



BIG HORN CITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
 PO BOX 566
 Big Horn WY 82833

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

JAN 2015

JANUARY 25 PROGRAM: Kevin O'Dell's program was cancelled.

So Helen Laumann will present:

History of Fort MacKenzie

Fort MacKenzie started as a military facility to protect citizens from the Indians. It was converted to a veteran's psychiatric hospital in 1922, and has evolved into the modern VA medical hospital as we know it today. The military fort was known as "The fort without a fight". The Veterans Administration is the largest employer in Sheridan County and a great contributor to the Sheridan economy. The 116 year history became possible because of a secret promise made over one hundred years ago. Helen Laumann is a member of the Big Horn City Historical Society, Sheridan County Historical Society and the Sheridan County Museum board. Helen presents monthly programs for Conversations in History at the Senior Center.



BIG HORN'S CONNECTION TO DOWNTON ABBEY



The photo at left was taken in 1956. Queen Elizabeth is the Godmother of Lord & Lady Porchester's son, George Herbert. He is the 8th Earl of Carnarvon and current Lord of Highclere Castle (Downton Abbey). Lady Porchester, at right, is Jeanie Wallop Carnarvon who was born and raised in Big Horn. Her parents were Oliver Malcolm & Jean Wallop. Senator Malcolm Wallop was her brother. Lord Porchester at left (also known as 'Porchey') was the grandson of the 5th Earl, who discovered Tutankhamen's tomb in 1922. Porchey was the 7th Earl and served as

manager of Queen Elizabeth's race horses. Porchey and Jeanie lived in Highclere Castle. She sent me a card of the Drawing Room and writes "Porchey & I redecorated all the ground floor rooms just before he died. In the Drawing Room we copied what was there before and also the Library." He passed on September 11, 2001. These rooms are now seen in the PBS series Downton Abbey, which is one of the most watched TV series world-wide. Jeanie now lives on the Highclere estate in a smaller castle called "The White House". She is a member of our BHCHS. [More photos throughout newsletter.] (Photo found on the internet.) JS

We usually MEET THE 4TH SUNDAY OF EVERY MONTH:

meeting @ BIG HORN WOMAN'S CLUB.

Carry In Pot Luck Lunch starting @ 1:00 with Program to follow.



BEARS

By Mike Kuzara

“Lunch in the truck is always so boring. Let’s have a little lunchtime entertainment,” my co-worker said with a wicked gleam in his eye.

“Where are we going?” I asked as he put the truck in gear.

“Not far. There’s a campground just down the road here and it has just the right stuff to furnish a good show. You’ll see!”

I’ll not mention which national park or what company I was working for, but suffice to say that it was in the North West part of Wyoming about thirty five years ago.

George, the guy I worked with, was possessed by a deadly combination of a weird sense of humor fueled by a sick and devious mind. We pulled into the campground, parked our truck, and without further ado George quickly finished a tin of sardines before he started on the rest of his lunch. He trotted over to one of the new buried trash containers with the smelly sardine tin while slyly glancing around the campground.

I thought this was a little odd since he stopped and waved the can around in the air a bit then stepped on the pedal that caused the trash pit lid to pop up. With one more look around, George dropped the tin into the pit letting the lid slam shut with a loud clang.

George scurried back to the truck almost giggling with glee, and as he climbed back in the truck he said, “This is gonna be soooo good,” he chortled.

I still didn’t get it, but George just held up a hand and said, “Watch and learn.”

Soon, a small bear appeared sniffing the air this way and that, then headed for the garbage bin. As we watched, the clever rascal reached forward with a hind foot, stepped on the lever, and when the lid popped up, he leaned down into the hole and stretched one paw down to retrieve the waiting prize.

“Perfect!” George whispered as he quietly slid out of the truck. George tippy toed up behind the busy bruin and booted him in the tail, which caused him to fall into the pit, and the lid slammed shut behind him.

George sprinted back to the truck jumped in and said breathlessly, “Now comes the fun part!” and poured himself a cup of coffee.

We didn’t have long to wait. A car with out-of-state plates pulled in and stopped.

“Look at this doofus,” George sniggered.

A guy with a pot belly, Bermuda shorts, sandals, and a really dorky looking straw hat got out and began digging around in the back of the car.

Soon he straightened up with a large bag of trash nestled against his chest and began his fateful walk to the trash bin with not a care in the world. That would soon change I could see now.

Oh, if we had only had a video or movie camera!

The lid popped up, the bear came out and the trash went into orbit. The pilgrim turned to flee so quickly that he left both sandals and his hat behind!

I thought George was going to choke! I admit we were both laughing so hard it would have been impossible to even walk or stand up straight!

When the tourist finally got his car started he left two rooster tails of gravel all the way out to the main road.

Moving on to another incident, "Bear jams" in the park were always a source of irritation for those of us in the service and maintenance industry who had seen all of this before and were just interested in getting to the next job site.

On one memorable occasion George and I came upon a bear jam that turned into a bit of entertainment all on its own with no assistance from us.

We were about third in a line of stopped cars watching some college aged young man slowly walking down the middle of the pavement toward a bear busily feeding on something in the road.

This guy had his camera held up to his face while navigating by looking through the viewfinder. The photographer who was busy snapping a picture every now and then had evidently come from the Volkswagen convertible stopped in our lane beyond the bear.

As we watched, the shutterbug kept approaching the bear without ever taking the camera from his eye. He was getting awfully close when the bear stood up to face the cameraman. At that point the man peered out over the top of the camera, obviously startled to find that his perspective had been skewed by the view finder which left him only two feet from the animal.

In an unrehearsed reaction, the cameraman booted the bear in the tummy, turned, and sprinted toward the little convertible with the bear in hot pursuit.

The race was made even more interesting when the driver of the bug decided he wanted no part of the bear and began driving off leaving his buddy pounding down the road as hard as he could go. Most of the obscenities streaming back to us over the runner's shoulders were not new to George or me, but I'm pretty sure the kids in the other cars added some new words to their vocabularies.

The bear, obviously intimidated by the bad language, gave up the chase early in the marathon. Noting this, the Volkswagen driver stopped to let the shutterbug vault up over the back and into the passenger's seat.

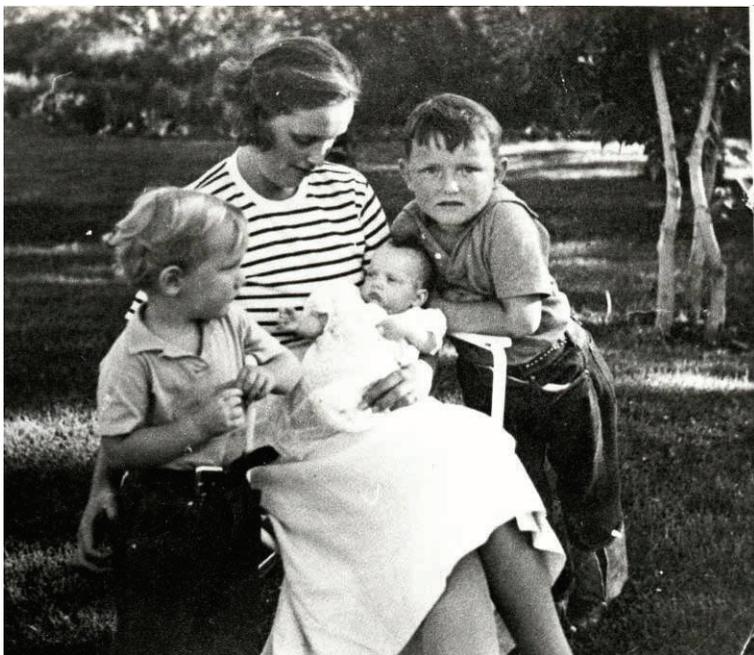
The last we saw of those two college kids was the driver trying to steer while warding off blows from his photographer buddy.

You might be from Dutch Creek if: you know that when a woman makes up her mind, she'll do exactly what she says she'll do..... or not.



(Thanks for sharing, Mike. I enjoy your writing style.....JS - Editor.)

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Upper left photo - 1935 - Mother Jean - Mrs. Oliver M. Wallop - with her three oldest children, John (right), Malcolm (left) & daughter Jean Margaret (baby). Carolyn was their fourth child.

Upper right photo - left to right - John, Malcolm and Jeanie in California. Circa 1937-38.



Jeanie and her brother Malcolm Wallop at the Indian Paintbrush Festival held at the Wallop's Canyon Ranch (possibly 2003). Photo by Helen Currie.



Oliver Henry Wallop (at left) was born in England in 1861. He became a US naturalized citizen in 1884. After coming to Big Horn he bought the Bear Davis ranch in 1895. He helped secure horses for the British Cavalry. In 1922, he returned to England to become the 7th Earl of Portsmouth after the death of his brother. He was forced to renounce his US citizenship in 1934. He died in 1943 & is buried in the Sheridan Municipal Cemetery.



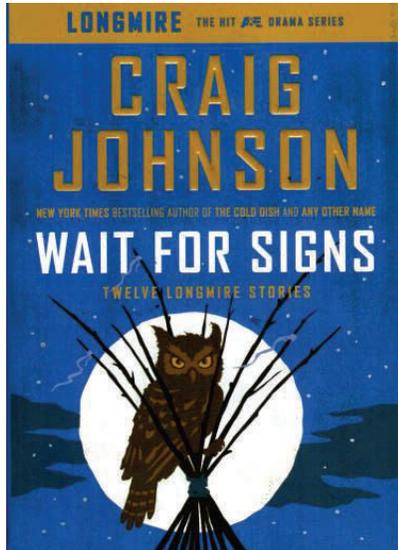
Photo above and at right - Oliver H. & Marguerite (Walker) Wallop (circa 1930) Jeanie's paternal grandparents. He came to Big Horn in 1891. He and Marguerite married in 1897 in Chicago.

Wyoming Notes: (found on the WSHS calendar)

New Years Day 1890 - Cheyenne Sun stated 1890 will mark Wyoming's transition from a dependent territory to a sovereign state.

1941- Kooi schoolhouse destroyed by fire
1799- Mountain Man Jedediah Smith born in New York on January 6th

1917-Indian Paintbrush made state flower



Another popular TV series titled LONGMIRE will return this year to viewers on Netflix. It is written by a local author Craig Johnson. Craig enjoys listening to Victor Garber and his great stories. In Craig's latest book, titled "Wait For Signs" is one of Victor's tales. It is featured as the 12th short story. Petunia, was a real sheep owned by Victor. Craig puts a spin on the story 'Petunia, Bandit Queen of the Bighorns'. (& thanks Craig, for the recognition.)



Fifth and Sixth Grades

**BIG
HORN
SCHOOL
1947**

Back row, left to right: Jack Norris, Louis Legerski, Conrad Zullig, David Carnahan, Dwain Gleason, Kenneth Sackett, Alan Fordyce, Peter Perry, Lyle Rolston.

Center row, left to right: Teacher, Mrs. Miles; Karlene Benson, Patricia Powers, Jean Wallop, Helen Fordyce, Betty Knight.

Front row, left to right: Mary Ann Bruere, Barbara Norris, Joyce Miller, Dorothy Miller, Nancy Daly, Sally Talcott, Carolyn Holloway, Pauline Briggs.



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FIRST CLASS MAIL

2015 meeting schedule:

Feb 22 - Cora's Legacy

By Val Burgess

Mar 22 - Frank Grouard

By Scott Burgan

Apr 26 - Wyoming Outlaws

By Ken Kerns

May 17 - Making a Diorama

By Tom Warnke



Big Horn School
Teacher Mrs. Johnson (?)
Standing L to R:
Daryl Daly
Louie Legerski
Jeanie Wallop
Conrad Zullig
Pat Powers
Next Girl (?)
Arlene Kay (dark hair)
Lyle Rolston
Helen Fordyce
Ike Fordyce
Joyce Miller

Front Row L to R:
(First 2 girls unknown)
Karleen Benson
Nancy Dailey
Phil Moore
Circa 1942-43



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FEB 2015

FEBRUARY 22 PROGRAM:

CORA'S LEGACY

BY VAL BURGESS



With the loss of over 1,500 World War II veterans in the United States each day, the personal stories from this worldwide conflict are quickly disappearing. Oral historian Val Burgess sheds light on the human side of one of the worst wars in world history. Based on hundreds of interviews with former prisoners of war held at Stalag Luft III, "The Great Escape" Camp in Germany, the Davao Penal Colony, on the Island of Mindanao, Philippines, and a recent collection of letters from families of POWs held in the Pacific, Burgess discusses the history, personal experiences and the circumstances under which these men lived and fought. She reveals the depth and complexity of the war's effects on the rest of their lives, and the values and lessons she learned from them.

Burgess and her husband established Wars Voices (WV) in 2006 to preserve these primary resources (oral histories) of World War II Prisoners of War and other veterans for research and education of today's youth. The primary resources are being archived digitally, will be placed on-line and will have educational modules for educators and students for grades nine through college level. The educational modules for this project are presently being completed.

DELIVERING THE GOODS

By Mike Kuzara

A set of near record elk antlers is a pretty impressive sight. All hunters I'm acquainted with immediately get out the mental measuring tape and start comparing them with all of the sets they've ever seen or heard about.



Our hunter, Leo, was up and alarmed now at the antics of the packhorse and at Frank, our rugged no nonsense outfitter as he attempted an approach with Leo's precious trophy. The key word here is; "attempted".
(continued on page 2)

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Delivering the Goods (continued from page 1) By Mike Kuzara

After several dry runs, Frank backed away from the highly agitated horse, set the antlers down, stuck his hands on his hips and addressed the packhorse, “we could’a done this the easy way, but you just ain’t gonna be satisfied ‘til you make us work a little fer this one, are yuh?”

Now I suppose Robert Redford would ‘whisper’ this horse into cooperation, but Frank cast a look at the sky and announced that the day was better than half gone and he didn’t have time for any more nonsense.

After he had secured a bandana over the horse’s eyes, Frank tied a small rope to the animal’s tail and pulled him sideways while I pushed and we wound him around the tree to which he was tethered until his neck was bent around the trunk. Old “Poop-for-brains” was now more concerned about his next breath than what we might be attaching to his back. Leo watched with great concern. “Are my horns going to be alright?” he asked watching Frank tie and tie again, and yet some more. Frank grunted an affirmative. I was impressed. He was REALLY tying those antlers to the pack! Next we untied the tail and unwound the horse from around the tree.

“Bring that “Jughead” horse over here and we’ll get this show on the road.” Frank ordered.

I brought up the other packhorse and Frank tied his lead rope to the pack with the antlers on it. He used three or four knots and jerked them down good and tight. He next took the lead rope from the tree and tied it to “Poop-for-brains” pack with about three more knots and announced, “There now. If you manage to bust your cinch or get this pack off you ain’t goin’ nowhere!” and added, “And neither is your buddy behind you!”

This was beginning to look pretty ominous and I detected more alarm in Leo’s eyes. Frank stepped up and removed the blindfold. There was not a sound for several seconds as if everything around us was holding its breath. The lead horse just stood and quivered, then slowly swung his head around. A horse’s eyes can telegraph in no subtle terms what might be happening in that tiny little brain in that big head. Lots of white is not a good thing. It was almost like an explosion. The lead horse lit out like his tail was on fire dragging the poor bewildered “Jughead” behind him!

“My elk! My horns!” cried Leo.

“Everything’s gonna be just fine now,” Frank soothed. “Let’s enjoy a nice quiet ride back to camp.” The gate to the catch pen had been left open and the two packhorses were standing in the corral still tied together when we got to camp.

Frank walked up to the pair and asked, “You two have a nice trip? Looks like it.” he observed as he pulled at the broken pine boughs that were wedged under the pack ropes and brushed dirt and grass from other places.

It was pretty obvious those horses had crashed into trees and even rolled on the ground a time or two, but the packs were still in place and Leo’s precious horns were just fine. Addressing the horses again, Frank asked them, “You two boys need any more education?”

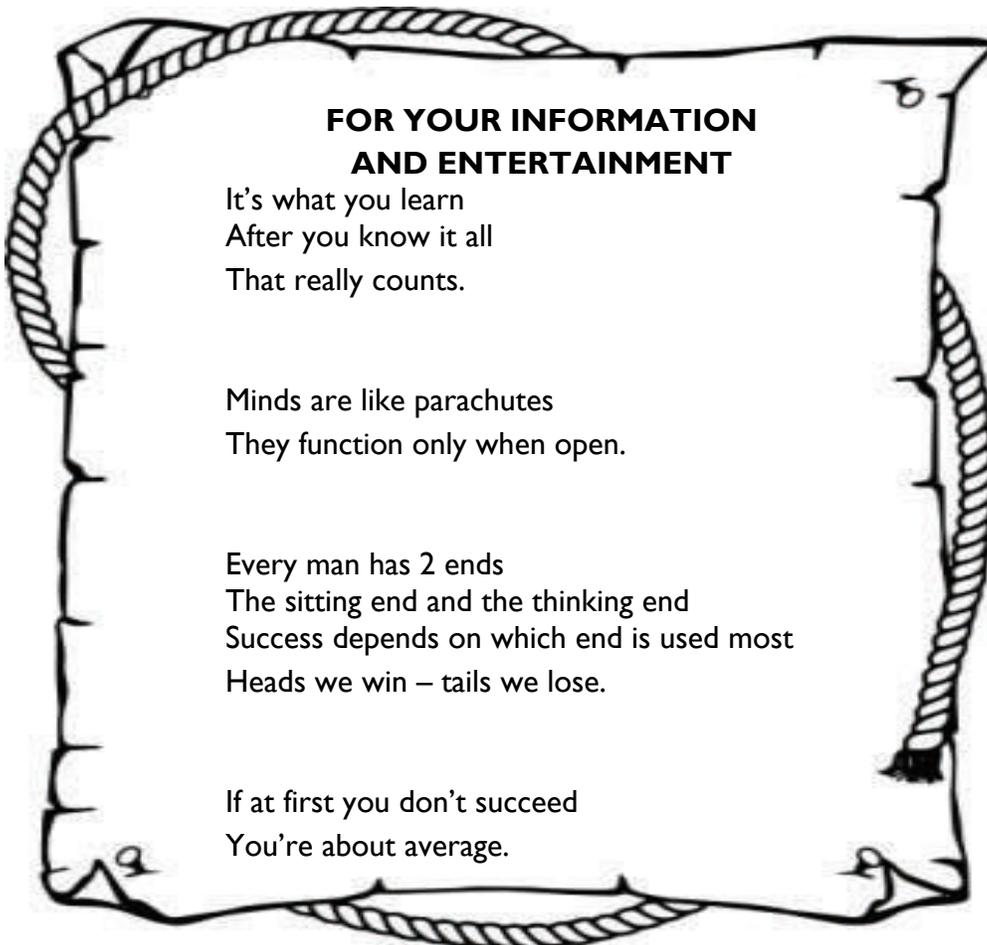
I swear I saw those two shake their heads in a negative fashion, and you know? They DID behave a whole lot better from then on. So much for ‘whispering’ a horse!

Some folks may criticize the horse handling methods of the old time cowboys, and I must admit they were pretty rough. But consider this, if you have a job to do and your car or truck won’t start, it throws your whole day off. Same thing with those horses back in the day. The men were just as rough on themselves as they were on the horses. There was work to be done and no time for foolishness.

I’ve had horses that were mostly okay, and some with issues we worked out one way or another. There is only one that I really liked that I borrowed from a friend. I would have bought him if I could. He was a real sweetheart. He and I were a great team for a week on the McCone County wagon train from Wolf Point to Brockway Montana. But that’s another story.

OUR SYMPATHIES GO OUT TO ~~~~

Janet Johnson - Buffalo - who recently lost her son, Mark who was 57. (They are descendants of an early Big Horn pioneer John Sackett.) Our thoughts are with you Janet !

**Wyoming Notes: (found on the WSHS calendar)**

- 1947 - Cottonwood adopted as state tree
- 1883 - Wyoming Territorial Governor opposed attempts to give Yellowstone to Montana.
- 1885 - F.E. Warren confirmed as governor of Wyoming Territory
- 1916 - Big Piney couple married by telephone
- 1933 - 700 rabbits taken in hunt in Thermopolis
- 1922 - Numerous bootleg stills raided by sheriff in Laramie County

This is a special request: JOHN CURRIE is in hospice care in Cheyenne. His family is asking for you to send cards to: 3506 Miles Court ~ Cheyenne, WY 82009



He is weak in body but his mind is alert. Please share any memories, funny stories, words of encouragement, whatever you wish to share. We greatly appreciate your kindness. For those of you who do not know John, here is a photo of him as a child and one taken with his wife Mary at a Marine celebration.

(John is my brother.)

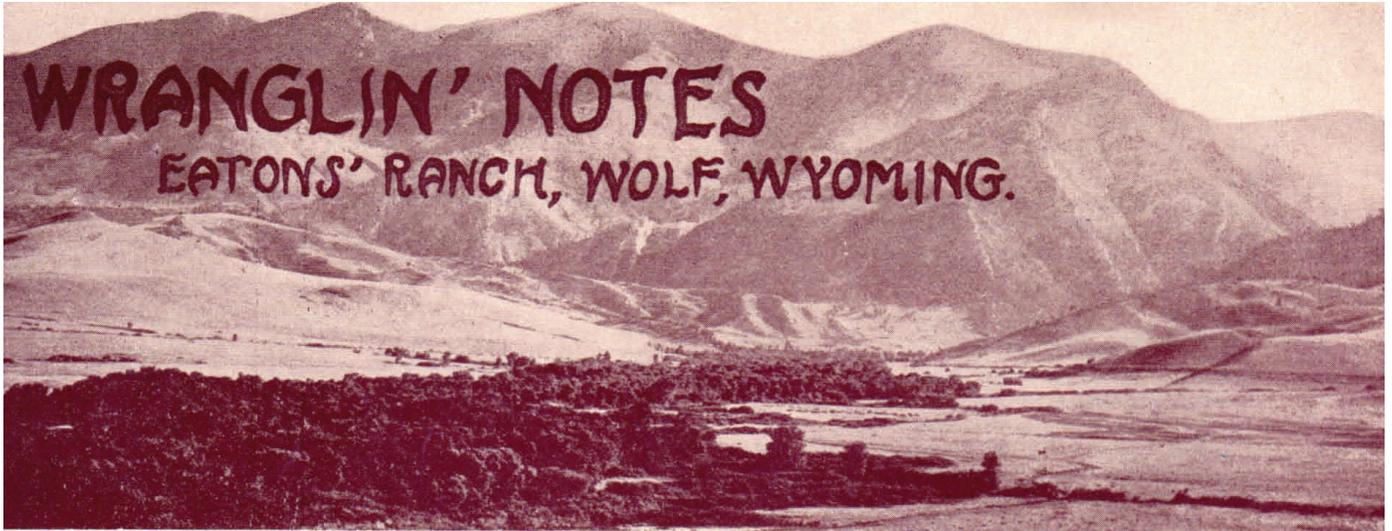


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Note: I found the 1927 Wrangling Notes from Eatons' Dude Ranch full of Big Horn history so will include it in the February and March issues. See next 2 pages. Enjoy !

WRANGLIN' NOTES

EATONS' RANCH, WOLF, WYOMING.



MARCH, 1927

First Mailing March 22nd, 1927

NUMBER 15

WRANGLIN' NOTES—Published specially for the folks who have visited Eatons' Ranch, issued four or five times a year in printed form and daily during the summer months on the bulletin board at the Ranch.

Subscription price—an interest in horse-back riding and the pleasant outdoor life of a western ranch.

* * * *



UNCLE WILL

UNCLE WILL writes from Pittsburgh that he can smell the fresh sage out here and will soon be on his way; Uncle Alden has sharpened his brush cutters and is looking for new trails to clear; Billy Eaton announces great roping possibilities in the new calf crop; John Duncan was seen oiling his fishing tackle the other day; Bill Eaton has ordered a new Stetson (they may have to ship it in a box car); and the few corral boys who have not yet reported are all swinging pretty close to home—these are just a few of the signs that Spring is approaching the Ranch country, that New York and California and St. Louis and Atchison, Kansas, are all wonderful places but they don't compare with the Bighorn country in the summer time. So someone had better get busy on the Wranglin' Notes and let the associate members of the Ranch "family" know that the first dude has arrived (in spite of our warning of a temporary kitchen and dining room), the snow has left for its summer home on Cloud Peak, the trout are getting hungry,

the horses are fat and full of life, and the Ranch will soon be ready for another happy, busy summer season.

BUILDINGS

THE last issue of Wranglin' Notes told of the main house, dining room and kitchen unfortunately being destroyed by fire, but promised new buildings well ahead of the "season" and that promise is being fulfilled. From the outside the house will look much the same for the stone walls were unharmed, but the living rooms will be more comfortably arranged with thought for the folks who want to read or visit or play cards there in the evening; and upstairs we are tucking in a few rooms with private baths. Tommy Butler says the kitchen will be perfect this time, and the dining room is to be a bit larger with many pleasant windows looking toward the hills and the Canyon. On the last page of this issue you'll find a sketch showing the new buildings as they will appear from the Wolf Creek side, but you should check up on us and come out to see them for yourself.

Many times in the past few weeks friends have reminded us that it is not the buildings that "make" the Ranch, but rather that friendly feeling of western hospitality and ready enjoyment of simple wholesome pleasures that can only be expressed as the "Ranch spirit". And we are happy

it is so, for that has been our ideal through many years.

Again we want to thank the Ranch "family" for their messages of loyalty and cheer and Uncle Alden wants you all to read this telegram from his friends at Cheyenne:

The House of Representatives of the Nineteenth Legislature taking note of the serious loss sustained through fire by the far famed Eaton Ranch and appreciating the loss to not only Eaton Brothers but the State of Wyoming and the entire West offers to you its sincerest sympathy.

House of Representatives Nineteenth Legislature of the State of Wyoming.

(Uncle Alden felt like setting out for Cheyenne right away to thank each one of them personally for that mighty nice message).



UNCLE ALDEN

JOE De YONG

JOE De YONG has been Jout in Santa Barbara all winter learning more about Art, but he found time to send along the cartoon for this issue of Wranglin' Notes. He is always ready to lend a helping hand, whether with sketches for the Wranglin' Notes or helping the boys rope horses in the corral or entertaining the crowd with rope tricks and Indian sign language stories. Everyone who has visited the Ranch during the summer season within the past five or six

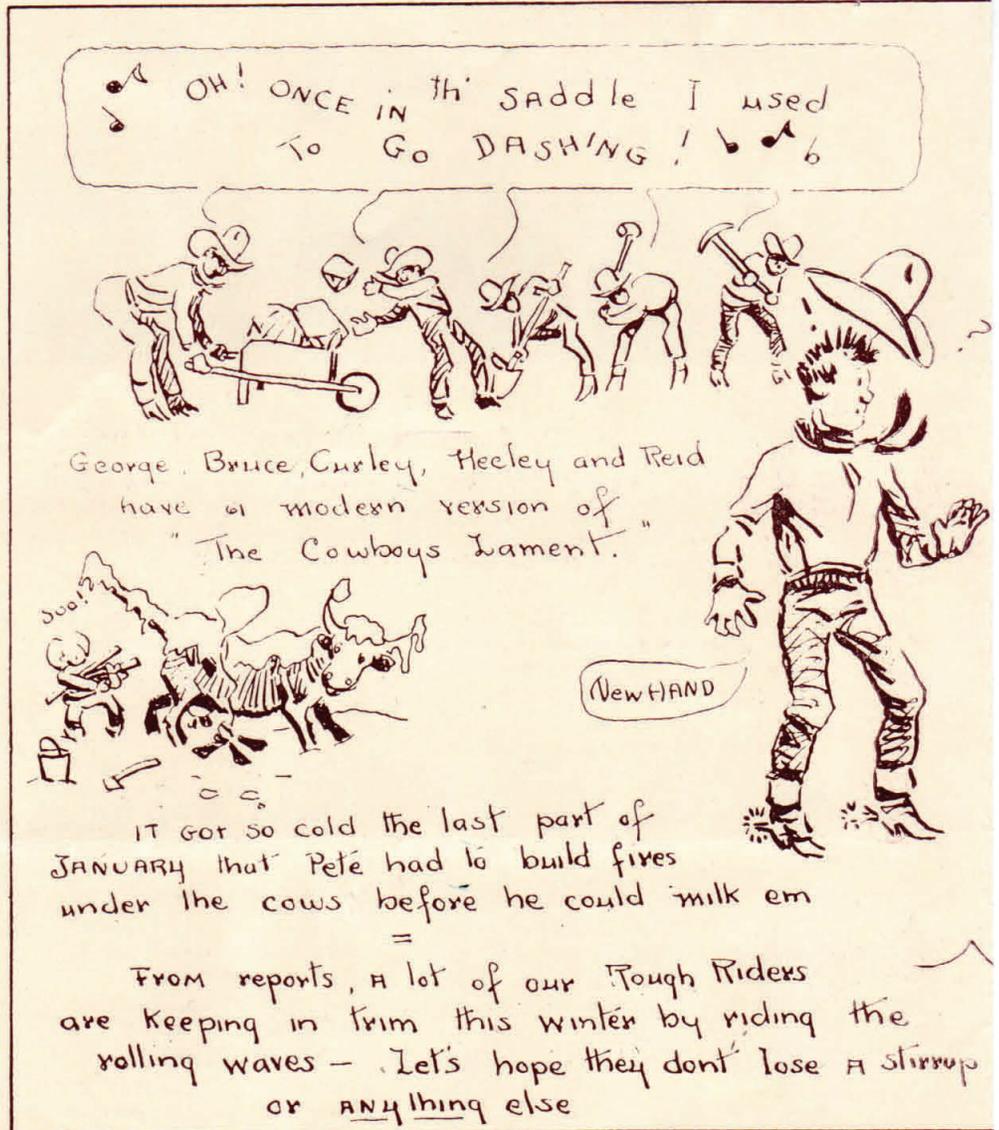
years knows Joe, and in the opinion of all his friends he is well along the trail to fame with his western paintings.

POLO IN THE WEST

MOST of all, folks at the Ranch are interested in saddle horses for everyone rides. So of course practically all dudes at the Ranch last September traveled by motor some twenty miles along the mountains to the Circle V Polo Ranch and enjoyed the first annual meet of the Bighorn Racing Association, of which by the way Bill Eaton is a charter member. Clustered about the ranch of Oliver Henry Wallop, the Earl of Portsmouth, walled in on two sides by the abrupt slope of the Bighorns, are the lovely ranch homes of Milton McCoy, Golet Gallatin, Bradford Brinton, Harold Hilman, Malcolm Moncreiffe, Eleanor Donnelly and J. W. Wilson Jr., all of whom are interested in the raising of thoroughbred horses, and especially, finished polo ponies of the highest class. Most of the Ranch folks here had not realized before the interesting work that is going on nearby in that small community of gentlemen ranchers who have organized their neighborhood racing association as a pleasant expression of their work with horses.

In the November 1926 number of the Remount Magazine is a most interesting article "The Circle V Polo Ranch of Milton McCoy and Golet Gallatin", which tells of their work and their now-assured success. For many years polo players have looked to England for their top horses, but the best polo blood of this country is now gathered at the Circle V and within a very few years ponies raised in the shelter of the Bighorns will be in every important polo match in America.

If you visit the Ranch this summer you will find it interesting to motor to the Sunday afternoon polo games at the Moncreiffe ranch, where the coming best polo ponies are now in training. We might claim that the western pony and his rider have known polo for years in a more rugged form. They have ridden circle on many a roundup



IT GOT SO cold the last part of JANUARY that Pete had to build fires under the cows before he could milk em

From reports, a lot of our Tough Riders are keeping in trim this winter by riding the rolling waves - Let's hope they don't lose a stirrup or ANYTHING else

with the same watchful pose, swift dash, sudden stop, sharp turn to head a wayward steer back into the herd, and a rope instead of a mallet swinging out quickly from the saddle. Only there was no cheering audience to spur on the proud old cowpony to greater efforts—just his own keen enjoyment of work well done and maybe the chattering approval of a stray prairie dog.

THE BIGHORN COUNTRY

AND this leads us right up to a subject of special interest to friends who have visited the Ranch several seasons. There are any number of places to go horseback from the Ranch; Ranch folks can point out scores of trails. Once a trail is followed it does not lose interest—

you can take the same ride a dozen and more times and see something new or unnoticed on previous trips. Even now, after 23 years of constant riding on and near the Ranch, with the habit westerners have of noticing landmarks, Uncle Will and Uncle Alden seldom fail to find something of new interest on every ride they take. The Bighorn country is well watered and the water so pure and cold and clear it is a temptation to get off your horse and drink from every stream. Only forest rangers and old-timers can name every creek in the mountains. "About a mile beyond Big Goose Creek", "on the divide between Soldier and Wolf Creeks", "at the fork of Big and Little Tongue", "where the trail crosses Bear Creek", and so on are explicit directions to a westerner. So Ranch visitors are



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By Scott Burgan

Apr 26 - Wyoming Outlaws

By Ken Kerns

May 17 - Making a Diorama

By Tom Warnke

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor

1948 Big Horn School



FRONT ROW: left to right—Gwendolyn Daly, Annette Bruere, Kit McCalla, Nancy Sieweke, Sandra Carnahan.

BACK ROW: Left to right—James Malen, Dade Farnen, Ivan Hanson, Earl Talcott, Sandro Beuf, Donald DeJarnett. TEACHER—Mrs. Frances Berry.

Fourth Grade

Great seeing you Don ~ good luck on your research project.
Send us a copy when you get it published.



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MARCH 2015

March 22 PROGRAM:

Intimate Acquaintance, George Crook's Scouts in the 1876 Campaign

By Scott Burgan

Scott Burgan grew up in Amarillo, Texas and has worked in printing, photography, art and the optical profession for over 30 years. He took photography coursework at Amarillo College in the 1970s. Developing an interest in archaeology and anthropology, Scott was vice president of the Panhandle Archaeological Society in Amarillo, Texas until he moved to Sheridan, Wyoming in 1998. In Sheridan, Scott met Glenn Sweem, a founder and organizer of the Wyoming Archaeological Society and the Wyoming State Historical Society. Scott inherited the large Glenn Sweem historical collection upon the death of Sweem. Scott is currently president of the Sheridan / Johnson County chapter of the Wyoming Archaeological Society. He has written articles for various publications relating to the Indian Wars and rock art research. He has done volunteer field work and surveys in Texas, Oklahoma, Wyoming and Montana. He has also done surveying and metal detecting at the Mackenzie Battlefield in Palo Duro Canyon, Texas, Custer's camp on Sweetwater Creek, Texas, the Fetterman Battlefield, Fort McKinney, Conner's Battlefield, Ranchester, Wyoming, the Rosebud Battlefield, Montana, and Little Big Horn Battlefield, Montana. Living in Texas and Wyoming cultivated an interest in the Indian wars for Scott, and he has been a member of several related organizations. Scott is currently an optical technician at WyoVision Associates in Sheridan, Wyoming.

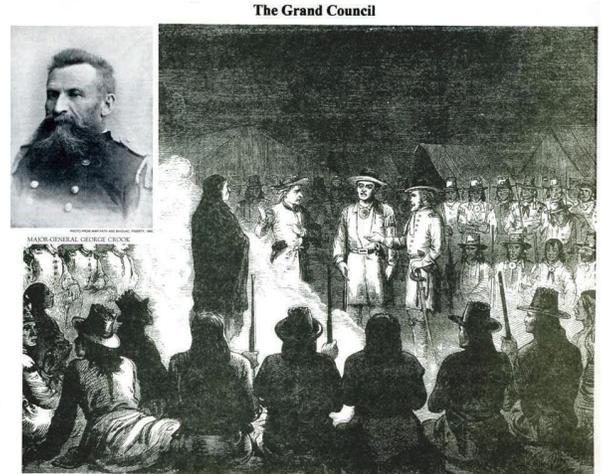


Image from Bob Legoski's book: **General George Crook's Campaign of 1876**

SKIING By Mike Kuzara

"Look out!" cried a voice behind me. Too late. Just as I was turning around to see what I should be looking out for, she was there. WHUMPPP! The young lady barreling down the slope didn't seem to have any more directional control than I had just experienced. The collision carried both of us down the hill in a rolling ball of arms, legs, skis, and poles. If the snow had been a little wetter and softer we probably would have ended up as a giant snowball rumbling down the hill like some image from a cartoon. That experience was my first and last on a real commercial, uptown, bona-fide, for sure, honest-to goodness ski run.

All the while we brothers and sisters were growing up, our skiing was limited to the big hill across the creek or some other low altitude slope that traditionally had just enough snow to slide on, but not deep enough to be any kind of cushion.

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SKIING - CONT.

Rocks, sagebrush and bare spots were the bane of many an attempt to become a serious skier.

I had acquired a pair of real skis from the surplus store that occupied the corner where the Sheridan Press building is now. These skis were seven footers with metal edges and came with bindings, boots, and poles. Up until that time, "skis" were barrel staves, boards with slightly curved ends, or anything else we kids could strap to our feet.

Our ski hill was pretty rough on the bottom surfaces of my skis so that when we had a good old wind blown blizzard that filled the road ditches with nice deep snow, that seemed like a good time and place to practice without scratching up my skis. Dad even got into the ski business by making a set of short aluminum skis that resembled water skis for us to try. Why visit my buddy Gerald by car when you can ski?

I don't remember who drove, but I skied behind the pickup down old highway 87 past the Rice Ranch. Whenever there was an obstacle to traveling in the ditch, I would slide in behind the pickup, then back down in the borrow ditch where I got pretty good at flipping the towrope over the little marker posts. By the time we got to Gerald's house I was feeling pretty confident about my ability to stay on my feet.

Gerald got his old military Jeep fired up and we made a large oval course in the big field south of his house.

The principle was the same as water skiing; Swing in behind the Jeep on the straightaway then whip out to the side on the corners to pass the Jeep. Centrifugal force took over on many a corner to cause the skier to "fly off the handle" so to speak. Not to worry, however, the speeding skier, free of the confining towrope, was usually arrested by the barbed wire fence on three sides of the field or the brush along the creek on the fourth side.

"Wanna try these aluminum skis?" I asked around. Gerald looked skeptically at the stubby little skis and said, "Naw, you try 'em I'll drive the Jeep!"

I was doing great until my right ski encountered a frozen cow pie. The metal folded up like an old gum wrapper! But I was still on my-----uh-----foot to the cheers of our small band of spectators.

The cheers turned in to a collective "AWWWWW!" when the other ski folded up.

I fought the good fight, making giant steps of ten to fifteen feet each at the end of the towrope until it was no longer possible to maintain the dignity up an upright posture. I rolled in the snow for what seemed like forever, then finally remembering, oh, yeah, let go of the rope, dummy, and maybe the pain will stop!

My experiences with shallow snow led me to long for the "deep powder" of the mountains and so I found myself with real skiers on a real slope. The other skiers with their little short "sissy" skis gave me the rather jaundiced eye as I boarded the lift with my seven foot monsters and headed for the top.

Things certainly look different from the top! Before taking the plunge, I observed how the other skiers zig-zaged back and forth and decided, "So that's how it's done".

It turns out that overly long skis won't dig in enough to allow one to traverse crosswise on the slope. I found myself gaining speed sideways at an alarming rate. Finally in desperation I tipped over on my side and dug in my elbow as a brake. After I got stopped and stood up for another try, I got run over and knocked further down the slope.

"Well!" I told myself, I should just bite the old bullet and get out of the way as soon as possible. With that in mind, I got pointed down the hill and turned myself loose!

I will always remember the looks on the faces -even though they were pretty much a blur- of the people in the lift line looking in panic in my direction as I careened toward them at somewhere close to eighty miles per hour.

The line just sort of parted as I shot through and out into the parking lot where I managed to miss all of the cars. Lucky for me the fence on the far side of the parking lot kept me from making it out on to the highway. I still have those skis. Maybe someday-----

You'd think that by now, in romantic matters, that I would know more, but it seems I just know better. Mike Kuzara, Wyarno, Wyoming.



THE BOZEMAN TRAIL MUSEUM CHINKING PROJECT

We desperately need to repair the old blacksmith shop building. The chinking has fallen out of the cracks and the logs are rotting. We would greatly appreciate your donation to the CHINKING PROJECT. The cost will be close to \$9,500 to preserve the exterior (logs and roof). Please send donations to BHCHS - PO Box 566 - Big Horn WY 82833

& we could save mailing costs if anyone wants to receive the newsletter via email ~ please send your email address to the address below for your newsletter (in color) ~ thank you!

blacksmithshop@wyoming.com

We have lost two former Big Horn residents:

Sargent, Charles "Chuck" Scales

Chuck Sargent 78, of Scottsdale, AZ passed away on February 3 2015. Charles "Charlie" Sargent was born on April 14, 1936 in Baltimore, Maryland and grew up on a remote ranch in Wyoming. As soon as he was able, he began a life-long fascination with seeing and understanding the wider world. After completing his B.A. at the University of Wyoming, and his M.A. at UC Berkeley he finished his monumental Ph.D. study and dissertation at UC Berkeley on the evolution of Buenos Aires. His first teaching job was at the University of Nebraska followed by 20+ years of teaching at Arizona State University from 1971-1993, specializing in urban geography and Latin America. Charlie had a fascination with and feel for European languages (he spoke French, Spanish, German, and Italian) and his pronunciation made him sound like he was a native speaker. Donations in his memory can be made to the Salvation Army or Arizona Humane Society. {Thank you to George Smith for sending this.}

Currie, John A.

John Alan Currie USMCR, 66, passed away on February 10, 2015 surrounded by his family at his home in Cheyenne. John was born in Sheridan, Wyoming on March 2, 1948 to the late John S. and Helen Johnson Currie. After graduating from Big Horn High School, John continued his education at Sheridan Junior College (AA), Rocky Mountain College (BA), Eastern Montana College (MS) and American Military University (MA). John joined the Marine Corps Reserve in 1966 and faithfully served his country for 33 years first with Bravo Company, 4th Reconnaissance Battalion and then with Charlie Company, 4th LAR Battalion as one of the original officers, until his retirement in 1999 as Chief Warrant Officer 5. He was deployed during Desert Storm earning the Navy Commendation Medal with combat V. John was proud to be a marine and loved his corps. On December 12, 1981 John married Mary K. Erickson in Ronan, MT. Together they raised two children, Patrick and Christina.

In 2003 John was diagnosed with kidney cancer. He underwent a stem cell transplant using cells donated by his sister Judy. He fought hard for almost 12 years with courage, persistence and humor.

John is survived by his wife Mary, his children Patrick Currie (Amy) and Christina Currie (David), grandsons Ethan and Eli Currie, brother Jim Currie (Pam) and sister Judy Slack (John), many nieces, nephews and good friends. Memorials may be sent to Huntsman Cancer Institute in Salt Lake City. Memorial services to be held June 20th at Big Horn Woman's Club.

The Big Horn Sentinel.

Big Horn ~ Nov. 15, 1884

Mr. and Mrs. Coffeen are visiting in Buffalo

Beaver trapping seems to be a profit calling in this county.....

A valuable horse, the property of Councilman John McCormick, had its leg broken this week.....

D.M. Leamer is no longer connected with this paper as canvasser.....

Smith, Pickering & Co. are building a meat market house in this town.....

The new time table of the stage line will probably take effect tomorrow.....

Valentine Reese mourns the loss of several quilts and pillows, taken from his ranch a few miles north of town....

It is our belief that we experience finer fall weather in northern Wyoming than any other place on God's green footstool.....

About a dozen of the Christian young people of Big Horn took part in an entertainment given at the school house last evening.....

J. Fisher, the enterprising Buffalo brewer, called at this office this week and left us a keg of his fine beer to remember him by.....

Mrs. T.J. Foster, after spending several months in Big Horn and vicinity, will return to the ranch at the stage crossing of the Piney next week.



To check on meeting cancellations CALL MIKE @ (307) 737-2404 OR POLLY @ (307) 674-6107 OR listen to KROE / view Sheridan Media website

Note: I found the 1927 Wrangling Notes from Eatons' Dude Ranch full of Big Horn history so will include it in the February and March issues. See next 2 pages. Enjoy !

ES, MARCH, 1927



bered as a pleasant variation of your Ranch vacation.

HORSES

BEING interested more than anything else in horses and horseback riding we have not failed to note the growth in their popularity in the east. Seems as if others are beginning to realize more and more what we have thought for years—that riding is the finest sort of exercise from a health standpoint, besides being an unusually pleasant way to pass the time. Every now and then some of our eastern friends will send us bulletins and magazines issued by their local riding clubs and we always welcome them and look them over carefully for any new ideas about horses and riding. Our shaggy horses would look out of place in the east (and feel awkward too we suspect) and we know that eastern horses could not stand the hard life and work that our horses enjoy—but we're all the more anxious to look at a thing from every angle and we do enjoy reading what others have to say on the subject. So if you run across anything of interest about horses and care to send it on to us we would greatly appreciate it.

NAVAJOS AND CHIMAYOS

VISITORS last season will recall the splendid selection of Navajo and Chimayo rugs and blankets in the Ranch store, and that they went so fast we could hardly keep a varied supply on hand. Mrs. Fleming is getting together an equally interesting collection for the coming season. Many friends wrote out after returning home asking that we choose blankets with certain colorings or designs, giving the size, and send them on approval, which we were very glad to do. There are no two Navajos in the world exactly alike so it is impossible for anyone to catalog them, but it is often possible to make selections from general descriptions. And of course Navajos vary as to quality just like any other merchandise. It is a very common practise to sell them by weight—so much a pound. In getting together our new collection

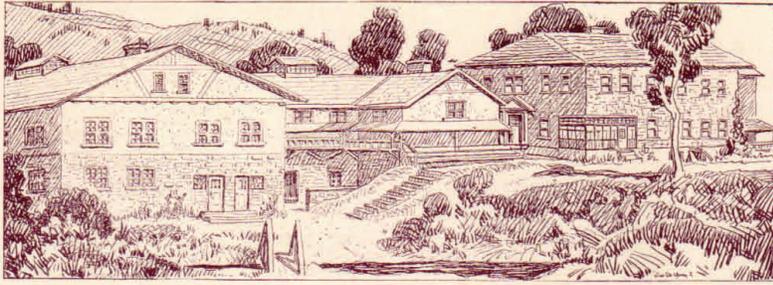
more than busy the first season or two exploring the nearby mountains and hills and valleys horseback, with directions and often a guide to help at first, then gradually getting the hang of the country and being able to figure out trails for themselves, which is much more fun.

But what we started to say was that newcomers are so busy getting on to western ways and exploring the nearby country that they are not particularly interested in the country farther out—within the range of a day's motor trip. Friends who have been here a number of seasons should figure on at least one or two such trips while they are here next summer, for they will be found well worth while. The motor trips from the Ranch if outlined would appear like a

great fan with the mountainous country behind us reserved for horseback trips only. There's the Crow Indian Reservation, with Pass Creek, Lodge Grass Creek, the Little Horn Valley and the Custer Battlefield; Lower Tongue River down toward the Bones Brothers ranch, Sheridan, Little Goose Creek and the polo ranches, Massacre Hill, Piney Inn, Buffalo, historic cattle country and the setting for "The Virginian", South Fork Inn, and last of all the new Government road over the mountains near Dayton, up to nearly 10,000 feet elevation (where you will need your coat on the warmest day) past the deserted Fortunatas gold mine to the Porcupine Ranger Station.

We will be ready and anxious to help you plan at least one motor trip next summer for we know it will be remem-

WRANGLIN' NOTES, MARCH, 1927



Mrs. Fleming would be very glad to make any special selections (on approval of course) and either mail them to friends who have been here or hold them a reasonable time until your arrival.

HARRY FULMER

ANY number of the Ranch folks will remember Harry Fulmer, who was corral boss way back there before the War, then bought a ranch of his own near Dayton on Little Tongue River, and was back here for a month or two in 1925 before moving to St. Louis. But now he is again our neighbor as manager of the P K Ranch adjoining us, and though he is so busy he drops in hardly once a month for a meal, we're hoping he can manage it oftener in the summer time.

One of the interesting things about it all is that Harry's father was manager of the P K in its early days and Harry himself was born there. It is one of the oldest ranches along the Bighorns and P K cattle have grazed well over the Montana line and as far east as Kendrick's range on Hanging Woman Creek and Powder River. Of course, that was before the era of the barbed wire fence, but not so long ago at that. In recent years the P K has become the property of Cleveland friends the P. J. Morgans, who realized not only its value as a cattle ranch but appreciated the lovely setting for a summer home. Anyhow, Harry is back in his own country now and we're happy to have him such a close neighbor.

FRIENDS

ABOUT once a year we allow ourselves the pleasant privilege of boasting in Wranglin' Notes about the many friends who return

season after season for their Ranch vacation. Colonel Henry Hall of Washington, D. C., heads the list with a credit of 22 visits to the Wolf Creek Ranch out of its total of 23 seasons, and Harry Hayward of St. Louis comes next with 16 summers. Going down the list, each one seven seasons or more:

Mrs. Wilson Low, Long Beach, Calif.
Harry McCormick, Wolf, Santa Barbara, Omaha.

Wm. I. Herryman, Pittsburgh.
W. S. Elliott, Pittsburgh.

Frank J. LeMoine, Pittsburgh.
Howard Irish, Pittsburgh.

S. Houghton Cox, Cleveland and Pasadena.

Miss Elizabeth Arbuthnot, Pittsburgh.
Richard Baum, Wolf, Omaha, Baltimore.
Howard Butcher, Jr., Philadelphia.

Miss Dorothy Douglas, Brooklyn.
E. V. Thompson, Jr., Louisville.

Gordon N. Morrill, Cleveland.
Fred W. Capen, Bloomington, Ill.

Chas. J. Graham, Pittsburgh.
H. I. Harriman, Boston.

Russell H. Kettell, Lexington, Mass.
Miss Elizabeth Ludlow, Springfield, Ohio.

Miss Caroline Marshall, Duluth.
Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Charles Silverson, Minneapolis.

And from here on the number is so great we have to halt or there won't be room for anything else in Wranglin' Notes. Anticipating indignant letters claiming membership in the above list, we had better explain now that we may have slipped in our records occasionally and the group above is the result of a hasty glance. Looks now as if they had voted almost unanimously for 1927 too.

BOOKLETS

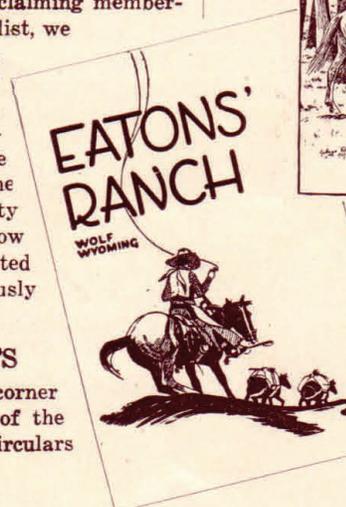
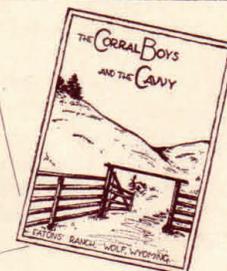
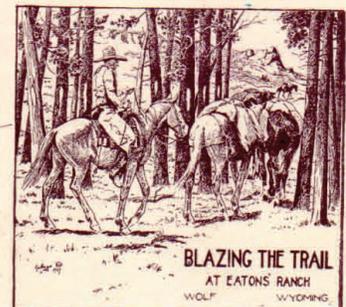
DOWN in the corner is a glimpse of the covers of Ranch circulars

for 1927—all of which will be gladly mailed to anyone interested, upon request. The big booklet tells about the Ranch generally and gives rates (by the way, they are unchanged from last season), "The Corral Boys and the Cavvy" contains a lot of miscellaneous information about horses and how to ride the western way, and "Blazing the Trail" is planned specially to help new friends get acquainted, with word about the dining room, the corral, the office, cabins, and so on.

Running down through the long list of friends who know the Ranch and have spent time with us, by far the majority of them were interested through some acquaintance or friend of theirs that came ahead of them, they in turn have told their friends—and so it goes. And that has proved the ideal way to spread word of the Ranch. We greatly appreciate names and addresses from the folks who have been with us, in the hope that we may interest new friends, and we are always ready to send booklets and write a note of welcome.

And of course if you are planning for the Ranch this season you will let us know soon. We have been holding reservations for many weeks, and early word will help us to plan a cabin you will like and just the right horse.

Address Eaton Brothers, Wolf, Wyoming.





blacksmithshop@wyoming.com

BIG HORN CITY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PO BOX 566
BIG HORN WY 82833

FIRST CLASS MAIL

2015 meeting schedule:

Mar 22 - Frank Grouard

By Scott Burgan

Apr 26 - Wyoming Outlaws

By Ken Kerns

May 17 - Making a Diorama

By Tom Wanke

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor

Mrs. Norene Baxter would love to hear from her former students. She is doing well although wheelchair bound and has someone read the newsletter and cards to her. Her daughter Kathy lives near her and her daughter Karen calls her every day.

Mrs. Baxter would love to receive cards & letters: Monte Vista Estates, 2277 East Drive, Monte Vista CO 81144 Thank you !

This photo was found in the 1965 Big Horn Ram Yearbook. She taught at Big Horn for several years & served as advisor to the yearbook staff and the school newspaper "The Big Horn Mountaineer".

Norene Baxter
Commerce





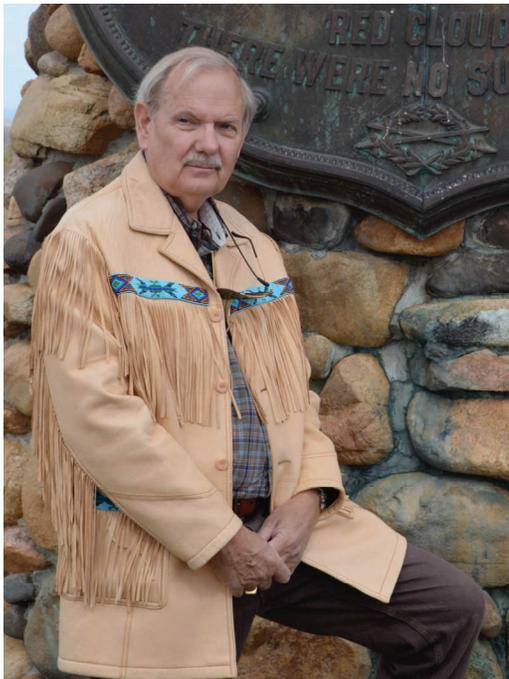
BIG HORN CITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PO BOX 566
Big Horn WY 82833

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

APRIL 2015

APRIL 26 PROGRAM : OVERVIEW OF THE BOZEMAN TRAIL By Don Fisk

Don is a native of Wichita, Kansas. He retired from a military flying career and moved to Wyoming in early 2013, in part to feed his passion for history, an affliction that he has had since five years old. He received his B. A. in history from Wichita State University in 1972. His last degree is a J.D. from Washburn University School of Law, 1983. He lives in Sheridan with his three cats, George, Libby and Goofy (aka: My Thai 2.0).



When asked about his program:
"I will be presenting an overview of the Bozeman trail from its founding (1864) until closing (1868). I will provide information about the who, what, why, when and where. It's physical start and stop points, the gold fever that caused it to be developed, the role of the U.S. government in protecting travelers, the establishment of forts and the conflicts with the Lakota, Arapaho, Cheyenne tribes, as well as the relationship between the Crow people, their adversaries and the U.S. I will discuss certain "well known" facts that have recently been challenged. "



The MISS INDIAN AMERICA REUNION & ART SHOW

Buy your tickets early for the Meet and Greet luncheon - **JULY 9th Noon to 3:00 - \$20**

Available online at the WYO Theater

ticket office or call 672-9084.

Artist Reception & Gallery Talk

JULY 9th 5:30 to 7:30 @ the

Sagebrush Gallery. Please come!

See article on page 3 for more info.....



We usually MEET THE 4TH SUNDAY OF EVERY MONTH:

meeting @ **BIG HORN WOMAN'S CLUB.**

Carry In Pot Luck Lunch starting @ 1:00 with Program to follow.



THE BOZEMAN TRAIL MUSEUM CHINKING PROJECT

Will begin in April. We hope to have it finished in time to open for the summer season.

Please send donations to BHCHS - PO Box 566 - Big Horn WY 82833

~~~~~

**& we could save mailing costs if anyone wants to receive the newsletter via email ~ please send your email address to [blacksmithshop@wyoming.com](mailto:blacksmithshop@wyoming.com) ~ thank you!**



From the Wyoming Magazine (circa 1958). "This line of grinning children composes the student body of the Upper Beaver Creek school of Sheridan County. Booted and Levi-ed, these youngsters live close to the land, participate from early years in ranching economy. From front to back are Marie & James Ankney, Roxey Shell, Donna Kinnaman, Mary (Kay) Ankney, Rose Kinnaman, Jack & George Hansen, Diana Shell, Mary & Ruth Kinnaman. They represent four families & a total of seven grades." (Is that Mary Kinnaman Kuzara?)

**To check on meeting cancellations CALL MIKE @ (307) 737-2404 OR POLLY @ (307) 674-6107 OR listen to KROE / view Sheridan Media website**



AN INTER-RACIAL, COOPERATIVE PROJECT IN HUMAN RELATIONS

2015



The Sheridan WYO Rodeo  
Announcement of the -  
**Miss Indian America Reunion**  
Sheridan Wyoming

**Schedule of Activities**

**July 6th - 31st Miss Indian America Invitational Art Exhibition - Sagebrush Gallery**  
**201 East 5th Street Sheridan, WY 82801**

**Featuring 5 former Miss Indian Americas & their artwork.**

**July 9th – noon to 3pm Luncheon** ~ Meet & Greet the Miss Indian Americas  
Program to follow luncheon ~ history of the Miss Indian America pageant & All American Indian Days  
*The Historic Sheridan Inn* ~ @ the corner of 5th Street & Broadway  
\$20 per person luncheon ~ please make reservations ASAP ~ tickets go on sale March 15th  
WYO THEATER ticket information ~ 42 N. Main ~ Sheridan WY 82801  
Or On line at <http://www.wyotheater.com/tickets.html>  
Or call 307-672-9084

**3 - 4pm** Pow Wow on the lawn of *The Historic Sheridan Inn*

**5:30 - 7:30pm** Miss Indian America Invitational Art Exhibition Reception  
*Sagebrush Gallery* ~ 201 East 5th Street ~ Across from *The Historic Sheridan Inn*

**11am - 5pm** Native American Art Market  
*Sagebrush Gallery* ~ 201 East 5th Street ~ Across from *The Historic Sheridan Inn*  
Parking lot open market fair (\$35 per day - 2 parking spaces per booth)  
Native American Artist welcome. For more information contact Edre Maier  
*Sagebrush Community Art Center* - P.O. Box 1007 - Sheridan WY 82801  
(Food Vendors welcome)



**July 10th - 9am** Rodeo parade preparation  
**10am** Sheridan WYO Rodeo Parade ~ Miss Indian Americas to ride in the parade.  
Native Dress encouraged. *Best Western Sheridan Center*  
**12pm** Pow Wow & Bar-b-que *The Historic Sheridan Inn*

**Sheridan WYO Rodeo, P.O. Box 742, Sheridan WY 82801**

Call Judy Slack if you have questions:  
Work 307-674-8585 x7  
Cell 307-751-4908

## MISS INDIAN AMERICA



*All American Indian Days Sunday August 7, 1955 in Sheridan, Wyoming. All churches in Sheridan County would attend services at the fair grounds to honor the Native Americans who would travel to attend All American Indian Days and the Miss Indian America pageant. Photo taken by Rochford Studio.*

In 1953, the first Miss Indian America pageant unfolded in Sheridan, Wyoming as part of All American Indian Days. The idea for the festival was spawned by the selection of Lucy Yellowmule, a Crow Indian maiden, as Queen of the 1952 Sheridan WYO Rodeo.

Lucy's selection, and her willingness to help, acted as a fulcrum for a local movement to change public opinion about Indians. Within a few months, Lucy's efforts, combined with those of local citizens, like Howard Sinclair a.k.a. "Neckyoke Jones", changed the mindsets of the local populace. For its success in improving public relations, the town of Sheridan received two distinguished awards, one of which Lucy traveled to Washington, D. C. to accept on behalf of Sheridan.

Encouraged by their success, the local people and several Indian leaders decided that a new Indian woman should be chosen each year to represent the Indian people. Thus, the Miss Indian America Pageant was born. The venue in which it would take place was to be a festival called All American Indian Days. It would become a festival of national importance that would run for almost 30 years!

The first All American Indian Days was held in conjunction with the Sheridan WYO Rodeo on July 18, 1953. Lucy Yellowmule led 3,000 Indians from 21 tribes in a parade down Main Street. After the evening rodeo, with Joe Medicine Crow as Master of Ceremonies, dances and ceremonial events, not usually seen by the public, were presented and explained.

At the ceremony, Miss Arlene Wesley from the Yakima Tribe was chosen as the first Miss Indian America. She was to be followed in subsequent years by 33 other Indian women. All of them served as cultural ambassadors' between the Native Americans and non-Indians through speaking engagements, public appearances, participating in conferences conducted by federal, state, local and tribal governments, and visiting educational institutions and Indian reservations.

Though the pageant ended in Sheridan in 1984, (it moved to Bismarck, North Dakota for a few years before it ended) the Indian women who served as Miss Indian America are not forgotten.

This summer there will be a Miss Indian America reunion during the Sheridan WYO Rodeo on July 8-11. These lovely ladies will be honored by participating in the rodeo parade the morning of July 10th. An art show at the Sagebrush Gallery is planned for four of the former Miss Indian Americas during the month of July.

- MIA I - Arlene Wesley James
- MIA XII - Sharron Ahtone Harjo
- MIA XVII - Virginia Stroud
- MIA XXII - deana jo harragarra waters

At least 15 of the past Miss Indian Americas are expected to join the Sheridan community to be recognized for the role they played in the humanitarian effort to combat racism and for bringing Indian people together on a national stage to Pow-wow and celebrate their cultural heritage. The Pow-wow will begin July 8th and will be held on the lawn of The Historic



*Lucy Yellowmule, a Crow Indian maiden, as Queen of the 1952 Sheridan WYO Rodeo.*

## Miss Indian America 60th Anniversary Reunion



**Sheridan, Wyoming**  
July 11- 13, 2013

By: Michael Dykhorst and Judy Slack

*Cover design by Sharron Ahtone Harjo for the Miss Indian America reunion book published in 2013.*

Sheridan Inn where the Crow danced over 100 years ago for Buffalo Bill and the Sheridan Community. Dances will start daily at 3PM, July 8 & 9 (and again on July 10th after the parade, sometime around noon) with prizes being honored for performance participation. Indian relay races are scheduled every night at the Sheridan WYO Rodeo.

A special luncheon July 9th noon to 3PM will be held at The Historic Sheridan Inn to honor the former Miss Indian Americas. Native American history education will be provided during the week on various topics.

An outdoor arts & craft sale will be held during rodeo week at the Sagebrush Gallery. Native American artists are encouraged to participate. Please contact the Sagebrush Gallery [201 East 5<sup>th</sup> Street, Sheridan, WY 82801 (307) 674-1970] for more details on the art show. Also view the Sheridan WYO Rodeo or the City of Sheridan websites.

By Sharron Ahtone Harjo (Miss Indian America Reunion Committee)



blacksmithshop@wyoming.com

BIG HORN CITY  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
PO BOX 566  
BIG HORN WY 82833

## FIRST CLASS MAIL

### 2015 meeting schedule:

Apr 26 - Overview of the Bozeman  
Trail By Don Fisk

May 17 - Making a Diorama  
By Tom Warnke

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor

## BIG HORN MOUNTAIN MUSEUM COALITION

ART.  
HISTORY.  
HERITAGE.  
WYOMING.



<http://www.bhmmc.org/> Please check out this new website. It is a tourist's one stop search for museums and art galleries in Johnson & Sheridan Counties.  
**PASS THE WORD AND POST IT ON YOUR WEBSITE !!!**



**BIG HORN CITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
PO BOX 566  
Big Horn WY 82833

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

MAY 2015

\*\*\*\*PLEASE NOTE\*\*\*\*MAY 17 PROGRAM:

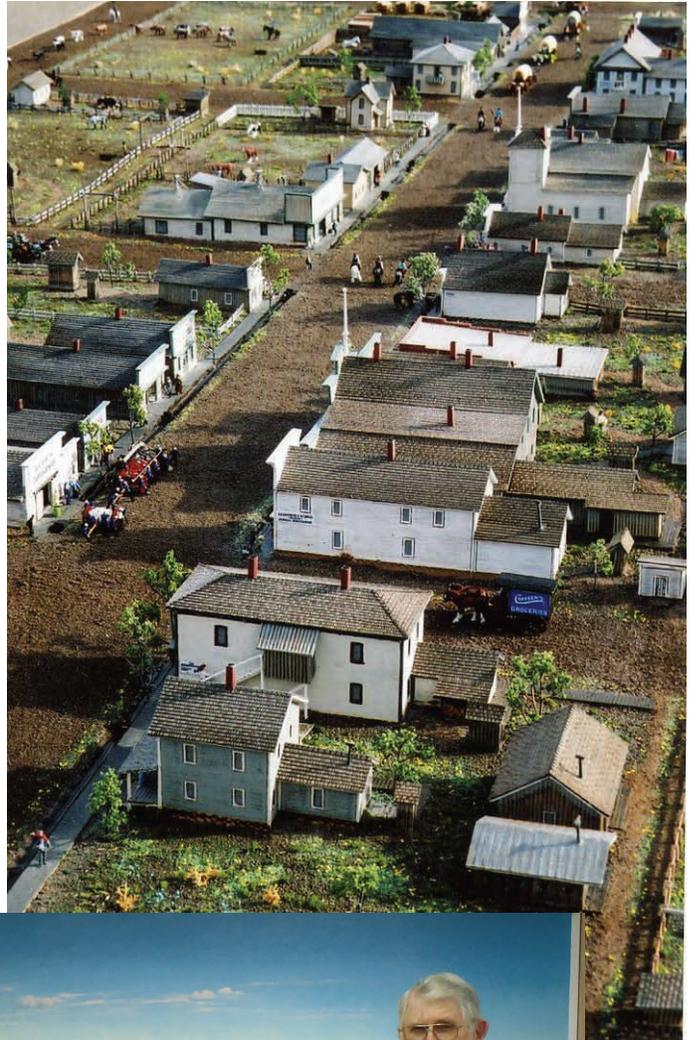
## How to Build a Diorama

By Tom Warnke

Tom will talk about his various projects and about the one he is just completing. The diorama at right is a depiction of Main Street in Sheridan during the spring of 1888. Below he and Connie Robinson are putting the final touches on the Crook's Camp diorama in THE Wyoming Room. His Conner Battlefield diorama dedication will be held August 29 in Ranchester.

### Tom's Dioramas to see:

1. [The "PK" Stage Stop](#)
2. [The Town of Sheridan in the Spring of 1888](#)
3. [The "OW" Ranch site on Hanging Woman Creek](#)
4. [The "Eaton Brothers Dude Ranch"](#)
5. [The Town of Monarch, WY](#)
6. [The Rosebud Indian Battle on June 17, 1876](#)
7. [Crook's Camp at the Forks of the Goose Creeks](#)
8. [Apache Land Movie Ranch](#)



**We usually MEET THE 4TH SUNDAY OF EVERY MONTH:**

**meeting @ BIG HORN WOMAN'S CLUB.**

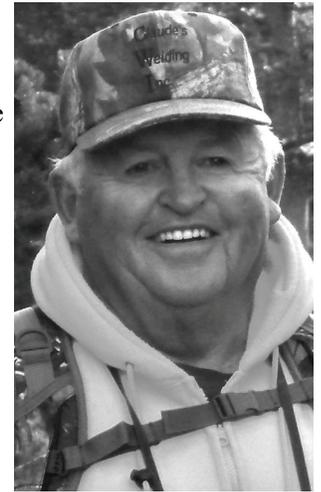
**Carry In Pot Luck Lunch starting @ 1:00 with Program to follow.**



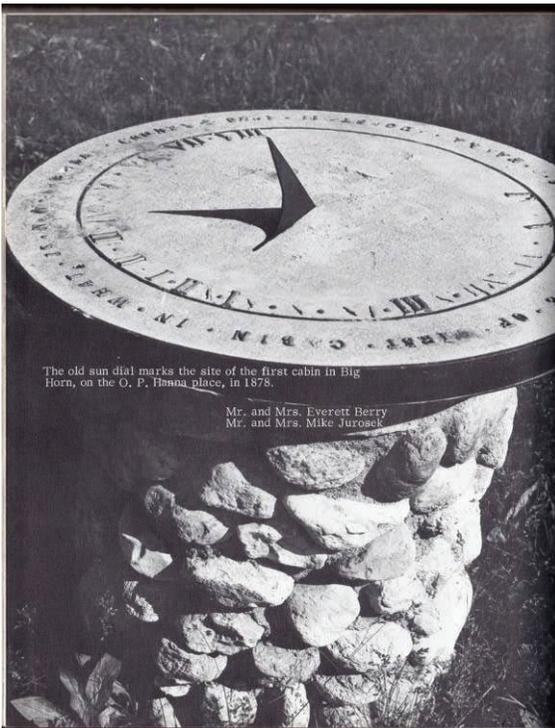
### We have lost another former Big Horn resident:

**Our sympathies go out to the family of Frank Schrater** ~ 68, passed away quietly Sunday, April 26, 2015, at his home in Buffalo from pancreatic cancer. Burial was in Willow Grove Cemetery.

Mr. Schrater was born May 3, 1946, to Tolbert "Tuck" and Lila Schrater in Sheridan. He was the second of four children. He grew up in Big Horn and graduated from Big Horn High School in 1966. He married Roberta Muller on Aug. 5, 1967, in Sheridan. They made their home in Sheridan, where he worked as a carpenter for 12 years. He also worked for Peter Kiewit and various ranch jobs. They moved to Buffalo in 1997, and he retired from the Wyoming Department of Transportation after 23 years of service. Frank enjoyed the outdoors, hunting and fishing, but found no greater joy than spending time with his kids and grandkids. Son, Steve Schrater, and wife Shawna live in Gillette; and daughter, Tami and husband Juel Afdahl live in Torrington. Kylor Schrater of St. Clairsville, Ohio, Katie and Kloie Schrater of Gillette and Canton and Blake Afdahl of Torrington, each spent many hours fishing and enjoying the mountains with their Papa. Also grateful for sharing his life were his siblings, Ginger and Darrell Dillon of Casper, Dan and Roxie Schrater of Butler, Missouri, Melodee White and friend Jimmy Suiter of Phoenix, Arizona; and mother-in-law, Jean Muller of Sheridan. He also has numerous nieces, nephews, cousins and extended family members who will all miss his quick wit and kind heart. He was preceded in death by his parents, Tuck and Lila Schrater; and father-in-law, James Muller.



In lieu of flowers, please send memorials to the Wyoming High School Rodeo Association scholarship fund in care of Harness Funeral Home, 351 North Adams Ave., Buffalo, WY 82834.



**One of our next projects will be to preserve the sundial that marks the cabin site of O.P. Hanna. We will keep you posted on the progress. (Above: This photo was taken in 1965 and was found in the Big Horn Yearbook.)**

### Photo essay of The Bozeman Trail Museum:



**We want to thank Jerry Gray of Lone Pine Chinking for his excellent work on the museum. He repaired (actually built) a new foundation along with replacing some of the logs then rechinging all seams. It has all been treated with boiled linseed oil and looks like a 'brand new (better-than-1881-new) blacksmith shop'.**

**This photo was taken Sunday May 3, 2015. JS**

**Note: all the trees had to be cut down for the chinking work & to prepare for the new parking lot.**

Below-1965 Blacksmith Shop Looking Northeast. (West and south side.) (Big Horn Yearbook)



1946 (above right photo) "Old stage barn - after being repaired by Ray & (his son) Paul Wood in 1946". Another caption states that the building was rebuilt for a Big Horn Museum.



Note the circle above west door in the 1946, 1965 and the 1976 (at left) photographs. The close up at right reveals a metal ring encircling a horseshoe.



Below Circa 1936. Blacksmith Shop Looking Northeast. (West and south side.) Mr. & Mrs. Goelet Gallatin restored the old Blacksmith Shop around 1936. Logs were numbered and removed to allow the original dirt floor to be replaced with a wooden one. After the logs were put back in place, the roof was shingled with heavy shake shingles.



To check on meeting cancellations CALL MIKE @ (307) 737-2404 OR POLLY @ (307) 674-6107 OR listen to KROE / view Sheridan Media website



Date unknown: "Rock Creek Stage Line building and barn". Top photo was taken looking Southeast.

Note roof of barn at left.

Photo at right was taken near Little Goose Creek looking Northwest.



The photo at left was taken looking Southeast. Note the fence corner at left. This was most likely the yard of Grandma Perry's house that stood in what is now the Woman's Club parking lot.

It is interesting to note the small door openings on the north and west side of the building. (It has seen some tough years !!)

**DONATIONS FOR THE MT. HOPE CEMETERY ~** The Board is requesting donations to assist with lawn mowing, grave leveling, trash removal, painting, & other on going expenses. We also place flags on every veteran's grave. We have approximately 100 veteran's. We do not receive funds from the county or the state. We are a non profit corporation in WY.

**Please send donations to : Mount Hope Cemetery Fund**

**c/o BHCHS**

**PO Box 566 - Big Horn WY 82833**

**THANK YOU FOR YOUR GENEROUSITY**

1936 before the restoration - Blacksmith Shop Looking Northeast. (West and south side.)



Below: Circa 1900. The blacksmith shop at right with Mrs. Perry's house (appears to be attached to the left/north of the building but was not— it stood alone ). The stage barn is off to the right. This is looking NE from the corner where the Legge's now live (cabin at left.) Gray Collection - American Heritage Center. It had been built in 1881.



**WE NEED YOUR HELP AGAIN ~~~~ We are seeking funds for the:**

- #1 New shutters for the windows on the south side of museum**
- #2 Preservation cost for OP Hanna cabin site**

**Please send donations to BHCHS - PO Box 566 - Big Horn WY 82833**

**We also need volunteers to watch the museum during the summer (weekends only)-  
please call Mona (751-5741) or Judy (751-4908)**



blacksmithshop@wyoming.com

BIG HORN CITY  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
PO BOX 566  
BIG HORN WY 82833

## FIRST CLASS MAIL

2015 meeting schedule:  
May 17 - Making a Diorama  
By Tom Warnke

### ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP DUES:

- SINGLE ADULTS.....\$10
- COUPLE/FAMILY.....\$20
- BUSINESS.....\$20
- ORGANIZATION.....\$20

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor



This is such a wonderful photo!!!

Front row - L to R:

Jaci Eaton

Patty Ferguson

Susan Ferguson

Back row - L to R:

Jack Pelissier

Susie Pelissier

Frank Eaton

Eatons' Ranch Family  
Collection (Thank you  
for sharing!)



**BIG HORN CITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
**PO BOX 566**  
**Big Horn WY 82833**

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

SEPT 2015

**\*\*SEPTEMBER 27 PROGRAM\*\***

**BIG HORN MERC WAREHOUSE HISTORY, TRANSFORMATION  
 & TOUR OF THE NEW "BARN IN BIG HORN"**

Tom and Holly Harper along with Pete & Collette Elisason are the current owners of the Big Horn Mercantile and the land on which the new business, "Barn in Big Horn" is located. Tom will be giving a tour of the new building after a brief history of the old Warehouse is presented by Judy Slack.

Tom is the great-grandson of Charles Skinner who helped build these buildings in the 1880s. The Merc was built in 1882 and the warehouse in 1885.



1975 - BH Merc stands at right, BH Merc Warehouse is the old building at left

Join us in welcoming this new business to Big Horn! They will be offering a new venue for weddings, parties, banquets, reunions, meetings, etc. plus there is office space for rent in the back of the new building.



Receipt for \$250.00 dated December 21, 1884. Paid to KING BROTHERS of Chicago by Sackett & Skinner.  
 \*\*\*\* Plus, we want to thank Tom Harper for giving us wood from the old Warehouse for our shutters!!!

**We usually MEET THE 4TH SUNDAY OF EVERY MONTH:**  
**meeting @ BIG HORN WOMAN'S CLUB.**  
**Carry In Pot Luck Lunch starting @ 1:00 with Program to follow.**





**IN SYMPATHY FOR: Norene V. Baxter** - Alamosa resident  
Norene V. Baxter, 97, passed away peacefully in the morning hours of May 19, 2015.

Norene was born to Robert and Idell Vickrey on March 31, 1918 in Healdton, Oklahoma. She married her husband of 68 years, Hurshel Baxter on June 3, 1939 in McKinney, Texas. Norene worked as an Educator of Business Education for Big Horn High School in Wyoming for more than 20 years, and retired from Carl Sandburg High School in Orland Park, Illinois after 15 years. During her time as a teacher, she was very devoted and spent many hours with the students in extracurricular activities through the schools.

After retiring, Norene enjoyed travelling with her husband about the countryside and to Alaska and Mexico in their RV. They saw many different sights and places in the nearly 20 years of travelling. Much of Norene's past time was spent vegetable and flower gardening, and she loved her potted plants. She could also be found reading or listening to music. Norene was a lifelong member of the Church of Christ.

She is survived by her daughters Karen (Bill) Call of Tucson, AZ and Kathy (Pete) Washeck of La Jara. Contributions in lieu of flowers, are suggested to the Hope Harbor Children's Home, P.O. Box 1047, Claremore, Oklahoma 74018.

In February 2015, Paul Haworth, Judy Armstrong and Tom Harper met at the Big Horn Merc. They are descendents of early Big Horn Pioneers. Why? At the Merc? Because Judy's great - great grandfather, John W. Austin (carpenter/contractor) built the Merc and the Warehouse for Paul's great - great grandfather, John H. Sackett and Tom's great grandfather, Charles W. Skinner. It was the first time these three



and Judy were able to see the shovel marks in the dirt walls of the basement and the carpentry of this stout building (the wood was prepared at the Sackett and Skinner sawmill and most likely all three of the ancestor, Sackett, Austin & Skinner, in the 1880s worked side by side to build these early structures.)

**Brain Teaser:** A boy was given a dollar to change into nickels, dimes, and pennies so that there would be 21 coins. How many of each would there be? (Answer appears elsewhere in this issue.)



**To check on meeting cancellations CALL MIKE @ (307) 737-2404 OR POLLY @ (307) 674-6107 OR listen to KROE / view Sheridan Media website**

Thank you to all our volunteers who helped at the museum this summer & assisted with the DAR convention. You are the key to our success!

Elaine Hilman

Holly Harper

Mona Brown

Gene Caiola

Rhonda Fitzpatrick

Patty Gingles

Jack & Bev Heuton

Polly Hill

Maurine Badgett

Jim & Pam Currie

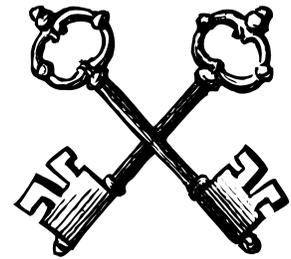
Ken & Jean Holwell

Helen Laumann

Loretta Owen

Mary Moore

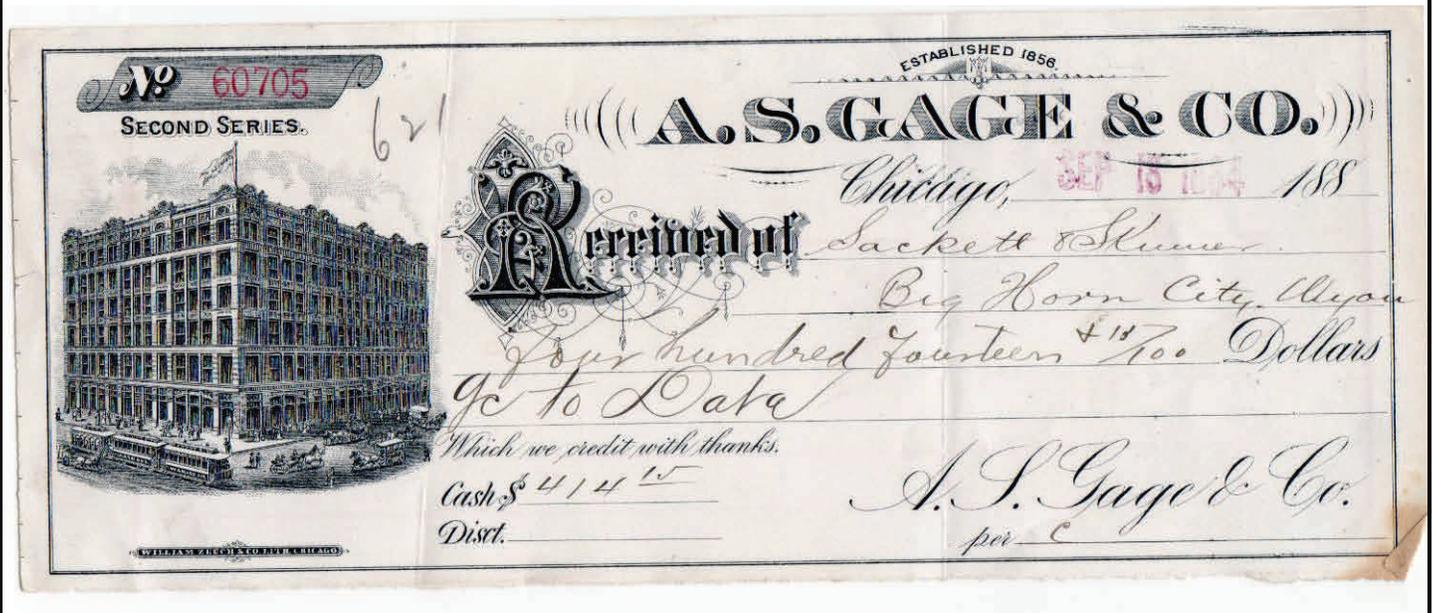
Evelyn Williams



(If I forgot anyone, please accept my apology. These shingles have turned my memory chip into mush.)

And a special thank you to Chris Morton for volunteering several weekends at the museum. We greatly appreciate everyone's time!!! And we hope to have a cooler summer next year???? WOW was it hot!

Tom Harper shared several receipts from the early Sackett and Skinner partnership. The one below is dated September 18, 1884 for a total of \$414.15. (That must have been one very large shipment of goods.)



526 words Written: 31 Aug 2015

By: Mike Kuzara

The letter was dated April 11 2011.

“Hello, I am writing to find out how you are doing health wise.” Mary was reading the letter out loud that she found in our archives and continued as I placed a hand on her shoulder.

“My son Danny wanted to be a (sic) organ donor according to his drivers license. His dad and I honored his wishes although it was very hard for us, I too believe it was the right thing to do. My hope is that you have a long and healthy life with much enjoyment.

My son did live his life with much laughter and excitement. Danny loved dare devil sports and loved people. He was one of the kindest people I know.”

Mary’s voice caught and she could not continue, so I finished reading as tears rolled down her cheeks.

“It has taken me a long time to come up with the emotional stability to write. Please won’t you take a moment to write us and tell us about yourself. Thank you, Danny’s mom, Nancy.”

In 1995 Mary received Danny’s kidney. We wrote a letter to the family at that time and were assured that it had been given to the donor’s family but did not hear anything back for 16 years. In March of 2011 the transplant center informed us that the donor’s family wanted to know about the recipient and Mary responded immediately. The letters crossed in the mail and were handled by the transplant center and no last names or addresses were given as per “company policy”.

By 2014 Danny’s kidney was beginning to wear out and at the beginning of 2015 Mary was back on dialysis. What we did know from the doctors was that the donor was 16 when he died in an auto accident.

On July 14, 2015 Mary got “the” call from the transplant center, flew to Seattle on a fast charter plane and at 3am on the 15<sup>th</sup> she got her second kidney. The donor was a 16 year old boy killed in a motorcycle crash.

Mary wrote another letter while she was recuperating. It was hand written on lavender paper and given to the transplant center. We totally understand if there is no immediate response.

2 weeks ago she was able to enjoy a visit from her son from Arizona and all the required family gatherings. Friday last we cheered our two granddaughters as they competed in a cross country race, and Saturday took in an air show and the unveiling of the Connor Battlefield diorama in Ranchester at the visitor center. Those activities would have been unthinkable before the transplant.

Best of all for me is, I once again am able to see the bright smile of my lovely bride as she daily gives thanks for her gift of life.

I sincerely hope that this column prompts a few procrastinators out there to take steps to become an organ donor.

(Mary: we are all so happy for you and hope you continue to feel better day by day!!!)

## Wyoming Firsts



**First Business West of the Missouri River:** In 1834, Fort William was erected at the confluence of the Laramie and North Platte Rivers by veteran fur traders William Sublette and Robert Campbell. Thus, the first trading post west of the Missouri River was established.

**First Women to Vote:** John A. Campbell, Wyoming's first Territorial Governor, signed a bill December 10, 1869 making Wyoming the first state to grant women the right to vote.

**First Woman Justice of the Peace:** Esther Hobart Morris was appointed February 17, 1870 in South Pass City.

**First All Woman Jury:** The first all woman jury was sworn in March 7, 1870 in Laramie.

**First Woman Bailiff:** In 1870, Martha Symons - Boies - Atkinson of Albany County was appointed the first woman bailiff in the world.

**First National Monument:** Devils Tower in northeastern Wyoming was designated the first national monument by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1906.

**First Artificially Lit Evening Football Game:** The first interscholastic football game to be played under artificial light took place in Midwest in 1925.

**First National Park:** In 1872, Congress named Yellowstone National Park in northwestern Wyoming as the first national park in the world.

**First State to Have a County Public Library System:** The Laramie County Public Library System was organized in August of 1886.

**First National Forest:** By an Act signed by President Benjamin Harrison in 1891, Shoshone National Forest became the first national forest. Wyoming now has 9 national forests.

**First Ranger Station:** Wapiti Ranger Station was established in the Shoshone National Forest in 1891.

**First Woman Statewide Elected Official:** Estelle Reel Meyer was elected as Superintendent of Public Instruction in 1894.

**First Town in America to be Governed Entirely by Women:** The city of Jackson, from 1920 to 1921, had a woman mayor, town council and town marshal. One of the councilwomen defeated her husband for her council seat.

**First Woman Governor in the U.S.:** Nellie Tayloe Ross was elected to complete the term of her husband who died in office. She served from 1925 to 1927. In 1933, President Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed her the first woman to head the U.S. Mint, a position she held until 1953.



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## FIRST CLASS MAIL

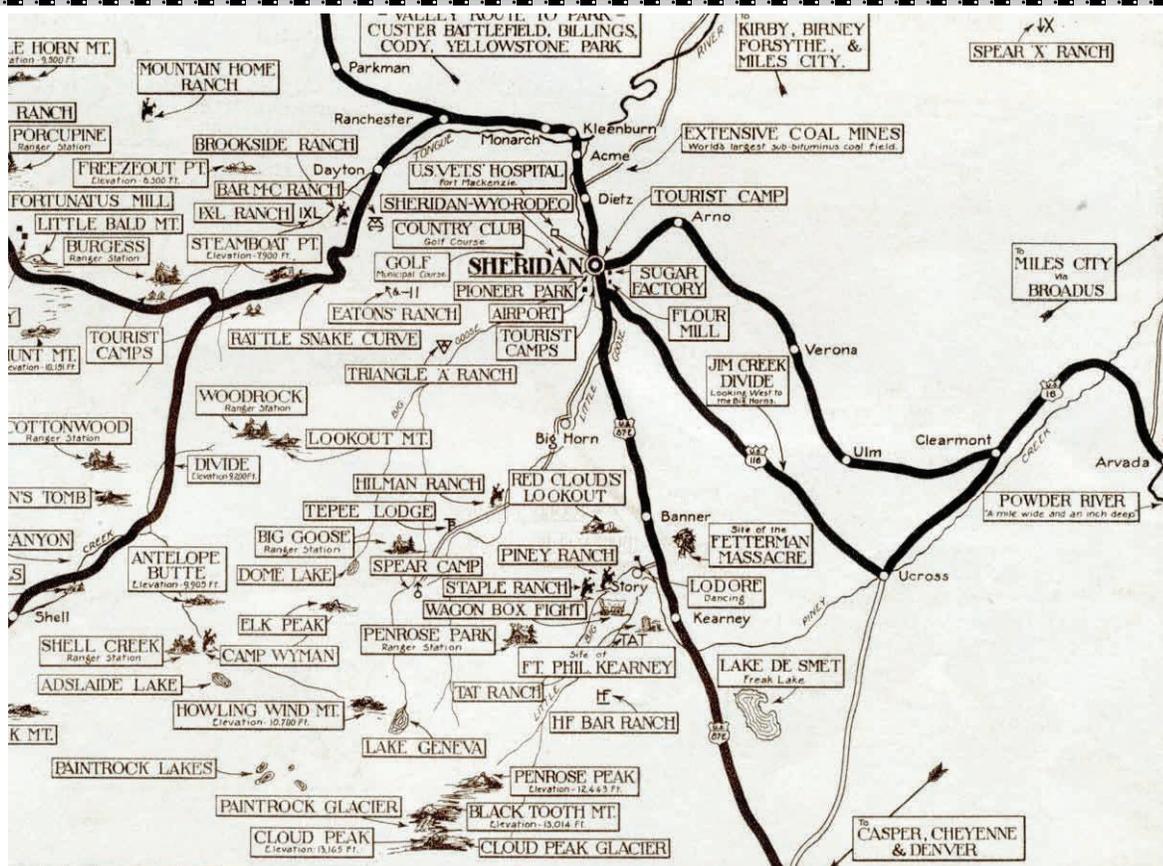
ANNUAL

MEMBERSHIP DUES:

- SINGLE ADULTS.....\$10
- COUPLE/FAMILY.....\$20
- BUSINESS.....\$20
- ORGANIZATION.....\$20

DUES ARE ALWAYS DUE  
THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor  
13 nickels, 3 dimes and 5 pennies



1932  
Road  
Map



**BIG HORN CITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
PO BOX 566  
Big Horn WY 82833

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

OCTOBER 2015

**WANTED**

**October 25, 2015 BHCHS Program**

## **SPRING CREEK RAID**

**Presentation by Roy Scott about a raid by cattlemen on a sheep camp near Tensleep on Nowood Creek. The April 2, 1909 raid resulted in two shearers burned to death in their wagon, one shepherd shot to death, two shearers threatened with death and numerous sheep and herd dogs killed. The subsequent trial of five cattlemen and the reactions of the public; newspapers; cattle and sheep associations; city, county and state officials and both the Democrat and Republican parties permanently changed the course of Wyoming history. The range wars between Wyoming Cattleman's Association and shepherds and small ranchers were finally ended after years of strife, including the Johnson County War, the lynching of Cattle Kate and her husband, and the hanging of Tom Horn for the murder of a teenage son of a shepherd.**



We are asking for your help to assist Mike and Mary Kuzara with medical expenses they incurred during Mary's Kidney transplant. Your donation will be tax deductible. Please make checks payable to BHCHS and note that your check is for the Kuzara Medical Fund. Thank you for your kindness !!!

**We usually MEET THE 4TH SUNDAY OF EVERY MONTH:**

**meeting @ BIG HORN WOMAN'S CLUB.**

**Carry In Pot Luck Lunch starting @ 1:00 with Program to follow.**

## Our Sympathies go out to the family of: **James Henry Townsend**



James Henry Townsend, 91, of Sheridan, died October 7, 2015 at his home after he lost his battle with cancer. Jim was born on Beaver Creek on August 12, 1924 to early Sheridan County Pioneers Benitta Helen (Dow) and Edward Sherman Townsend. At the age of 7, Jim's family moved from Beaver Creek to a home on Little Goose Creek where they continued to farm. While living on Little Goose, Jim attended the McCormick School. Jim attended Brundage School for 7th and 8th grade. The family later moved to Tongue River and Jim rode the Acme School bus to Sheridan High School. Jim graduated from Sheridan High School in 1943. After graduating, he enlisted in the Na-

vy in the spring of 1944. He went to Boot Camp and electrician school at Farragut, ID. Jim served in the Pacific theater on PC 578. Jim served on this ship as UDT, electrician and gunner. His adventures on PC 578 took him to the Philippines, Iwo Jima and Okinawa. He talked about the great typhoon in Okinawa and spending time on the shore of Japan when Japan capitulated. In 2011, Jim was able to take the Honor Flight to Washington, D. C. to see the WWII Memorial. He had the honor of carrying the Wyoming wreath for that day's ceremony. Jim and Ruth Daylong, a nurse from Billings, MT, married on May 7, 1949 in Sheridan. Jim and Ruth raised 4 children, Carol, Pat, Mike, and Mark. He passed on to his family his love for hunting, fishing, the Big Horn Mountains, gardening and a good work ethic. Jim had a great fondness for his 8 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren. Working hard, especially outdoors, is what he enjoyed most. Jim was not one to ask for help, but was always there any time when anyone needed help. He was always "up for" a game of cribbage and he usually won! James is survived by his wife, Ruth; sons Mike (Joleen), Sheridan, Mark (Kristy), Sheridan and daughter, Carol (Les) Jimmerson, Battle Lake, MN. Also he is survived by siblings Roy Townsend, Billings, MT and Dora Davidson, Sand Point, ID. Preceding him in death were his parents, daughter, Pat, brother, Edward I., sister's Bernice Renie and Peggy Miller. After retirement, Jim maintained the Mount Hope Cemetery in Big Horn, WY for many years taking great pride in the up keep. A Celebration of Life will be held at 10 AM on Monday, October 12, 2015 with a visitation one hour prior to the service at Champion Funeral Home. Interment will follow at Mount Hope Cemetery in Big Horn with military honors. A reception will be held after the burial at the Big Horn Women's Club in Big Horn. He requested that memorials be made to: Mount Hope Cemetery c/o Judy Slack, PO Box 233, Big Horn, WY 82833, designated for continued maintenance or to the donor's choice. Arrangements are under the direction of Champion Funeral Home.

Houses are built of brick and stone  
But homes are made of love alone.



Take good care of your future  
Because that's where you're going  
To spend the rest of your life.

**To check on meeting cancellations CALL MIKE @ (307) 737-2404 OR  
POLLY @ (307) 674-6107 OR listen to KROE / view Sheridan Media website**

## ANNOUNCEMENT

## 1933 MODEL RUN-A-BOUT

THIS FIRM IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE TO OLD CUSTOMERS AND TO THE PUBLIC ITS SECOND MODEL DESIGNED UPON MORE STURDY LINES BY MARTHA AND WILLIAM REED COMPLETED FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH AT DENVER, AND NOW ON DISPLAY AT OUR LARAMIE SHOWROOMS, 1010 KEARNEY

## SPECIFICIATIONS

LENGTH: 485mm, OVERALL

BRAKES: MORPHEUS ENERGIZED

AIR INTAKE: DOWNDRAFT, SILENT

TOP: REINFORCED EXCEPT SMALL AREA

WEIGHT: 3000 GRAMS, FUEL TANK EMPTY

FINISH: RED, CHANGING TO LIGHTER TINTS

FUEL TANK: CAPACITY 1/8 PINT, THEFT PROOF

RADIATOR: AUTOMATIC DRAINING, WILL NOT FREEZE

BODY: ONE PICECE CONSTRUCTION, NO SQUEAKING JOINTS

FREE WHEELING: AVAILABLE AT SLIGHT EXTRA COST (BUGGY)

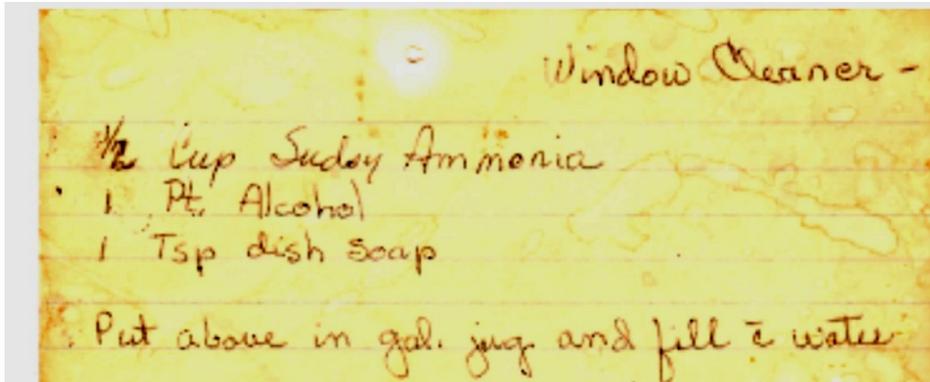
COMPRESSION RATION: LOW, USES MOTHER (NOT ETHYL) FLUID

HORN: VARIABLE FREQUENCY, WARNS AGAINST EMPTY TANK, PUNCTURES, OVERHEATING, AND OTHER EMERGENCIES.

WINDOW CLEANER

1/2 CUP SUDSY AMMONIA  
1 PINT ALCOHOL  
1 TSP. DISH SOAP

Put above in gallon jug and fill with water. (Helen Benson)



Walter Bernard Nichols - 1903 to 1979

Told by his daughter: Anita Mae Nichols

In 1913, in Lowell, Indiana, Harry and Bernard Nichols (brothers) decided to go to Gillette, Wyoming and homestead some "free land". They each bought wagons and a team of horses to make the trip. They loaded the wagons with what they thought would be necessary items to make the trip and to establish the homestead. The day they were to make the trip they got in the wagons and drove 12 miles west, at this point the horses made the decision 12 miles was far enough for them so they turned around and went back home. Time for a new plan.

After giving the problem some thought, Harry and Bernard decided to ship the supplies by way of the railroad; however, the freight master told them they would have to have someone to receive the shipment in Gillette. Bernard contacted the livery in Gillette and they said they would be happy to receive and store the shipment until Harry and Bernard could pick it up in the Spring of 1914. Reporting this information to the freight master they then found out they also had to have someone be responsible for the shipment while in route. Harry looked down at his 11 year old son, Walter Nichols, and said, "my son will ride with the shipment". This is the story of how Walter Bernard Nichols came to be a Wyoming resident.

Walter had just finished the 7th grade when his father decided he should go to Wyoming. It was a long train ride but he was young and sturdy so he made the trip in good shape. The livery people met the train and hauled the supplies and tools back to the livery to be stored until spring. Walt found a job on a local ranch and worked for them for a bit then he went to work for a large ranch, known as the 4J. He worked as a cowboy all winter, riding fence and fixing down wires and broken posts, many times out on the fence lines for two weeks at a time, mostly alone. He was shot at by cattle rustlers and tangled with a few coyotes and rattlesnakes. His meals consisted of hard tack and coffee. The cowboys took a liking to this young man and helped him build a four walled homestead shack for the day when Harry and Bernard came to claim their land. Walt had already found a good stretch of land that would be perfect, once again, with the help of the 4J cowboys.

The day finally came, Spring of 1914, when Harry and Bernard had bought a Model T (probably Bernard bought it) and drove out to Gillette, Wyoming to claim their land. The 4J cowboys helped Walt load the 4 walled shack (the roof was nothing more than a tarp) on to a buckboard then they drove it to the homestead and pushed it in place. The thought occurred to me that this might have been the first mobile home. Now, at last, the homestead was established.

To Harry's horror he found out he now must live there and work the land. Walt was still working for the 4J because they needed money. Even though Walt had to work from sun up to sun down he still had to find time to help his father with the homestead. Somehow he managed and after three years the homestead was secure. Harry really didn't like all that work so Walt eventually bought that homestead from his father and did the ranching and farming for himself. Later he worked in town as a mechanic making pretty good money, so he started buying more land next to his land. He paid one dollar an acre for his land.

It always bothered Walt that he never got to finish his education so he went back to school in Gillette. He managed to finish the 8th grade in 1918, which at that time was considered an acceptable grade to call it quits and go out into the world to work. But Walt was not satisfied with that, he still thought there was more to learn that would help him. He was very interested in fixing automobiles and engines of all types and he was always helping his friends and neighbors with their automobiles when they broke down. One day, Ford Motor Company offered him a chance to go to school and Walt jumped at it. He completed studies at the Sweeney Automobile School in 1922 and stayed on until 1923 when he received his Doctors of Motors Pin from the Ford Motor Company. Shortly after that the Caterpillar Company trained him to work on their heavy equipment. He also became very skilled at operating this equipment which eventually led to becoming the crew foreman of the Campbell County Roads Dept.

(I found this a long time ago but can't remember if I ever shared it. JS)

Just a line to say I'm living  
That I'm not among the dead  
Though I'm getting more forgetful,  
And mixed up in the head.  
For sometimes I can't remember  
When I stand at foot of stair,  
If I must go up for something,  
Or, I've just come down from there.  
And before the frig, so often  
My poor mind is filled with doubt,  
Have I just put food away, or  
Have I come to take some out.  
And there's times when it is dark out,  
With my night cap on my head,  
I don't know if I'm retiring  
Or just getting out of bed.  
So, if it's my turn to write you,  
There's no need in getting sore,  
I may think I have written,  
And don't want to be a bore.  
So remember – I do love you,  
And I wish that you were here,  
But now, it's nearly mail time,  
So I must say, "Goodbye dear."  
There I stood beside the mailbox,  
With a face so very red,  
Instead of mailing my letter,  
I had opened it instead.  
I stand by my desk, my head is  
Bowed in shame  
I'd re-address this letter, but I just forgot your name.  
I can see through my bifocals,  
My dentures fit me fine.  
I can live with my arthritis,  
But I sure do miss my mind.

An old Cherokee told his grandson, "My son, there is a battle between two wolves inside us all. One is Evil. It is anger, jealousy, greed resentment, inferiority, lies and ego. The other is Good. It is joy, peace, love, hope, humility, kindness, empathy, and truth."

The boy thought about it, and asked, "Grandfather, which wolf wins?"

The old man quietly replied, "The one you feed." (found on the internet)



## Dues are Due

### ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP DUES:

- SINGLE ADULTS.....\$10
- COUPLE/FAMILY.....\$20
- BUSINESS.....\$20
- ORGANIZATION.....\$20



**DUES ARE ALWAYS DUE THE 1ST OF  
SEPTEMBER**

**Would you be interested in receiving  
your newsletter via email? In color?**

**Send an email to:**

**[blacksmithshop@wyoming.com](mailto:blacksmithshop@wyoming.com)**



Make the words you speak today  
Tender, Warm and Sweet  
For tomorrow they may well be  
The words you'll have to eat.



blacksmithshop@wyoming.com

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## FIRST CLASS MAIL

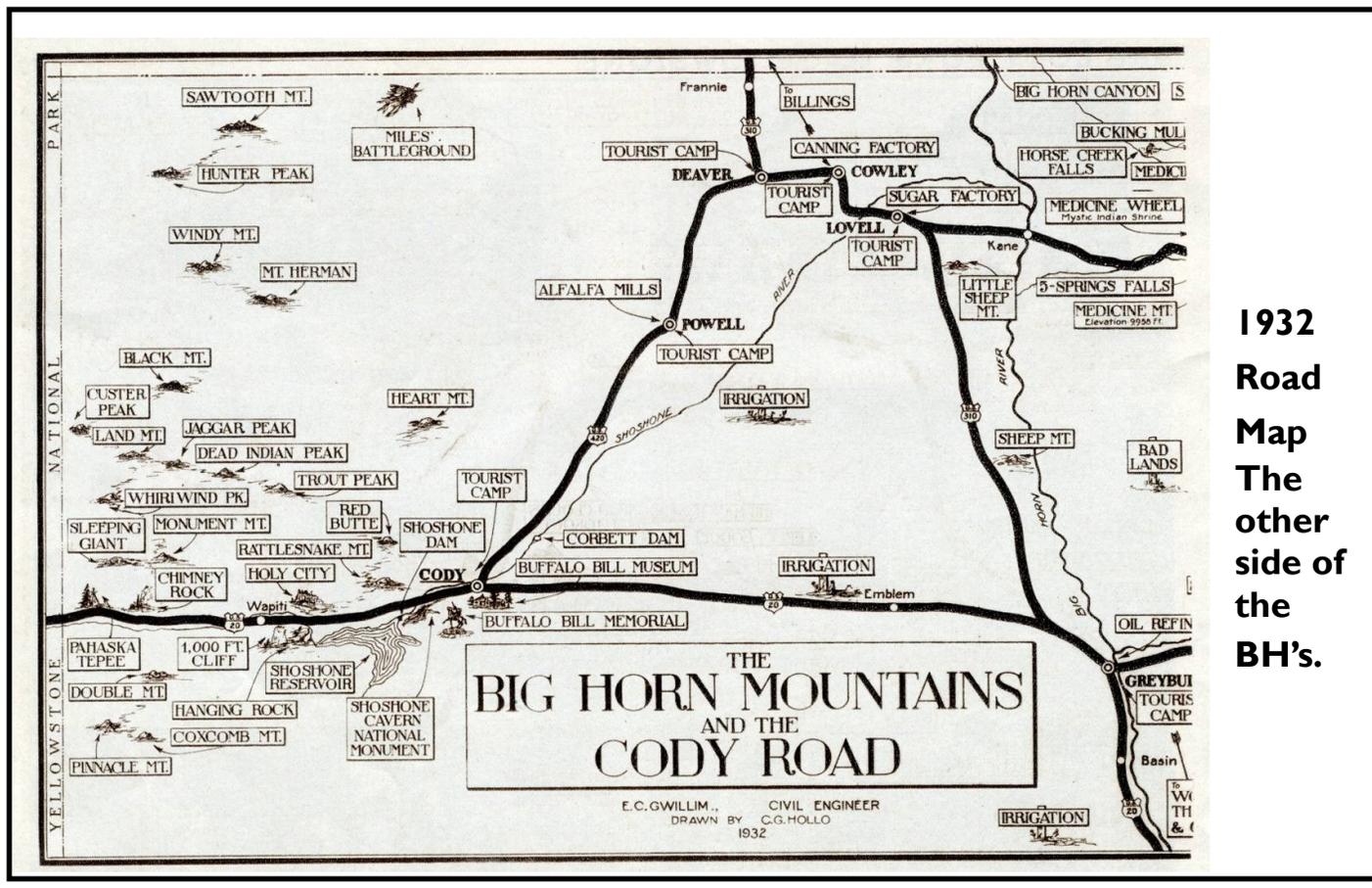
ANNUAL

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DUES ARE ALWAYS DUE  
THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor



1932  
Road  
Map  
The  
other  
side  
of  
the  
BH's.



**BIG HORN CITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
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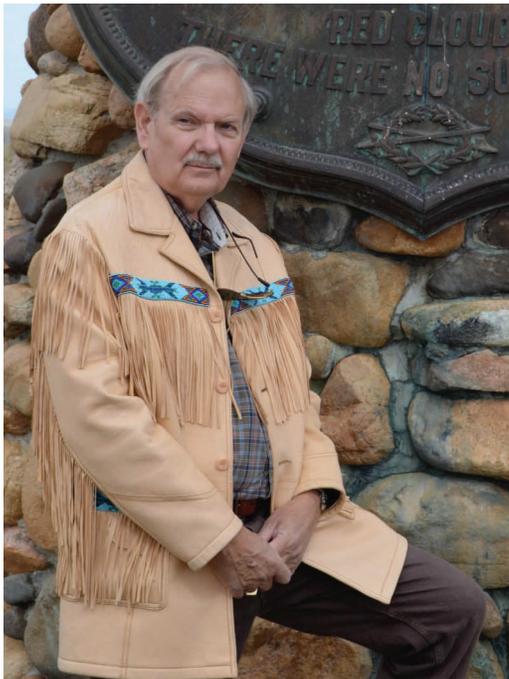
ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

NOV & DEC 2015

### **November 22 PROGRAM : Death at our Doorstep By Don Fisk**

Don is a native of Wichita, Kansas. He retired from a military flying career and moved to Wyoming in early 2013, in part to feed his passion for history, an affliction that he has had since five years old. He received his B. A. in history from Wichita State University in 1972. His last degree is a J.D. from Washburn University School of Law, 1983. He lives in Sheridan with his three cats, George, Libby and Goofy (aka: My Thai 2.0).

When asked about his program: *"I will be presenting an overview of the Bozeman trail from its founding (1864) until closing (1868).*



*I will provide information about the who, what, why, when and where. It's physical start and stop points, the gold fever that caused it to be developed, the role of the U.S. government in protecting travelers, the establishment of forts and the conflicts with the Lakota, Arapaho, Cheyenne tribes, as well as the relationship between the Crow people, their adversaries and the U.S. I will discuss certain "well known" facts that have recently been challenged. "*



**(Please note: the November & December newsletter are combined)**

### **DECEMBER 13 Program: The early history of the Quarter Circle A Ranch: Outlaws and Outliers to the Inner Circle of British Royalty By Tyson Emborg**

Tyson Emborg teaches American Government courses at Sheridan High School. He has a passion for local history and the context it provides to national and world events. Although he originates from Montana his roots in the Little Goose Valley date to the 1880s. (His ancestors were James and Mary Glasgow. (see photo on page 5). He is currently halfway through a four-lecture series at the Brinton Museum on the history surrounding the development and lifespan of the Quarter Circle A Ranch.

**We usually MEET THE 4TH SUNDAY OF EVERY MONTH:**

**meeting @ BIG HORN WOMAN'S CLUB.**

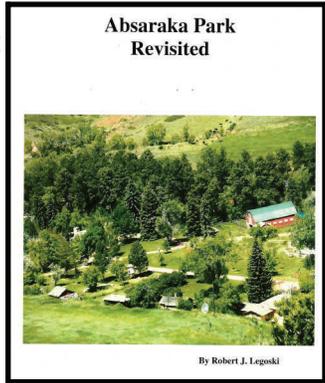
**Carry In Pot Luck Lunch starting @ 1:00 with Program to follow.**

# CHRISTMAS GIFT IDEAS - BOOK LIST

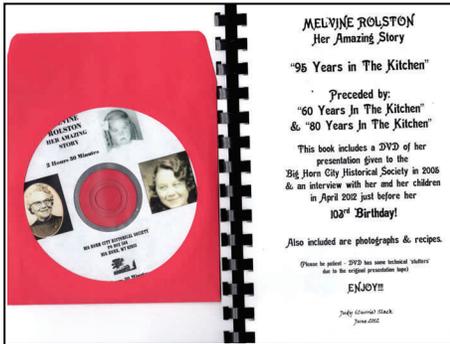
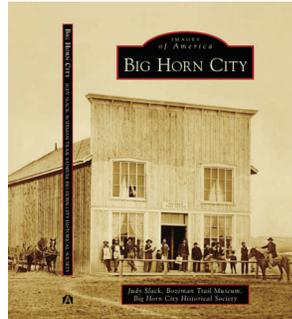
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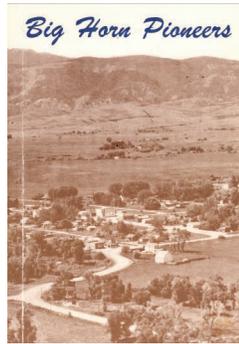
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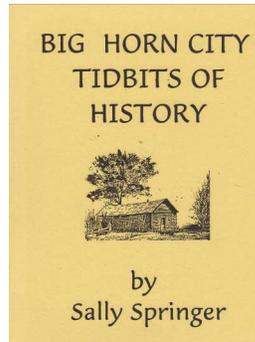
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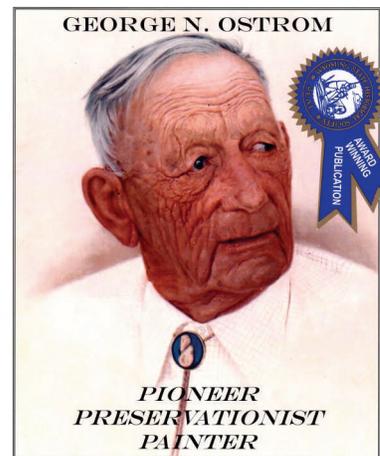
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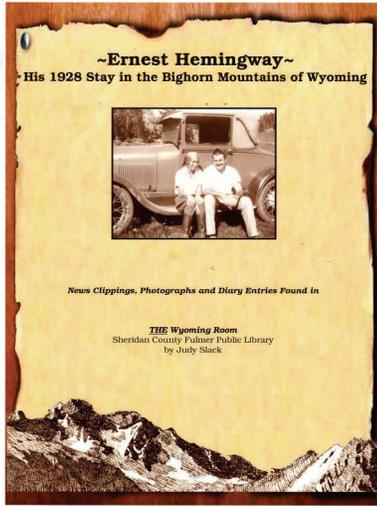
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**1888 ~ 1982**  
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BIG HORN CITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY &  
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**Ernest Hemingway ~ His 1928 Stay in the Bighorn Mountains of Wyoming**

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IN HONOR OF THE 125TH ANNIVERSARY OF SHERIDAN COUNTY



THE Wyoming Room at Sheridan County Fulmer Public Library

**Miss Indian America  
60th Anniversary Reunion**



**Miss Indian America (includes 2 DVDs) - By Michael Dykhorst & Judy Slack \$ 22**

Sheridan, Wyoming  
July 11- 13, 2013

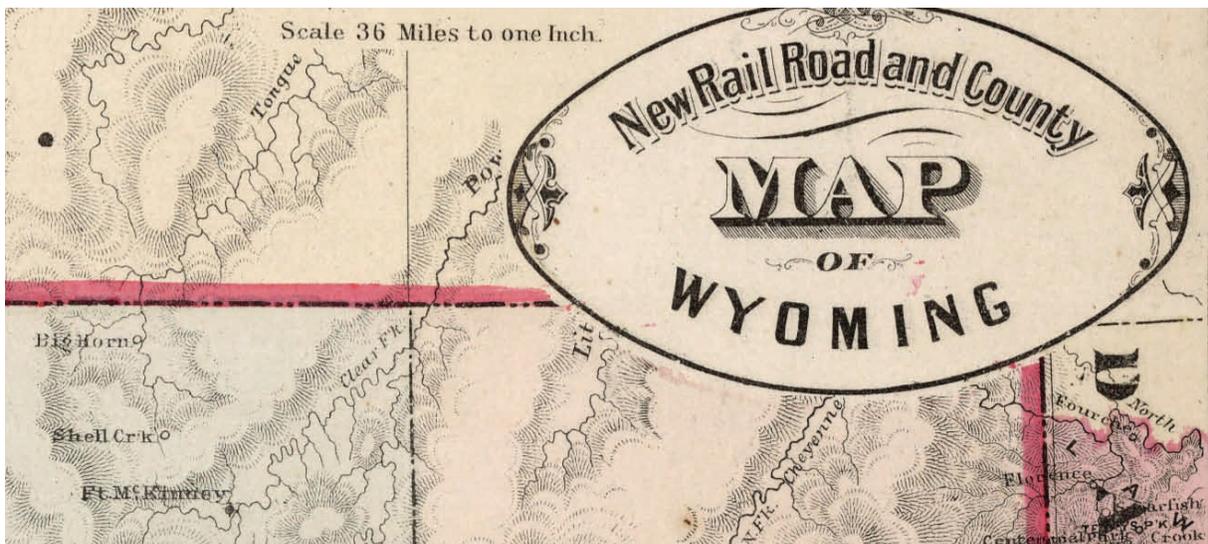
By: Michael Dykhorst and Judy Slack

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**1882 - New Rail Road and County Map of Wyoming (David Rumsey Map Collection online)**



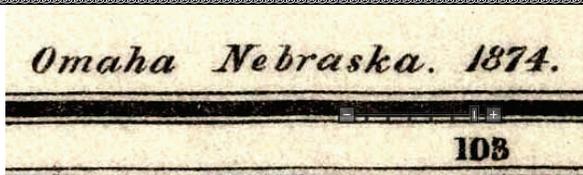
The Big Horn City Historical Society will be working with the local Daughters of the American Revolution and the family who owns the land to preserve the Oliver Perry Hanna cabin site. It is the site of the first "legitimate" homestead in what is now Sheridan County (as it was recognized by the old settlers and early pioneers) He built his cabin in August 1878. From left to right: Saly Umber (DAR), Mike Kuzara (BHCHS) & Jean Mills (aunt of the current land owner - James Scot Curry).



Taken at the site south of Big Horn.

**David Rumsey Map collection on line has a large selection of early Wyoming maps. This is an 1874 map with amazing land formations and names.**

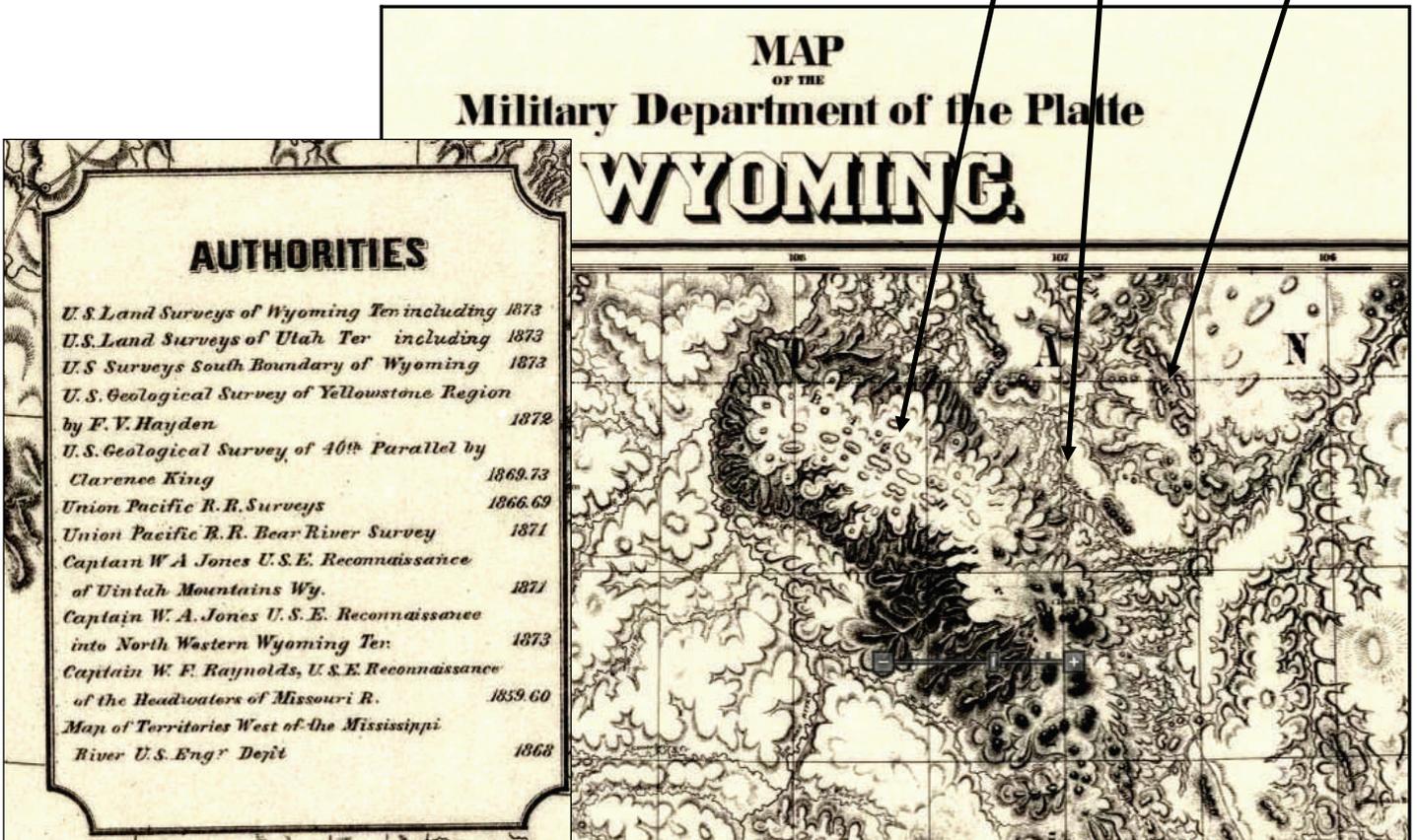
**Big Horn Mountains (Big Horn is 2 words on this map - today it is spelled as one word)**



We will have to do more research on the Chetich name.

Goose Creek

Chetich or Wolf Mountains



The following letter was found in the 1901 W. E. Jackson's letter book that he used when the Forest Preserve Supervisor and mentions George Sabin - one of the men involved in the Spring Creek Raid, our October program. (- copies are onion skin paper that captured the fountain pen ink - page 210 - he uses capital letters often) George Sabin might have been a forest ranger at this time. We know he was employed later with the forest service. ++++++

March 26, 1901

Col. Jay P. Torrey  
Long Pine, Nebraska



Dear Colonel,

Yours of March 20, 1901 just received relating to Sheep pasture on the mountains. We have instructions from the General Land Office to make me promises relative to Sheep pasture on the Reserve and have furnished no one blanks as yet for applications, but I had a letter from Honorable F. Mondell yesterday stating that there would be a limited number of Sheep allowed on the Reserve. So I presume the matter will be adjusted in a short time and we will receive instruction as to the Sheep question. Then I shall write you again. Frank's eyes are not well yet but much better and I hope now that they will entirely recover. He has

(next page 211)

Just returned from Minnesota where he bought a small shipment of cattle and brought them home with him. Where is Capt. Austin and family? I have shown (shown) your letter to some of the boys that were with you in the South and they with my family join me in good wishes to yourself.

I Am very truly yours,  
W. E. Jackson

P. S. I will also write to Geo. Sabin (Saban) as soon as I receive instructions in regard to Sheep. W E J

**To check on meeting cancellations CALL MIKE @ (307) 737-2404 OR  
POLLY @ (307) 674-6107 OR listen to KROE / view Sheridan Media website**

At Right:

Mary & James Glasgow.  
He settled in Big Horn City in 1882 & later operated the JO Willits ranch. She was a founding member of the Big Horn Woman's Club.  
(Tyson Emborg's connection to the Little Goose Valley.)



In Sept. 1910, Mrs. Mary Glasgow was given the assignment to give a program to the Big Horn Woman's club titled "Sketch of Columbus' Life & the Details of his voyages & discoveries."



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HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
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Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor,  
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**1865 General Map of the North Pacific States and Territories - This map shows Platte Bridge near current day Casper as the closest 'town' to Big Horn. There are no markings in our area except Tongue River. Note the northwest corner of Wyoming and the western boundary with Idaho. (David Rumsey Map Collection online)**

