of their journey, on which they had been fed and watered twice daily, the buffalo had become so accustomed to their temporary quarters that they would eat out of the hands of their keepers.

Four times that summer this strange flotilla sailed down the Clearwater, Athabaska and Slave Rivers, carrying contingents of plains buffalo to the Northern pastures. In four years, over 6,000 of them have joined their wild confrères in this immense wild animal sanctuary. Truly was Great Running Horse a prophet!

The wild wood buffalo is a sub-species of the American bison and is larger and more vigorous than the plains animal. It

the huskiest of wood buffalo bulls had added Cleo and a few of her sisters to his harem, though not without a protest and a fight from some of the young male plains buffalo which had accompanied them north. The animals mixed freely and flourished amazingly on the lush pastures of this far-flung country.

Contrary to popular belief, there is an abundance of vegetation on these Northern plains. It is true that the winters are sometimes severe, but the Monarch of the Plains has been able to withstand the rigors of frigid cold during centuries of time. The wardens of the reserve state that they have seen calves born when the thermometer registered forty-five below zero, and that the hardy youngsters have been on their feet and following their mothers inside half an hour! Under the solicitous care of the game wardens the animals are protected from the guns of hunters and the traps of trappers. It is not an uncommon sight to see these huge beasts grazing along the rivers with their new-born offspring, and paying no attention to the boats which ply to and fro in the summer.

A farm, five hundred acres in extent, has been started in order to supplement the natural pasturage. Large crops of oats are grown, while several thousand acres of lowlands are regularly flooded in order to provide hay. This is done so that the animals may be assured of an abundance of food if the winter snows and frosts make feeding difficult.

In addition to the buffalo there are 35 moose, 1,293 mule deer, 368 elk and 8 antelope in this huge game sanctuary, to say nothing of other varieties of animals and birds too numerous to mention.

It is one of the most interesting experiments in the preservation of wild life that has ever been attempted. Started for sentimental reasons, it bids fair to become a commercial undertaking of first importance as a ranch supplying meat to the teeming millions of our cities. It is part of that wise plan of stocking "the barren lands of the frozen North" which was formulated by the Canadian Government after the return of the famous Stefansson expedition ten years ago.

**A** FEW wood buffalo sanctuary there is an even larger wild game preserve. This is stocked with the only wild herd of musk-oxen in the world. Recently the newspapers carried the news that four thousand reindeer had been purchased from ranchers in Alaska and will be driven, in one of the most spectacular treks in history, to their new home on the shores of Hudson Bay. All of this means that civilization is pushing the frontier into the waste places of the North in order to ensure a supply of food.

If, then, a few years hence, some one tells you that he is going on a buffalo hunt, don't immediately call for a straight-jacket. It may possibly be true. And if, in future generations, this vast Northern hinterland becomes the world's greatest ranch, there need be no surprise. The fulfillment of the prophecy of Chief Great Running Horse presages such a development. Some day these "barren lands of the frozen North" may feed the world.



At home in Wood Buffalo Park

was feared that there would be hostility and disaster when the creatures met. To be sure, the plains buffalo at six years of age is no pigmy and is far from being a household pet. When it becomes necessary to ship one of them, the only safe way is to fasten him in an individual crate, made of strong planking and fastened with stout ropes, and then take no chances. At the same time, the plains buffalo was no match for the wood buffalo, and there was much misgiving and shaking of heads.

But these dire prophecies of disaster proved unfounded. It was not long before

# Riding Herd

on

# Buffalo

The Annual Round-Up Is About to Begin at Canada's Buffalo Reserve, From Which 1,200 Will Be Shipped to New Hunting Grounds



By Earle W. Gage

"HI-YI! Up there! Move!" shouts the ranger astride the cow-pony, as the thunder of a hundred drumming hoofs pounds the velvety turf of the world's largest animal reserve. Speeding brown forms, hidden in the poplar grove, leap forward, followed closely on the flank by a score of riders, shouting themselves hoarse.

The thrilling round-up of 1,200 two-year-old bison soon will open at the Wainwright, Alberta, reserve. Thus will start the first lap of a thousand-mile journey to their new home in the heart of the far north, within the shadow of the Arctic Circle. The old Indian prophecy that "one day the buffalo shall return to his northern pasture" is fulfilled; but the bison herds do not journey peacefully and calmly back to their old haunts. The migration is a stampede of thrills wherein cowboys become buffalo-boys and play a leading role in a spectacular and romantic drama.

Goaded by the cries of the horsemen, the line of flying young buffalos plunges out into the open. Heads down, they dash madly ahead to where a narrow enclosure leads to the wide gate of the corral. Scouting danger, the herd attempts to break and turn. High in the air rises a column of prairie dust, through which, at intervals, as the ponies work with almost human intelligence to urge the animals forward, appear tossing horns, mounted men, wildly leaping buffalos.

Again the line straightens. Sweeping down a short declivity, the herd streaks up the incline on the opposite side. Through the gate the mass of bodies surges. Snap! The great gate swings to, and the herd is locked in the first corral.

From here they are driven to a smaller corral, which, in turn, leads to the "squeeze," or chute, a narrow passage wherein each buffalo receives the famous "W" brand of Wainwright Park.

Then comes action aplenty in the little corral, for the buffalos, now certain that they have been trapped, make a mad dash for freedom. Cowboys swarm over the corral bars, and, swinging low among the young buffalos, urge them: one by one to the chute.

The sturdy bars vibrate like harp cords, quivering with each array of powerful bodies, but one by one the buffalos pass into the chute, and only two or three

of the "wild boys" of the herd remain.

It is now time for "Smilin' Slim" Johnson, famous daredevil cow-puncher and buffalo-ranger, to do his stuff. He drops lightly from the top rail of the corral, right in the path of one of the great, lowered heads, and starts flapping his broad-brimmed hat, trying to "shoo" the animal toward the chute. Blindly the animal comes on, head down, raring to fight. "Slim" scales the fence. The wicked horns brush his chaps. Corral bars rattle with the impact of the heavy body, but "Slim" perched on the top rail, is not disturbed. He shakes out his lariat, drops its noose neatly over the horns of the infuriated animal and tosses the end of the rope through the chute.

Quickly a half dozen punchers grasp the end of the rope, and now it is "Pull buffalo; pull cowboy!" with the battling animal forced to step forward, little by little, as he edges toward the opening of the chute.

Like a flash of lightning the buffalo changes tactics. With a leap he plunges for the chute, and the six punchers pile in what would be a ludicrous heap inside the chute were it not for that flying death that thunders down upon them.

Up aloft the top rail of the chute, "Slim" pulls a rope. A gate in the chute swings shut between the stampeding buffalos and the prone cowboys. The nonchalant rope tender gnaws a great bite of tobacco and grins puncher witticisms at the squirming heap beneath.

Out on the sidetrack beside the corrals a string of "buffalo Pullmans" await the herd. These are steel-ribbed cars, especially designed to transport the 1,200 buffalos on the first leg of their northern journey. The cars will carry the herd to Edmonton, thence to Waterways, and here they will be transferred to the special "buffalo rafts" which operate down the historic Athabaska River to Fort William.

The "starch" seems to have been taken completely out of the yearling buffalos' backbone and they are inclined to permit fate to have her way. They are herded into the cars, thirty or so in each, the gates swing to and are locked. With a sigh of relief the top man of the buffalo herds wipes the chocolate dust from his face and declares: "I guess we'll call it a day, boys."

Far down the tracks the big locomotive snorts and the whistle blasts for an "All clear; go ahead." The cars rattle and bang as they start to roll, and the first of the yearlings are bidding farewell to Wainwright on the way to their new Fort Smith home, where a vast empire of primeval wilderness, 10,500 square miles in area, awaits them. Here in the heart of the far north they will meet their cousins of the plains, the wood buffalo, and find feed and natural conditions which are ideal for buffalo propagation.

Established more than twenty years ago, Wainwright Park is now the world's largest buffalo preserve, where roam more than 12,000 head of bison. Here the Canadian government inclosed more than 105,000 square miles of natural prairie land with a nine-foot steel wire fence, and provided natural conditions and protection for the animals. There were 716 bison there then. Today the herd has multiplied to such an extent that it becomes necessary each year to cut out and remove between 1,200 and 2,000 yearlings to the northern preserve. Otherwise the Wainwright pasturage would become overtaxed.

It was all because an Indian had a quarrel with his father-in-law years ago that Canada now boasts the greatest herd of bison in the world.

The buffalo had nearly become extinct. For more than half a century red men and white had carried on such wanton warfare against the bison that Dr. William T. Hornaday, the distinguished zoologist, estimated that in 1889 less than 1,000 buffalos were running wild in the United States and Canada.

What a contrast with the time not so many years before when vast herds of bison roamed right up to the rim of the Arctic Ocean, their annual migrations extending down to the Rio Grande. From Great Slave Lake to the Rockies was a favorite range, for here the lush prairie grass grew to their shoulders.

From the diary of "Kootenay" Brown, one of the first white pioneers to cross the western prairies of Canada by pack horse, we learn something of the numbers ranging over the plains before the advent of the railroad builder and homesteader:

"Well do I remember my first sight of buffalo on the plains of western Canada. Emerging from the South Kootenay Pass, I crossed the foothills near the mouth of Pass Creek and climbed to the top of one of the lower mountains. The prairie as far as I could see was one living, moving mass of buffalo. Thousands of head there were, far thicker than ever range cattle graze the bunchgrass of the foothills."

It was no mere incident that these vast herds of buffalo were nearly depleted to the point of extinction. They were the victims of a slaughter as thor-

ough and systematic as it was heedless. This slaughter has been divided into two rather sharply defined periods—that of desultory destruction, which continued up to 1830, when the Indians and early settlers found in the animal their principal means of subsistence; and the systematic slaughter, from 1830 to 1853, when the buffalo was hunted ruthlessly.

The construction of the trans-continental Canadian Pacific Railway in 1865 divided the herd into two bodies. One spread north into Alberta; the other turned south into Saskatchewan, to be slaughtered by the Plain Crees, though the animal constituted their chief food supply. Persecuted by the Crees, the southern herd fled further south over the boundary into the United States, where a similar fate befell it at the hands of the white men. Settlers, wolves, Indians and winter storms took dreadful toll of the northern herd, and by 1880 it, too, had disappeared.

During the last ten years of this period thousands of buffalo were killed for their tongues alone. Tongues were sold for twenty-five cents each, and white men encouraged the Indians to collect them. Thousands of buffalo cows—mothers of the race—were slain in order to supply the preference of hunters for their robes and flesh. Countless others were murdered by men who shot them from the windows of moving trains. Entire herds were driven over rocky precipices, into canyon and gorge, simply to provide the "thrill hounds" of the day with a new type of excitement.

This was the period during which the barbaric still-hunt flourished; when the surrounding, impounding and decoying all were brought to a high degree of efficiency as methods whereby the greatest number of buffaloes might be slaughtered within the shortest space of time. It was estimated that on the northern range alone 5,000 professional "skinners" found an abundance of work, following the hunting parties.

As the herds were reduced in number they crowded together for protection, and thus practiced an unwitting deception as to their inexhaustibility.

When the buffalo migrated in 1878 they left Canada never to return of their own will. It is said by some authorities that a terrible storm caught the herd and destroyed it. Others believe that a fatal disease attacked the buffalo.

Of all the versions it would seem that the most logical explanation of the disappearance of the Canadian herd is that it was exterminated in a frightful slaughter on the Missouri River. "Thus for miles carcass touched carcass." Thus the herds of Canada were lost, not to be regained until the establishment of the foundation herd at Wainwright Park.

That very briefly is the sad story of the buffalo, one of America's most majestic monarchs.

But fate, which has dealt so cruelly with these animals, had decided to preserve them from extinction. Into the setting, in 1873, there came Walking Coyote, a Pend d'Oreille Indian, who was wintering with a squaw and son-in-law among the Peigan Indians on the Milk River in Montana. Walking Coyote and his son-in-law quarreled over a horse deal and parted company. The youth fled northward into Saskatchewan and there joined the company of his tribe. One day, taking part in a buffalo hunt, he separated two calves—a bull and a cow—from their mothers, and with these in tow as hostages of peace he returned, a red prodigal son, to the family fold.

Old Walking Coyote gladly accepted so grand a gift, and the son-in-law thus unintentionally forged the first link in the chain which brought about the ultimate regeneration of the buffalo herds which once blackened the prairies and plains of the West. Walking Coyote took the calves to St. Ignatius Mission, on the Flathead Reservation, and there they thrived.

At first the increase was very slow indeed; but by 1884 Walking Coyote had a herd of thirteen animals. These, becoming too great a tax on his resources and leisure, he disposed of them to A. C. Allard, who with Michael Pablo, owned a near-by ranch. Pablo was a shrewd Mexican half-breed who foresaw the time when the buffalo would be so rare as to be considered worth much gold. It was upon his suggestion that Allard completed the bargain and became the owner of the nucleus of the great herd which now thrives in both the United States and Canada.

The animals were let loose on the ranch and they roamed and bred as in the primitive days of their existence. In 1903 they were augmented by the purchase of forty-four animals, the remnants of the herd owned by Buffalo Jones, of Omaha, Nebraska.

Allard died and most of the herd passed into the possession of Pablo. He set about locating a buyer. First, he

tried the United States, but his price did not meet the approval of officials. Then he tried Canada, and that government contracted to purchase 1,000 head at \$250 each. Pablo was able to deliver 716 animals.

Thus Canada was several years in advance of the United States in the initial steps toward the preservation of the buffalo. But today there are several parks scattered over this country, as well as two or three large ranges set aside for the exclusive use of this noble animal. The largest nationally owned herds are in the parks at Ravalli, Montana and at Cache, Okla.

A summary of the thirteenth census of buffalo, taken in 1921, showed the total number of pure-blood animals throughout the world at that time to be only 9,311—about equally divided between the United States and Canada. There are far more than that number now grazing on the broad prairies of Wainwright Park alone, while the herds in the national parks in the United States have also enjoyed a healthy growth.

Thus, the buffalo is returning to the north, the strangest cavalcade since Noah loaded the original pair into the Ark and started out on his epoch-making voyage.

This uncharted wilderness of the far north to which he is returning is a former happy hunting ground of vast herds. Here today range thousands of head of American bison, free and unfenced, enjoying life just as did their remote ancestors, passing back and forth from the Rockies, in the Peace River district, to Great Slave Lake and along the Slave River. Here, less than a decade ago, explorers found a remnant of the former great herds, and the Dominion of Canada immediately set aside the 10,500 square mile sanctuary, and arranged to transfer the one or two thousand head a year from Wainwright Park.

Throughout the summer the herd ranges in the hills, and toward autumn wanders to the lowlands, where, in the



A Drawing  
by  
Charles  
Livingston  
Bull

winter, they live on the plentiful red top hay. Thus it is that the old Indian prophecy comes to pass.

Chief Running Horse sat before his tepee with his squaws and a few young bucks gathered around him. Solemnly removing his pipe from his lips he said: "And the buffalo shall return to his northern pastures, for it is told to me by my father and grandfather, who learned it from the wise men of their tribe. They shall return in a moon

when the skies weep much and the Athabaska shall fill her banks with the spring waters."

And as Chief Running Horse dwelt on the old theme, the squaws nodded sagely, but the young braves grinned at the old man's tale. But they could not foresee a time when it would be necessary to move, by artificial means, thousands of bison each season to make way for the increasing tide of youngsters born in the great Wainwright reserve.



Indians Slaughtered the Buffalo to Procure Food and to Display Their Prowess as Hunters

An Etching by Meyer Eberhardt

Courtesy of the New York Graphic Society

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"Council . . . ."

### Bureau of Indian Affairs Agrees To Make Recommendations To Congress Favoring Release of Blackfeet Tribal Funds To Develop Local Enterprise

If recommendations of the Bureau of Indian Affairs at Chicago have any effect upon the new national congress when it takes up its work of appropriating funds, a substantial sum will be voted for various projects of the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, according to Leo M. Kennerly, secretary of the Tribal Business Council, member of the official delegation that conferred with the Bureau heads this month.

The delegation included, besides Kennerly, Richard Grant Sr., chairman of the Council; George Pambrun, Joseph Ironpipe and William Buffalohide. Delegates-at-large were Theodore Last Star and Adam White. Supt. F. H. McBride accompanied the group to serve in an advisory capacity.

The Chicago meeting enabled Bureau heads to appreciate the magnitude of Blackfeet Indian's work towards the war effort, and to realize the need of release of portion of the tribal funds, which lie idle in the U. S. Treasury, that local projects may be all the more productive at this critical period. Kennerly said.

Their first conference was with Commissioner John Collier and Assistant Commissioner Wm. Zimmerman.

Other vital conferences were with the various division heads, who are in charge of local projects including land, extension service, health and welfare work and mineral exploitation.

The impressive showing made by Indian growers this year in the production of cattle, sheep and wool was cited, Kennerly said.

With this as the basis, a plea was made for \$75,000 with which to enhance production in 1943. \$25,000 was asked to finance the land purchase program. The money would be used by the Tribal Council in behalf of Indians acquiring patented fee lands now owned by the whites, and for inherited lands.

With need for maintenance of buildings occupied by Indian families, \$25,000 was asked to carry on this program. Expedition of the oil lease procedure, with Supt. McBride being it given more authority in getting advertised was urged. Successful quest of this would eliminate considerable useless "red tape", Kennerly said. It would be a responsibility delegated by the Secretary of the Interior to the local Indian Agency.

With regard to the money sought, Kennerly said, all that the Indian Affairs office can do is to make recommendations to congress. Committees on Indian Affairs of congress would give the proposal careful study, with either favorable or unfavorable report.

Unlike most other appropriations made, Kennerly said, that of the Blackfeet Tribe is their own property, the Tribal Council feeling that in behalf of the war effort, it will yield greater return as a capital investment now than

it possibly could in ordinary peacetime.

The delegation also brought to the attention of the Bureau of Indian Affairs the desire of Indians being placed on an equal footing with other Americans in the purchase of liquor.

"We simply asked to be treated the same, with the privilege of any other American in going to a place where beer and liquor is sold legally and buying it."

The delegation asked that a federal statute, based upon early Indian treaties, be amended. It would not provide Indians any more privilege than it did others, for they would be subject to laws invoked against any one selling or introducing it upon a closed Indian Reservation.

The Tribal Council delegation believe that favorable recommendations to congress by the Bureau of Indian Affairs will have been the result of conferences.

# How James Kipp Won Blackfeet Trade From Grasp of Hudson's Bay Company

THE BROWNING CHIEF

Perhaps no other section of Montana bears greater significance or is more interesting from an historical point of view than the old Fort Benton community and its surrounding territory. This is true because it was near the site of this Missouri river town that were, more than a century ago, the first active posts of the American Fur Co.; it was here that the white man first became acquainted with aboriginal northern central Montana.

The relocation of the site of Fort Piegan in 1826 was of vast historical significance, for the establishment of that trading post at the mouth of the Marias in 1831 was the absolute beginning of things in northern Montana, so far as the white man is concerned.

It was an indispensable service that the fur traders and free trappers performed to the country—a service that no other men of their time were able, or at least willing, to do; they were the explorers, the trail-makers for western civilization.

General Crittenden, our first authority on the history of the fur trade, says of these men: "It was the roving trader and the solitary trapper who first sought out these inhospitable wilds, traced the streams to their sources, scaled the mountain passes, and explored a boundless expanse of territory where the foot of the white man had never trodden before. . . ."

Just how much this nation owes to these fur traders of a century ago for their successful fight to prevent the section of the Rocky mountain country which includes Montana from being taken over by the Hudson's Bay Co. for the British empire will probably never be fully realized. And, possibly to no one man is due greater credit for braving the Hudson's Bay Co. in the unbroken wilderness and beating the Canadian fur traders at their own game than to James Kipp, one of the first white men to engage in fur trading in what is now known as the state of Montana. Had it not been for this man Montana might now be included within the bounded confines of the Canadian commonwealth.

## Companies Battle for Trade

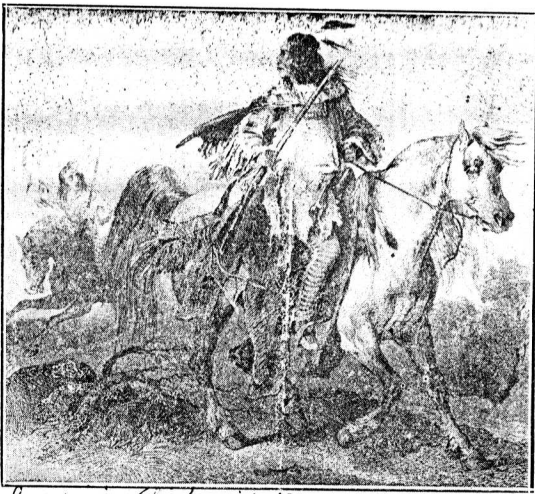
The climax of the war between the British and American fur traders came in the winter of 1830-31, when Kenneth McKenzie, chief factor for the American Fur Co., at Fort Union (located at the mouth of the Yellowstone), decided to make a bold bid for the Blackfeet Indian trade by establishing a trading post at the mouth of the Marias river. It was James Kipp who first urged the wisdom of this course, pointing out, as he did the fact that this great volume of profitable trade was then going to the Hudson's Bay Co. and that it never could be won for the American traders unless the dangers incident to establishing such a post in the Blackfeet country were braved and friendly relations developed between the savage Blackfeet and the Missouri river traders.

Due to the bitter hostility of the Blackfeet toward the Americans, a hostility engendered and fostered by the Hudson's Bay Co. as a measure of trade, McKenzie at first opposed the suggestion, but he was finally won by the force of Kipp's argument, and Kipp was placed at the head of the expedition destined to build Fort Piegan.

## Building of Fort Piegan

In the spring of 1831 the party started from Fort Union. It consisted of 44 men and a 50-ton keel boat laden with a valuable cargo of Indian trading goods. In due time it reached the mouth of the Marias river. Upon the day of arrival at this point there was not an Indian to be seen, but the following morning 500 lodges of the Blackfeet (or Piegan) Indians swarmed down upon the traders and filled up the valley with their lodges.

## A Blackfoot Indian Hunter—By Carl Bodmer



Browning Chief 1-1-43

As the presence of these suspicious red men would prove a great embarrassment in the building of the fort, Kipp sought to persuade them to withdraw until his fort had been completed, promising that it should be ready and opened for trade in about 75 days. The Indians consented with apparent good humor, but Kipp's interpreter, Burger, overheard some of the chiefs laughing together and saying that when they got the white men shut up in the pen they were building, they would be easily surrounded and put to death. The Indians departed as rapidly as they had come, leaving three of their head men at Kipp's request to protect them from the annoyances of straggling bands.

The building of the fort progressed rapidly and in 73 days from the time the Indians left, it was completed. It consisted of a stockade enclosing a square 110 feet within, upon the sides of which there were three large buildings of logs, designed as quarters for the men, stock house and the trading room. The gate was protected by an enclosure 25 feet square, the palisades standing 25 feet above the ground, and the interior of these being commanded by loopholes for cannon and small arms for the main fort.

## Indians West Sullen

Promptly on the 75th day the Indians returned in full force and were astonished at what they saw. Evidently they were unprepared to witness such strong defenses and such readiness to resist attack. They were sullen and refused to trade. Pitching their lodges in the neighborhood, they hovered sullenly about the outside of the post, plainly showing their ill-feeling and distrust.

After exhausting all other measures to induce them to trade, Kipp resolved upon a grand stroke of generosity, rightly concluding that Hudson's Bay Co. had been active in prejudicing the Piegans against the American traders at this new post. Kipp was aware of what the Hudson's Bay Co. paid for furs and peltries and he offered greatly increased rates—sometimes three or four times as much as the British gave. At the same time, he told the chiefs that he would give a grand treat to prove the liberality of the Americans. He then began opening kegs of trade whisky which he had brought for the purpose. Soon every Indian in the great camp was in a state of intoxication.

The whisky was given out lavishly for three days, and the Indian camp was the scene of carousal and merriment. Then Kipp said that his supply had become exhausted. Such liberality astonished the Piegans and elevated the American traders to a place in the estimation of the red men higher by far than that in which they held the Hudson's Bay Co. men. When, they asked, was such a thing known, as a camp of thousands of souls given all the whisky they could drink and kept drunk for three days.

The Piegans no longer believed the representations of the British traders; they saw no snare in the higher prices offered them for their furs; and soon they were besieging the fort in anxious throngs to barter their peltries for the white man's goods.

In a very few days Kipp had secured 6,540 pounds of beaver skins upon which he realized the next spring \$45,000. This was a transaction rarely equalled in the annals of the fur trade and amply compensated him for the gift of a single barrel of alcohol, which had sufficed to make 200 gallons of Indian whisky. Having completed their trading, the Blackfeet departed for the north.

## British Incite Blood Indians

Great was the chagrin of the British traders when they learned of the success of their American rivals, and as the Piegans had fallen them, they now sought to persuade the Blood Indians (Canadian tribe of the Blackfeet nation), to undertake reduction of the fort. The Hudson's Bay men represented the Americans as scoundrels of the deepest hue, whose sole object was to plunder and destroy the Indians and take from the Indians their lands. They appealed to the greed of the Bloods by picturing the great stock of merchandise they would secure by taking the post, and killing the traders. The Bloods, convinced of the wisdom of following this advice, consented to attack the post and prepared to do so as soon as spring came.

In the meantime the garrison at Fort Piegan whiled away the winter of 1831-32 as best they could and were yearning for the approach of spring. Early in the spring, a Piegan Indian arrived at the fort and disclosed to Kipp the startling news of the intended attack. (It might be said here that the Bloods were of a far more savage nature than the Piegans and an attack from these warriors was much to be dreaded by the white traders.) About 100 cords of wood had been cut, and Kipp at once had this carried into the fort, after which he turned his attention to the cutting of a great quantity of ice to supply them with water in the event of a siege. This done, he was ready, and in a few days the Bloods arrived to the number of about 1,500 hideously painted warriors. Finding the gates securely fastened against them the Indians at once surrounded the post and opened fire at long range. They gradually grew bolder until they came near enough for the garrison to return the fire with fatal effect. Nevertheless Kipp had wisely decided to fire upon them only at the last extremity, as he desired rather to conciliate them and secure their trade, than to incur their hostility. He therefore, ordered his men not to fire, but to let the Indians see that he was constantly ready to repel any attempt to carry the place by storm.

# How James Kipp Won Blackfeet Trade From Grasp of Hudson's Bay Company

THE BROWNING CHIEF

This state of affairs continued for 11 days, when the garrison had exhausted its water supply. The Indians had maintained a desultory fire, to which not a single shot had been returned by the garrison, so not a man on either side had been killed or wounded. But Kipp now resolved to disclose to them his resources for defense, and by impressing the Bloods with the idea of their inability to take the post, with a view to inducing them to raise the siege.

#### Train Cannon on Tree

An immense cottonwood tree, some nine feet in diameter near the base and with heavy gnarled limbs and shaggy branches, grew near the fort, and, charging a brass four-pounder cannon heavily with grape, he fired into the tree. A tremendous shower of splinters rained down around the tree, and this, together with the thunder of the discharge, gave the savages such an exaggerated idea of the awful destructive powers of the gun, that, seized by panic, they fled in every direction.

"Now, boys, in with your ice," shouted Kipp, who was well pleased with the result of the shot. In an hour a large supply of ice had been gathered and placed inside the fort, which was at first supposed that the Indians had departed for good, but presently two warriors appeared in view and cautiously approached the post. Kipp went out to meet these two and invited them to enter the post promising protection. This they refused to do, but Kipp, by a sudden movement, cut off their retreat and ordered them into the enclosure, at the same time

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assuring them that they would not be harmed. They proved to be two of the principle chiefs of the Bloods, and they talked freely of the attack, and the part that the Hudson's Bay Co. had played in inciting it.

Kipp explained his friendly designs and showed them the advantages of his establishment over those of the rival company, pointing out that his friendly feeling had been proved by his failure to fire a single shot at them. He proposed that they cease hostilities and make one trade with him. They said that they would have to consult with the other chief of the tribe. Kipp thus allowed one of them to go and held the others as hostage. Soon two other chiefs visited the post and were handsomely entertained.

They agreed to trade, but explained that they had disposed of most of their furs to the Hudson Bay Co. They did, however, have a supply of buffalo robes and Kipp secured 3,000 of these in exchange for goods. The Bloods departed, leaving Kipp with assurances of good will.

Thus by a firm, straightforward, but conciliatory course, Kipp had averted the wrath of the two worst tribes of the Blackfeet confederation, thwarted their rivals of the British side and secured a firm hold for the American Fur Co. in the most profitable region for the prosecution of the fur trade in the entire west.

As spring advanced preparations were made for moving their furs and buffalo robes to Fort Union. Kipp was to accompany the party to Fort Union, but his men were so afraid of the Blackfeet that they refused to remain without him. Reluctantly, he was compelled to abandon the fort and take all of his men with him. The party dropped down the Missouri and the fort was soon afterward burned by a party of Assiniboine Indians.

The following year Fort McKenzie was built on the north bank of the Missouri river, about six miles above the mouth of the Marias. The site of old Fort McKenzie was relocated by a Fort Benton committee many years ago in connection with its work of designating the historic points of the territory. Fort McKenzie stood 15 feet above the water and 225 feet from the bank of the river on a piece of prairie a mile long. It was a palisaded and bastioned structure, 220 feet square. During its whole existence it was the most important link in the chain of events which extended in space from the Yellowstone to above the Marias river, and in time from the year 1832 to the founding of Fort Benton in 1846.