THE ORIGIN OF THE SUN DANCE.
(A Christian version.)

As told by Wilson Johnson, son of Tim.

A long time ago some Indians were camped up north, way up where Wyoming is now. They were all of them camped in a big bunch, laughing and talking. There was one Indian who was camped off to one side by himself. This lone Indian went hunting one day. He walked a long way and did not see any game. He got tired. He got thirsty. His lunch gave out and he got hungry and he did not know what to do. Finally he lay down under a tree and went to sleep. While he was sleeping he had a dream.

He dreamed he saw a herd of buffalo and he got up and walked toward them. He walked in little gulches and behind bushes so they would not see him. When he got close enough to shoot he stood up. The buffalo saw him and grunted and put down their heads and charged toward him. The man tried to run but he was so weak he could not run and he fell down and the leader of the buffalo ran right up on top of him. When the man saw the buffalo standing on top of him he fought. He fought hard. He fought with all his might.

The buffalo said, "Don't do that. I am not what you think."
Then the man stopped fighting and looked up at the buffalo.
"Go back to your people," said the buffalo, "and tell them that you have seen God." He say,"Tell people to build corral with door facing east. Put pole in center of corral with fork on top like cross." He say,"Put buffalo skull on cross facing east."
He say,"Then put twelve poles each with fork on top for twelve Apostles." He say, "Then put long poles from each fork of little post to fork of big post." Say,"Put big end of pole out."

"Then when sun goes down let men strip naked with nothing on but britch-clout and a whistle made from bone of eagle wing. Let men dance from sides of corral up to center post and whistle while they dance so."
He say, "Let other mans make drum, big drum." Then he tell "em
(Sun dance.)

how to make drum.

He say, "Let all mans sing and dance for four nights and four days with nothing to eat on account of Christ fasting in the desert for forty nights and forty days."

'Say, "Then let all mans have big feast, eat meat, eat buffalo meat, have good time and feel good."

"When dance is going let all mans sing like this---"and buffalo show Indian how to sing sun dance song.

When buffalo get done singin' he disappeared and Indian wake up. He no feel tire. He feel like he had eat big dinner and was ready to go long ways. He go back to Indian camp and talk to Indians and tell chiefs what he see. They say, "Let's have dance like that."

That's how sun dance start!

#    #    #    #    #    #    #    #

In the early summer before the sun dance the Utes meet at some Indian's cabin and practice the sun dance song. They spend several nights at this practice and discussing who shall be the sun dance chief. Then finally they vote for a chief and two sub-chiefs. If there is any dissention in the choice, a standing vote is taken.
THE BEAR DANCE.

The Bear Dance seems to be the only ancient and typical dance of the Ute Indians. All the old squaws agree that its origin is very, very old. Among the pictures made by forgotten peoples on the bluffs and in the sandstone caves along the south side of the Uintah mountains are many portrayals of the bear dance in ancient times. Some of these petroglyphs show a bear dancing with a man drawn after the fashion of the early Ute artists. Others show the bear dancing with the square shouldered man of the Fremont period. Still others show the bear dancing with the round bodied but not identical man, a culture that was apparently contemporary with the Pueblo-Cliff-house culture.

The Ute myth concerning the bear dance has the usual beginning of a man going to sleep and having a dream. This man dreamed that if he went to a certain place in the mountains he would see a bear. It was in the spring of the year and the snow was melting and the ground was becoming dry. The man went to the place he had dreamed he would see the bear and when he arrived he beheld a bear dancing forward and backward in front of a pole.

The bear told the man to go back to his people and tell them to dance the way he was doing. Then he taught the man how to sing for the Bear Dance.

Consequently every year as soon as the snow goes and the ground becomes dry, and the buds begin to swell on the bare cottonwoods, and the wild bears come out of their dens and and geese honk over head on moonlight nights, - in short when the first sure signs of spring appear the village builds a large corral with the door to the east. Willow wands are then woven in a solid hedge between the upright posts and at the west side of the corral a hole or bear den is dug. The drum is placed over this hole and above the drum a cotton flag
or banner is placed. This banner pictures a bear dancing with a
woman and its resemblance to the petroglyphs is startling.

The musicians or drummers each have a stick or "fiddle" two
and a half feet long. It is slightly curved and is carved to represent
a snake or dragon. The head of this reptile is placed on the head of
the drum and the tail is held in the left hand of the musician. The
back bone of the reptile is incised like the blade of a large saw.
The musician holds the shin bone of a horse in his right hand and saws
this bone up and down along the back bone of his "fiddle." This
brings a very rapid reverberation or rolling sound from the drum.
Five or six men sit around the drum and all saw and sing in unison.
This type of drum and "fiddle" also seems to be as old as the cliff-
dwellers.

The men and the women are all dressed in the best of their
savage embroidery. The women sit around the south side of the corral,
the men on the north. Most of the men wear white sheets over their
buckskin shirts although some of them wear black blankets with a strip
of bead work across the middle.

White men have the tradition that this dance is the marriage
dance and every Indian that wants a woman wears a white sheet while
those who are happily married wear the black blankets. The more
intelligent of the Indians question this, saying, that it may be
there are many marriages immediately after the Bear Dance, but
that that is only natural after a large social get-together, and
besides it is spring-time.

When the signal is given for a dance each squaw walks across
to the men's side of the corral and waves or points to a certain man,
then take her position in a line in the center of the corral.

Two young bashful girls often walk hand in hand up to two
boys who are sitting side by side and beckon to them. In no case
does the man make any sign or acknowledgement that he has been chosen.

As soon as the drum begins to roll and the chant throbs under the bare cottonwoods the chosen men walk out and face their partners. The women are standing hand in hand in a long line. The men join hands, and the two lines facing each other start dancing backward and forward in time to the music. The dance step consists of two bold steps forward and three mincing steps backward. Thus as the man advances the woman retreats but when the man retreats the woman boldly advances.

This dance lasts for three days and three nights without a let up. Occasionally the line breaks up and the couples hold of each other's arms and continue the rhythm. Toward the end of the dance novelties are occasionally worked in, such as having a man dressed like a bear chase a woman around the corral. If any of the onlookers laugh at the antics of the pursuer or the pursued that individual becomes "it" and the bear starts after him or her as the case may be.

The dance is essentially an endurance test and by the third day somebody is bound to fall down from exhaustion. Immediately a medicine-man runs to the prostrate figure with a Bear Dance "fiddle" and an eagle plume fan. The fallen reveler is tapped on the soles of the feet, the body and the top of the head with the "fiddle." The medicine-man holds his fan to the east, then to the west, then he dusts the "fiddle" with his fan as though brushing the evil spirit off into the air.

A favorite design to be painted on the faces of the young men is a very fine double line in green and yellow, like forked lightning coming out of the corners of their mouths. Incidentally one of the petroglyphs drawn by the pre-historic men shows this same kind of a line coming from the mouth of the bear.

During the long nights a large bonfire illuminates the dancers and makes fretwork patterns of the white branches of the cottonwoods.
against the midnight sky.

Little boys and girls, not over six or seven years old, dressed in beads and buckskin like their elders dance in a children's line at the east side of the corral.

The dance stops at high noon on the third day and by ten o'clock the older squaws have large fires burning outside of the corral. Galvanized tin wash tubs are set over the flames and cases of canned tomatoes and bags of sugar are poured into them while important looking men in blankets with big spoons step around in their mocassins and sample the brew and give advise as to seasoning. Other tubs are filled with water and whole beefs are cut into chunks to be boiled. Old hags with faces yellow and lined like English walnuts sit on the ground with a switch and wave the flies from these mountains of meat. Gaunt, mangy dogs creep stealthily across the dry leaves to pilfer a chunk of raw meat. A busy matron hacking away at the hind quarter of a beef will turn, and take a swipe at the thief and then go on whittling at the carcass.

When the music stops the throng pours out of the corral to surround the fires and gorge and chatter in the sunshine during the long, pleasant afternoon. Stone Age people at play.
MYTH.

PICK-TO-WHO.

When a war-eagle is four years old his tail feathers become white with dark brown tips. It is then that they are prized by Indians for their head dresses. Such feathers sell at the traders' stores for a dollar a piece. Only the center two of the tail are the prime feathers. At the base of all the tail feathers is a white fluff called, pick-to-who.

This fluff is often plucked from the base of the feather, dyed a brilliant yellow and tied into a bouquet which is attached by a short string to a wand. This bouquet is light as thistle-down and is the sport of every breeze. Old men are fond of sitting alone and singing to these wands by the hour, the breath from their singing making the mite of feathers dance in the sunshine.

Old time Indians say that pick-to-who is also the name of little men who live over on Blue Mountain, a great deer country that was the habitat of the cliff-dwellers. These little people are about two and a half feet tall and they live in the rocks or under the ground. If you do something that they do not like they will shoot you.

"I never know a man to be killed by pick-to-who," says an old Indian, "but sometimes a horse is found dead and people say he was killed by pick-to-who. It is a good thing, I believe, for children to put corn and meat in the rocks for pick-to-who. If you go back in day or two it is always gone, I believe."

"Sometimes in winter just as it is getting light all the dogs in camp start barking and the squaws start yelling at them. Then if the children will get up and go where the dogs are looking, sometimes they will see little plumes of smoke coming out of the ground, little plumes of smoke from the breakfast fires of the pick-to-who."
January 19th, 1934

My brother Joe and a man named Crawford were about the first white settlers to come to Routt County. They came in 1873. Crawford took up a homestead on Steamboat Springs. He thought it would make him rich as a summer resort some day but he died a pauper.

My oldest brother Joe had been a freighter on the Laramie plains for some years. He owned a hundred head of work cattle. In 1873 he got the contract to move Indian supplies to the Ute agency. It was the Nathan old agency where Wilber's ranch is now. That was before Meeker had been sent out. I did not go along on that trip.

When that trip was over Joe turned his cattle out and they wintered so fat he decided that this was a cattle country. They wintered fat. He sold them for beef at Rawlins next year and some of them weighed 1700 lbs. They would sure fool you. I remember people guessed at their weight as we would lead them up to weigh them and they always guessed to light. We started a trading post with them with the Indians. It was located where Elk Head runs into Bear River. (In 1879 we bought 1,500 head of cattle in Utah, around Gunnison and Manti, and we trailed them to Aztec basin and got there a little before the Massacre. There was lots more grass then than there is now. We would just turn our cattle loose and never have to ride for them at all. There was no place for them to go and no other cattle for them to mix with. We didn't salt them in summer. The cattle stayed down near enough the flats to get all the salt feed that they needed.) Of course there were dry years when the grass was not as good as other years but really as I look back at it it seems like a dream how the country has changed since then.

The soldiers that came to protect Meeker, came down Fortification to the bend and crossed the bench to Bear River. Then they went up the River a little way and crossed and went over the hogback to William's Fork. The old road still shows there. Then they went down William's
fork and across the hills to Milk Creek. I don't put any stock in that
Tom Iles account. He was always quite a wind jammer, - the deer he
killed were always farther away and the bear he killed were always closer
than anybody else ever killed them. He made up for that kind of talk
by always being a good fellow who would get up in the middle of the night
to help you any time.

I remember trailing some cattle to Leadville. That was in the
spring of 1880. I lost my hat on Troublesome. There was a little store
or something there and they gave me a new hat and didn't charge me a
cent for it.

Leadville was a boomer then. It beat anything you ever saw. There
was anything in town that you could think of and the streets were crowded.
Lots of town people on horseback, just for pleasure. They rode horses
just for pleasure, even the women, and they didn't know much about horses
and you could see 'em going over their horses' heads almost any time just
like flying squirrels.

Ora Haley brought in his first cattle to this country in 1881.
He made his first headquarters on Lay Creek where Lay is now. That was
his horse camp later. He bought that place from Hulett and Torrence
and they moved south of Bear River and homesteaded the Mountain Meadow
ranch in Azial basin. Haley brought in some of his cattle from Wyoming
and he brought in another herd of several thousand from Utah. He trailed
over Blue Mountain and down on to Bear River.

Haley used to start his round-up at Ouray, Utah and gather and
shove up clear to Hahn's Peak. He used a mess-wagon in the lower country
and when they got to the foot hills and the forest they used packs.

Haley was worth three million dollars when he died. He had a thirteen year
law suit with Routt County over his taxes. That is one reason they whipped
him in the Queen Anne trial. I was deputized to gather his cattle so
the County assessor could count them. Haley came out with the sheriff
and an injunction and stopped me. Haley was a pretty good fellow but
he was awful head strong. I met him once in the Windsor Hotel in Denver
and he told me, nobody else in the world would have been such a fool as
he was. He said that it cost him $30,000 to keep from paying the county
$3,000. He said if he had it to do again he would pay the $3,000 under
protest and then let them to get it back. Haley spoke with a southern
brogue, just exactly like President (F.D.) Roosevelt over the radio.

I remember we were on what is now the Sweeney ranch in 1884 and
a couple of fellows went by with some horses they had stole from the
Indians. The Indians were camped down around Skull Creek. We noticed
that these horses were branded with a bar on the hip and we got to talk-
ing about it and wondering if they could be ours because we branded that
way. So finally we decided to follow them up and see whether they were
our horses or not.

They were headed up Bear River so we followed them along and when
we got to the Dawson Ranch forty miles from home we stopped and got Abe
the Justice of the Peace
Fisk to deputize us. Then we took to their trail in earnest and we had
to quirt to catch up with them. We found them at Alma and looked over the
horses and saw that they were not ours but we were out so much time and
mileage we decided to bring them back anyway so's we could collect our
pay. They were tried before Fisk and he remanded them to the District
Court that sat the following summer. We didn't have any jail in the
county so they were sent to Denver to be held until court sat. The
next summer they were sent back for trial. Court sat at Yampa then (Craig).

There was a dispute on as to whether Yampa of Hahn's Peak was really the
county seat. Well at that trial I was the main witness. The Indians
came up to be witnesses too. All the Indians wanted was one certain horse,-
a pacer, so the rest of them were sold for costs. All the Indian could
testify to was, "That hoss, mine," and he would move his hands and feet
like a pacer. The Indian got his pacer back. The rest of the horses were
sold for costs and the the thieves were turned loose.

(As I was saying there were two county seats in Routt at that time,-
Hahn's Peak and Yampa. The Yampa crowd got me to run for sheriff and I was elected but later it was declared that the election was illegal. That was the end of Yampa. The county seat was at Hahn's Peak from then on until it was moved to Steamboat. Then it came back to Yampa again, only they called it Craig, when Moffat County was split off from Routt.

Two of Buffalo Bill Cody's brothers were big men up at Hahn's Peak and they could turn things around any way they chose.

George Law, Jim Shirley and a kid by the name of Bearce held up the Meeker Bank in 1890. We used to get to Meeker in the old days oftener than we do now. Why I knew everybody in Meeker. It is only a little over a hundred and fifty miles from here. Funny how automobiles make it get farther away. Those bank robbers were from Brown's Park. One of them was a cousin of Stanley Crouse. They crossed at Lily Park and stopped at the Mountain Meadow Ranch on their way over. They were coming back the same way. They left a change of horses tied up on Strawberry Creek.

Sam Weir found them eighteen days after the robbers had been killed. All the horses were dead but one. Sam figured that some one had been in the shade under a cedar where it had been cool so it had not choked to death. He babied it along and when it got well it was one of his best horses. Sam said that it would make you sick to have seen the way those horses had chewed all the bark of the cedars.

(The K Ranch)

I bought this ranch from a Jew named Popper from Salt Lake (See Meeker Herald 1893 here it is claimed Popper was a New Yorker. It was owned the next ranch by Royle Brothers of New York. This is where The Squaw Man was written.) Popper was a smart Jew. Andy Strong was his foreman. He's the man who sold a stack of hay before he left the country and when the fellow who bought it, cut into the hay stack he found that the hay had been stacked over a cabin. Andy was great to steal a man's spurs or watch just in fun and keep them a year or two or wear them out. That was kind of fashionable then and nobody thought anything of it. I remember when the round-up was breaking up once Andy stole a man's silver
mounted bridle bit. When he got back here to the K ranch he felt for his watch and it was gone. He got to studying about it and decided that the only man who could have taken it must have been the man who owned the silver mounted bridle bit. It was a hundred miles to the other fellows ranch but Andy set out. When he had ridden fifty miles he saw a man coming on horseback. It was the man with his watch coming for his spurs. That kind of thing was considered funny in them days. Tom Horn put a stop to all that though.
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THE HISTORY OF BROWN'S PARK
By J.S. Hoy.

The following manuscript is the so-called "History of Brown's Park" written by J.S. Hoy, cattleman, Brown's Park settler and Justice of the Peace. This manuscript was completed about 1917 on the Bassett ranch on Cub Creek, near Jensen, Utah. Its chief value is its repu-
tation and elusiveness. I have been hunting for this manuscript for six
sixteen years. I traced it from Brown's Park to the law office of
Gooding & Munson, Steamboat Springs, Colorado, and from there to the
residence of Lute Wilcox in the blindman's home in Denver. Mr. Wil-
cox assured me that the manuscript had been in his hands but had been
destroyed. I found it on my recent trip to Brown's Hole. It was
folded in a pigeon-hole in an old desk on the Two-bar ranch on Snake
River and had evidently been the property of Mr. Grounds who bought
the Two-bar from Ora Haley for some $500,000 in 1913.

Historically I believe that the data is correct. I know
that Mr. Hoy took a lot of pains to check his facts, but they are
facts about persons of little historical interest. The most interesting
side-light in the manuscript are the names of the members of the posses,
most of whom were reckoned rustlers by the big cow outfits, and many
of whom soon met death violently. (The combined posses of Wyoming, Utah
and Colorado described in this manuscript, together with the activities
of the cattleman's assassin, Tom Horn, finally brought peace and
order to Brown's Hole. The last private assassination occurring in
1914, left Brown's Park thoroughly civilized, - and depopulated.
In 1934, there were only three permanent families living in the Park,-
the Bassette, the Crouses and the Taylors.)

I have copied this manuscript word for word, retaining the
original spelling and use of hyphens. Mr. Hoy is not living in 1934.
Some noted outlaws of Brown's Park.

Harry Tracy probably was the most bloodthirsty prisoner that ever was confined in the jail of Routt County. He was not there very long for he was just then commencing his terrible career of crimes and was as desperate and resourceful that steel bars could not hold him.

He broke jail in Routt county, was moved to Pitkin county for safe keeping and stayed there only a few weeks when he escaped again. He was heard of next, when he escaped from the penitentiary of a northwestern state and ran amuck for ten days or two weeks, killing eight officers and, finally, when cornered, perished miserably by his own hand.

Tracy was not a noted criminal when he was captured here, but he showed evidence of his bloodthirsty disposition and his desperate character. His capture here, almost an accident. The officers were not looking for him, but for one of his companions, and in the search Tracy killed Valentine Hoy, one of the deputies.

In the fall of 1897 Harry Tracy and David Lant were serving time in the Utah penitentiary. They were sent up on separate charges and it is not probable that they were acquainted before their prison sentence. Upon their escape they became companions, and made their way to that famous rendezvous for all the bad men of the country at that time, Brown's Park, in northwestern Routt county, which was infested by the Powder Springs gang and was a regular meeting place for an organized band of crooks and murderers as they plied their nefarious trade through Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Nevada.

Butch Cassidy's wild riders, the Hole-in-the-Wall gang and all the other outlaws that went on the trail have at some time or other stopped temporarily in Brown's Park. The region lent itself well to the purpose of men hiding from the law. It is a large, mountainous sparsely settled, cedar covered region in which it is easy to evade pursuit.

The capture of Tracy, Lant and Johnston and Bennett in Brown's Park in the early spring of 1898, the murder of Valentine Hoy by these outlaws, while he was acting as deputy sheriff, the lynching of Bennett the subsequent daring escape of Lant and Tracy from the Hahn's Peak jail and later escape from the Aspen jail, where they were taken for safe keeping, and the conviction of Johnston, is one of the most thrilling pages in the history of Northwestern Colorado.

Charles W. Neiman, now an Egeria park cattleman, (wag of Steamboat Springs also, (inserted with pencil, J.M.) as brave a man and as competent an officer as ever served the people of this county, was elected sheriff in 1895 and re-elected in 1897 (and 1902 and 1909; pencil insert, J.M.) He had for years been a cowboy and was familiar with every hill and gulch in the county. He had put in many years riding the ranges of Snake River and the lower country, having been stationed in Brown's Park for three years, looking after cattle.

In February, 1898, Sheriff Neiman was notified that a justice of the peace in Brown's Park (J.B. Hoy, J.M.) had issued a warrant for Johnston and Bennett accused of killing cattle on the ranges and disposing of the meat to persons who were operating a copper mine and smelter on Douglas Mountain. These men were what were known as "killers", part of the gang of outlaws that infested that country, and the local constable very wisely concluded that he did not care to serve the warrants, for it was generally recognized that it could not be accomplished without bloodshed. Therefore the warrant was sent to sheriff Neiman and he prepared to uphold the majesty of the law. He went to Craig and picked up Ethan Allen Farnham, Kiwanas boss, who also was a man noted for his coolness and daring and afterwards served the people of the county as sheriff. They went in a sleigh to lay, where they found the snow so far gone that sleighing was an impossibility, and picked up an axlestrong buckboard, with which they continued to the
Boyd Vaughn ranch near Cross Mountain, where they spent the night.

Vaughn had lost several horses the previous fall, and he be-
lieved they had been stolen, so Sheriff Neiman urged him to join the
party, as there was a possibility that on their trip they might find
the horses, for nearly all the live stock that was stolen went to
Browns park. In the morning when the officers were prepar-
ing to start, Vaughn decided to accompany them, so he saddled a horse and
joined the party.

It is forty miles from the Vaughn ranch to A.H. Bassett ranch,
which was to be headquarters on the expedition. The road sur-
mounts the divide between Bear and Snake rivers, crosses the latter river
at the Two-bar ranch, thence over a divide, and down a long gulch known
as (West J.X.) Boone draw, to the Vermillion, which flows into Green
River. The road is sandy, and traveling difficult much of the way. When
going down this draw, the officers occasionally could catch glimpses of
moving objects far ahead of them and they quickened their speed in
order to get a closer inspection. It soon became evident that there
were three men, and they showed no desire to be overtaken. They were
armed, and had horses with packs on them. When it became evident that
they were being overtaken, they left the road, and struck out across a
high bluff to Douglas mountain. It was then late in the evening, and
it was ten miles to the Bassett ranch, so the officers decided to
proceed there, and go back in the morning to take the trail, for they
were convinced that the men they had seen were /\ outlaws.

As a matter of fact the three men were Harry Tracy, David Lent
and E.L. Johnstone, the latter being one of the men for whom the sheriff had
a warrant. He had no knowledge of either Lent or Tracy. The latter
had arrived in the park the fall previously after escaping from Utah
penitentiary. They met Bennett, known among the cowboys as Judge
Bennett, from an escwide or escape which he recounted later. Bennett him-

self was an outlaw and directed them to secrete themselves, a
camp in a lonesome and little frequented gulch near Powder springs,
and he carefully guarded their hiding place. They subsisted on provi-
sions which they stole from sheep camps, Davenport having several bands
of sheep in that section, and cattle, which they killed as their necess-
ity demanded.

Bennett was a gun man, and a cattle thief. He was one of the men
for whom the sheriff had a warrant and which had occasioned his trip
to Browns park. He was a member of the Powder springs gang of outlaws.

During the previous winter one of the gang was taken ill with pne-
umonia, and a courier was sent to Baggs for a physician. The medicine
man did all he could to save the life of the outlaw, but he died.

A short time afterwards the gang made a raid on Baggs, filled up on
fire water and terrorized the community, shooting up the town and threat-
ening the citizens. Some one suggested that they hang the physician
who had attended their dead comrade, and the doctor was immedi-
ately brought forth and told to prepare to die. In the hands of a drunk

mobs his position was precarious. Then some one took a drunken notion
that the execution should have some form of legality, and a trial was
had. Bennett presided as judge, and the title of ensuite was
left to him among his comrades. Before the execution, some other wild
escapade caught the fancy of the sundown crowd and the physician
was allowed to go.

The officers arrived at the Bassett ranch at dark. They found
there A.H. Bassett, the old time pioneer of the park, an old man who
was stopping there, doing some trapping, and a young man by the name of
Strang. Supper was prepared for the visithers and no questions
asked. It was a land of outlaws, and residents did not commit them
elves nor give information. The Bassett were not the outlaws
they were generally credited to be. They lived in a land of outlaws
and that was possible only by giving aid to the hunted men
who infested the region. They could not have lived otherwise.
Of course, it is probable that their herds were increased occasionally by the brand-iron and the maverick route, but, then, lots of people did that in the early days - up until the deadly visit of Tom Horn, in fact. During the meal the officers were given the details of an event that had been creating considerable excitement in the park for some days. A week before Johnston had brutally murdered Willie Strang, a brother of the young man at the Bassett home, at a ranch in the northern end of the park (On Red Creek; J.M.), and on the Wyoming side of the line. Since that time a posse of officers had been searching the park for the murderer without results. They lost trace of him near Powder Springs, and several of them had returned home, believing he was out of the country.

It was a species of intuition that made Heiman confident that Johnston was one of the party he had seen escaping in the afternoon, and he took young Strang to one side and told him that he had trace of his brother's murderer, and directed him to saddle his horse and ride to all the men that were to be trusted and were within reach and assemble them at the Bassett ranch before morning. In response to this call Jim Lehnheit (He later married Jose Bassett) William Fidge (later killed in a gun fight), Longhorn Thompson (later bragged of being only man Tom Horn ever missed) Ab Bassett (committed suicide when arrested for rustling in 1927) and Valentine Hoy got to the ranch shortly after midnight, and after a long and early start, the posse took the trail at daylight. They came upon the camp of the fugitives in the afternoon and everything showed the hasty departure of the fugitives, leaving their horses, bedding and camp utensils. They had seen the officers approaching and had hurried to safety, abandoning everything but a little flour, which one of them had the foresight to take along. The camp was at the foot of Douglas mountain, and a short distance above it, the rimrock was exposed across the face of the hill, with many caves hollowed out under it, and in places protected by talus and rock that had rolled down. It was an admirable place for defense, almost impregnable when held by armed and desperate men, and while the officers were sure their quarry were hiding there, they were in a position to play a safe game, for the fugitives were without food, blankets or horses and their escape from the country impossible. As it was evening, the officers withdrew to the Bassett ranch for the night, taking the outlaws horses and camp equipment, and were back on the ground early in the morning.

After their capture, Lent and Tracy related their experiences. They were hidden under the rimrock as the officers had thought, and had their guns ready to kill when their pursuers should approach. They were going to allow the officers to approach close enough to make sure of their aim, and planned to get the entire posse, which would easily have been possible. Then with the horses of the officers, they planned to escape out of the country.

When the officers left them for the night, they were in a desperate plight. Their horses and provisions were gone, they were without bedding, and the nights were desperately cold, there being patches of snow still on the ground. The three hunted men decided to skirt the mountains to the Green River, and escape into Utah. It was a weary and hungry trip they had that night. They reached Green river, descending into the tremendous gorge of Lodore canyon, but the walls were so steep on the west side of the river that they could not scale them, so they followed down the river on the ice. After miles of weary travel, they came to where the gorge narrowed, forcing the current into a boiling cataract, thus preventing the formation of ice. They were in a trap with no exit except to return the weary miles they had come. They decided to go back, await the certain arrival of the officers, and fight it out.
They went to the very rim rock cave they had held the day before, but changed their minds, and struck boldly up the steep mountain.

When the officers arrived early the next morning to take the trail they were thrown off the scent by the tracks leading down into Green river, and they made the whole trip to the end of the ice before they discovered that the quarry had doubled on the track. They returned to the rim rock and then followed the fresh trail up the mountain.

The way was so steep that horses could not be used, so they left them with two men to guard them and prevent their capture, should the outlaws again double back on their trail. In addition, Boyd Vaughn and Eb Bissett were stationed on a prominent point overlooking miles of the lower hills and valleys, to keep a lookout if the men should attempt to escape in any other way. The mountain sets in the angle formed by Bear and Green rivers, and there was no escape ahead; that they would circle and go back seemed probable.

Neiman, Varnham, Boy, McKnight and Pidgeon followed the fresh trail up the mountain side, in places so steep that it was necessary for the men to take hold of trees and projections to pull themselves up. The officers talked only in whispers and had their guns ready for instant use. They were following up a narrow gulch, and presently came to a great rock which would have barred further progress along the path they were traveling, except that the rock had split apart, leaving a crevice just wide enough for a man to crawl through. Here tracks were scattering, and a smouldering fire a little to one side showed them where the fugitives had stopped and mixed with snow, some of the flour, the only provision they had escaped with, and had baked it on the coals. Sheriff Neiman had been in the lead all the way up the gulch, but stopped to inspect the camping place for a moment and Valentine S. Hoy walked ahead to the crevice of the rock, twenty feet distant. Instantly there were two rifle reports in quick succession and the curling smoke from behind the rock showed that the hunted men were driven to bay there, and with every advantage were intent on murdering all that advanced.

Valentine Hoy crumbled up on the snow, which rapidly turned crimson with his life's blood. He was shot through the heart, and his death was instantaneous. He was a pioneer of the park, owner of much land and many cattle, and was a brave and upright man. Exposed to the fire of an entrenched enemy having every advantage and only a few feet distant, the four officers threw themselves behind rocks and trees and for more than an hour, the two parties faced each other with every nerve taut. Once Tracy, peering around the rock, his dark, crafty face malignant and cruel, and Neiman swung his gun into position, but the outlaw dodged back. It was an instant that the outlaw and the sheriff gazed into each other's faces, but they were so close to each other that when they again met, at the time of the capture, each recognized the other and Tracy remarked, with that cruel grin that was characteristic of him, 'I've seen you before, sheriff.' McKnight saw, or thought he saw, a glimpse of one of the outlaws, and fired a shot at him.

The officers were in a peculiar position. The outlaws had every advantage of the situation. They were intrenched behind a rock that could be approached only in single file. The officers could not get around and above them without exposing themselves to almost certain death, for the hillsides was so steep that a man could not walk upright and scale it. On the other hand, every ultimate advantage was with them. The fugitives were without food or bedding; they were exhausted with constant going day and night, and their escape was impossible. They could not escape to the south or west, for the great canons cut off escape.
Eventually they must return to the park, and the posse was being increased constantly. Rather than risk his men under the circumstances, Sheriff Neiman decided to retire from the field. He and Pidgeon were together in one place and a few feet distant Farnham and McNichol were protected behind a rock. One at a time they wiggled backward down the hill while the others kept the hiding place of the enemy covered with their rifles. A short distance down the hill they dropped over a rim rock, distinguishing characteristics of the entire Browns park country.

It was late in the evening and they decided to return to the Bassett ranch for the night, and take the trail refreshed in the morning. As they returned they learned of new developments in the rear. They met Boyd Vaughn coming in search of them. As he and Eb Bassett were maintaining their lookout over the lower hills, they spied a horseback rider coming toward the foot of the mountain. He reached a prominent point, pulled his six-shooter and fired three shots in rapid succession. He waited for a long time, evidently disappointed at receiving no reply, and repeated the signal, this time with a rifle. Vaughn and Bassett mounted and rode toward him. As they approached, Bassett recognized the new comers as Bennetts. He was the first to locate Cant and Tracy in their hiding place near Powder springs, and when his partner, Johnstone, committed murder and was being hunted by the officers he sent him to the camp of the other outlaws, directing them on a certain day to be at the foot of Douglas mountain, where he would join them, and they would fire three shots in rapid succession as a signal. He had a cache of provisions, which he had stolen from a sheep camp in the vicinity, and from this he was to provision the fugitives for their trip to a safer country. Bassett and Vaughn reached a hasty conclusion as to their course of action. Vaughn was to represent himself as a cow puncher in search of cattle, and Bassett was to invite Bennetts to the ranch to spend the night. The latter was without suspicion, knowing Bassett well, and fell in with the plans. The two started for the ranch, and Vaughn struck off in a different direction, presumably to continue his business but instead, hastened to find the sheriff and posse. Bennetts horse was almost exhausted and the two men traveled very slowly on their way to the ranch. Neiman knew all the trails in the country, and with his men took a short cut and arrived at the Bassett ranch before Bennetts and his host. The sheriff and two men stationed themselves just inside the kitchen door, and about thirty feet from the swinging gate that led to the stable yard, Bassett rode faster than his companion, and was instructed by the sheriff to remain at the barn until Bennetts horses had been put away, and then to come to the house with him, opening the gate to let Bennetts pass and then stepping up by the side of him. All this was carried out to a letter, and the outlaw found himself looking into the barrels of three rifles, and heard a sharp command to throw up his hands. He made a motion as if to fight, but thought better of it, and in less time than it takes to tell it Neiman slipped shackles onto his hands and ankles, took from him two revolvers and he was a prisoner.

Neiman was confident now that the men he was pursuing were escaped convicts from Utah, and William Pidgeon made a ninety-mile ride to Vernal in record time, to notify the sheriff of Uintah County. Pidgeon made the trip without stop, except to change horses at two ranches along the route. The next day the man hunt was renewed. Undersheriff Farnham, however, was left at the Bassett ranch to guard Bennett, for, with his known desperate character.

Some time during the day, perhaps about noon, officers and prisoners were in the bunk house, where the guard was being maintained. Bennett was shackled and lying on the bunk, while Farnham, ever watchful, was dropped in a chair against the wall near the door facing his prisoner, and whil-
ing away his time by reading a book. The door by the side of the officer opened, and he glanced around to find himself covered with revolvers, in the hands of two masked men. He was told to be quiet, but one that sounded like business, that all that was required of him was to keep quiet.

Other masked men entered the room carrying a burlap sack. This they placed over the head of Bennett, and still without a word, they picked him and bore him out of the room. Everything was conducted quietly and in order. The guard kept the officer covered for perhaps ten minutes, and then telling him to remain quiet for another length of time, they backed away. Barnham waited some little time, and then walked to the door and looked out. It was a quiet, peaceful, winter day, not a soul was in sight and no sound to be heard. To a high cross-bar over a gate a short distance away, Bennett's body was swinging on a rope, the burlap sack hiding his features.

The law of the frontier had been meted out to him. During a residence of about six years in the park, he had engaged in stealing horses and cattle, and the law-abiding citizens stood in fear of him, for it was known that he was quick on the trigger and had murdered in his heart. About four hours later, assisted by those about the ranch, Barnham cut down the body, rolled it in a navajo blanket, and buried it in a little gulch, a short distance from the house.

Then Sheriff Reiman returned to the ranch that evening he was met at the corral by his undersheriff. Instantly scenting an escape, when he saw Barnham away from the guard house, he asked where Bennett was.

"I buried him," said Barnham. "Didn't want to see him, did you?"

The manhunt began on Monday, Feb. 23, on Tuesday Hoy was killed, and it was not until Saturday, March 6th, that the capture was made. Very hungry, cold, with shoes worn out, and feet wrapped in cloth torn from their garments, the three desperate criminals were in a sorry plight.

Every morning men fresh from a night's rest, and fortified with enough to eat, took the trail. The fugitives could not escape to the east or south; the only way left was to return to Powder Springs and get food at the sheep camps. They killed a colt, cut meat from it, and broiled it on the coals to keep from starving. The officers found the trail leading back to the park, and the sheriff knew they were on their way to the sheep camps. There were three of these, and on Saturday morning he divided his forces into three parties, each to go to one of the camps and scout the surrounding neighborhood.

Barnham, McKnight, Deputy Sheriff Swanson of Sweetwater County, Wyo.

Joe Davenport and Leon Dart, the later being the pioneer negro cattleman who was afterwards waylaid and murdered by Tom Horn, composed the party that effected the capture, although Sheriff Reiman and party came in immediately afterwards. The Barnham party routed the fugitives from a hillside where they had stopped to get a little rest. They ran for an arroyo with steep sides and partly filled with snow. The officers opened fire and shouted a demand for surrender. Johnstone threw up his hands and walked toward the officers and surrendered. Lant and Tracy reached the gulch, while the officers circled and continued to fire. Recently Lant and Tracy came out of hiding with hands up in token of surrender. This was six or seven miles south of Powder Springs. Tracy and Johnstone had Winchesters and all three men had revolvers.

They were taken before Justice of the Peace J. S. Hoy, a brother of the murdered man, for preliminary examinations. The testimony of Reiman and Johnstone was taken in writing and is now in the file of the District Court, bearing out the main parts of the above narrative. The justice also filed his findings in the case, the document being as follows:

"Office of the Justice of the Peace,
Ladore, Colo., March 6, 1898.

On the above date P. L. Johnstone, David Lant and Harry Tracy were brought before me by the sheriff of Routt county, charged with the killing of Valentine S. Hoy on the afternoon of March 1, 1898. I examined the three prisoners, the testimony of P. L. Johnstone being in writing. The other two testified, but their testimony was not reduced to writing.
I also examined Sheriff Charles Neiman, R.A. Farnham and James McKnight. To me, the evidence taken and the circumstances surrounding the killing of Valentine S. Hoy was sufficient to bind the prisoners over to the district court without bail, and they were accordingly remanded to the custody of the sheriff to be confined in the county jail until the decision so rendered be satisfied by due course of law, except in the case of F.L. Johnstone, who was turned over to the custody of Deputy United States Marshal Charles Laney, who claimed Johnstone on writ of requisition from the governor of Colo. Petimus remanding Lant and Tracy to the county jail contains the names of the four principal witnesses in the prosecution, to-wit: Charles Neiman, R.A. Farnham, James McKnight and J.S. Hoy.

J.S. Hoy

"J.P. Ladero Precinct."

As noted above, Johnstone was turned over to the United States marshal of Wyoming to answer for killing of Willia Strang. The Wyoming officials had been hunting for him for nearly two weeks, and were armed with requisition papers signed by Governor C.S. Thomas. Many of them had given up the chase, but on the news that the Routt county officials were on the trail, several of them returned and joined in the hunt. Also, on the day of the capture, a large crowd arrived from Uintah county Utah, and that night at the Bassett ranch, there were sixty men to be fed of course there were no sleeping accommodations for that many, so they built a big bon fire in the yard, and most of them dozed about the fire. The prisoners were kept in the bunk house, shackled, and with two men constantly on guard. Several times during the night a movement was started to lynch the prisoners and a leader was all that was required to deal swift justice to all three men. Sheriff Neiman remained up all night mingling with the men and urging them to allow the law to take its course. If he had been less vigilant it might have turned out better in the end. Lant and Tracy were landed in the county jail at Flahns Peak and Neiman personally attended to the jail, for there was constant danger of an escape. The cells in use were fairly good ones, but they were housed in a small log building only a foot or two larger than the cells, and with the chinking removed it was an easy matter for an accomplice to slip anything desired to the prisoners. Only a short time before the sheriff had taken from a prisoner a pewter key that was an exact duplicate of the large one used as the main key to the jail. The metal had undoubtedly been slipped to the prisoner and he had put in his spare time in fashioning it to the proper shape. It was perfect in construction. It was taken by the sheriff and placed in his room, and was very useful in a couple of weeks after Lant and Tracy's confinement in getting the sheriff out of his own jail. The Routt county jail cells were locked by a lever from the outside, and is separate from the lock used on the corridor. Then entering the jail to take the prisoners their meals or for other purposes they were required to enter their cell and close the doors. A lever was thrown to bolt the cell doors, the corridor door unlocked, the meal taken in, and the attendant left it in the corridor and, relocking, relocked the corridor door and from the outside again used the lever to unbolt the doors and the prisoners were free to go into the corridor and eat. This evening the meal had been taken in as usual and it was dusk when Sheriff Neiman went in to remove the dishes and fix things for the night. Lant and Tracy occupied one cell and the other was vacant, with door open. The prisoners had laid their plans well, and undoubtedly rehearsed it. They purposely broke the lamp chimney so that the light was dim and shadows long, the smoking lamp being placed in the back part of the corridor. Upon Neiman's appearance the prisoners, as was their custom, started from the corridor into their cells. Lant was just stepping across the cell door when Tracy created a momentary interruption by asking the sheriff for a match which was given him. Neiman says that he has discovered since that no man ever reaches in his vest pocket for a match, without momentarily
glancing down at his pocket. In that fraction of a second, Lant, as lithe as a cat, passed unnoticed into the second cell, the door of which was allowed to remain open into the corridor. Tracy received the match stepped into the cell, closed it, and the bolt was thrown, and without suspicion the sheriff unlocked the outer door and stepped into the corridor. Lant was a powerful man, and, with head down, he landed on the sheriff with terrific force. Hieman was small in stature, and he was no match for the outlaw, but he fought with every ounce of his strength, for he had every reason to believe that he was fighting for his life.

Not a word was said as the men fought in the dim corridor. Lant was in his stocking feet, and was agile and powerful, directing his blows at the sheriff's body, knocking the breath out of him. Slowly he forced the sheriff backwards, got him on the floor, and continued his terrible blows. It required quick wit and craftiness on the part of the officer, and he feigned unconsciousness, for he saw the plan was to beat him to unconsciousness. When he had ceased his struggles and lay limp and apparently lifeless, Lant ceased his terrible punches and went through the clothes of the officer, taking the jail keys, and released Tracy, and that brutal, dark-visaged little outlaw celebrated his release by viciously kicking the prostrate officer, which required the most admirable restraint on his part, he had decided to play.

It was still early in the evening, and lights were burning in nearby houses, and for more than an hour the sheriff remained unconscious while his prisoners waited till the road was clear, and discussed their plans of escape. Several times, Tracy advocated finishing the job, meaning that they should kill Hieman, but Lant was strongly opposed to it, claiming that he was safe enough. Tracy still was doubtful, and once placed his ear to the officers heart, and then called his companion saying; Come here Dave. His heart is beating awful strong.

Tracy several times renewed his advice to murder the sheriff, and the latter owes his life to Lant, who firmly and successfully protested against it. Finally the outlaws considered it safe to venture forth. They carried the sheriff into their cell, gagged him, placed him on the bunk, and locked him in, first taking his watch and everything on his person. They were greatly disappointed at not finding a weapon.

Then they locked the corridor door, taking all the keys with them, and slipped out into the night. There were some lights burning in the houses, but they skulked along in the shadows to the stage barn, where Pat and Sadie, the stage horses were quietly eating hay, after making a hard trip from Steamboat, through the melting snow. They led the horses out, and without saddles, started on their trip from the law.

It was a bitter cold night, in the middle of March, the thermometer registering 28 degrees below zero. The men were thinly clad, without wrap, gloves, overshoes or extra clothing, and must have suffered terribly. Twice on the trip to Steamboat, they became so numb that they were compelled to stop, build a little fire, and warm themselves.

The last stop was at the abandoned W.J. Franz cabin, about a mile from Steamboat, facetiously labeled "Hotel de Jack Rabbit". They passed through Steamboat an hour before daylight, and had to a hard time urging the tired horses past the stage barn, for they knew their feeding place, and objected to a double shift in one day and one night. The outlaws continued along the stage road to the W.J. Laramore ranch, where they stopped to get breakfast. They told a weird tale of being ranchmen compelled to make a hasty trip to the railroad, and would leave their horses there, and catch the Welcott stage as it came back. When the outlaws left the sheriff locked in the cell, and presumably unconscious, he was able to maintain silence until the men were out of hearing. If they had heard an outcry, they would have returned, and certainly murdered him. So it was some time before he began shouting to attract attention. It was some distance to the nearest inhabitant, but finally one was aroused by the unusual outcry, and went to investigate. Then it took a few minutes to arouse Jail. Entire town. The first job was to liberate the sheriff from jail.
Fortunately he had kept the pewter key taken from a former prisoner, and he directed the men where to find it in his room. This permitted the opening of the corridor, but sledges and chisels were necessary to open the cell door. Notwithstanding the terrible beating he had received, the effects of which he still feels at times, Sheriff Neiman took charge of the pursuit. He had heard enough of their plans to know where to begin. He and others took the trail a couple of hours behind the fugitives. The smouldering embers of the fires that had been kindled for warmth, as well as the fresh horses' tracks, told them they were on the right course, and they arrived at Steamboat at daybreak. Immediately there were volunteers to aid in the search for the news of the jail break traveled fast in Steamboat after the arrival of the officers.

Men started out on horseback on different roads leading from town. Sheriff Neiman and Milby Frazier got into the Wolcott sleigh, driven by Bert Carpenter, which went whirling over the crisp snow toward the railroad. The officers were bundled in heavy fur overcoats, and not easily recognized, and when the stage answered the hail at the Laramore ranch and turned in there, it got within a few feet of the outlaws before they found themselves covered with guns, and were quick to cut up their hands. Tracy's greeting was, "Hello, Neiman, I thought you would be just waking up."

It may readily be imagined that Sheriff Neiman was in no very pleasant frame of mind toward his prisoners. No officer likes to have his guests go away without leave, and is especially chagrined to be beaten up, and locked in a cell himself. The sheriff got a sleigh at the Laramore ranch to take Lant and Tracy to Steamboat, and on arriving there he stopped at the Adire hardware store long enough to buy a log chain and two padlocks, and the two prisoners were chained together by the necks. They were held in the Sheridan hotel office, with guards at the doors to watch the prisoners, and to keep back the crowds that struggled for a sight of the outlaws that were already becoming noted, while the officers got something to eat, and then continued the journey to Bahn's Peak. There were many mutterings among the crowd, with some talk of lynching, but the general sentiment was to maintain the law.

Neiman took no more chances when he returned the prisoners to their cell. He kept them chained together by their necks, and in addition, put an Oregon boot on each. This is a heavy weight attached to the ankle. The prisoners took a fiendish delight thereafter in making things uncomfortable for the residents of the peak. They would sleep in the daytime, and all night long, while people were trying to sleep, they would pound their Oregon boots against the steel bars, making a noise that prevented anyone in the neighborhood from sleeping. There were constant rumors of a rescue, and the residents were under a constant mental strain. Finally, the sheriff presented the matter to Judge Ruster, and he issued the following order:

"\(\text{Vt.} \) Neiman, sheriff of Routt County, having represented to me that he has in custody one David Lant and one Harry Tracy, who are at this time confined in the county jail at Bahn's Peak, Routt county; that said prisoners are held on the charge of the murder of one V.S. Hoy of Browns Park, in the county of Routt; that they are desperate characters and have broken jail once since he has had them in custody; that he has been informed and believes that an attempt will be made to liberate them, and that the county jail of Routt county is not sufficiently strong in which to keep said prisoners until they can be dealt with according to law, and it appearing that the county of Pitkin is the nearest county in said district having a sufficient jail in which to confine said prisoners; It is ordered that the sheriff of Routt county do immediately remove said David Lant and Harry Tracy from the county jail of Routt county at Aspen, Colo., to be confined and held in custody until further order by the district court of Routt county, or the judge thereof in vacation. And it is further ordered that the sheriff of Pitkin county do present to the district court of said county the said David Lant and
(Noted Outlaws.)

Harry Tracy and keep them and care of them in safe custody in the county jail of Pitkin county until further orders of the said district court or the said judge thereof.

Dated at Aspen Chambers in Aspen. Colo., April 1, 1916 (?)

Thomas A. Rucker, Judge.

April 9 Sheriff Reiman delivered his prisoners at Aspen jail, and it is no discredit to him to say that he was relieved to be free from them. He repeatedly warned the keepers of the dangerous character of the men and cautioned them to use every vigilance, but was very confidently, and perhaps a trifle contemptuously, assured that the dangerous outlaws had now reached a place that would hold them.

It was only a few weeks later that Lant and Tracy gained their liberty by a trick similar to their Wawas Peak escapade. When the jailer went to lock them in their cells, in broad daylight, they walked into their cells, pulled the door shut, and noiselessly opened it a trifle so the bolt thrown by the jailer did not catch. When he walked into the corridor they pounced upon him and nearly beat him to death with a weapon they had formed by twisting a wire clothes line rope they had been allowed to use in their cell. They did not take any chances this time on the jailer waking up to catch them before they had a good start. Tracy next was heard of when he marked his bloody trail through a northwestern state. Lant is said to be serving time in the northwest.

Johnstone was tried in Wyoming for killing Willie Strang, but for some reason was acquitted. He was brought immediately to Houtt county and placed on trial for being accessory to the murder of Hoy. He was tried before Judge Rucker and prosecuted by District Attorney Shumate now district judge. He was found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to the penitentiary to from ten to fifteen years. He claimed that the shooting of Hoy was done by Tracy, over his protest.
I was born at Franklin, Pennsylvania, in 1853. I worked in the oil fields there when I was a boy. Then I went to Iowa where I worked in a store. I was there when I heard about the gold strike on Fortification Creek, and five of us came out to this country. That was in 1882. Two of us settled here on Snake River after we did not get rich on gold placer work. I was clerk of election at Yampa, near where Craig is now, in the fall of 1882. I don't know about the early county seat at Elk Head. I know we took the ballots to Hahn's Peak. There was a telegraph line from Rawlins to Meeker that crossed the river here at Baggs when I first came to the country.

The town of Baggs was originally called Dixon and at the time of the Meeker Massacre the pigeon holes were loaded up and taken up Snake River eight miles, where there were more people so they would be safe if the Indians came this way. The soldiers established a post here called "Camp on Snake River." Then a new post office was applied for and it was named Baggs after George Baggs, the cattleman, who owned the land where the post office stood. When I first came here John Irms was post master. He was a brother-in-law of the Morgan boys. He had a store, post office and saloon all under one roof. I clerked there for several years.

I don't remember Bennett ever being called "Judge" up here or about the kangaroo court. Bennett went by the name of Patterson when he was in Baggs. When I was Justice of the Peace during the Cassidy days I fined Johnson $50.00 for disturbing the peace and he left town. The whole gang came back a month or two later and as soon as they got to the edge of town they started to yell and shoot. I was living in a house down by the river bank. Johnson came down there alone. The rest of the gang stayed up town where they were drinking. He tied his horse up to the fence and came to the door and said, "I've come to get that $50.00 you took from me." I told him that I didn't have the fifty dollars as I had sent it to the county seat. He said, "Well, you come on up town, then, and tell that to the rest of the gang." I said that if he would wait until I finished my dinner I would go with him. He came in the house and sat down. When I was through eating I walked up town with him. He was leading his horse. I talked nice to him and told him that the citizens were tired of having men ride into town and shoot it up and they had arrested him and all I could do was to fine him if he was guilty. About the time we got to the bridge another one of them came riding up. He got off his horse and the three of us walked up town. They said that they did not have it in for me but for the marshal who had arrested Johnson. He was the blacksmith and they wanted me to go to his house and tell him to come out. I said, "I'll go to his house and talk to him but I don't know whether he will come out or not." We went around to his house but he wouldn't come out and they were afraid to go in. He had a gun on each side of the door.

Then we all went up to the saloon. There was a barber up there who had just come from North Carolina. He wanted to join the Cassidy gang. A Mexican sheepherder had left town that morning with $200.00, walking to Rawlins. The barber told the outlaws that if they would loan him a horse he would go out and hold up the Mexican and bring back the $200.00. That would prove to them that he was qualified to join their gang. He brought back the $200.00 all right and they took him with them when they left for Powder Springs but they did not think much of him and figured on giving him the slip when they got out in the desert, but he got up at midnight and took their best horse and flew the coop.
I don't know when I was born, but I am eighty-eight years old. (1846). I was born in the old country, in Wales. There were nine of us that I can remember. Joseph was the oldest boy, Polly the oldest girl. Then there were me, and Charles, and Thomas, and Will, and Ben, and Sarah, and Milcah. We started at Rawlins. I don't know how we got there. The old folks both stayed back in Wales. They died there (?). I know that we lived at Doddsville and Polkerville, Wisconsin, and we drove oxen to Clear Creek. I don't remember the year. We had a ranch and cattle there. That is where the old folks died. (This correct I believe. I remember when the estate was settled the Morgan boys got some money from a ranch in east Colorado.)

Me and Joe and Charles drove our oxen from Clear Creek to Rawlins. I don't remember the year but there was a lot of freight to be moved from Rawlins to the Reservation, and we took the job, at 5¢ per pound. There must have been twenty wagons on that trip. I know I drove three yoke of bulls. It took about all summer. We had a herd of these cattle north of Snake River going back to the railroad. We ate some of them. I remember that.

It was slow going as there were no roads. Where the side hills were steep, we would put poles under the wagons and everybody would get a-hold to keep the wagons from upsetting. We only made from three to five miles a day. I don't remember what route we took from Rawlins to the Agency but the Agency was up at the mouth of the canon on White River. It was built of logs. (This must have been the first Agency built. Meeker moved to Powell Park.)

I don't remember what we were taking to the Indians but I guess it was mostly flour. Yes, I remember we had a saw mill but the Indians wouldn't let Agent Littlefield set it up as they were afraid that the sawdust would kill the fish. (Simp Harp, of Meeker, tells of a General Adams who came to White River in 1865 and constructed a saw mill at the sight of the first Agency. Adams used to come to White River on fishing trips in later years.)

We never made another freight trip to the Agency but we opened a store at Elk Head to trade with the Indians. We traded muzzle-loader guns, powder, lead and caps, for buckskin. Joseph did the trading. He could talk Ute and I think that we made money. We sent the buckskin to a man in Denver and he sent us the guns. We never traded whiskey to the Utes. Charlie Perkins on Snake River did that. They could get all the whiskey they wanted from him. The Indians could have killed us and taken our guns but they never did. I remember Captain Jack. He was a big man. Douglas was a small man.

We traded with them until the time of the "massacres" then we took up a ranch (The Sweeney place) and when the massacre came off we were down there (?). In 1880 we took a herd of cattle to Leadville and herded them around all summer and peddled the meat. In 1880 we took a herd of cattle to Leadville and herded them around all summer and peddled the meat. I know Tom lost his hat on the way up and he had to go into town with a handkerchief over his head.
Fortification was named for a battle between the Utes and the Sioux before I came to the country. I always heard that the battle was fought where the rocks stick out on edge half way up the creek. The Utes used those rocks for a fortification. I don't know which side won the fight.

I don't remember much about the Meeker massacre or the fight on Milk Creek, but that is right about the thrashing machine being burned by the Utes. MacGarger from Snake River was freighting it to the reservation with the soldiers but he got scared and dropped it.

I don't know whether Tom Iles warned the soldiers not to go up Spring Creek or not. Tom liked to talk, - went to the senate.
I was born at Volmont, Boulder County, Colorado, in 1867. I graduated
the University of Colorado in 1884 as a civil Engineer. I went to
work first at the Camp Bird mine at Curay. I thought I knew more than
anybody else in the world but they fired me. For a while after that
I was a conductor on a street car in Denver, then a book keeper for
a wholesale establishment. Then I went to Chihuahua hunting for ore.

There were several of us and we made some big strikes but the trust
got the Mexicans to run us out and I walked from Chihuahua to Albe-
quereque, New Mexico. Next I heard of the placer gold between Baggs
and Lay, the Timberlake rush, so I came to this country. I took up this
homestead in 1891 and have been running cattle here ever since.

I didn’t come to the country in time to see any of the Indian troubles
but I did see the end of the Cassidy outlaws and the cattle range
wars. The town of Baggs was named for George Baggs, a cattlemen. He
had another ranch, the L7 on Snake River. It is now owned by "Doc" Munson.
It is forty miles west of Baggs. He also had another ranch on Bear
River three miles east of Maybell. He ran lots of cattle in this country at
one time.

Dixon was named for a rancher named Dixon, and Slater was named for
a miner. Savery was named because it was on Savery Creek. (There is
the St.Vrain reference checked) I don’t know who Brown’s Park was
named for. There was an early day cattlemen named Brown in this
country. He was a partner of Lowell, the father of the present com-
mission man connected with Lowell Bros., & Talbot, in Denver. The park
might have been named for him. Bible-backed Brown came in the country
later, sometime in the eighties. He came first to the MacIntosh ranch
on Snake River where Slater is now. He was called Bible-back because
he had a hump. He was mostly a trapper and plenty tough. There is a
mountain named after him. He’s not the fellow who used to have a
horse hide stretched over some barrel hoops that he took out on the
range to hide in so he could kill antelope. That was Bob Ferris,
Antelope Bob, we called him. He always carried an old fashioned single
shot Snapper’ and he always went out with five cartridges and came back
with three antelope. He never would use all his ammunition, was afraid
to be out on the range with an empty gun.

When I first came to the country the main road went up across the Tim-
berlake country and down Lay Creek then one road went on south to Meeker
and the other turned east to Craig. You didn’t go to Craig and then on
to Meeker as you do now. Dummy and Craney had a road house in Tim-
berlake. Dummy was hard of hearing and Craney had a big head on a neck
like a crane. Freighters would rather stop there for the night than
at some road house even where there was a good looking woman. They
enjoyed seeing Dummy and Craney carry on. They made lots of money.
Dummy was a taxidermist (see their picture in Wallihan’s collection)
and he was a blacksmith. Craney never did anything but use his head.
They had invented a patent bed-bug killer and they had it set up in
the bar-room. I don’t think that they ever had it patented. It was as
big as a double bed and you put the bed on top of it. The killer had
a lot of holes drilled in it for the bugs to hide in and when they
got in the holes you pulled a lever and it cut off their heads. There
was always something to entertain the freighters at Dummy and Craney’s.

It cost 25c a night to put your bed on the stone floor in their kitchen.
Baggs started as an army post to guard the telegraph line from Rawlins
to Meeker. The soldiers put in a pontoon bridge at Baggs.
(Lerrett)  - 2 -

(1) I knew Jim Baker. We always figured he was something of a blow. He and his brother John had a ranch on Clear Creek where the Jesuit College in Denver is now. He ran Durham cattle in this country. I think that he brought in the first Durhams. He has two half-breed daughters living in Dixon today (1934). Their names are Mrs. Madeline Adams and Mrs. Jenny Riskey. His famous cabin was located a half mile south of the M.D. Wren place on Snake River. He called it a fort but I know that there were no Indians in this country when he built it.

I threw away a lot of papers just the other day that would have interested you. They related to the range wars. The Justice of the Peace and the Coroner were the same man in the ninties. The Justice would call his jury and hold the inquest.

Borden was the name of the outlaw who got Pneumonia and Doc Beaver went from Baggs out to treat him. The outlaws did come to Baggs after he died and they held some kind of a kangaroo court but I am not sure that Bennett was the judge. Hi Burch in Baggs could tell you more than I can about that. I knew Bennett and we never considered that he belonged to the Cassidy gang proper. He was a member of the hanger-on gang that followed around and got the crumbs after the Cassidy bunch had cut the loaf. Elsey Lay was one of the Cassidy men. I could tell you a good deal about him. The Cassidy headquarters was not in Powder Springs proper but at lower Drippin' Water, a tributary of Powder Springs.

I know a good deal about the range war. I was in the saloon when Newt Kelly almost killed Tom Horn. There were about thirty men in the saloon. Tom weighed 200 lbs. Newt weighed 120. They started joshing at the bar. Then Tom slapped Newt and knocked him down. Newt fooled him that was all. While he was down he got out his knife and he came up slashing. He cut Horn on the legs, the body, and last on the neck. Jim Davis was tending bar and he separated them. Tom was put in bed and Dr. White worked on him. He was in Baggs several days and then one midnight he disappeared.
Phil Lefler was the one armed cowboy who was at MacIntosh's ranch when Tom Horn came through and got a change of horses, when he was getting away after killing Nigger Isam.

I don't see how Chip Bowen could have been killed to keep him from testifying at the Queen Anne trial. That trial was in 1908 and Chip was killed in 1911. Bob Malvern was marshal in Baggs and Chip came to town and got a few drinks in him. He stood on the corner and yelled. Bob told him to shut up. They had a scuffle. Everybody thought it was in fun but Chip got the best of it so Bob pulled his gun and killed him. There was bad blood between them over a woman.

I met Herbert Hoover when he was out here. It was in either 1906 or '08. He was with Ross B. Brown and they were working the Timberlake country for placer gold for an English outfit. Hoover ran the instrument and he was the greenest, gawkiest kid I ever saw, but he got over it, I guess. At least he made the people think so, — for a while.
The Fort Duchesne Indian Police were organized August 12, 1878. It was a semi-military organization to which the government issued guns and uniforms. The privates received a salary of $5.00 per month and the captain received $8.00. According to the police records the chief function of the organization seems to have been the suppression of whiskey drinking among the Indians. A few red horse-thieves were apprehended. Tribal council punished these culprits by making them give the plaintiff horses. In one instance a white trespasser on the reservation was brought to the agency by the police. The agent apologized for the arrest and the white man was released. The position of Chief of Police was held by a white employee of the Fort. On November 26th, 1879, the record of employees at the agency shows one "Frank S. Bascom, physician, property clerk, laborer, herder and Chief of Police." On September 30, 1881 a notation in the police record states, "The addition of the White Rivers makes so much more work, no employee will accept the position of Chief of Police."

Interesting excerpts from the police record follow:

Blackhawk, age 25, enlists August 1st, 1878. He is made captain, September 1, 1882. May 31st, 1883: "Blackhawk, after trying faithfully to arrest the whiskey drinkers, was himself overcome by the temptation and had his sword taken away."

June 1st, 1883: "In morning Nanapoo and Tapagulappuds, father and son, came to the agency on horseback, drunk and showing all the signs of 'bad Indians.' The son was brandishing the sword taken from Captain Blackhawk." The disturbance became general and several offenders were jailed by the Indian police. On June 2nd the Indians met in council to determine the fate of the carousers. It was determined that the Indian who furnished the whiskey for the debauch should pay each policeman five dollars.

On January 6th, 1882, Douglas rode up to the agency, became very noisy and pointed his gun at Agent Critchlow. Captain Tom of the Indian police jerked him from his horse and took away his gun. Critchlow talked
to Douglas and he was released. On January 6th the record states: "The arrest today of Douglas by Capt Tom seems worthy of special mention. Douglas was insane, quite excited and armed with a steel-bladed spear and rifle loaded. To dismount and disarm him would seem to require clear grit and considerable muscle, which Tom undoubtedly possesses."

January 7th, 1882: "Snake John discharged for refusing to assist in arresting Douglas."

January 11th: "Douglas reported as having left for parts unknown."

Within a year Douglas was again agitating the agency Indians. On December 27, 1882, "Chief Douglas clubbed Pont on the head in the store for interrupting his speech. The police arrested him and the Indian council "decided the" provocation sufficient cause for the assault and desired Douglas to be released."

On December 28th the report states that young Tim Johnson, a policeman, "was afraid to go to his liquor store on account of a threat from Douglas, that he would kill him, because Tim being a policeman, was concerned in his arrest."

April 2, 1883: "The police have quelled disturbances at issues and Douglas has moved his lodge to a distance from the Agency."

Feb 11, 1879: Bannocky refuses to take beef issue, strikes issue clerk with his blanket. His son, Mose, shoots his gun as father and son leave the slaughter house. Agent Critchlow deprives Bannocky of his blanket and Mose of his gun for a period of one issue.

March 17, 1882: Five hundred buckskins are stolen from the Agency mill by Indians Murdoch and Little Joe. Murdoch is apprehended and tried by Agent Critchlow and sent to Fort Ashley with three policemen. The commanding officer at Fort Ashley refused to accept the prisoner because his post is to be abandoned. The agent then takes him to Salt Lake City.

August 31, 1882: "Capt Tom and Rough acted as escort to Major
Crutchlow to Salt Lake and return, for Ute annuity money, much to the Agent's satisfaction."

in the council house

November 7, 1882: Dr. Bascum performed an autopsy on an Indian who died from excessive drinking as a "sermon without words."

April 15, 1881: "John Duncan discharged for cowardice and refusal to obey orders. He was thoroughly inefficient."

June 30, 1881: "Dick resigned on this date - The duties of a policeman required too much exertion."

May 1, 1882: "Lieutenant discharged for refusing to wear his uniform.

September 30, 1882: Tecumseh resigned "because (he) had to give up his gun" by Department instructions."
REPORT ON FORT DAVID CROCKETT.

Contemporary journals indicate that Fort David Crockett was situated on the north bank of Green River at the northern end of what is known as Brown's Hole or Park.

This Hole is a basin completely surrounded by mountains rising some 8,000 feet above the floor of the basin. The Hole is traversed from the northwest to the southeast by Green River. At the northern end of the basin Green River emerges out of a precipitous cañon about 1,000 feet deep. At the southern end Green River disappears down another precipitous cañon that in places reaches 3,000 feet in depth. This is known as Lodore Cañon, so named by Major Powell when he first traversed the chasm in 1869. He named it after the little brook Lodore that "splashes and dashes" into Windermere in the English lake region.

The outcropping of strata on both sides of the Hole are red quartzite of the pre-cambrian period. This formation pitches at almost a 67 degree angle and in the basin that has been hollowed out to form the Hole there is another formation of stratified rock known as the Brown's Park formation, that lies unconformably on the pre-cambrian. This strata is tipped slightly on the northern and eastern rims of the basin.

The Hole is thirty-five miles long and a third of it is in the state of Utah. On the west it is fenced by Diamond Mountain which for the most part, is in Utah. On the north and east the Hole is fenced by Cold Spring Mountain which is in Wyoming, Colorado and Utah. On the south stands Douglas Mountain situated entirely in Colorado.

With this geography in mind, it is evident that Fort Davy Crockett, if located where the contemporary journals describe it, must have been somewhere in the confines of the present state of Utah.

It is inconceivable that the early chroniclers came down Green River either by foot or on horseback. Through the cañones
Green River is passable only for boats. They might have come down from the north by way of either Jesse Ewing or Red Dirt side cañons or they might have followed along the rim of the cañon. In any of these cases they would have come to the river in the present state of Utah.

Where Green River breaks out of the cañon wall at the north it traverses first a large gravel bench that is 400 feet above the river. It is not likely that the fort was located on any such elevation as this. This bench is perhaps five miles long. As the river approaches the old Jarvis ranch this bench ends in a terrace to a lower and smaller bench a little less than a mile across. This bench varies from fifty to a hundred feet above the river. The first flat of any size on the river bank is at the Jarvis ranch, and this compromises only four or five acres. At this place there are a few small cottonwoods along the river bank but certainly the flat is not large enough to pasture any number of ponies and a fort located here would be within easy bow and arrow range from the rock ridge that surrounds it.

In the Rankin manuscript, the Jarvis ranch is described as old Fort Crockett. In 1934 the Jarvis ranch buildings consisted of a cut stone house and a log cabin used as a combined chicken coop and blacksmith shop. To the east were the remains of an old stone cellar and foundation. Mr. Stanley Crouse, who was born in the Hole, stated that he remembered when the stone house was built in the latter eighties. He said that it was constructed by "Judge" Bennett. (See current spelling in Jarvis)
account of Bennett in J.S.Hoy's, Some Noted Outlaws.) The log cabin was built of Douglas fir, a tree that grows in the shady canons at this elevation. The logs were unhewed and were marked, showing that the cabin had been torn down and set up again. Mr. Crouse said that he believed that this cabin had been a part of the store that Mr. Jarvis owned at this location. It is marked in ink on the diagram. East of this, forty feet, was an old cobble stone cellar that had been the foundation for the store. Mr. Crouse said that the present log cabin and this stone cellar had been connected by two hewed-log cabins and the eastern of these cabins had been divided into three rooms. These cabins were four feet below the cellar floor level of the store that had stood on the floor foundation, and a flight of steps ran down to them. Mr. Crouse stated that all of these buildings had been constructed by Mr. Jarvis and as they were of hewed logs it is not likely that they were ever part of the walls of Fort Crockett, which according to Wisleynus were constructed of mud and logs. The hewed logs from the Jarvis store have been moved to Beaver Creek where they have been set up into a house.

Mr. Jarvis was murdered at this store, presumably for his supply of whiskey, during Brown's Hole's outlaw years. Traces of a scuffle were later found on the ground from the door to the
point marked with a cross on the diagram. Here it was presumed that he was killed. From this point it is supposed that he was dragged to the river along the dotted line. His pocket knife, some change and tufts of his hair were found along this trail. At the river he was put in a boat and set adrift.

Mr. Crouse says that Wilse Rankin consulted him about the whereabouts of Fort Crockett and he does not believe that Rankin had access to any sources unknown to Mr. Crouse. Mr. Crouse does not believe that any such a Fort ever existed in the Hole as he never heard the first settlers ever mention seeing the ruins of any cabin or fort, and that he himself knows the origin of every cabin and ruin in the Hole.

The flat in a big bend of the river immediately below the Jarvis place is a much more likely place for Fort Crockett. There is room here to graze fifty or more ponies and an enemy could be seen a mile before he reached the buildings.

I found only one ruin in this flat. It is a half dugout. The roof of this cabin never stood over 3 ft high. Half log cabin with a dirt roof that has fallen in. South of the cabin is a round hole in the ground, ten feet across and twenty feet deep, resembling a well, unfaced. West of the cabin are a few upright cottonwood logs which appear to have been the uprights of a corral. There are a few large red boulders south of the uprights which have been carried here for some purpose. This ruin is in a much more likely location than the Jarvis place spoken of in the Rankin manuscript. Mr. Crouse tells me that this was built by Jesse Ewing as a smelter.

The next house down the river is Bridgeport proper. This is a large hewed log house built in 1901-2 by Charles Crouse the father of the present Stanley Crouse. Mr. Crouse built a wooden bridge a
short distance up the river from this house. It was a toll bridge that went out in 1904-05 five after which the house was abandoned.

In the old days Pete Dillman, Ike and Ira Burton used to carry the mail into Vernal across this country. From Vernal they went up over Diamond Mountain and down Sears' Cañon. As soon as Sears' Creek gets out of the mountains it turns sharply to the west. The mail carriers left the creek at this turn and went straight to the Jarvis ford. From there they followed up Red Creek and so over Cold Spring mountain into Wyoming. The Bridgeport bridge was the only bridge connection between Utah and Wyoming in Brown's Park.

Wisleynus in his journal speaks of leaving Fort Misery and walking down the river six or eight miles to a cañon which he calls Brown's Hole. The next day, he says, they crossed the Vermillion. If this cañon he describes is Swallow canon, Jarvis, the smelter or Bridgeport are in the right location for the old fort. This is the only real cañon in the Hole and its walls are about 400 feet high, which corresponds to Wisleynus' description. However Wisleynus speaks of the cañon going through sand stone and porphyry. Swallow Canon proper cuts through pre-cambrian red quartzite which might readily enough be translated as porphyry. It would be very difficult, if not impossible to walk down the bottom of the cañon proper. It is more probable that Wisleynus and his companions walked along the northern rim of the cañon. By doing this they would cross a shoulder between the rim of the cañon and a large butte of the Brown's Park strata. This is composed of chalk white sandstone made up of quartz crystals cemented together with calcareous material. Certainly Wisleynus is describing Swallow Cañon, and six or eight miles above this cañon would make the location of the old fort somewhere near Bridgeport.
There was a slight skiff of snow on the ground when I hunted for Fort Davy Crockett and it might be at some other time something of the foundations would show. I am writing to Mrs. Elizabeth Allen, Tom and John Jarvis of Linwood, Utah. They were among the first settlers in the Hole and may know something about the old ruin.

Mr. Crouse tells me that the Ashley carving on the rocks described in Powell's journal must be at least forty miles up the river from Brown's Park. He thinks that it is probably below the entrance of Henry's Fork.

Major Powell describes finding a cairn on the summit of Lodore Canyon in 1869. He thought that Father Escalante built this monument. This cairn is in the high tableland between Cottonwood Creek and Bear River on the enclosed map.
Jarvis Ranch 1934

A Unravel Cellar Foundation
B One-Leg Cabin
C Cut Stone House

Old Canal

Green

River

Forest

Cottonwoods
I was born at Footville, Rock County, Wisconsin on June 15th, 1859. We came to Colorado in 1870 because my mother was suffering from asthma. Father bought a ranch at Leadville Monument, Colorado, and I lived there until 1879 when I went to Leadville. I left Leadville for Bear River in the spring of 1882.

There were three of us in the party and we put out bedding and grub on pack horses. We went down the Blue and up the Troublesome a ways. Then we crossed over to the Muddy and from there over the divide to Bear River. I remember that we met a hunter with a big pack train headed east. His horses were all loaded with trout and he told us that he was taking them to Georgetown to sell them. He told us to go over to a little park just before sunset, and we would get a shot at a deer so we could have fresh meat. Two of us went over that night and sure enough there stood a deer. We both shot at the same time and the deer ran away. While we were wondering why we had missed another deer appeared and we both shot again and it ran away. While we were wondering why we had missed the second one, a third deer appeared and we both missed it. I don’t know why I couldn’t hit those deer. I was called "Antelope Al" around Monument because I was such a good shot. We never did kill any fresh meat on that trip except some sage chickens over on Bear River.

I settled first in Lily Park where I took up one of the first homesteads. I was in the cattle business down there but quit it and came to Lay where I have run a road house for over forty years. After the automobiles got common I had to change to a filling station. I was post master at Lay for a long time. I started taking my wild animal photographs after I moved to Lay.

When the first soldiers came in to protect Meeker at the time of the massacre they came down Fortification Creek to where it turns to the west, then they went across the flats to the mouth of Elk Head Creek. They followed on up Bear River to where the Gary Ranch is now and forded the river. Then they went over the hogback between Bear River and William’s Fork and down William’s Fork to Milk Creek. The Thornburg Trail from Baggs to Sunbeam was the road used by the soldiers much later, after Fort Thornburg was established where Ouray, Utah, is now. That road was used by the soldiers to go from Rawlins to the new fort after the Indians had been moved to Utah. The road up Timberlake from Baggs and down Lay Creek and across Bear River at the Sweeney ranch and up Axial basin to Spring Creek and over the divide to Meeker was used by the soldiers after the present town of Meeker was built by the soldiers after the old agency was burned by the Indians. The government established a telegraph line from Rawlins to the Meeker fort and they established little garrisons of soldiers all along the line. There was one post at Baggs, another here at Lay, some more at the Sweeney bridge, that was a government bridge, some more at Axial and so on over.

I know this to be a fact because the soldiers were still here when I came to the country. There was a Lieutenant McCulloch stationed here at Lay. He paid $40.00 per ton for Hay from Tom Emerson. He gave him more, than it was worth because he got some whiskey thrown in. He called this Camp Lay after his sweetheart Miss Lay back in Chicago. After the soldiers left this was called Lay Creek and when we got the post office it was called Lay. Only a few years ago I got a letter from a man in Oregon
He told me he was Miss Lay's brother and the lieutenant had married her.

The naming of these towns is funny. I got into an argument once because I said that Maybell was named for Mrs. Maybell Banks, the first postmaster of the second postmaster had named the town after his two daughters, May and Bell Barber. Barber named his daughters from the town, not the town from his girls.

My first book, "Hoofs, Claws and Antlers," was published by Frank S. Thayer, in Denver. Theodore Roosevelt wrote its introduction. Thayer added a lot of pictures of stuffed animals and made it a fake. When I heard Roosevelt was coming to Colorado on his lion hunt I wrote to see if I could meet him. I had taken all my lion pictures behind Billie Wells' dogs and when Roosevelt saw them he wanted to hunt lion, so he wrote Billy, but Billy did not want to take him out and referred him to John Goff who guided him on his hunt. Roosevelt said that he would like to meet me so I drove to Meeker (70 miles). Ike Baer (Leadville and Salt Lake liquor dealer and Meeker cattleman) met Teddy at Rifle and drove him to Meeker (50 miles). They had a big dinner that night and I sat up in the hotel until 11:30 PM but he did not come in, so I told the clerk to call me in the morning when he called the Roosevelt party, then I went to bed.

It was in the middle of the winter and the nights were long. The clerk called me a little before seven and I came right down. Roosevelt had not appeared. I was sitting in a chair in the corner of the lobby. A cowboy who had known Roosevelt in Montana was waiting to see him too. Pretty soon Roosevelt and his party came down the stairs. It was just getting light outside. Before he got to the foot of the stairs he said, "Isn't this place and so from Montana. Turn around to the light so I can see you better. Why sure it is," and they shook hands. Then he looked at me and said, "Isn't this Mr. Wallihan. I'd know you anywhere from your photographs." He said, "I want to talk to you and the only time I will have is at breakfast so I want you to come in and eat with me." He sat at the head of the table and I sat at his left hand. There was a big party of townspeople and a little preacher among them. (This Rev. H. A. Handel, T.R. made him chaplain of New York Firemen after this trip.) I saw the preacher sniff when I was placed next to Roosevelt. After we got seated Roosevelt's host, (Philip B. Stewart, Colorado Springs) brought some outside papers. In the front page was a cartoon of Roosevelt standing on a lion with a knife in his hand. Roosevelt picked up a table knife and waved it in the air and said, "I will have to take this on my hunt."

Roosevelt talked to me about my animal photographs and said that he had never had anything, anything, hurt him so much in his life as having the fake pictures put in my book. I told him it hurt me too. He didn't blame me because he wrote the preface of my second book "Camera shots" that was published by Doubleday Page & Co.

After breakfast we all walked into the lobby and John Goff came up and said, "If you will step outside, Mr. Roosevelt, I will fix your stirrups," so he went out. There must have been a hundred people standing along the sidewalk in front of the hotel and just as Roosevelt's party started to ride off he turned and said, "If there is anything that I can do for you, Mr. Wallihan, be sure and let me know."

The Indians were all gone when I came to the country but I remember the second Indian war. It didn't amount to much. That was in 1887. I drove from here (Lay) to Glenwood Springs during the thick of it.
We were going over to the Land Office to prove up on Tom Emerson's ranch and he wanted me for a witness. When we got to Meeker I never knew human beings could be such cowards. They were all running back and forth like chickens. If two people would stop and ask a crowd would run up right away to see if anything was being said about the Indians. They all told us to stay in town and not dare leave or we would be killed. Sheriff Kendall was the worst one of the bunch.

I hunted up A. J. Gregory. He was a brother-in-law of Ora Haley the cattlemans, and asked him if there was really any danger. He told us to go on about our business so we drove to Glenwood and then back to Craig. We never saw an Indian. The whites were all in town, scared to death and the Indians were slipping back to the reservation as fast as they could, also scared to death. That's all the first hand information I have about the second Indian war. I have heard that it started over a horse being stolen by the Indians and when the sheriff went to get the horse the Indians would not give it up. Then Al Martin (still living in 1934 near Rifle) had a horse shot out from under him and he claimed it was by the Indians. It may have been that the "war" was started to get the soldiers to come in and spend some money in Meeker.

I know a lot more about the Tom Horn "war" because I saw that. Horn stopped here at my road house on his way to Juniper Springs. He had got cut pretty bad in a fight with Newt Kelly in Baggs and he thought that the Springs might help him. He wasn't a bad looking fellow, tall. He never looked at you. He always looked down. If you spoke to him he would look at you for a moment then his eyes would fall again. He came here several times looking for some boots on the mail and when they did not arrive he got mad. I didn't like him. My wife had lived all her life on the frontier and she was not afraid of man, God or the devil but she said that man "Hicks" is a bad man.

I remember I built a good blind at a deer crossing north of here and had my camera set up for a photograph. I was waiting for some deer to come along when I saw a man on a buckskin horse ride to the top of the ridge and stop and look back. Then he came right down to the crossing and went up the other side. He stopped when he got on top and looked back again. I recognized him as Mr. "Hicks". A day or two after that I heard that Mat Rash had been killed on Cold Spring Mountain. "Hicks" was looking back to see if anybody was following him.

Lots of the men here was after, used to stop here at my road-house. Longhorn Thompson had a ranch on Snake River joining the Two-bar outfit. He ate Thanksgiving dinner here with us at Lay and went home. He met Tom Horn in the willows on his own ranch and jumped off into Snake river before Horn had time to shoot. Thompson moved to Craig after that and one night his wife heard a scraping at the window and she opened the curtain and there stood Tom Horn. Thompson moved to Vernal, Utah after that. The big outfits didn't want to kill Longhorn, they just wanted to scare him out of the country. After Horn was hung in Cheyenne, Haley got Pete Velasquez to do his killing.

George Banks had a ranch right here at Lay. He was in Craig once putting up his horse in the barn and he heard some men talking outside in the corral back of the barn. They were talking about killing Mat Rash. Then they stepped into the barn and saw that he had heard them. It was Hi Bernard (Haley's foreman) and Horn and another man. Banks let them have not heard them but a few days later when he went over that ridge there to look for his Jersey cow a bullet cut his shirt front
and tore his vest. They wanted to get rid of him for fear he had heard them. Hale was an awful small man in lots of ways.
E. V. Houghy Account.
Craig, Colorado.

I was born in Stewart, Iowa, May 11th, 1877. I was the next to the youngest of ten children. The rest of the children in the order of their appearance is as follows: Hannah Jane; Robert Lincoln; Orilla Melissa; Jacob Sherman; Francis Marion Grant; Oliver Washington; William Harrison; Osa Letta; Edwin Vernie (myself); and Blanche Mande. All of us are still living (1934) with the exception of Hannah Jane who died when she was over seventy, Orilla Melissa, who died when she was over sixty, and Francis Marion, who died from an operation when he was thirty-five.

We lived first in Ohio and some of us were born there. Then we moved to Illinois and some more of us were born there. Then we moved to Iowa and Osa Letta, Blanche and I were born there.

My father's name was Francis M. Houghy. He went to Pike's Peak with the gold rush in 1859 and left Mother and the kids behind. When he came back we moved to Illinois and when the Civil War started he fought for three and a half years for the North. Then we moved to Iowa and he went back to the mountains prospecting. He was not at home much of the time, and I was ten years old the first time I remember seeing him.

When Father was working at Leadville, he and one companion snow-shoed to Bear River where they took up a ranch that joins the present town of Craig. He went back to Leadville and wrote Mother to bring us kids out to the ranch.

We were glad to come because life was hard in Iowa. We did not have a farm there; just a house on a couple of acres and Mother took in washing to get enough to keep us going. Sometimes Father would send us deer carcasses with the hair on. There was no law against that then.

We all left Iowa together (in 1886) but we separated at some junction on the railroad. I don't remember its name. Melissa and I went to Leadville where she was to keep house for some of the boys who were working there but she got married that summer so I went to Bear River and joined Mother. They had got off the train at Rawlins and driven overland down to Baggs, then by the old road up Timberlake and down Lay Creek and east to Craig, only there was no Craig there then. Father and one of my brothers were staying on the ranch that summer.

(A post office was established on our ranch called Yampa. I don't remember the date, but Father was the postmaster there. The Morgan boys had had a store where they traded with the Indians at the mouth of Elk Head Creek seven miles east of Craig but they were not running it when I can first remember. It was the first County Seat of Routt. The official papers were later moved to Hahn's Peak because there were more people up there.)

I don't remember anything about the Meeker Massacre except what the old timers have told me. They said that the first soldiers came down from Rawlins just before the massacre with lots of supplies and farm machinery for the Indians. They were not in a hurry and took their time hunting for the best route for their wagons. They crossed at Baggs, which was named after an officer, and went down Snake River and over what is known as the Thornburg Trail to Sunbeam where they crossed Bear River. Then they went up the river (Highway 40) past where Maybell is now and crossed Bear River again at the Fraker Ford. Then they went up Lay Creek to where Dog Gulch comes in. Here they turned south and crossed Bear River again at the Sweeney Ranch. That gave them open country south and east.
to Spring Creek across Axial basin. They intended going up Spring Creek the way the Craig-Meeker road goes now but before they got to the present town of Axial they met Tom Iles (one time state senator) and he changed their plans.

Tom Iles was a cowpuncher then. I do not know whether he was working for some cow outfit or riding for himself, but he has told me about this many a time. He had been riding in the Spring Creek country and came to the Indians in little groups on both sides of the cañon, waiting to ambush the soldiers when they came along. Tom was friendly with the Indians and they told him to get out, and stay out, as there was going to be trouble. Tom rode off and sapped around a little so that they would think that he was still looking for cattle, and as soon as he got out of sight he rode out of the hills and met Major Thornburg coming with his column across the basin. He told him that the Indians were waiting for him in the mountains and that they would ambush him as soon as he got in Spring Creek Cañon. So the Major did not go up Spring Creek but instead kept out in the basin so he could go up the next cañon to the east. Thornburg sent out a lot of scouts and they came back before he got to Milk Creek and reported that the Indians were waiting in force in the mountains ahead. Thornburg was just south of what is now known as Thornburg Mountain when he got this word. He dropped the thrashing machine that he was taking in to the Indians and hurried forward to Milk Creek. This thrashing machine was left about two miles east of the present Shaver ranch.

I got all this Indian stuff from Tom Iles but I know about the thrashing machine because the Indians burned it when they surrounded Thornburg and after the trouble Abe Fisk went and got the irons and hand sawed new wooden parts and fixed up the thrasher and I worked with that machine many times in the eighties and nineties.

Abe Fisk owned what is now known as the Dawson Ranch east of Hayden. He has been gone many years. I think he is dead.

The second bunch of soldiers came by a shorter route. From Baggs they came down Lay Creek, crossed at the Sweeney ranch and joined Thornburg at Milk Creek. Tom Emerson had a ranch then, four miles above the present town of Lay, and he has told me many a time that he sold his hay to the soldiers for $40 a ton.

The stone marking the Milk Creek battle ground is not placed where the fighting occurred, but it is within a half mile of it. There is quite a story about that marker. It was shipped from Kansas City to Rawlins, then freighted almost 150 miles to Milk Creek and after it was placed somebody discovered that one of the names on the stone was spelled wrong so it was taken up, freighted back to Rawlins, shipped to Kansas City, corrected, shipped back to Rawlins and freighted back to Milk Creek.

Most of the outlaw and vigilante work was in the nineties when the country was pretty well settled. I remember the Butch Cassidy men used to stop at Yampa when Father was post master. They held up banks and railroads but they never bothered the settlers. They always paid for what they got and were good fellows. Their headquarters was at Powder Spring, the one just across the Wyoming line, not the springs in Colorado. There is a little meadow around the upper spring and Butch had a cabin there where his men could picket their horses in the meadow.

When the posses from Utah, Wyoming and Colorado met to clean out the Brown's Hole country it put an end to the general outlawry. The first posse
was after a man named Johnson who had killed a boy named Willie Strang for teasing him. The sheriff from Routt County went down to help. They were not looking for Lunt and Tracy but they ran into them by mistake. They had escaped from the penitentiary and as the posse rode along they saw a man with some pack horses who did not seem to want to talk to them. They thought that it must be Johnson so they followed him. It was Johnson all right and he was taking out supplies to Lunt and Tracy where they were hid out. The posse followed the man with the pack horses and he dropped out of sight into a gulch. When the posse surrounded the gulch they found that they had more than one man to deal with. Lunt and Tracy were hidden in there also. Valentine Hoy was killed by one of the outlaws before they were all captured. Bennett was hanged to Bassett’s gate post sometime earlier. That had nothing to do with the Lunt-Tracy capture.

The Tom Horn troubles had nothing to do with outlaws. Horn was used by the big cattlemen to kill off the settlers who were living on range cattle. He did his killings this way. For instance I was up in Hahn’s Peak. Horn went by the name of Hicks. He was spoken of as the great cattle detective, - a man of leisure. The Court was in session. In the morning this man Hicks would come into the court room and shake hands with the judge and turn to the District Attorney and say, "Good morning Mr. Shumate." He would say, "It is a nice day. I believe that I will go out and catch some fish. Would you like some if I have any luck?" Then he would walk out of the court room. He was camped in some quaking aspens. He had the best horses in the country. When he got to camp instead of going fishing he would mount his horse and race west. The big cattlemen who were hiring him would have a horse picketed every ten miles across the country for him and as he raced west he would change as he came to these fresh horses. He would tie up the horse and mount the fresh one. When he got to the western end of the country he would kill the man who was marked and come back along his string of picketed horses. On the way back he would turn each horse loose as he dismounted. Within twenty-four hours he would be back in Hahn’s Peak often riding 200 miles, and he would saunter into the court room again and shake hands with the judge and say, "Good morning Mr. Shumate. I got a nice batch of trout yesterday. May I bring you some for your luncheon?" That way he always had a perfect alibi. I was at Hahn’s Peak at that time and I saw him do it. That fall I was riding for the Two-bar and as the round-up moved down the country we started picking up these Two-bar horses every ten or fifteen miles.

Cora Haley, the owner of the Two-bar, was generally credited with making Tom Horn into the country but he did not do it. When he noticed that his cattle were being stolen he did not know what to do and his foreman, Hi Bernard, said, "Let’s catch a bunch of cattle to Charlie Ayres. It they start working on him he will stop the rustling for you." It was Ayres who first brought Horn into the country. Longhorn Thompson was one of the worst. He had a ranch that joined Haley’s Two-bar ranch on Snake River. After each roundup all the strays would be put into Longhorn’s pasture. He would notify the owners of the cattle a right but when they came down to get them, the fence would be found to be broken and the cattle would be gone. Horn ran him out of the country. Thompson always bragged that he was the only man Tom Horn ever missed.

Several times while I was riding for the Two-bars I remember that Hi Bernard would catch up two or three of the best horses at night and would ride away leaving them. He would come back before morning without the horses and no questions would be asked but in a few days we heard that somebody had been killed and later we would gather these horses as we rounded up the country.

Anne Bassett was the most notorious of the cattle-rustlers. She was called Queen Anne. When they finally caught her and tried her in Craig, the jury turned
They thought that she was an old timer who was not above butchering a steer but they did not think that the evidence proved it. Haley was not liked anyway. He had a long law suit with the county over his assessment for taxes. Bob Malvern killed Chick Bowen in Baggs to keep him from testifying in the Queen Anne Case.

I have been county assessor in this county for years and years and I know everybody and every gulch in the country. I remember before even horses were used to freight our supplies in from the Union Pacific. We used oxen then. Frank Helsie was a famous freighter in the early days. I remember he used to always say, "-------------" to everything, - even when women were around.
TOM BLEVINS' ACCOUNT OF TOM HORN.

Youghal, Colorado

Tom Horn was born in Oklahoma and was first noticed in the winter of 1894, when he drifted in from Laramie. (Mr. Blevins has confused Horn's origin with that of Tom Smith, one of the leaders of the Johnson County raid, - a common error.) The big cow outfits brought him in to run out the small cowmen. Horn would write notes and warn men to get out in thirty days. Well, the first act was when he ordered two men to get out of the country. It happened sixty miles from Laramie. The fellers didn't leave and one day when they were branding horses in a big stockade, Tom, he rode up.

"Well, you fellers didn't leave," he said and shot both of them and put rocks under their heads. (This the Lewis and Powell killing.) He got five hundred dollars a head for every man he killed or made leave the country for good. He would sign his warnings, "Tom Hicks." He was sent, too, to clean out horse thieves and fellers that took up land on water the big cow outfits used.

He came in from Oklahoma with the reputation of having killed sixteen men in Oklahoma. He had been a government (Pinkerton) man there.

Brown's Park was the next place. He killed Nigger Isham there, at Bassett's ranch (?). He hid sixty yards from the stable and had his horse back in the gulch. Nigger Isham came walking out from the house to the corral between Eb and George Bassett. They were playing along. When they got sixty feet from Horn, he put a bullet through Nigger Isham's body, - it just grazed his heart and the nigger jumped up higher than the Bassett boys' heads. The boys had had a note from Horn and when they heard the crack and saw Nigger Isham jump up between them it scared the soo-prime "whey" out of them, and they dropped back to the house to take items.

Their oldest brother Sam came out of the house as Eb and George went running around it. They had been circling her too fast to find
the open door and the three of them run up on Cold Spring Mountain and they looked back and seen Tom Horn putting rocks under Nigger Isham's head. Horn went into their house and cooked himself breakfast and left a note saying he'd give 'em ten days longer. This Nigger Isham had took up some water holes that interfered with the big cowmen.

The next deed Horn done, he hired to a feller named Mat Rash with three hundred head of cows and a nice little ranch. For a long time Horn couldn't get the drop on Mat but in three months the day come that he got him. It was in the summer time and Mat was getting his supper and eatin' it when Horn rode up to the door. Mat had his six-shooter on the bed so Horn walked up to the door and shot him twice. He rode eighty miles to Baggs that night. Mat's sister come from Hatfield, Connecticut, when they heard of it.

From that Mat Rash racket, Horn got to Baggs and got there about 3:30 at night. He rode up to the Bull Dog Saloon on Old Splint. I'd been gambling all night. There were twenty people at the tables. Tom came walking in straight on through everybody - strictly death - and he says to the bartender - Jim Davis was tending bar - "Give me a drink of whiskey."

A feller by the name of Kelly, him, his brother, California Red, Witt Nichols, and two or three others, all noticed Horn, and Kelly "God damn, steps up to the bar and says, 'I'll just take a drink with you. I'm from Texas and no man can drink by himself."

"By God, Horn says, 'here's one time you're fooled. If you drink you'll pay for it."

One of the other fellers, name of Hicks, says, "I know every bush in Texas," and hit Tom and knocked him ten feet, face up. Hicks jumped and lit on him. Newt Kelly jerked out his skinnin' knife and struck
him between the third and fourth ribs. The bartender grabbed Newt and Hicks fell over.

Jim Davis says, "Tom, please go over and get Doc White." I went across the road and brought the doctor. "I'll tend to him," says Horn, "if I get well." We brought him to the hotel and waited on him a week. Then a feller come in with a hell of a good outfit, and come by God, in on a Saturday night, and, on Sunday morning Horn was gone with it.

This Kelly was working on Iron Springs Divide on a horse roundup and Horn come to the wagon. Kelly seen him coming six miles off and lit out, and took a train for Joplin. Horn took the next one. Somebody telegraphed Kelly and he took the train for St. Louis.

Horn went up to Baggs and sent some more letters. A feller by the name of Nickel was making trouble sixteen miles out of Cheyenne. Horn went out after him and got a shot at Nickel, cripplin' him. Nickel had a rifle on the plow handle and he got it and knocked the fire out of the rocks around Tom's head. Horn came back later and hid about sixty-five yards from the gate, behind a big rock. Nickel's boy come along going to Cheyenne for the mail. Just as the boy went to shut the gate, Horn shot him through the back of the head. The boy fell with his face up. The old man was half a mile off plowing and as Horn put a rock under the boy's head he saw the old man a-coming on a horse, blind bridle and all. Horn ran to Cheyenne and the old man got the officers. Horn went to Laramie, got his money and went to Denver and loafed three weeks.

The little cowmen put up money and got detectives. One day while Horn was foolin' around Denver, a man stepped up to him and says, "Ain't your name Hicks or Horn?"

"What is it to you?" said Horn.

"Why I'm from Montana," and give his name, "and we're looking
for a man. The gray wolves is killin' our cattle and we don't know whether they're four-legged or two."

"That's my business," says Horn, "I'll just take that. Give me some money now."

"I'll have to go to Cheyenne to get the money," says the feller. "I'll meet you there on a certain night." He put it off three nights,

They met in a hotel there where they had hid a dictograph and this detective and his partner kept loading Horn with likker. The sheriff was hid in behind the door, laying down flat with the stenographer. They set Horn down in a big chair.

Horn says, "How about my security?"

"We're willin' to advance some but we'd like to know something about what you've done."

Horn told about killin' Nickel's boy and he told about seventeen killin's in Oklahoma. The sheriff jumped in and took Horn's guns off. Tom looked at the fellers and said,"By God, you'll be sleepin' on a rock." Then Nickel, he got in, and run into the court house and was threwed out. He seem Horn goin' up some steps and fired seven shots at him but missed. They disarmed him and put him through an examination. He watched the jail every day.

They hired the best lawyers and give Tom the promise of freedom if he'd tell who put up the money but he wouldn't. They hung him in Cheyenne and had water in a two and a half gallon bucket on the trap trigger, - it was the law then, - and when the water had leaked out it sprung. The rope had four feet slack and the platform was ten feet off the ground. They kept cowboys singin' to him and tellin' him that a posse of friends was comin' to get him down. The men who had hired him were standin' around and one of them turned gray. There
was three hundred soldiers there. For half an hour he stood there, listening to the water drop. He kept askin' who was comin' and how soon. He believed he was goin' to get out as easy as that cat knows she is goin' out the door.

They had visited him in jail, sent him fine flowers, pie and cake.

But nobody come and the water run out on him.
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Published Craig, Routt Co., Colorado, by C.H. Bronough, Owner.

In 1889 Craig had a log cabin now it has 3 stores, a hotel, a barber shop, a weekly newspaper, a town hall, a Masonic Hall, 2 blacksmith shops, a livery and feed barn and between fifteen and twenty residences. Huggs & Co., store. The Central Hotel.

"We now have a good school and it is hoped before the Fall term it will be graded."

"A large Sunday school is maintained, and an effort is being made to locate a minister here."

April 27, 1891;

An eight horse freight outfit bound for Craig is stuck in the mud on Fortification Creek. Eleven horses are added and it is pulled out. The trailer had been dropped and the horses went back to get it and found that cowboys had stolen some cigars from the load.

April 16, 1891;

Homesteaders advertised to prove-up in Glenwood Springs.

April 30, 1891;

Newly constructed Ferries on William's Fork and Bear River, connecting Craig with Meeker are running smoothly.

Water is turned into the street ditch to irrigate the trees planted along the streets.

Doc Montgomery, shoemaker, gets a package from a lady at Hayden. On opening it he finds a pair of underdrawers and takes them to the editor of the Pantagraph as he does not know how to half-sole 'em.

Mail arrives Craig three times a week.

May 6, 1891;

On a petition signed by most of the citizens of Craig, the clause prohibiting the sale of liquor in all deeds to Craig property is abolished.

May 14, 1891;

"Farnum has monopoly of saloon business."

May 21, 1891;

President Benjamin Harrison stops at Glenwood Springs and sends a "hello" by editor Bronough to Corporal Houghley at Craig.

County seat should be moved from Hahn's Peak; this year the first horseman got there May 9; last year May 10th.

(Copies of Pantagraph missing from May 28th to November 14th)

May 14, 1891;

Craig on record opposes creation of White River National Park as it will take land from settlement.
Rugus & Co., have stores at Rawlins, Saratoga, Meeker and Craig, with banks at Saratoga, Meeker and Craig.

January 14, 1892;

"Resolved, That the Division of Routt County will be a Benefit to the Tax Payers! will be discussed by the literary Saturday."

Will Morgan retires from the saloon business.

Bob Green given a surprise party.

January 21, 1892;

The Denver, Apex and Western is expected to build a road to Craig.

January 28, 1892;

The bridge across Bear River to Meeker is completed. Daily mail is promised by February 8th.

February 26, 1892;

"D.C. Crowell this week built a baptistry in the town hall, which will be used hereafter for the purpose of baptising persons, instead of the river."

"Chas Duffy, the graceful dancer from lower Bear river was in attendance at the masquerade ball."

March 3, 1892;

Two prospecting parties go through town headed for upper Fortification.

March 11th, 1892;

Board sidewalks are admired on main street.

March 25, 1892;

"Mining fever has struck this neck of the woods." Craig to be "Gotham of the West." All we need is "mines, a grist mill and railroads."

Corner of 7th and Russell Streets had been chosen as site for church.

April 3, 1892;

The stage leaving Rifle one morning arrives at Craig before noon the next day, then goes on to Steamboat.

June 17, 1892;

Craig will have a flour mill in three months.

August 12, 1892;

Craig flour mill being built.
September 16, 1892;

"There is a fair maiden *** who is so sensitive that she fainted when a shoe clerk suggested a mouse colored pair of slippers."

R. (Bob) Green is building a livery barn to be known as the Ranchman's Home Livery Stable.

October 28, 1892;

J.W. Lowell is elected to the Colorado legislature.
Tom A. Rendle arrives to keep books for Hugus & Co.

November 11, 1892;

Four Mile placer ground still booming.

January 6, 1893; Tom Morgan and Dan Casswell reopen Craig saloon.

January 26, 1893;

Expense of paying witness mileage to Hahn's Peak will bankrupt county. Seat should be moved either to Craig or Steamboat.

February 24, 1893; Merchants warned to get ready for Four Mile gold rush.

April 7, 1893;

"This Literary Society has made us a literary loving people and has doned Craig with the reputation of being the Athens of Western Colorado. But the end is not yet, let us connect Jerusalem with Athens; let us entwine the ivy of Parnassus around the cedar of Lebanon; or in other words let us sanctify science, art and philosophy with the pure teaching of Christ upon the mount. The building of our first church is already begun."

April 28, 1893;

"A much needed institution in Craig is a place of confinement where the shootists and shoutists can be treated for their disease and the proceeds could go to build sidewalks."

May 19, 1893;

Captain Berthoud and ex-governor Gilpin are planning building the Denver Short Line to Craig and Salt Lake City.

June 9, 1893;

Steamboat holds meeting and resolves that County Seat should be moved. Craig bids for seat on account of its central location.

July 14, 1893;

Gold rush starts for Iron Springs divide.

Project for removal of county seat defeated by Steamboat for fear they will not get it.

July 21, 1893;

Attempt to move county seat from Hahn's Peak defeated by Steamboat in 1887 for same reason.
July 28, 1893;

Employees of Elk Head Mining Company anxiously await their pay.

August 4, 1893;

Tom Rendle departed for the east last Sunday morning on a bicycle.

September 8, 1893;

Craig's first murder; Charles Reid kills George Carr, both strangers, wagon travelers from Leadville.

October 13, 1893;

The population of Routt County is estimated at 4,800.

November 3, 1893;

John Quincy Adams, old time trapper, rides twenty-five miles to vote and signs his name over the eagle in an endeavor to vote straight.

December 8, 1893;

Rev Ellis arrives on the stage from Denver. (This the Preacher Ellis of many cowboy anecdotes.)

February 16, 1894;

A Denver lawyer agrees to test the validity of Hahn's Peak's claim to the county seat, for $250.00. The supreme court will be asked to decide whether Hahn's Peak ever was anything but a temporary place to keep the records during the Indian trouble.

February 26, 1894;

Major Jerry N. Hill Post G.A.R. founded. Hill, a founder of Craig, received a bullet wound in the lungs during the war.

May 11, 1894;

Writ of mandamus issued by district judge for county records at Hahn's Peak. Several teams from Hayden leave for the precious papers but county clerk is obdurate and Haydenites return empty handed amid the gaffaws of Craig.

December 7th, 1894;

The Pantagraph goes into the hands of Hilderson & McKeever.

January 18, 1895;

C.W. Bronough writes from Bloomington, Ill.

Railroad to be built from Rifle to Steamboat via Craig.

June 15, 1895;

Humphrey Jones purchases the Pantagraph and names it the Craig Courier. The press has been idle for some months. Jones is formerly from the Denver Eye.)
June 15, 1895;

"Whispering" Green phones the editor that C.A. Seymour has invented a cow-catcher for a bicycle."

The stage from Rifle to Meeker is held-up thirteen miles out of Meeker.

Jack Shafer and Cal Luke, horse thieves, are captured in Vernal. "The citizens of Routt county have no use for a thief and a horse thief is the pink of poison in their eyes. The stock growers have suffered to a considerable extent and it is only through the influence of collar heads that Luke and Shafer were spared from being jerked to their final resting place."

July 13, 1895;

New mining excitement; silver strike at Columbine near Hahn's Peak.

August 3, 1895;

The Colorado, Utah & Wyoming railroad is to be built to Craig.

August 10, 1895;

Commissioners' proceedings: "The claim of J.T. Scrivener for services as sheep inspector, $90, rejected, nothing of record showing that said Scrivener was an authorized officer." (Scrivener was a sheepman noted for his drinking. He is said to have once ridden into Craig late at night and on finding all the stalls at the livery barn filled he proceeded to tie his horse to the hind leg of a horse in one of the stalls. In another instance he went to New Mexico to purchase a band of sheep and left his wife in Craig without telling her where he was going. When he returned six weeks later she was frantic and Scrivener said, "I don't see why you should be angry, my dear. I came home the minute I thought of you.")

August 31, 1895;

County seat agitation again; Mandamus from district court for county papers at Hahn's Peak was appealed and bonds for appeal were signed by members of Steamboat Company who are residents of Boulder. Court of Appeals has adjourned and a decision will be delayed indefinitely.

September 7, 1895;

Gold strike at Big Hole gulch, fifty miles northwest of Craig.

"A party passed through here (Craig) with a bunch of fifty Angora goats yesterday which will be taken to White River City below Meeker." (This the origin of the town of Angora on White River.)

October 5, 1895;

"J. L. Norval will build a large saloon adjoining the Hayden Mercantile Company establishment." (Jim's preacher brother preached regularly in this saloon.)
"Hayden is decidedly lively getting ready to receive the county seat."

October 12, 1895;

"Routt County has the distinction of not having a Prohibition ticket in the field."

October 19, 1895;

Dave Miller (Rep) and Charles Neiman (Dem) are candidates for sheriff. That Miller is a drunkard is a base lie; that Neiman is a professional bar-keeper is known to everybody.

November 9, 1895;

"Whispering" Green is elected Justice of the Peace.

December 14, 1895;

The Court of Appeals upholds Hahn's Peak claim to the county seat.
May 14, 1891;
The Two Bar round-up started on May 11th. Ora Haley passes through Craig going from the Two Bar ranch to Elk Head to start the round-up.

April 1, 1892;
The horse round-up is to start April 5th.

April 8, 1892;
O.F. Barber builds a stockade corral at Maybell (Land Mark).

June 10, 1892;
Wils Rankin was round-up captain last year. This year his place is filled by John W. Lowell, Jr. Five wagons start at Three Springs of Blue Mountain and work the country to Milk Creek. The wagons are; Two Bar, LF, Lily Park Co., (J.W. Lowell, Mgr) Bar Diamond, Axial basin outfits.

Crickets are plentiful on range.

June 17, 1892;
Changing brands on the range is becoming a common practice. "These rascals (will) stretch hemp if they do not desist." Given formal warning.

The Pot Hook outfit turns out 3000 Texas steers. Charlie Temple turns out 2000 and goes to Wolcott for two more train loads.

Hec Lytton, Boston Shedden, Bert (Colorow) Charter, all Two Bar cowboys come to town.

August 12, 1892;
Flat Top horse thieves warned to quit or be hanged.

December 9, 1892;
The continued low price of cattle means that the business is doomed. Sheep are inevitable. The cowboys want to congratulate themselves on the heroic stand they have made against sheep in the past and now adapt themselves to changing conditions and all get sheep.

Charles Boyce, a Brown's Park woolgrower, is in the city (Craig).

July 28, 1893;
"Cas Norville returned from the effete east last Wednesday where he went with a bunch of beef. Jim did not receive the figures he expected."

December 15, 1893;
"If you have any horses on the range look out for 'hoss' thieves."
August 20, 1895;

Hulett & Torrence purchased 1,000 cattle from Charles Temple.

August 17, 1895;

Hon. J. W. Lowell states that 1895 has been one of the most prosperous years that the cattle industry has seen.
February 1, 1896;
Durham and Hereford bulls are to be shipped into the country to improve the cattle.

June 13, 1896;
The spring round-up shows heavy winter losses among the cattle.

June 20, 1896;
Public sale of the horses and furniture of the Pot Hook outfit.

June 27, 1896;
Lowell's Lily Park outfit sells out.

July 4, 1896;
NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC (Printed in the Courier)
From and after July 1, 1896, all persons coming to our round-up wagons or ranches for accommodations, will be charged 25c per meal and 25c per day for wrangling horses and hauling bedding. It has been the custom of certain parties to take up and ride horses belonging to our outfit and also to drive our bulls off the range to be run with their cattle. Hereafter in no case will any person be allowed such privileges.

Ora Haley.
J.C. Temple.

January 9, 1897;
"The mild weather of the past month has been a great help to the cattlemen as they have not had to do any feeding."

February 6, 1897;
A stock inspector is needed at Wolcott as much stolen stock is shipped from that point.

February 20, 1897;
Black leg is killing the young cattle near Hayden.

April 15, 1897;
Cattle prices booming. "About 5,000 head of young stock will be brought in this spring and turned loose on the range."

April 22, 1897;
Resolutions of Stock Feeders' Association (Hayden)
"Whereas, Non-residents have unscrupulously and audaciously turned loose hundreds of head of stock upon the range without a single bull, Therefore be it"etc.

June 12, 1896;
The Williams' Fork Cattle Association is founded: "Moved, seconded and carried that a resolution be adopted to read as follows:
That no member be allowed to gather any stock for anyone whatever unless he is a member of this association, or of other associations throughout the county."

July 24, 1897;
Haley and Temple drive 1,196 head of steers to Wolcott. "One of the largest single drives of beef from this section in years."

October 27, 1897;
Park and Three Forks mining exciting.
Request for a leasing bill on the Public Domain to prevent trouble between sheep and cattle and rival cattle interests.
December 18, 1897;
Estimated that 15,000 cattle have been marketed from Routt Co.,
making a value of $500,000.

January 15, 1898;
Stock Feeders to meet at Hayden"to enact measures whereby squatters
or others in the hills shall be prosecuted for dogging or running
range stock."

Feb 15, 1899;
Ora Haley has contracted for 7,000 head of 1 and 2 yr old New
Mexico steers to go to his ranges in Routt County.
A gentleman informs us that a large bunch of sheep are just this side of the Two Bar ranch and are heading up the river."

April 23, 1891;

A band of sheep is met at Lay by a committee of Craig ranchmen and the sheeprman agree to move off to the north.

April 30, 1891;

On April 25th the Yampa Stockgrowers' Association met and discussed the possible encroachment of sheep herds. A committee of three was appointed to ride out and notify all ranchmen whenever the presence of sheep was reported. It was unanimously decided that sheep must be prevented from coming on to the ranges even if force had to be resorted to.

May 4, 1891;

Mr. Kukley of Brown's Park starts to the shearing corrals on the Union Pacific with 8,000 sheep.

"On the morning of the 24th E.O. Fyffe, of Park Co., shot and killed A.C. Scribner. (Jim Scribner was a Snake River sheepman about whom many anecdotes are told.) It was the outgrowth of an old quarrel caused by the common trouble between a ranchman and a sheep owner whose flocks crowded him."

June 10, 1892;

The Heron brothers on William's Fork are negotiating for a large band of sheep.

April 21, 1893;

"Geo Fishburn, a lower country sheepman was in the city yesterday buying goods."

August 25, 1893;

"Over in Grand Valley they are having fun between cattle and sheep. It is the old story. The sheep men intruded on the cattle range and the cattlemen fired the wool producing quadrupeds, making their owners angry. From a standpoint of justice the cattlemen are right. They have done much to build up the West and don't intend to be driven out. They have the people with them."

December 3, 1893;

Cattlemen hold meeting and seven are appointed to interview sheepman who has moved near Cedar Mountain (five miles from Craig).
The bunch of 9,000 head of sheep which was held in this vicinity for several weeks has been moved to Jack Rabbit Springs, twenty-five miles from here. It will be some time before they are allowed to range around Craig, so say the cattlemen.

April 6, 1894;

Cattle and sheepmen draw lines on Snake River. 80,000 sheep to be sheared at Baggs. Jack Edwards will shear 40,000 sheep at Baggs in ten days.

April 27, 1894;

Jack and Griff Edwards are officers in one of the Four Mile gold companies. Ed Smizer (a Meeker settler also there.)

August 3, 1894;

Sheep massacres in Rio Blanco county. Leaders say they are acting for an organization of three hundred members located in Garfield, Rio Blanco and Routt counties. Herds of Allsebrook, George Black, and Smith & Trimmer attacked. Panamaphraph says it is regrettable that Allsebrook is required to leave since he was in the county before any cattle man unless it be Dunk Blair. (Blair was an early day squaw-man. Allsebrook was one of the founders of town of Meeker.)

October 14, 1894;

3800 sheep were stampeded over bluff into Parachute Creek on Sept 10th while their owners were at the Peach Day celebration at Grand Junction. One of the herders, Carl Brown, resisted and was shot in hip and left. Posse from Parachute (Grand Valley) finds mass of dead sheep at foot of thousand foot bluff and climbing up narrow trail finds wounded herder. The owners were residents of Parachute with rights to adjacent range and posse makes futile race to apprehend the raiders. John Miller owned 1,700 of sheep and Chas Brown, uncle of wounded man, 2,100. (Tradition says Hulbert was another owner in this band and that he was later sent to the legislature on account of sympathy for his losses. Old timers in Rifle say that the day after the killing many little papers were found blowing around the streets of Rifle. One each paper was written "Mum's ing around the streets of Rifle."

Oct 15, 1895;

The Steamboat editor is to be commended on the able manner with which he handled the recent sheep troubles.

A Hayden correspondent pictures the "enormous number of 'cavalry' at Hayden and the subsequent deserted streets after the brave 800 had departed to meet the bloody Pinkertons." "The mission of the cattlemen encamped at Hayden was an honorable one and misrepresentations regarding them given currency by means of the Denver papers is a gross injustice." "The trouble which was threatening between sheep and cattlemen has been fortunately avoided and peace once more reigns over the Bear River valley. The sheepmen acted wisely.
in accepting the terms of the cattlegrowers and returning their flocks beyond the divide. An invasion by sheep of the Bear River valley would ruin it and those who have suffered the privations of a pioneer life in developing their beautiful valley; would, in a very short space of time, be obliged to leave their homes and seek other sections of the country."

"With the sheep army and the horse race the same week the town (of Hayden) was full of strangers and the business houses and hotels did a rushing business."

July 13, 1895;

"The sheep and cattlemen are still on the war path at Laramie, Wyoming. Last week a sheeprman had eight cattlemen arrested for the third time and wanted the court to put them under bonds to keep the peace. The cattlemen claim they have not broken the peace, hence will not give the required bonds."

July 27, 1895;

"The sheeprmen on the Wyoming line are talking of again attempting to range their flocks in Routt County. It is quite probable that the cattlemen of this county are as determined a set of men as the woolgrowers and it is not at all likely that they will permit the devastation of their ranges to proceed without interruption."

August 17, 1895;

George Edwards, whose flocks have been denied admission to Colorado by settlers of Routt County is waiting in armed resignation for September to come.

September 14, 1895;

"Doc Montgomery (Craig shoemaker) and the only Sullivan returned from California Park this week. They could not find any elk for meat owing to the great number of sheep in that locality. They could not ascertain to whom the sheep belonged."

"Jack Edwards has ten bunches of sheep aggregating 40,000 in California Park. His men claim that he does not intend to drive them through to the shipment, but only wants the benefit of the ranges and will ship as usual from Rawlins this fall. The cattlemen are supposed to have a man patrolling that country for the purpose of notifying them in case sheep were brought in, but to date no report has been received from him."
March 7, 1896;
J.G. Edwards expects to bring his sheep to Colorado again this year.
He pays taxes on 17,000 in Routt County. All the sheep trouble in
Routt County in 1895 resulted from Edward's attempt to drive his
sheep to Wolcott for shipment.

March 21, 1896;
Jack Edwards is planning returning to Colorado this spring and is
constructing shearing corrals at Four Mile. He has hinted that he
may protect his interests with the militia. "Mr. Edward's position
on the range interests has been communicated to the cattle growers'
associations and prompt action will be the result."

April 4, 1896;
Edward's plea to the Denver newspapers is not bearing fruit and he
will have to return to the Salt Lake Tribune.

April 11, 1896;
The Snake River cattlemen plan holding a meeting to draw lines with
the sheepmen. The majority are in favor of keeping the sheep out of
Colorado at least as far west as Baggs."

April 18, 1896;
"The Snake River Stock Growers' Association should receive the hearty
support of the Bear River and Axial Basin stockmen in its effort to
keep sheep out of the county. Meetings should be held all over the
county and resolutions commending the action of the Snake River men
should be adopted."

Resolution of Snake River Stock Growers' Association, passed at a
meeting held at Savery April 7th;
WHEEAS, Not only the Snake River Stock Growers' Association, but
all the stock growers' associations in Routt county, are unanimous in
the opinion that in all fairness the cattle men should be left the
use of the range within said county,
RESOLVED, That the sheep owners who have entered sheep or have threat-
ened to enter them into Routt county, be requested to withdraw them."

A few farmers favor sheep, saying that if they are allowed in the county
surplus hay would be consumed and taxes would be reduced.

April 25, 1896;
The State Veterinary Board promulgates an inspection regulation that
will keep many sheep out of the state. No sheep are to be allowed to
cross the line unless accompanied by a bill of health granted by the
Board certifying that such sheep are wholly free from disease, and
have not come in contact with any diseased sheep during a period of
the preceding sixty days.

STATEMENT PUBLISHED BY J.G. EDWARDS:
Dixon, Wyoming,
April 15, 1896.

To the cattlemen of Routt County, Colorado:

I pledge myself to keep the lines and range occupied by me
last year. I further agree to close out my entire interest in the
sheep that I now hold in said county and state before the end of the
fall and winter of 1899. And I promise to do all in my power to
protest such lines given to cattlemen and ranchmen, against any foreign sheep that may try to cross the lines agreed upon.

Yours most respectfully,

J.G. Edwards.

May 9, 1896;
"If Mr. Edwards is allowed the privilege of running his sheep in Routt county for three years or until such time as he disposes of his entire interests in that industry, other sheep owners will demand the same privilege."
"The dividing line between sheep and cattle should be established on the state line of Wyoming and Colorado."

ENCOURAGING (?) NEWS: Tim Kinney of Rock Springs, expects to run his band of sheep near Slater, Colorado, this summer."

May 16, 1896;
The people of Bear River are not very fond of mutton but will clean up their guns and keep them loaded if any sheep should come along."

May 23, 1896;
Jack Edwards "is still thinking of advancing, but if he does he must take the consequences."

Several Craig freighters are hauling wool to Rawlins for J.G. Edwards. He is reported to have several bands of sheep in the Four Mile country.

May 30, 1896;
Cattlemen at Saratoga draw lines with the sheepmen.

The Four Mile district presents "a sight which will sicken the average stockman. J.G. Edwards has an even 30,000 head of sheep ranging in that section."

June 26, 1896;
"Cattlemen on Snake River have practically given up their range in Wyoming."

"Inactivity of cattlemen around Slater (is) inexorable as Edwards is drawing closer with his sheep all the time and reports say he is headed toward Slater and California Park."

It is reported that 125,000 sheep are headed for Slater and California Parks.

June 6, 1896;
"W. A. Barnes was in from his sheep camp on Sandstone Sunday."

June 27, 1896;
"For two days the cattlemen gather in considerable numbers in the mountains near Slater Park. Edwards at his shearing corral at Four Mile hears that his herders have been killed and his sheep scattered so he mounts a horse and rides out to confirm the rumor. After riding twenty miles he is confronted by a party of masked men who make him dismount and sit with his back to them while he is told that he will have to move his sheep, within ten days. He
agrees to comply with their wishes if they will allow him to keep the 3,000 wethers he is summering in California Park on their present range until October 1st when he will ship them to market.

July 4, 1896:
Two shepherds "were visited this week by Sheep Inspector John Boyle and requested not to cross the state line into Wyoming until their sheep were dipped."

"Prompt to keep his word with the cattlemen, J.G. Edwards began crossing his ewes and lambs from Colorado last Monday. If all shepherds kept faith with the cattlemen as well as Mr. Edwards, the range question would be easily adjusted."

July 13, 1896:
"A.A. Blair of Baggs, contemplates starting several bands of sheep toward the higher mountains of Colorado. It is needless to state that he will meet with some interference from the stockmen."

"Henry Kitchens of Hayden, while in Baggs, purchased a herd of sheep which he intends to range in the neighborhood of Hayden."

Frank Adams, a son-in-law of Jim Baker, is shot by a Mexican sheepherder in a range dispute. The Mexican disappears, a reward is offered for him and his former employer, the sheepman, subscribes.

"A.A. Blair has concluded that deselection is the better part of valor, and will take his sheep out of Colorado. When Mr. Blair removes his herds Routt County will be entirely free from sheep with the exception of the wethers which J.G. Edwards is privileged to run in Slater Park this summer."

October 17, 1896:
"The time agreed upon between J.G. Edwards and the cattlemen for the removal of the last of his sheep from Routt County expired last Thursday. Edwards has got his sheep upon the move and says he will have them all out of the county in a few days."

October 7, 1896:
Sheep and cow men are having trouble in Brown's Park. Charles and Frank Ranney are mistaken for cowboys and are shot at.

October 21, 1896:
"Feeling against sheep getting stronger in Brown's Park. Sheepmen are said to be getting more arrogant and are even lifting wires to let sheep in on cattlemen's fields."

October 26, 1896:
"The cattle growers of Routt, Rio Blanco and Eagle counties have organized to expel sheep from the state. Brown's Park was the first objective. On December 22, 1896, cattlemen began to arrive at a camp on lower Snake River. "They came in companies, in twos, and threes, until by evening there was an aggregation of armed men. Camped on Snake River that was formidable to look upon. The men were well mounted and thoroughly armed and their object was to wait on the sheepmen and inaugurate the removal of sheep from Routt County. During the following day horsemen continued to arrive.
and that evening an organization was effected. The force was divided into companies, each with a captain and the entire command placed in charge of a 'commander-in-chief.' On December 25th, 1896, "camp was broken and the command supplies and bedding of the men. (There was no bridge over Snake River at this time.)"

Reaching Brown's Park, the stockmen camped on Green River and the following morning a detachment was sent to wait upon Frank Goodman. A committee composed of men representing various sections left the detachment about a quarter of a mile from Goodman's house and proceeded to make their mission known. None of the men were masked. Mr. Goodman refused to comply with the request of the committee to vacate the range within his sheep, whereupon the stockmen returned to their camp. The same day A.J. Segar, foreman for Griff Edwards, was waited upon but he refused to give the committee any satisfaction."

"The stockmen made no demonstrations but on Saturday broke camp and left for their homes, leaving the plans for their next move in the dark as far as the sheepmen are concerned. (Reports that on reconsideration Edwards and Goodman started to move toward Wyoming.) It was a warm mild winter."

Cattlemen broke camp Saturday December 26, 1896.

Cattlemen's resolutions sent to the press:

RESOLVED, That the public may know why we have come together and affected an organization for the preservation of the rights guaranteed us by the constitution of the United States and justified to us under the laws of self preservation, we deem it our duty to make known to the world our reasons for taking the stand we do and,

THEREFORE, we hold the interests of a whole community are to be considered rather than the interests of one or two; that it is better that two men should change their business than that twenty men must change theirs; and that in the pursuit of wealth and happiness we have at least, singly, equal rights to the use of the public domain adjoining our homes, that a resident or non-resident owner of sheep has, and that when they or any other set of men become destructive of these ends, it is our right, our duty, to change or abolish such conditions and substitute others.

Common sense and justice ought to convince anyone that the rights and privileges of resident land owners and tax payers of this section have been usurped and trampled upon. Experience shows that any and all of our objections made to their encroachments and arbitrary control of the range about us, to our exclusion and ultimate ruin, have invariably been answered by sneers, abuse and threats, and at last, after suffering from a long train of abuses, wrongs and losses all tending to fix upon us present conditions, viz: The entire control of the open range by sheepmen, forcing us out of our chosen business, driving our stock inside out fences for pasture, summer and winter, devastating the range for all time to come, thus deprecating the price of our land and tending to keep out immigration, retarding progress, development and civilization, we take upon ourselves the right to bring about a change."

"They have built dipping pens at springs, poisoning the source of our water supply, and leaving the rotting carcasses of their dead sheep in springs and streams, polluting the water, rendering the larger streams a mass of stench and rottenness."
and destroy flowers, shrubs and bushes and trample the earth until water can not penetrate it but runs off as fast as it falls, cutting the ground into gulches, thus drying up springs and lessening the water supply for irrigating purposes."

After much work and great expense to ourselves and to the county to make roads passable, they drive their flocks over them leaving them in a worse condition than before being repaired."

"The herders have cut our fences and drove in or allowed the sheep to run over our lands, not being satisfied after getting all feed on the outside."

"To sum it all up, their entire course has been and is, unjust and tyrannical and our organization today is our just and indignant protest against their despotic and ruinous sway over the range, to the loss and ruin of our homes; THEREFORE, Be It Resolved by the members of our organization that we will individually do all in our power to protect ourselves in our rights and rid the ranges of what we rightly consider a pest, only equaled by a devastating pestilence, and,

RESOLVED, that we make the state line between Colorado and Wyoming on the north and the state line between Utah and Colorado on the west, the dividing line between the cattle and the sheep ranges."

January 2, 1897;

Miss Blanche Goodman, who has been visiting friends (in Baggs) for several days, left for her home on lower Snake river Tuesday."

(CDenver Republican:- The present trouble between the cattlemen and the sheepmen in Routt county is partly, if not wholly, due to causes for which neither are responsible, and which prevails over the whole western slope of Colorado.

Ten years or so ago, all the lower hills and parks were covered with a thick growth of bluestem grass. So heavy was this growth in fact that thousands of tons of hay were cut annually without fencing, cultivation or irrigation. The uncut grass cured on the stem and afforded winter pasture to the immense herds of cattle that fattened all summer on the rich grasses of the higher plateaus. Cattle could picked up, fat for market, in any month of the year, with no extra feeding at all. (Beef shipped in June as late as 1894)

The profits of the business were great, and cattle were trailed in from all the ranges of the west, and even from Texas. A succession of dry years shortened the feed, and the cattle ate it so close that the range was permanently impaired, or at least so damaged that it will take years of rest for it to recover. The irrigable lowlands have been taken up by settlers, and much of the drinking water fenced in from the stock. It is hardly to be wondered at then, that the cattlemen are roused almost to the fighting point by what they consider the determination of the sheepmen to take what little is left of the winter range."

January 9, 1897;

"Things are very quiet in (Brown's) Park since the sheep excitement has died down. One outfit has gone and the movements of the others indicate that they will also soon take their departure."
"According to Rock Springs despatches in the Denver papers the sheepmen are laboring under the delusion that the recent movement of the cattlegrowers to remove sheep from Routt county is a mere ‘bluff’. People are not in the habit of riding 200 miles in winter for the pleasure of the journey and it is our opinion that the cattlemen mean business and that sheep will be effectually excluded from Routt County."

NOTICE.

"To the ranchmen and stock growers of Routt County:
A mass meeting will be held at Hayden, Monday the 11th day of January 1897, at 1 PM for the purpose of discussing the feasibility of maintaining the present boundary line established in 1895, dividing the range between cattlemen and sheepmen; also the county division question," etc.

P.P. Williams.
E. Shelton
J.M. Whetstone.

January 16, 1897:
"It seems that the stockmen have succeeded in ridding Routt County of sheep:

Ladore, Colo. Jan 9, 1897.

"To the Stockgrowers of Routt County:
I write to inform you that Griff Edwards' sheep are on the move out of the state of Colorado to stay.

Yours truly,
Willis Rouff.
Foreman for Griff Edwards.

Hayden Mass Meeting:

Having rid the country of sheep the cattlemen will now wage war on the prairie dogs. No need of renewing the line of 1895 as there are no sheep in the county. Therefore the meeting decides to wage war on one another or the miscreant cattlemen who are not supplying sufficient bulls for the range.

January 23, 1897;

J. G. Edwards interviewed in Omaha says: "The cattlemen have several times sent word over to me that they were coming over to clean me out, but I have assembled my men and staid there. I have an armed force of about fifty (Butch Cassidy men) ready for the clash when it comes. I am compelled to keep a small army about my place all the time. A short time ago 300 sheep were killed and two herdsmen, for a while it looked as though the entire Colorado militia would have to be called out but the sheep and cattlemen looked out for themselves, and there are several graves in the vicinity of Meeker that go to show that they know how to do this." "The sheep war is not dead, nor is the sleeping, and I suppose it will go merrily on."

Denver News:- If Jack Edwards "has a standing army over in the far northwestern corner of the state the officers of the law ought to take a hand in the matter forthwith."
February 6, 1897;
The legislature should pass a law for the regulation and division of the public range.

March 27, 1897;
J. G. Edwards is going to move his shearing pens from Four Mile to Deep Creek, eight miles north of Baggs.

April 7, 1897;
A law to waive the inspection of livestock coming into the state is vetoed by the governor. Had it passed Utah is ready to ship 250,000 sheep into Colorado and trouble would result.

April 24, 1897;
"A dispatch received from Hooper, Nebraska, announces the death at that place of Griff Edwards, the wealthy sheepman of Rock Springs. Mr. Edwards' death was the result of heart failure and was very sudden."

Governor Adams issues a proclamation against the entrance of sheep into Colorado from; Wyoming, Washington, Oregon, Montana, Idaho, California, Nevada, Utah, Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Mexico, without a rigid inspection for health. "If the governor's order is properly enforced Routt County will have no sheep war during the next two years."

October 2, 1897;
Frank Goodman, sheepman, having been run out of Brown's Park, sells his ranch to Mat Rash of Lodore.

December 4, 1897;
Jack Edwards has several bands of sheep in the Four Mile country. He has been crowded out of Carbon County, Wyoming, by Tim Kinney who put in 75,000 head on top of him. "The stockmen are very quiet in regard to the matter, but it is evident that there is an undercurrent moving along which forebodes no good to the sheep owners." Edwards is inducing the farmers who have hay to sell to take a flock of sheep and feed them. Cattlemen object to this.

December 11, 1897;
Edwards has emissaries offering more for grain than the cattlemen will pay and he is offering to buy up surplus hay. No ranchman will be interested in his proposition except those who have no stock. "Edwards is a hale fellow well met, a congenial force socially; is prompt and heavy tax payer; spends his money like a prince, and withal, he is a man one likes to meet as he has the happy faculty of making friends." but "he is resourceful beyond degree."

Sweetwater County, Wyoming sheepmen are having trouble keeping sheep from coming in on them from Utah.

December 18, 1897;
A. R. Reader, cattleman, who was forced out of Wyoming by the sheep says there is no truth in Edwards being forced out of Wyoming by Tim Kinney.
A few of the members of the Stock Feeders' Association at Hayden favor having sheep brought in to consume the surplus hay but the majority are bitterly opposed to this. An effort is being made to secure money to purchase cattle to eat the surplus hay.

September 9, 1899;

"Evidently some of the Wyoming sheepmen have forgotten that the state line was established as the boundary between sheep and cattle ranges - a boundary which the stockmen will enforce. According to reports from upper Snake River there are now 18,000 head of sheep in Routt Co.

November 12, 1899;

Geddes sheep Company purchases Edwards interests and moved 25,000 to 30,000 sheep into Colorado. In past three years a few herds have come across but not many. Now on morning of November 15, 1899 forty masked men ride up to camp and club and scatter 3,000 sheep. The herder's effects are taken from the wagon and then it is demolished. The hills are picketed so no interference will be made. The camp was located on Lower Snake River near L7 ranch. Nearly a thousand sheep said to have been killed. Geddes reports 2,500 in the band."
GAME AND GAME LAWS.

April 23, 1891;

A. G. Wallihan shot fifteen fat antelope on Jack Rabbit (Gulch) and has them hanging on the end of the Lay post office.

November 14, 1891;

Game Warden Taylor goes to western end of county to warn Indians about killing game.

February 4, 1892;

Editor deplores certain people killing and shipping large quantities of Elk meat to Rawlins.

March 3, 1892;

The Barber boys kill some elk near Maybell.

March 25, 1892;

A six year old boy kills an elk.

April 1, 1892

Game warden Taylor is said to be hunting evidence against men said to be shipping elk meat to Wyoming.

April 8, 1892;

A lion chased Hec Lyton from the Two Bar ranch.

October 14, 1892;

Complaints that deer are shipped to Wyoming accompanied by affidavits that they were killed in Utah.

December 9, 1892;

Rumor that a gang of deer butchers have a headquarters at the head of Pinecone Creek and ship their venison by four horse loads to Vernal.

December 16, 1892;

The present game law a farce; absurd to restrict the number of deer allowed each hunter; folly to try and force settlers in the game districts to buy beef when deer, elk and antelope are frolicking around their cabins.

January 6, 1893;

Warden Taylor resigns and John Ledford is appointed.
March 24, 1893;

Amos Bennett killed two elk at 200 yard with a 25-20 rifle near Juniper.

April 23, 1893;

New Game Law;— Open season to be August 1 to November 1st. Not more than 1 deer, elk and antelope to be in one man’s possession at one time.

Game law is good in that it makes no bag limit but it is bad in that it is a sportsman’s law not a settlers’ law.

Law prohibits leaving meat to be wasted; selling game and killing bison and mountain sheep.

May 19, 1893;

"If they think that the settlers of this and adjoining counties will deny the game to themselves, they are completely off their base. Whenever a settler needs meat he will go out as heretofore, and kill as many deer or elk as he can use — at any time of the year."

(An egret mounted by Darnell. (Two of these tropical birds were killed on White River in 1906)

May 14, 1893;

J. F. Murray, state superintendent of schools killed buck near Steamboat regardless of law.

June 25th, 1893;

A party of Doctors go sage chicken hunting.

November 17, 1893;

"The game warden gave me notice that the killing of elk, deer and antelope must cease until the first day of August, 1894."

November 8, 1893;

"The elk will soon come down from the snow banks and the settlers will then replenish their larders, though the law says they ‘dissent.’

"Thousands of elk are pulling from the mountains for the lower country."

October 5, 1894;

"Local hunters have been laying in their winter’s supply of meat this week. We rise to ask where the game warden is at?"

Four horse team loaded with deer hides and haunches reported to be headed for the railroad. Where is game warden?
June 15, 1895;

W.H. Tucker would have killed a deer on his recent trip to the mountains but he found out that his gun was not loaded.

August 17, 1895;

Complaints that hide hunters are on upper White River. "If this thing continues much longer the people up the river will have to take matters into their own hands and do as the people of Snake River did a few years ago - string up a few of the worthless vagabonds who are despoiling the country of its richest treasurers."

September 28, 1895;

Each year sees an increased revenue from sportsmen. Each party leaves from $500 to $1000. Hide hunters should be exterminated so game would be preserved for the settlers and sportsmen. Hides are now sold at New Castle, Meekeer and Dixon. The streams should be stocked with fish.

October 12, 1895;

Report that a Wyoming hide hunting camp is located at the head of Fortification and that venison is being sold to the miners at Four Mile at 2½ per pound.

October 19, 1895;

"There is no money in the fund for the protection of game."

December 14, 1895;

"J.B. Buford was badly clawed up in an encounter with a bear near Hahn's Peak."

December 21, 1895;

"Teams are passing daily to the elk hunting grounds."

An English visitor to the gold fields writes: "I visited a store in a little settlement just across the line in Wyoming where I saw 1,500 or 2,000 hides of deer and other wild animals in bales awaiting transportation. There were great piles of deer and elk heads in the ware house, and every indication was presented of wholesale destruction among the game of the country. It was plain that the game was brought from over the line in Colorado. We met a man going out of the state with two pack mules loaded with hides. The destruction of game has been so great that a person might ride all day and scarcely get sight of a single deer. If the authorities of Colorado and Wyoming would operate in harmony there is little doubt the extermination of the game could be averted."
January 11, 1896:

"The game warden has some parties under arrest who were trying to ship 22,066 lbs. of venison to Denver.

"The state game warden could arrest some of the market hunters who are operating in the western part of Rio Blanco County. It takes a whole lot of nerve though to go around among the market hunters' camps, as 'state game' is what they are after and they are always in good practice. The game wardens seem to realize the fact too, as they have important business elsewhere."

January 25, 1896:

Ike Collier and H.S. Howey are arrested for killing five elk and are given "the lowest fine that can be imposed under the state laws." The warden could "have gained fame and commendation" from the governor last summer when he was in the Steamboat country by keeping his eagle eye on the tourists and politicians who were then infesting that region." It is more likely that the victims killed the elk for their own use, and not a pound of it would have been sold."

August 22, 1896:

"Where and who is our game warden? It can safely be stated that there are at least twenty-five deer killed every day in the hill surrounding Hayden."

September 26, 1896:

"Carcasses (of deer) may be found all over the hills and there is one continuous roar of guns from daylight till dark. Only two elk are reported killed as yet, and the reason for such light success is that there is only a small number of them left."

October 3, 1896:

Two four-horse loads of deer hides are seen going out of California Park headed for Wyoming.

Reports of scarcity of game and objection to tourists is heard on the range. State funds are not available to enforce the law. Warden Land suggests that certificates of indebtedness be issued to pay deputies to protect the game.

October 19, 1896:

"Game Warden Land is going to enforce the law in regard to the selling of meat of four-footed game, which is now being offered for sale from November 1st to August 1st. This is a wise move and will do as much toward the preservation of the game as a half-dozen deputies."

October 26, 1896:

"Citizens of Meeker are endeavoring to effect a game protective association." "The office of game and fish warden is a sinecure that can be abolished. Authorize the sheriff of the various counties to look after pot hunters and protect the game."

January 2, 1897:

Miss Laura Monson and (game warden) Logan Crawford sing a duet at the county teachers' association meeting.
January 9, 1897; 
"The Ranney boys, this week, killed a half grown Lynx on the river. This is the first lynx brought down in this locality."

January 16, 1897; 
This legislature promises to revise the game laws. Giving any individual who reports a violation a large part of the fine has not been a success, neither has been having the sheriff act as game warden. The citizens of Routt should organize a game protective association and influence the legislature or the sportsmen of Denver and Colorado Springs will. There is reported a great decrease in game in the last two years.

January 22, 1897; 
"Many citizens of Craig favor prohibiting the killing of elk for a period of three years."
Suggestions for changing the game law pour into the legislature but none come from Routt where most of the game is found.

February 6, 1897; 
Game law charging a fee for hunting and fishing should not be passed as this prevents settlers who need the meat from getting it.

April 10, 1897; 
J. S. Swan of Grand Junction is appointed Game and Fish Warden by the governor.

April 24, 1897; 
The new game warden states that he is going to enforce the laws to the letter and will not grant any special hunting privileges to anybody.
Under the new law the elk season is closed. Another odd provision of the new law; In the legislature's "undisputable wisdom a game law was passed which contains a truly original feature: 'It is unlawful to take, catch or kill, at any time, any trout less than 6 inches in length."

May 15, 1897; 
Some hide hunters at Four Mile get the drop on the game warden who beats a retreat.

May 12, 1897; 
Many deputy wardens have been appointed: "If the pot and hide hunters from Wyoming and Utah undertake to ply their trade in Routt County this summer, we may look for some lively times."
Two deer carcasses with the hides stripped off are found near Hayden: "We will wager that if a hide hunter is caught he will get the full benefit of the law. For years some people have derived their living off the game and hides and by stealing from neighbors in winter."

July 3, 1897; 
Rattle snake den at Fortification rocks is visited by Amos Bennet (animal photographer) and Dan Diamond. Twenty-three snakes are raked together and Bennet is photographed "coasting through their midst on his wheel."

A man is arrested and fined $25 for catching a young antelope. Fine!
July 24, 1897;
The antelope and deer season is open from September 1 to Oct 15.

November 6, 1897;
Edmund Kelley is acquitted by a jury on a game violation charge.

July 2, 1898;
Game Warden Swan tells deputies to arrest no more Indians until the settlers stop the slaughter of game.

November 12, 1898;
Ben Morgan ropes a silver tip on Hulett Creek.

August 19, 1899;
Deer bag limited to two a season.
Game Warden Taylor goes to western end of county to warn Indians about killing game.

September 23, 1892;

If the Ute hunters come to Colorado as they did last year there will be trouble.

November 4, 1892;

Abandoning Fort Duchesne has been a mistake as now there is no power to keep the Indians on the reservation. At present there are said to be some Utes within seventy-five miles of Craig who are slaughtering deer and there is talk among the settlers of organizing a company to drive them away.

Matt Rash reports that there are seven lodges of Utes in the lower country and more are coming. Each Indian has a piece of paper saying that the bearer is a good Indian. (I can remember these pieces of paper. They didn't always say the Indian was so good but the Indian was proud of them regardless of what they said about him.)

December 9, 1892;

Warden Taylor reports that he has driven the deer hunting Utes from Blue Mountain.

August 13, 1893;

Utes reported to be killing deer in vicinity of Battle Lakes. Agent Col. Fandlett should take them home.

August 25, 1893;

The treaty of 1873 may give the Utes right to hunt in Colorado but the settlers won't stand for it.

Utes are still at Battle Lakes killing deer for the hides. Four Indians come to Dixon.

September 29, 1893;

Game Warden Cardnell of Glenwood is in town. He reports finding a deserted Indian camp at Twenty Mile Park.

October 27, 1893;

J.S. Roy writes; "For the past week the streets of Vernal in Uintah county, Utah, have been almost crowded at times with Utes on their way into Colorado for their annual distribution of game."
December 1, 1893;

The Oscar Wilde game wardens are afraid to go after the Indians.

Note from Vernal Express; "The Indians are on their way back from their annual hunt."

October 5, 1894;

"We'll gamble that in less than three weeks the Utes will be enjoying their usual sport killing Routt County game. Mr. Callicotte, can you see the point?" (Callicotte is game warden.)

January 18, 1895;

Salt Lake despatch; Delegation from San Juan county called on Gov. West with affidavits showing that southern Utes are still in that country; that they were not removed to Colorado, but are scattered through the country and are committing numerous depredations.

October 12, 1895;

"The Indians are known to be within forty miles of Craig at the present time and they have already secured many hides. It is not known whether or not the Utes have permission to leave the reservation, but permission or no permit, this wholesale slaughter of game should be stopped."

Andy Saunders, while riding an unexplored gulch near Maybell came to a pile of green deer hides. While examining them he saw a Ute watching him from a distance. "Mr. Saunders approached the Indian for the purpose of talking with him, but that individual was not in a communicative mood and hastened out of the way as rapidly as he could."

October 19, 1895;

The White River Utes may have treaty rights to hunt in Colorado but they should be subject to state laws regarding game. "Unfortunately there is no way they can be held in check as there is no money in the fund for the protection of game."

Secretary of State (Colo) McGaffey makes a trip to the lower country and "while in Lily Park the party enjoyed a visit to one of the camps of the Ute Indians who are now on their annual game hunt in this country."

"The Denver dailies have been enlarging upon the Indian situation in this country and one paper even got the matter mixed up with the sheep question. Governor McIntyre is doing all in his power to prevent the Indians from slaughtering game in this part of the state. He proposes to test the rights of the Indians in the courts upon their return to the reservation. A number of them will be arrested on the charge of violating the Colorado game laws and taken to Denver for trial. The governor holds that the Indian is just as amendable to the law as the white man, and the Indian treaty granting them the right to return to former hunting grounds does not supersede the state law. The latest report from the lower country is that fully 700 Utes are encamping in Lily Park and that they intended to leave for the reservation the first of the week."
November 16, 1895;

"The Indians have been bolder in their depredations on game in Routt County this fall than ever before, and it seems they are presuming that the western portion of the county owes them a living and that they are determined to have it. A gentleman who has just returned from Brown's Park states that he saw one Ute have a four horse load of deer hides last week."

The Federal Court decides that the game laws do not apply to the Indians. Governor McIntire states that "he will enforce the Colorado game laws whether the offender be an Indian or a U.S. soldier."

December 14, 1895;
Five oil springs are located on Oil Creek a few miles east of Hayden. This oil runs from the ground and is suitable for machine lubrication.

December 7, 1894;

"A company has been organized at Red Cliff to develop the Routt County Oil fields on Bear River, where springs of crude oil may be found."
February 27, 1897;

"Some months ago a representative of an eastern oil syndicate made a thorough examination of the oil fields in Routt County." Some test well will probably be put down.
March 18, 1892;

"Quite an excitement in town Monday. Nobody seriously hurt."

June 17, 1892;

Peddler Bernstein is killed and burned up on Dixon road. His murderer, Engle, is captured at Rifle and brought back to Dixon for preliminary hearing, then sent to Leadville (Aspen?) for incarceration.

January 6, 1893;

Miller and Scott empty six-shooters at one another on William's Fork.

April 28, 1893;

Bernstein awarded involuntary manslaughter in Glenwood with imprisonment for one year. Case has already cost Routt County $5,000 now they will have to board him a year.

June 2, 1893;

County Commissioners petition Governor to pardon Engle so the people can hang him; denied.

August 18, 1893;

Man shot but not killed at Four Mile gold camp.

September 8, 1893;

Charles Reid kills George Carr behind livery barn.

September 29, 1893;

Flak kills his hired man, Williams on ranch above Hayden.
9, 1896;
E.B. Coleman, a Salt Lake Mining man discovered a lode in Brown's Park. As he was going out of the mountains to file he met Milton and some companions. Fearing that they would discover the lode he offered them $500 to leave the country. On reaching Vernal to receive $100 each to chase these men out of the country. Matt succeeded in killing four of them and is arrested. He has a bad reputation and is said to have come to Brown's Park after holding up a bank.

February 27, 1897;
Billy Sartell, a cowboy, kills a quarterbreed named Ogg at Hayden after an exchange of shots in the saloon. Billy McCane was hit in the hip by a stray bullet. Ogg wore long hair and played tough.

April 7, 1897;
After playing polker all night and drinking freely, Billy Sawtell shoots Whiting in Ledford & Kettel's saloon in Craig. Whiting is in the arm and Sawtell leaves fifty dollars to pay his doctor bill and gallops west into the lower country. Whiting is a native of Watertown, N.Y., and was a member of the Cuban Junta at New York. He has been spending the winter on Joe Carroll's ranch on Fortification.

July 17, 1897;
Newt Kelley, sheep herder, is arrested for shooting a stranger in the pants. Kelley makes his escape about 11 o'clock and his whereabouts is unknown.

July 24, 1897;
"Heeager records have reached this office to the effect that a band of outlaws who have their headquarters at Powder Springs, Wyoming, stormed the saloons at Baggs, Wednesday and Thursday nights and terrorized the inhabitants of that place by emptying their revolvers and rifles in every direction."

August 28, 1897;
Wm. Herbert robs Mexican to get entre into Powder Springs gang and then robs them and leaves. Herbert is from Carolina and his uncle is president of a southern railroad.

March 5, 1896;
"William Strang, a young man who was in the employ of the two-bar outfit last fall was shot on February 16th by P.E. Johnson. The murder was committed on V.S. Hoy's ranch on Red Creek, across the line in Sweetwater County, Wyoming.

Johnson is a member of the Powder Springs gang and is wanted on several charges.

Young Strang in a spirit of fun pulled a chair from under Johnson as he was about to sit down. Without any further provocation Johnson deliberately shot the boy. Strang died of his wounds the following day.

Johnson made his escape but all of Brown's Park is searching for him and if he is captured it is not likely that he will be disposed of without the formality of trial." John Bennet lynched March 2, Johnson is not the much wanted lieutenant of Butch Cassidy's gang.

Apr 23, 1896;
Cowboy of Utah offers reward for Cassidy gang.

May 21, 1896; Butch Cassidy killed in fight in mountains near Thompson.

(Corpse later identified as not being Butch.)
July 22, 1892;
A.H. Bassett resigns as Justice of the Peace in precinct 10 (Brown Pk)

November 4, 1892;
Sam Bassett has come to Craig to attend school.

"The Misses Bassett and Mr. Matt Rash arrived in the city Monday from Brown's Park. The young ladies are here for the purpose of attending school and are stopping at the home of Mr. Joe Carroll."

December 16, 1892;
Mrs. E. Bassett dies in Brown's Park December 11th at the age of 35. Sam, Josel, and Anna leave town with Mr. William Morgan to attend funeral.

April 7, 1893;
"Sam Bassett Jr., was a visitor in Craig this week and continually surrounded by a circle of old friends."
November 28, 1896;
J.S. Hoy and M. Rash (sweetheart of Anne) drive to Craig on business and when in the neighborhood of Lay their team shies, kicks, breaks the wagon tongue, tears up the harness and runs off. They are re-captured and the gentlemen come to town with the horses nervous but subdued.

January 2, 1897;
"H. H. Bernard, foreman of Ora Haley's cattle interests in Routt County, left last Monday for the Major's ranch on lower Snake river, where they will make their home during the winter.) Mr. Bernard recently completed a comfortable new residence on this ranch."

January 9, 1897;
"Those from Brown's Park who enjoyed the hospitality of J. W. Lowell, Jr., and wife of Lily Park on Christmas were: James MacKnight and family, Misses Anna Bassett and Blanche Tilton and Messrs. Sam and Elbert Bassett and M. M. Rash. They report a most enjoyable time, having been entertained with a sumptuous dinner, a Christmas tree and a very pleasant dance. There were about 40 guests and all were unanimous in voting Mr. and Mrs. Lowell royal hands at entertaining." New Year's day was smiling and warm.

May 8, 1897;
"Clark Tilton returned from Brown's Park, last Wednesday, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Blanche and Miss Annie Bassett. Miss Bassett will visit with Miss Tilton for a short time and then proceed to Ohio for a year's stay with relatives."

May 22, 1897;
"Clark Tilton, and daughter, Miss Blanche, returned Wednesday from Rifle where they accompanied Miss Annie Bassett of Brown's Park, who was on her way to Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Bassett will remain in the east about a year." The flood waters have subsided and it is no longer necessary to use the boat to get to the Bear River bridge.

July 3, 1897;
Law (uncle of bank robber) and Jarvie are assessed for 100 horses. Assessment of M.M.Rash is raised a hundred cattle.

August 21, 1897;
"J.L. Norvell has returned from a trip to Brown's Park (where he) bought all the cattle belonging to M.M.Rash, A.H.Bassett and James MacKnight, in all about 1,000 head."

January 22, 1898;
Paid for election service A.H.Bassett, Jose MacKnight, Sam Bassett, Mat Rash, J.S.Hoy
May 21, 1899;

Hi Bernard has Bob Lockhart, Bill Laney and two others arrested in Sweetwater County for stealing beef out of Brown's Park.

August 20, 1899;
Hi Bernard has N. N. Farris arrested for butchering Two Bar Beef. Dismissed.

September 30, 1899;
Miss Anna Bassett of Omaha, and Miss Blanche Tilton, have arrived in town from Brown's Park and will remain several days.

October 7, 1899;
H. H. Bernard and wife returned from Rock Springs where Mr. B has been prosecuting witness vs Laney but the jury brought in verdict of not guilty.
Judge Bennett, state agent of Colorado on school lands.
State Bridge to be opened April 27th, 1891.

April 30, 1891:
Bill Brown and Dan Parker are convicted in Cheyenne for holding up a Carbon County (Wyo) stage. Under sheriff Fred Elliot of Craig is a witness.

May 21, 1891:
On May 6th, at the residence of Mr. J.C. Allen (husband of Jarvis' sister) Miss Jennie Brown was united in marriage to Mr. Geo Law (Meeker bank robber). The ceremony was performed at 8 o'clock by justice Allen, after which a delicious repast was served. Dancing occupied the rest of the night and the silvery arrows of the dawn came over the mountain's crests as the guests departed.

May 14, 1892:
Sheriff Tovey and Undersheriff Wear of Rio Blanco receive $300 reward for catching Joe McCoy in Vernal (Tom Horn a member of posse). McCoy was identified by Tovey because he had lost two fingers.

May 29, 1892:
Willie Robideaus falls from a tree on Snake River.
Brown's Park judges of election; George Law, S.F. Spicer, Solomon Rouff.

June 28, 1892:
Charlie Irwin (Wyo showman and witness in Horn trial ?) comes to town from Savery.

July 21, 1893:
Cab Younger confined in Minnesota penitentiary sends $5 to the Confederate Home.

July 21, 1893:

July 6, 1893:
Court makes Russel Sage pay $25,000 to man who saved his life from assassin.

July 5, 1895:
Denver's Festival of Mountain and Plain; Pageant of Progress; Jim Baker followed by the pioneer hunters and travelers of Colorado.
June 12, 1897;
Mr. Shively discovered a gold mine in Brown's Park in 1879 but left that country on account of the Indians. Now he is going back to see whether he can relocate it.

August 14, 1897;
Charles Law, brother of George (Perhaps Charles Clark no relation) robs John Rasmussen and Atwood of a horse and saddle.

October 2, 1897;
"Dr. Evans objects to semi-nude women on U.S. Currency and presents the case to the Methodist conference."

May 28, 1898;
Jim Baker dies at 8 AM, May 17th, 1898. He came from Illinois in 1832 for the Rocky Mountain Fur Co. In 1873 he located on Snake River. Probably 90 years old when he died. His children: Joe Baker, Mrs. Belle Kinnear, Ft Washakie, Mrs. Frank Adams, Mrs. Jennie Reische, William Baker (Dead), Mrs. Reynolds (Dead.)

November 3, 1898;
William Pidgeon was killed recently in Brown's Park by Ike Lee who gave himself up in Vernal.

October 28, 1899;
Charlie Ayre is seriously hurt by a bucking horse he hired at Green's barn in Craig to take him to the round-up camp.

December 30, 1899;
Col. Price is negotiating with M. K. Parsons of Grand Junction in order to sell the Keystone Ranch.

1900; - Old Man Jarvis killed in Brown's Park.

1910; - Mrs Mike Flynn kills boarder presumably for his cattle.
November 7, 1896;
Erroneous reports in Denver papers that the Denver troop has been sent to Routt county to chase Utes back to their reservation.

November 14, 1896;
"The Utes have nearly all left the western portion of the county. They made a big killing of game and John Lowell, jr., reported to have seen 21 ponies loaded with fresh deer hides."

(ASPEN TRIBUNE: - "Most of the pot hunting is done by the whites and these violators of the law raise a hue and cry about the Utes")

November 21, 1896;
An army officer is arrested for killing deer illegally.

November 28, 1896;
(Logan Crawford is appointed deputy game warden and leaves for the lower country but he is appointed about two month too late.)

November 29, 1896;
(Deputy returns from lower country stating that Utes with 40 horses loaded with deer hides beat him across the state line.)

December 16, 1897; 1:07:
"Deputy game warden Wilcox left for Steamboat Springs yesterday to make preparations for a descent on the Indians in the western part of the state. It is reported that the Utes are coming up to meet the deer and game wardens are necessary in that section of the county to see that they do not overstep the bounds of the law. Mr. Wilcox will be accompanied on the trip by Undersheriff Farnham of Craig."

December 23, 1897; 1:07:
Word reached here by special carrier yesterday evening from G.W. Wilcox, who is in the lower country, to the effect that there were 140 Indians, sixty in one place and eighty in another, in that section killing game. The Indians refused to stop slaughtering the game and told Wilcox they "keep fight". A posse left here this morning for the scene. Details are meagre but so far as can be learned, there is trouble ahead."

December 6, 1897;
"Fight occurred on Sunday October 24th. Report from Ft. Duchesne says whites fired first and that there were 25 in the posse.
Wilcox account: With eleven deputies Wilcox tried to make an arrest of certain men in Snake Pete's camp on Snake River. Old Star wanted him to wait for Snake Pete to come and while waiting several Indians slipped away to get reinforcements from other camps. Several Indians were lifted on their horses but they slipped off on the opposite side. Squaws and dogs tugged at the sweating game wardens. An Indian finally drew his gun on Al Shaw and Tom Kimberly knocked it aside and the bullet killed a squaw. Shaw was immediately knocked down by a rifle butt. "When the firing ceased we found that six Indians had fallen, four bucks and two squaws."
"Soon as the fight was over we went to Thompson's ranch and removed the women and children to Vaughn's place for safety." Couriers
were dispatched to Meeker and Craig for aid. Sheriff Neiman (in
Emeria Park) lost no time in covering the distance to the scene of
the trouble, bringing with him a strong force of men from Steamboat,
Hayden and Craig.

"Jack White, Tom Armstrong and Gabel undertook to reach Lily
Park for the purpose of bringing out the families of John W. Lowell
Jr., and Henry Goodwin. As they neared the north end of Cross Moun-
tain they were fired at by several Indians. The three men separated,
Gabel going toward Thompson's ranch and the other two making for the
top of Cross Mountain, where they abandoned their horses after receiv-
ing several bullets through their clothes. They returned to Vaughn's
ranch by midnight. Gabel succeeded in reaching Thompson's where he
changed horses and kept on going toward Brown's Park. Bullets went
through his clothes and the cantle of his saddle.

"On Monday Charles Marsh, Ed Brotherton and F.O. Clark attempted
to reach Lily Park and when they got to Cross Mountain they discovered
twelve Indians prowling around Thompson's ranch. The Indians rounded
up all the horses in the fields and fired the stables and hay stacks.
The boys fired a few shots and the Indians soon scattered. The fire
was prevented from extending to the house and that structure was saved."

On Tuesday Wilcox left for Lily Park with Al Shaw, Jack White,
Amos Bennet, Miles Overholt, Tom Kimberley, Charles Marsh, Matt Rash
and Sam Bassett and returned to Vaughn's ranch at 11 PM with the
Lowell and Goodwin families.

Captain Wright arrived at Vaughn's ranch with troops from Fort
Duchesne on Sunday evening. He reported passing many Indians returning
to the reservation as rapidly as possible.

No election was held at the Maybell precinct on account of the
Indian excitement.

E.B. Thompson was under the care of Dr. Downs during the Indian
trouble. His hay and stables were burned by the Utes and several of
his horses were missing.

Mar 12, 1897;
Preacher Myron Reed scathes Routt county for killing Utes.

The Utes ask for an investigation.

Denver News:- Governor Adams favors appointing a commission of investi-
gation. The wardens may have fired too quickly but it will have a good
effect on the minds of the Utes.

E.B. Thompson returns to his ranch November 9th.

Bill Woods, Indian policeman, suggests that the trouble can be settled
by sending three of the posse to Fort Duchesne and giving one to Star,
one to Uncle Sam, and one to Shuvoroff's nephew.

Mar 27, 1897;
Rev O.K. Ottensoen, Archdeacon of the Episcopal church in western Colo.,
has ministered to the "cowboys" and censures Myron Reed. "That the
deputies were armed and the Indians disarmed, wholly or partially,
for the time being, does not change the case materially."

E.B. Thompson reports Indians still on Douglas Mountain where shots
may be heard and mocassin tracks seen. Wilcox goes to investigate.

Lily Park mail carrier sees four Indians.
Federal Gov't appoints Special Agent Elisha Reynolds from the Crow agency to investigate.

December 4, 1897;
Capt. Wright's version: - Game wardens came to camp where there were only four bucks and several squaws. The game warden's party tried to arrest the bucks who did not understand and refused to go. In the scuffle a squaw was shot in the back of the head and another in the arm by warden's on the outskirts. Two bucks were killed and two escaped. Not a shot was fired by the Indians. At Vaughn's ranch Capt. Wright found about ten men and two women. The wardens and armed posse, after eating all of Vaughn's winter supplies, had departed on that morning (Sunday) and the families from Lily Park were getting ready to return. The citizens there referred to the affair as not an "Indian" but a white man's outbreak, warden Wilcox having previously warned the families to leave Lily Park in anticipation of trouble, as if he could not arrest the Indians he would kill them."

"At Thompson's ranch Capt. Wright found a corral and hay stacks burned by the Indians, which they acknowledge to have done in their anger after their affair with the wardens"

REPLY: The fact that the Indians did not understand is wrong as one of them was from Teller Institute at Grand Junction. This young man attempted to knife the warden with whom he was talking. Armstrong's dead horse and the bullet holes in the saddles and clothes of Jack White and Sabel show that the Indians must have fired some shots. "As to the wardens depriving Boyd Vaughn of his hay and winter supplies, there is no misunderstanding in regard to that matter. Mr. Vaughn will no doubt be paid for everything furnished by him."

A number of Utes are reported to have asked Captain Beck for the usual pass to 'hunt horses' but the request was refused, whereupon the red men, armed with Winchesters hit the trail for Routt county. Capt. Beck ordered a force of men to proceed to bring the Indians back to the agency."

"Mr. Shaw left last Sunday for Rawlins from which place he will start for his former home in the east where he will spend the winter."

December 5th Judge Beaman of Pueblo, Senator Noble of Colo. Sprs. and Judge Walbridge arrive to take testimony on the Indian trouble in Hartzell's jewelry store. On Dec 7th testimony was taken and on the 9th the commissioners went with Wilcox to the scene of the trouble. On Dec. 9th they went to Meeker, then Rifle and Price from where they will get the Indians version at Fort Duchesne.
Thompson's testimony said that Snake Pete had stopped at his ranch and asked about "buckskin police."
Special Agent Reynolds and secretary came with the state investigators but took testimony separately.

Dec. 16, 1897;
Commissioners' work is completed. Indians claim two men killed, two squaws wounded. Deny that young man drew knife on Miles Overholt. Star had a pass to go visit Sam Bassett and hunt horses.
INDIANS

January 1, 1898;
Wilcox is exonerated by Special Agent Reynolds; six of the twelve
deputies engaged in the mêlée, Indians shot first.

January 8, 1898;
Governor Adams presented $50 to each of his commissioners and
now states that there is no money to pay the deputies who fought.

July 16, 1898;
(Capt. Beck was suspended for letting Indians leave reservation.
Passes to Star and Snake Pete were issued by Henry Harris altho
he denies it. Now Beck is distinguished in Cuba.)

November 26, 1898;
Utes reported to be hunting around Three Springs.

December 3, 1898;
Government dispatch intimates government will buy game provision
from Ute treaty.

December 13, 1898;
Boyd Vaughn reports Utes on annula trip, camped on Blue Mountain
and at Cedar Springs, Snake Pete at latter place.

December 9, 1899;
Jack White dies of typhoid fever.

December 23, 1899;
"It is with deep sorrow we note the death of Jack White. He had
many friends in this valley who will miss his cheery greeting and
be at a loss for some one to handle the 'outlaw' horses."
February 25, 1896;
The county commissioners resolve, "Whereas the Routt county litigation known as the Haley suits, have been pending for many years; therefore the board of county commissioners direct that the attorneys proceed to push said suits to a speedy termination."

May 2, 1896;
"M.B. Ledford and Dr. W.G. Bristol of Baggs came down to Craig on their wheels last Wednesday."

May 7, 1896;
Mrs. Dresser of Greeley, is awarded $200 per year from the Ute Indian fund as payment for the death of her two sons in the Meeker Massacre.

May 23, 1896;
Wm Morgan reports considerable mining excitement at Douglas Mountain. Sam Bassett of Brown's Park prospected on Douglas Mountain several years ago and found float which assayed $2,200 to the ton in gold."

July 4, 1896;
"Ed Kelley, brother of Newt Kelley, arrived from Missouri last Friday." (Newt Kelley almost killed Tom Horn four years later.)

August 22, 1896;
Dave Bennett (Judge Bennett hanged to Bassett's gate post?) claims that he was offered $10,000 for his mining claim on Douglas Mountain.

October 10, 1896;
R.H. Green is nominated for county commissioner. "Mr. Green is energetic and his 'gentle voice' will ever be heard in behalf of what he thinks best."

December 12, 1896;
The Uintah Indian Reservation should be opened to settlement. It contains some rich gilsonite beds and if these could be worked a railroad would be sure to build the full length of Routt county to make an outlet from the mines to Denver.

January 9, 1897;
Hahn's Peak was discovered in 1865 and first worked in 1866. Fortification placer sands were discovered next but scarcity of water made it so it could only be worked during spring freshets. The Bear River sands were discovered next and can be worked during low water.

About 1892 the Four Mile placers were discovered (Really Timberlake and Pole creek, tributaries of Four Mile Creek.) Next the Trout Creek placers in Twenty Mile Park. (1896)

Gold and silver ore was found near Hahn's Peak at Columbine in 1895.
January 23, 1897;  
Jerry Hatch sells his ½ interest in the Douglas Mountain copper mine for $16,500 to Lorenzo Hatch and John Jarvie, of Brown's Park.

February 6, 1897;  
Representative Shumate has a bill for the creation of a state insane asylum at Glenwood Springs.  
The Douglas copper mine was originally opened by Griff Edwards.

February 20, 1897;  
Two hundred men are living at the Douglas copper mine. There is a boarding house there, two saloons and John Lowell, Jr., is building a meat market.  
"The Craig-Necker stage driver was obliged to shovel his way through drifts at three different places."

February 27, 1897;  
Her Hatch goes from Douglas mine to Vernal via Lodore cañon on the ice.

April 24, 1897;  
Ora Haley files a fifty-three page complaint against the Routt county commissioners in the District court of Arapahoe County, asking for an injunction against the commissioners using public money to prosecute the Haley cases. Denied.  
Haley's property was seized for taxes in 1886. The case is reported to have accumulated $18,000 in costs.

May 8, 1897;  
"W.H. Tucker replaced many of the dead trees on the town company's property with sturdy young cottonwoods. Bedford & Kettleplanted a row of trees in front of their place of business and also constructed two large hitch racks."

May 31, 1897;  
"Hardy a day passes but witnesses the arrival of trains of prairie schooners and other less imposing traveling outfits. Some to the travelers stay to look over this section, others are bound for Hahn's Peak and Four Mile gold regions, while others are bound for the Pacific northwest states."

"John W. Lowell, Jr., says that the Douglas mountain copper mine has reached the litigation stage and a large force of lawyers have taken the place of a large force of miners."

District court is held at Four Mile.

July 24, 1897;  
"Whiskey Park and Three Fork" mining excitement.

"B & M (Burlington) WILL BUILD."

"Condiike" gold excitement.

"Tin mines (are staken on Red Creek about six miles from the Jarvie ferry."
September 25, 1897;
First organization for high school on Routt County.

October 2, 1897;
General Bela M. Hughes predicted in 1863 that a railroad would build through Routt County. Now it is coming to pass.

October 23, 1897;
"After eight years litigation, Ora Haley, loses his Famous Damage Suit" against the county commissioners for selling his property for taxes. Reported to be $18,000 in costs accrued to case.