



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

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

JAN 2014

JANUARY 26 Program will be Music by Mike Kuzara

Mike writes the following about his upcoming program:



I played for my first dance at Acme school in 1947. I was 8 years old. I think I knew 6 songs. I plan to discuss the evolution of American music and why it is unique in the world. I'll start with an early colonial days tune and step to the cattle drive tunes, western swing, Cajun and some modern stuff. I'll throw in a couple of Polish tunes and a quick trip around the world with French, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Hungarian, Mexican and middle eastern tunes. If people are not yet making a move towards the doors, I'll end up with a demonstration of how versatile the modern electronic keyboard with associated gadgets can be. (Mike at left in 1990. Photo taken by Anita Nichols. And at right,



Mike Kuzara in a more recent photograph playing the electronic keyboard.)

Best Rum Cake Ever

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| 1 or 2 quarts rum | baking powder |
| 1 c. butter | 1 tsp. soda |
| 1 tsp. sugar | lemon juice |
| 2 large eggs | brown sugar |
| 1 c. dried fruit | nuts |

Thank you for sharing!

This is from Mona Brown !

Hope you enjoy reading this recipe. JS

Before you start, sample the rum to check for quality. Good, isn't it? Now go ahead. Select a large mixing bowl, measuring cup etc. Check the rum again. It must be just right. To be sure rum is of the highest quality, pour one level cup of rum into a glass and drink it as fast as you can. Repeat. With an electric mixer, beat 1 cup butter in a large fluffy bowl. Add 1 seaspoon of thugar and beat again. Meanwhile, make sure that the rum is of the finest quality – try another cup. Open second quart, if necessary. Add 2 arge leggs, 2 cups fried druit and beat till high. If druit gets stuck in beaters, just pry it loose with a drewscraver. Sample the rum again, checking for tonscisticity. Next sift 3 cups of pepper or salt (it really doesn't matter which.) Sample the rum again. Sift ½ pint lemon juice. Fold in chopped butter and strained nuts. Add one babblespoon of brown thugar, or whatever color you can find. Wix mell. Grease oven and turn cake pan to 350 gredees. Now pour the whole mess into the coven and ake. Check the rum again, and bo to ged.

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 encourage members to pitch in and help where needed. Thank you.



This summer, the grand daughter of George T. Beck (Betty Jane Gerber) visited Sheridan and shared several pages of Mr. Beck's life stories. (continued from the November newsletter...) Note to the reader: Some of you may remember the grave near the highway just north of Banner. It was on top of a hill with a small white fence. Eventually the hillside eroded and the grave was exposed. This was the resting place of Elisha Terrill. "A Night at Big Piney Creek" By George T. Beck (he came to northern Wyoming Territory in the fall of 1878) continued: If not today – tomorrow.

The sound of pack rats running over the roof trying to get in where it was warm and coyotes baying off in the distance, lulled his senses to sleep. Soon the snores of sleeping and tired men filled the little cabin.

As dawn began to appear there was movement among the forms rolled in blankets. The guards at the door uncocked their guns, sat up, yawning and stretching. The Negro got up and put light wood on the fire and stirred the embers which quickly gave a heartening blaze. Men reached for their boots – the only thing they had removed. One by one they left the cabin to make their morning toilet. Several were squatting on the bank of the creek splashing ice cold water on their faces. All looked presentable when they met around the fireplace once more. The Negro had a large pot of coffee boiling and cups lined up on the table. Elisha had more sour dough baking and liver frying in the pans.

"Lisha, I do envy you," said Buck. "You seem to have found peace for your soul and that's more than any of us can say. Since Civil War days we've been forced to keep on the go. I hoped this move here might be the answer, but most of the fellas are restless and besides I don't think my wife would like this lonesome existence – even here we're not exactly accepted."

"By the way," asked Lisha, "whatever became of the man up on the Tongue River who was determined to rouse the people in this area to chase you out?"

"Oh, we just drove off his horses, a few at a time, and the last two he kept in a lean-to attached to his cabin. We drove them off also – he just faded away, looking for them, I guess. Anyhow he hasn't bothered us for several months now. I think he went to Nebraska or Dakota. At least he knew the climate wasn't too healthy around here for him." Again much laughter as they took delight in their successes.

"Well, old time, guess we must be going. Thanks a lot for letting us come by to say we're on our way- somewhere –" The Negro had collected and washed the plates and cups and put them into the saddle bag. Each one got up from his blanket roll on which he'd been sitting and shook hands with Elisha. The handsome man turned to George and said, "I hope Lisha will tell you our story some day. Just wait here for half an hour – we'll water your horses – then you can be on your way. You're a friend of Lishas and we trust you to keep faith with him and no harm will come to you. It's good to meet another man from Kentucky."

The silent ones had brought the horses around to the front of the cabin. All were busy checking their cinches and tying on their bedrolls, then one by one they mounted.

"So long, old friend," they called to Elisha and a wave and "So long" to George. Elisha and George went back into the cabin to wait the requested half hour. "It's a darn shame how the lives of those young men were ruined" Elisha almost shouted. "They're really not half bad at the core, but circumstances have forced them into this life of the hunted and the lawless."

"I wish you'd tell me about them – I'm certainly curious," admitted George .

"I imagine you were too young to know much about the Civil War," began Elisha. "There were a good many of us whose sympathies were with the South but our states decided to be neutral. These were the border states, such as Kentucky and Missouri and others. This bunch that came here last night were the Jesse and Frank James brothers, Cole Younger and his two brothers, Bud and Donny Pence, relatives of the James boys, Bill Wilkerson and Joab Perry, the colored boy who is the cook."

"At the beginning of the war when young men were jumping into the fray without too much thought, Frank and I joined up with the Quantrill outfit which operated on their own as raiders during the war. We tried to make it as hard as possible for the Federal forces by blowing up bridges, cutting telegraph lines, wrecking trains and in general confusing the enemy. . I'll tell you, it was a thrilling occupation! (continued on page 3)

The Quantrill men were well known for their recklessness and dash. We had sympathetic and supporting friends in the countryside. Jesse, the one we call Gus, joined us in '63 when he was a lad of seventeen. He must be now about 32 or 33." There was a long pause as Elisha thought over those days.

"When we got home after the war we found that there were no rules of war or amnesty that applied to us. We were outcasts." "That certainly left a lot of people adrift to get into trouble," George said.

"You're right, it was not the way to handle the situation. When the radicals took over the local governments, I saw the handwriting on the wall so I came on out to the west. I worked my way from fort to fort as a civilian employee – sometimes cutting wood, sometimes driving teams. That was how I was in the Wagon-box fight with Captain Powell. That was my last battle. After that the Indians were pretty quiet and I found this place and I decided this would be my home from now on. The other fellas went back home to find that their families were constantly threatened by the radicals in power and it was unsafe for them to remain at home. For instance, the James boy's mother was imprisoned, their home was burned and their stepfather strung up. They swore they'd track down and get rid of everyone connected with the dastardly acts. Then Cole Younger's father, Col Henry Younger, was murdered and Cole twice narrowly escaped capture and the two younger sons saw it was impossible to live at home in peace. They were so ill-treated that they were afraid to stay."

"Here it is thirteen years later," George pondered, "wouldn't you think some sensible solution could have been worked out by now and stop all these hold-ups and crimes?"

"I s'pose I should have stayed and helped solve the problems of reconstruction," Elisha said. "Life is a matter of choices and if you make the wrong one, you'll sure know about it. I guess at was for the best that I came on out here, at least from my point of view – anyhow – it was my choice – but now I wish I could help these fellas get a new start. It's a wicked shame to see what kind of a life they've been forced into." He pounded his big fist hard into the palm of his other hand.

"Do you think they'll come back here and settle down if they go back to Missouri now?"

"It's hard to say. I've heard that they've both been badly wounded several times but have always hidden until they recovered. They've been very quiet here – probably recuperating."

"Well do I know the activities of the Radicals in Congress at the end of the Civil War," said George. "I was eleven when my father was elected to Congress and at that time they did their best to keep him and other Kentuckians from taking their seats as the Radicals said that Kentucky had taken a very questionable stand during the war and that they probably favored the South. However, after several months of investigation, they couldn't find any evidence and my father and the rest from Kentucky were finally seated. Strangely enough, he was then appointed to the powerful Reconstruction Committee which was headed by Thaddeus Stevens, one of the leaders of the Radicals, probably thinking he was such a junior member, he'd never stand up to them. My father has spent the last ten years battling to bring the South back into the Union on an equal footing – it's been an uphill fight all the way with the Radicals. Father felt the South must be brought back into the Union and not held down and humiliated as that was the only way a strong Union could be fully realized again."

"Well, there you are," said Elisha, "we've looked at two ends of the picture." Elisha shook his grizzled head sadly. "I guess the time is up, you'd best be on your way now. I know you will be hurrying along to get back to those sheep who need you. I'll be looking for you to stop any time you come this way and we'll have that game of chess. So long, my young friend."

Buck's hooves struck softly in the ruffled earth of the trail where a night-time shower had obliterated the passing marks of the night before. At the fork of the trails he could see where the big group had turned sharply north. It was a thoughtful young man who then turned south to get on with the business at hand.

The James group soon came back and built a house on Little Goose Creek. In the basement they made openings among the logs so they could see who was approaching and give a warning shot or two. Once in a while they would stop by my place for a little chat. After about a year they left quietly and went back to Missouri to attend to "their unfinished business."

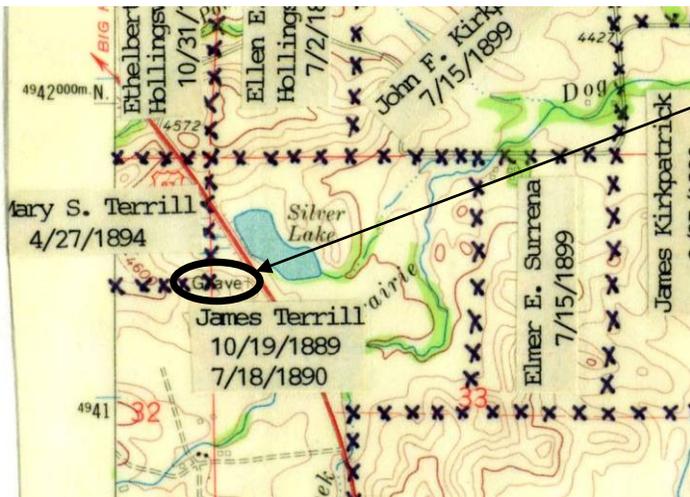
Sometime later I heard that Jessie had been killed by one of his own gang. It is a sad and little understood story. (NOTE from the editor: *The Younger Boys were imprisoned in 1876. These men could have been another group that Frank & Jesse were involved with in the late 1870s.*)

(continued on page 4 - at top of page)

No official records can be found of these men serving in the military nor riding with the Quantrill men. The black man was most likely a former slave who belonged to Redman Wolfly in southern Missouri (this was Bear Davis' uncle). He was known to the Hilman/Davis family as "N_____ John" and on June 11, 1879 was recognized as Aunt Jenny Davis crossed Little Goose Creek. It was known that he rode with the James Gang. More can be found in the BIG HORN PIONEERS book (Page 5, published in 1961). This is another sighting of the James boys in northern Wyoming Territory. And other pioneer families have noted the James Gang dugouts and 'cabin' that had been built near Little Goose. Mr. Beck was a notable and honorable citizen in Sheridan and Cody. Not many newspapers in the region at the time so Mr. Beck was most likely in the dark about these men and took Elisha's word on their identity. They were obviously someone who were to be feared and knew how to be on guard during the night. Elisha most likely was trying to protect the innocent (Mr. Beck) along with the guilty (the James Gang). We will continue our research on Elisha and his acquaintances. JS

ELISHA TERRILL'S grave site as marked on the USGS map. (see oval at left) The grave was located on the west side of Highway 87 just a half mile north of the Banner Store.

The article below was found on page 879 in the Sheridan County Heritage Book. We have not been able to confirm his involvement at the Wagon Box.



ELISHA S. TERRILL

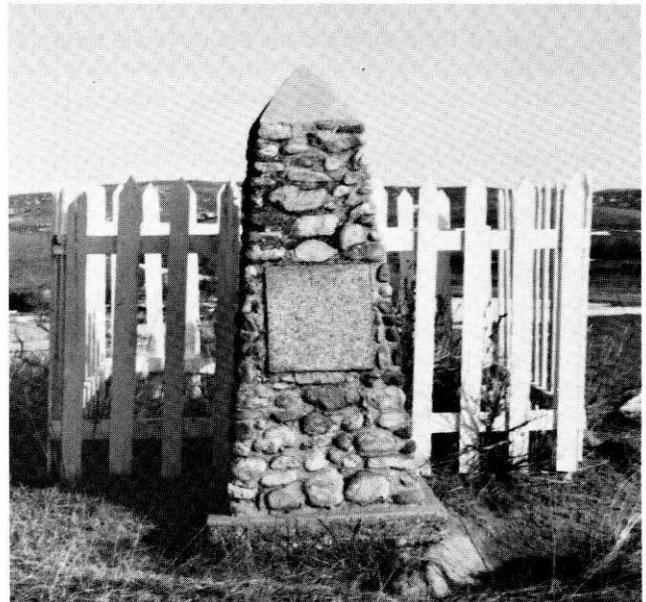
by Bea Hutson

A scout for Custer and Bozeman! He was born in Kentucky in 1827, his parents were both natives of Virginia. In 1850 he followed the gold rush to California and mined there for several years. From California he spent time in Montana. He was with the Bozeman Expedition in 1864. Before 1870 he served as sheriff and county clerk of Gallatin County, Montana.

In 1879 he came to Wyoming and located on a ranch just north of Banner. A few years later he turned it over to his younger brother James.

Uncle "Lash", as he was called, spent a lot of time prospecting in the Big Horn Mountains. It is said that he was the first to discover gold in the cement beds at Bald Mountain and he worked there for several years.

As far as we know Mr. Terrill never married. In December of 1894 he took over as postmaster at Banner. He built a one-room house on his brother's place to house the post office. Elisha passed away on January 19, 1897 at the age of 70, after being ill for several weeks.



The grave of Elisha S. Terrill sits on a hill overlooking Sylvan Lake, about a half a mile north of Banner.

About ten years before his death he marked a spot on the ranch he once owned, where he wanted to be buried. His wishes were fulfilled and the whole neighborhood turned out to pay their last respects to a good neighbor and friend. O. P. Hanna pronounced Mr. Terrill to have been one of the most fearless and yet most companionable men he had known.



Above: The Coates Girls:

Lily (standing)

Mona (left)

Betty (right) Great smiles & thank you for sharing !!



DOWNTOWN SHERIDAN, WYOMING

Now & Then

Photographic History



IN HONOR OF THE 125TH ANNIVERSARY OF SHERIDAN COUNTY



THE Wyoming Room at Sheridan County Fulmer Public Library

Over 800 photos of Downtown Sheridan !

Now & Then Book now Available for Sale: \$40.00 plus \$2.40 tax

Add \$4 for Shipping.

Thank You!

2014

MEETING DATES:
Please mark your calendars !

February 23 -Helen Laumann
"The CCC Camp"

March 23 - Lois Hall -
"Ranching on the Powder River -Doc Huson story"

April 27- Ken Kerns -
"Crook Campaign of 1876"

May 18 -Jack Seaman
of Worland "Wyoming's Bloodiest 4th of July"

Miss Indian America
60th Anniversary Reunion

Sheridan, Wyoming
July 11- 13, 2013
By: Michael Dykhorst and Judy Slack

\$20.00

Miss Indian America 60th Anniversary Reunion book is now available for sale. \$20 plus \$1.20 tax plus \$4 shipping.
Thank you .

Wyoming Notes: (found on the WSHS calendar)
1927- Glenrock man inhaled gas fumes, nearly laughed himself to death.
1917 - Indian Paintbrush adopted as state flower.



blacksmithshop@wyoming.com

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BIG HORN WY 82833

FIRST CLASS MAIL

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

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From the Kusel Collection: This photograph is labeled Willard West's Freight Team 1914.

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- COUPLE/ FAMILY.....\$20
- BUSINESS.....\$20
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DUE THE 1ST OF
SEPTEMBER.**

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comments, suggestions and
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ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

FEB 2014

FEBRUARY 23 - Program on the CCC Camps
The Civilian Conservation Corps



by Helen Laumann



During the great depression the CCC program was one of the most successful projects our government has ever accomplished. The bill to establish the CCC program was part of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal and was signed by Congress and the President in 1933. The program employed 3 million young men and they planted 3 billion trees and made improvements in 48 states. Their work in the Bighorn Mountains can still be seen today.

At left: Steamboat Rock with the CCC camp in the foreground.

Sheridan College Scholarship Honorees *May 26 - 1962*



Scholarship winners announced at the Sheridan college honors banquet included, from left: Georgia Lee Smith, Sheridan, Sheridan County Medical Association scholarship; Donna Eckerson, Big Horn, Mervin Champion Memorial scholarship; Bruce Yates, Clearmont, Oviatt

Memorial scholarship; Ted Swartz, Sheridan, John B. Duncan Memorial scholarship; Leslie Benedict, Decker, Mont., Henry D. Watenpaugh Memorial scholarship. (Press photo by Robert R. Johnson)

May 26, 1962

The Sheridan Press
Donna Eckerson, second from left, receiving the Mervin Champion Memorial Scholarship while attending Sheridan College.

Donna's last name is now Angel. She lives in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

(found in the Sophie Davis scrapbook)

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meeting @ BIG HORN WOMAN'S CLUB.

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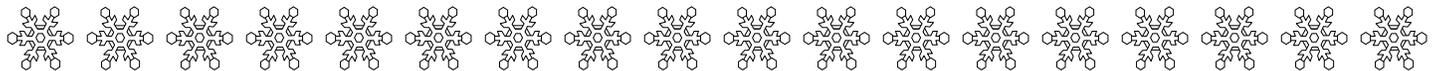




ROBERT E. CAIOLA
NOVEMBER 10, 1954 -
JANUARY 21, 2014

Our sympathies go out to
the Caiola family ~~~

Bob Caiola of Sheridan, Wyoming died in Lake Havasu City, Arizona on January 21 after a long illness; he was 59. Bob was a graduate of Big Horn High School Class of 1973, Sheridan College, and the School for International Training in Brattleboro, Vermont where he received a Bachelor's degree in International Studies in 1977. Bob went on to receive a Master's Degree in Extension Education from the University of Vermont in 1985. Bob loved to travel and spent many years living and working in Africa and Asia including Kenya, Swaziland, Niger, Egypt, Indonesia and North Korea. Bob also spent eight years in Cheyenne, Wyoming where he worked for the Department of Family Services. During the last two years of his life he was lovingly cared for by his life-long friend Randy Gates (a 1972 graduate of Big Horn High School) and his wife Dee at their home in Arizona. Bob was preceded in death by his mother Edna. Bob leaves behind his wife of 31 years, Nancy, his two children Bender and Katie all of Washington, DC, his parents Gene and Diane, brothers Brett (Nancy) and Joel (Brenda) all of Sheridan, brother Shane (Renee) of Rockford, IL, brother Joe Tuana, of New York City and uncle Therman (Joanna) Briggs of Sheridan. A memorial service will be held in Big Horn, Wyoming on June 28, 2014. Memorial contributions in Bob's honor can be made to the Big Horn City Historical Society at P.O. Box 566 Big Horn, WY 82833 or to a place of the donor's choice.



A NOTE FROM JEANNE MORELAND NOLAND: I'm writing my brother's biography (Wilson Moreland) and would like some stories about him and his wife, Mary. Anyone who would like to contribute memories of them, contact me at jmorenoland@gmail.com or phone me at 406-932-3081 or write me at PO Box 1453, Big Timber, Mt 59011. I have many family stories about them - now I want to hear from their friends and neighbors. I would especially appreciate a photograph of Wilson shoeing a horse or breaking a horse or riding a bucking horse.



1949
Big Horn
Ram
yearbook



LEFT TO RIGHT (front row): Peggy Dunlap, Martha Ann Perry, Janice White, Patsy Jo Gleason, Delores DeJarnett, Donna Bales, Toni Robertson, Jean Morland, Jo Holloway.
LEFT TO RIGHT (back row): Richard Berry, John Genereaux, Carleton Perry, Jack Dewey, Dale Vandenberg, Bud Gleason, Tom Wells, Keith Williams, Millard Meredith.

ESTABLISHED 1885

INCORPORATED 1905

Sheridan Press Brick and Tile Company

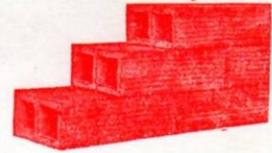
MANUFACTURERS OF

**BRICK, HOLLOW BUILDING
AND DRAIN TILE**

DEALERS IN

**Sewer Pipe, Flue Lining, Fire Brick, Fire Clay,
Mortar Color and High Explosives**

SHERIDAN, WYOMING



Malcolm Moncreiffe

Bug Horn Wyo.

Sold to

Interest 8 per cent per annum charged on Accounts after 30 days

1937

Feb	2	12 stk	Dynamite	10	1 20	✓
		8	Blasting Caps	4	32	
		10 ft	Fuse	2	20	✓
1/17	4	18 stk	Dynamite	10	1 80	
	8	12 stk	Dynamite	10	1 20	
			Sales Tax		09	

					4.81	

We found a typo - "Bug Horn"

Wonder what they were doing with dynamite?????

Feb 1937 statement sent to Malcolm Moncreiffe.

4/17/07
#51

NOTICE—Our responsibility for shipment ceases when we secure clear receipt from Transportation Company. Claims must be made within Five Days after receipt of goods. All merchandise returned will be received subject to our acceptance, and if credited, 10 per cent and transportation charges will be deducted from Invoice Price.

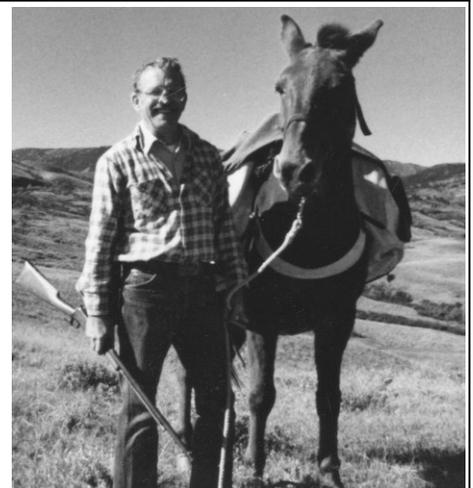
From "History Along the Big Horns" Frontier Recipes shared by Mark Badgett

HARDTACK

Recipe from pan, 12 x 8 inches in size.

4 to 5 c. flour 2 pinches salt 2 c. water

All measures approximate. Knead flour, water and salt. Roll out on greased pan. Cut into 15 pieces and pierce each with 16 holes. Bake for 30 minutes at 425 degrees for 15 minutes on each side. Turn temperature to 200 degrees and bake until all moisture is removed from hardtack, approximately 8 to 24 hours. Hardtack will not burn at a temperature of 200 degrees and can be cooked almost indefinitely.



Mark Badgett & Jezebel

BHCHS Board: May 2013-Apr 2014

(*board term expires)

President: Mike Kuzara (*2015)
 Vice President: Fr. Ron Stolcis (*2014)
 Secretary: Patty Gingles (*2014)
 Treasurer: Mona Brown (*2015)
 Corres. Sec: Polly Hill (*2014)
 Woman's Club: Elaine Hilman (*2016)
 Editor: Judy Slack (*2016)

The board of directors consists of 7 members, each serving a 3 year term. Officers (President, Vice President, Secretary & Treasurer) serve 1 year terms. Newly elected board members may serve as an officer if a position is open and they are willing to serve. Staggered terms provide a more stable governing team throughout long term projects. New Bylaws were accepted when we received the IRS 501c3 status. Bylaws are available from the secretary.

MRS. FRANK HARRIS'S SUGAR COOKIES

5 c. flour	3 eggs or more, beaten
2 c. sugar	1 tsp. soda, dissolved in buttermilk
2 tsp. baking powder	1 tsp. flavoring
1/2 tsp. salt	1 c. sour cream or buttermilk
1 c. lard or butter	

Put flour, sugar, salt and baking powder and shortening in a large bowl. Add liquid, eggs, soda and flavoring. Mix well. Put dough on floured board. Roll out and cut with favorite cookie cutter. Sometimes I take 1/2 of dough, divide it into 2 pieces. Roll it out. Make a fruit and nut filling. When filling is cool, put it on the dough in the cookie pan. Put other layer of dough on top. Bake and cut into squares. The cut out cookies sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon before baking.

This was my mothers recipe, now my granddaughters bake these cookies.

Mrs. Jack Willey

HOMEMADE SUGAR

Wash and scrub all dirt from beets. (sugar beets) Cut in small pieces and fill dish pan, cover with cold water and boil till beets are very soft, strain into another pan and cook syrup down until the desired consistency is obtained. Skim all impurities from the syrup as it boils. Add a few drops of mapleine to give color and flavor of maple sugar. Cool and bottle. (Bonnie Aksamit, from my Great Aunt Alva Maxwell - Sheridan County Centennial Cookbook)



Top Eighth Grade Graduate In State Tests *June 13-1961*



Susan Helvey, Big Horn, receives a certificate for scholastic achievement at Sheridan county rural eighth grade graduation exercises from County Superintendent Hazel M. Conley. Susan

had top score in the state tests among the 85 graduates. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Helvey. (Press photo by Robert R. Johnson)

Sue Helvey and County Superintendent Hazel Conley in June 1961. Sue had the highest 8th grade level test score of the 85 Sheridan County 8th grade graduates. (found in the Sophie Davis scrapbook)



Wyoming Notes: (found on the WSHS calendar)

- 1876- First stage left Cheyenne for the Black Hills
- 1927- Meadowlark designated official state bird
- 1926- Russian ballet performed at the University of Wyoming
- 1870- Ester H. Morris appointed first woman Justice of the Peace at South Pass City
- 1961 - State Purchase of Fort Fetterman approved
- 1949 - State legislature passed ant-drunk flying bill

PUNOGRAPHY

I tried to catch some fog. I mist.

When chemists die, they barium.

Jokes about German sausage are the wurst.

Energizer Bunny arrested. Charged with battery.

How do you make holy water? Boil the hell out of it!

Broken pencils are pointless.

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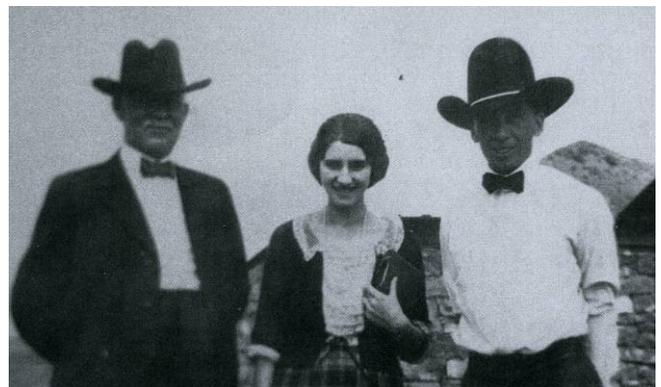
Please send stories, photos, comments, suggestions and corrections to:

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Below—Left to right: H. V. Hensinger, Dorothy Nell Johns and Harry Johns. Dorothy and Harry are the parents of JK Johns. Thank you JK for sharing this photograph with us. The Hensingers had a store 1917-18 above at right.

(Big Horn Merc - 2nd building from right. 3rd building would be the Merc warehouse. The white building was the ice cream shop.)



2014

**MEETING DATES:
Please mark your calendars !**

March 23 - Lois Hall - "Ranching on the Powder River -Doc Huson story"

April 27- Ken Kerns - "Crook Campaign of 1876"

May 18 -Jack Seaman of Worland "Wyoming's Bloodiest 4th of July"



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email to:**

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T. H SWAIM

General

Merchandise

Thank you to Holly
and Tom Harper
for sharing this old
photo of the Big
Horn Merc.

The Swaim's ran
the Merc from
1910-1914. The
paint is faded so
this photo could
have been taken
circa 1920.



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ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

MARCH 2014

MARCH 23 - Blazing Trails With Grandma Program Presenter will be Lois Hall

Lois Huson Hall (at right as a child) writes the following as an introduction to her family history program:

“Tough pioneer women played a large part in helping to settle the Wild West. This is the story of my petite tough grandmother. She was born Clarissa Pattingill in 1847 in Kingston, Wisconsin. At age 15 she married Edward “Doc” Huson in Kingston. By age 20 she had given birth to five children and 2 had died. Her travels will take you from Wisconsin through Iowa, Missouri, the Civil War and over the Oregon Trail to Trabing in Johnson County. Later they settled in Buffalo then established the town of Huson in the early 1890s.”



Lois Huson about one year old.

NEW - Meeting cancellation policy: The board of directors met and decided to set a new policy regarding meeting cancellations. Over the years we have never had to cancel until January & February of this year. It has been decided that 4 board members will call each other on the

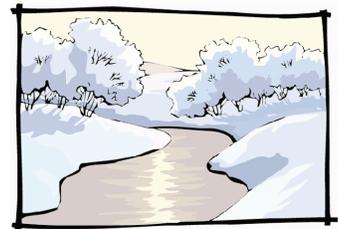


Saturday before a meeting to determine if a meeting will be cancelled (due to weather, localized flood event, fire, flu epidemic, etc.) The four members chosen are: Mike Kuzara, Polly Hill, Mona Brown & Judy Slack (Judy will post the note at the Woman’s Club if meeting is cancelled). These four will decide by 10AM on Saturday. **IF THERE IS A WINTER STORM WARNING IN EFFECT THEN IT IS AN AUTOMATIC CANCELLATION.** Mike will call KROE - Sheridan Media radio station for them to announce on the air and on

their website. It will be the **responsibility of the members** to listen to the radio / check the website for any cancellations OR

they may call Mike @ 307-737-2404 OR Polly @ 307-674-6107

We will also post the numbers and cancellation policy in each newsletter. (see below - bottom of first page)



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 encourage members to pitch in and help where needed. Thank you.



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

A Trip to Wyoming

Monty JOHNSON and his bride Natty lived in ALBANY, NY. They decided to SUBLETTE their apartment and spend a summer in the West. They did not want to go WEST ON the train, but in their new LINCOLN car. With a PLATTE of Wyoming, they mapped out their itinerary with little difficulty. They crossed the NIOBRARA River and drank of its water and found it to be SWEETWATER. They saw the LARAMIE Peak and the TETON Mountains, beautiful to behold. Although they did not see a CAMPBELL they saw a cow with a BIG HORN. They met an interesting Indian named WASHAKIE but were unable to CONVERSE with him much to their disappointment, for no doubt he could have told them many interesting tales of the West. NATRONA, whom Monte fondly called Natty, said “We are having more trouble than General SHERIDAN. They had to PARK their car and Natty said “You are FREE MONT to go and get help. I am not afraid to stay alone. We haven’t seen a CROOK while in Wyoming.” Monty, with s service man soon returned. After looking over the car, he said “There is CARBON in the engine and it also has HOT SPRINGS. I’ll pull U INTA Yoder. Here they realized that they were in the land of plenty and decided to stay in the land of GOSHEN.

Thank you Nancy Mickelson for sharing this writing on the counties of Wyoming. Nancy’s mother Bonnie Trabing had this in some of her files. Enjoy!!

THANK YOU DAN BERRY FOR SHARING YOUR MOM’S BIG HORN NEWS LETTERS FROM 1975.

Friday, October 19 was a festive and memorable day at the Big Horn Woman’s Club. Those in the community who were singled out for special recognition included past presidents of the club, mothers of club member and older residents of the area. Each had a “sponsor” who gave a short story of the honoree’s life. Catherine Rose, who was in charge of the program played old-time tunes on the piano, and Opal Arnoux led the singing. Minutes of the very first meeting were read--the secretary then was Nell Skinner, and she was present, 65 years later at the 1975 meeting, a rather remarkable event.

Members took note of the absence of President Wyla Loomis, and all present signed a card sending best wishes to her and a hope for her speedy recovery. Cards were also sent to Hester Perry and Dorothy Kay, other members of the club who were not present, but missed.

Two new club members were welcomed--Smokey Groff and Mrs. Gorman.

Special guests were: Past Presidents Nell Skinner, Sophia Davis, Ollie Joseph, Bessie Sackett, Hazel Bundy, Kathleen Langelier, Melvine Rolston, Irene Shreve, Louise DeJarnett, Catherine Rose, Jackie Slack, Jessie Shenefelt, Hester Perry, and Pauline Hanslip. Other guests were May Park, Beatrice Marshall, Amy Miller, Mabel Bard, Alice Hilman, Gretchen Nelson, Lona Helvey and Margaret Bowman. Two ladies, Gladys Ostrom and Anna Schmid were mentioned for their long membership in the club and for their efforts in its behalf.

By Bette Berry

A CALL FOR HELP

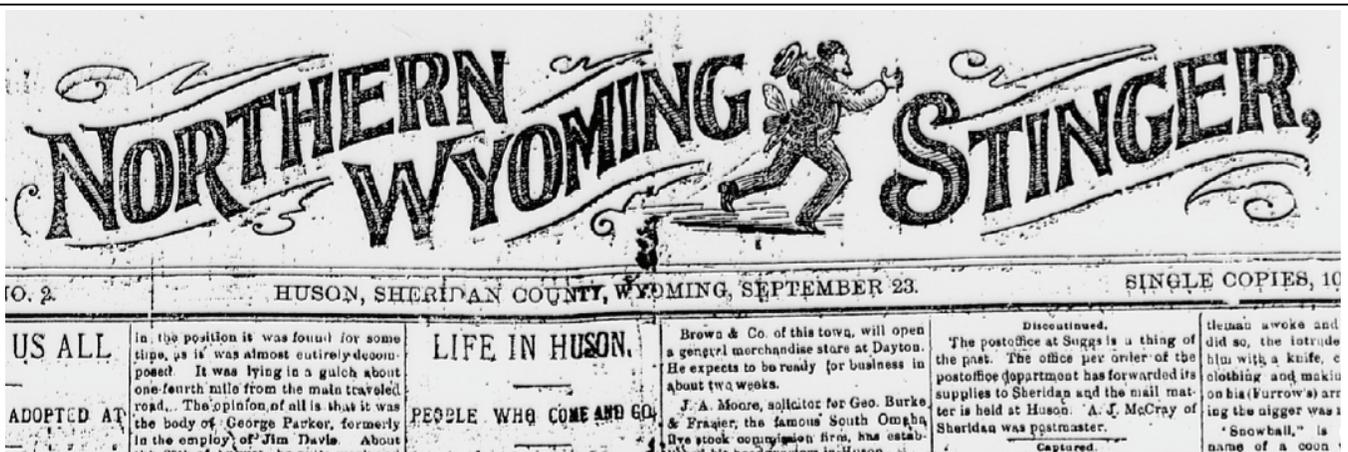
If anyone has stories they wish to share about Norman Perry,

Please send them to Judy Slack - PO Box 566 - Big Horn WY 82833

Norman's great-grandson, Shane Perry, is writing a detailed paper on Norman's life and would like us to write down our memories to share with him. We will have more information to print in upcoming newsletters about Norman but for now Shane has given me permission to share the families' recollections of Norman's early years after immigrating to America (from Serbia). (I heard this story when I was younger so he must have shared the Chaplin story with Big Horn folks.)

Around 1909 Norman left Wyoming, making his way out west to California where he took a class on how to drive. He was the type of man that wanted to know why and how things work and took a great interest in automobiles, so he attended a school to learn how to work on them. About 1913, while walking to work, he met a man named Mack Sennett who was broken down on the side of the road in Edendale, California. After helping get his Model T running, Mr. Sennett offered Norman a job with Keystone Picture Studios as a hand set making silent films. In 1914, they were filming a movie called "Mabel's Strange Predicament" starring **Charlie Chaplin**. It was storming one day so filming couldn't take place. Most of the crew were eating and having drinks in the hotel when Chaplin walked in. Somehow they got into a conversation about how his character "The Tramp" should walk. Norman had very flat feet, pointing outward, and liked to walk with a cane. Norman got up and gave his input on how to walk and it made people in the bar laugh because he walked so funny and abnormal. Seeing the reaction in the bar, and Chaplin being a comedian, he excused himself from the table, ran upstairs to his room and put on baggy pants, a tight coat, a bowler hat, and a little fake moustache to mimic Norman's outfit. He came back downstairs, grabbed Norman's bamboo cane, and began waddling around the entire bar and swinging the cane, just as we all know him to be famous for. The whole bar stood up and gave him a standing ovation while laughing hysterically! This infuriated Norman. He was so embarrassed that he left the bar and went back to his room. That night, he packed his belongings and quit the movie business, not even telling them goodbye. He then made his way back to Wyoming. It is unclear how he got there, or exactly when in 1914, but Big Horn is where he would spend the rest of his life.

(Also if anyone has photographs of Norman, we would greatly appreciate a copy for our files. Thank you. JS)



Lois Hall, presenter of our next program, will be talking about Huson, Wyoming. This newspaper can be found on the Wyoming Newspaper Project. (Sept 23, 1892) Doc Huson was the founder of the town.

BHCHS Board: May 2013-Apr 2014
 (*board term expires)

- President: Mike Kuzara (*2015)
- Vice President: Fr. Ron Stolcis (*2014)
- Secretary: Patty Gingles (*2014)
- Treasurer: Mona Brown (*2015)
- Corres. Sec: Polly Hill (*2014)
- Woman's Club: Elaine Hilman (*2016)
- Editor: Judy Slack (*2016)

The board of directors consists of 7 members, each serving a 3 year term. Officers (President, Vice President, Secretary & Treasurer) serve 1 year terms. Newly elected board members may serve as an officer if a position is open and they are willing to serve. Staggered terms provide a more stable governing team throughout long term projects. New Bylaws were accepted when we received the IRS 501c3 status. Bylaws are available from the secretary.



MELVINE ROLSTON
 Her Amazing Story

"95 Years in The Kitchen"

Recipe from Melvine's cookbook.
 Photo at left: Melvine when she served as the president of the Big Horn Woman's Club 1948-49

SWISS COCONUT MACAROONS

- 4 egg whites
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 c. confectioners' sugar
- 1/2 c. flour
- 2 c. shredded coconut

Beat 4 egg whites stiff. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla; gradually beat in 1 cup confectioners' sugar and continue beating until the mixture is stiff and glossy. Fold in 1/2 cup flour and 2 cups shredded coconut. Drop by the teaspoon 1 inch apart on a greased and floured baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven at 325° for 15 minutes.

More news from the Huson Newspaper—1892

NORTH MAIN STREET, NEAR COURT HOUSE.

SAM LEE Runs the only first-class Chinese laundry in Huson. He does the Best of work at the at the cheapest rates.

ICE CREAM.

Martin's Restaurant.

The best and oldest hostelry in Huson. The tables furnished with the best the market affords. Give me a call.

Martin's Restaurant.

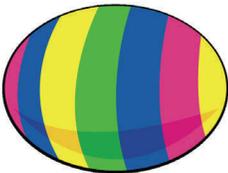
European Eating House,
 BARTELS, HAYS & GARR, Props.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

Open Day and Night.

The Best House in Huson

HAPPY EASTER EVERYONE



We are so ready for spring!!!



Wyoming Notes: (found on the WSHS calendar)

- 1933- Gov. Leslie Miller signed bill repealing the WY Prohibition Act
- 1945- Wyoming 2nd in nation in honey yield
- 1870- 6 women summoned for jury duty in Laramie—1st time in history
- 1941- New blood bank in Sheridan called into service
- 1927- Baby coyote howling at door of Sheridan hospital waiting for his mistress to be released
- 1942- Worland women baked 325 pounds of cookies for soldiers
- 1877- Deadwood stage driver Johnny Slaughter killed by outlaws
- 1804 - Jim Bridger born in Virginia



Reintarnation (n.):
Coming back to life as a hillbilly.

Giraffiti (n.): Vandalism spray-painted very, very high.

Intoxication (n.):
Euphoria at getting a tax refund, which lasts until you realize it was your money to start with.

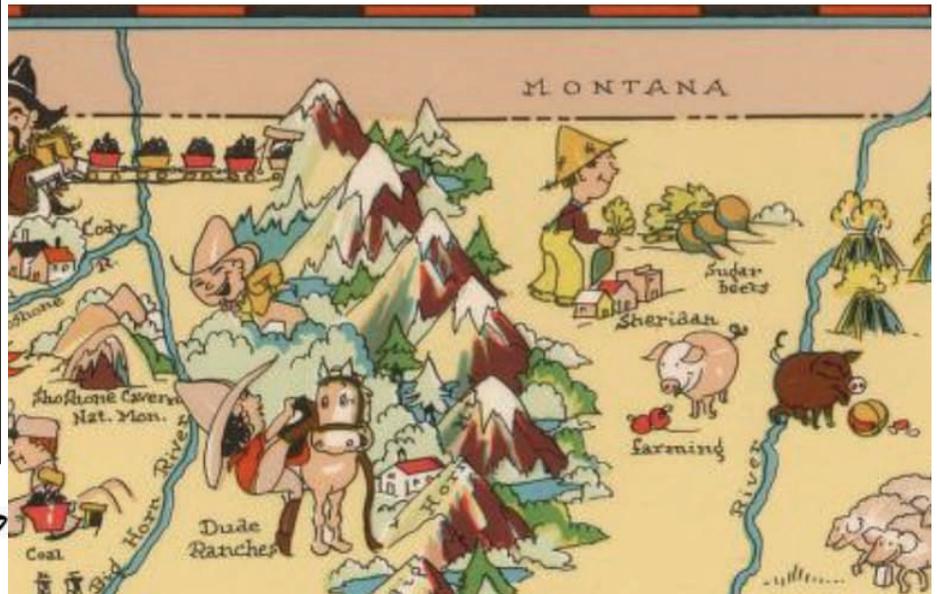
DUES :

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

DUES ARE ALWAYS DUE THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

Please send stories, photos, comments, suggestions and corrections to:

**BHCHS
PO Box 566
Big Horn, WY 82833**



1935 Wyoming Map by Frank Taylor - National Atlas
Hundreds of Wyoming maps can be found on the David Rumsey website. Enjoy !! And learn more about our early history.

2014

**MEETING DATES:
Please mark your calendars !**

April 27- Ken Kerns -
"Crook Campaign of 1876"

May 18 -Jack Seaman
of Worland "Wyoming's
Bloodiest 4th
of July"

**Our Sympathies go out to the family of :
Richard Brown from Billings MT. Richard passed away
February 11, 2014. He is survived by his wife, Virginia.**



blacksmithshop@wyoming.com

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

FIRST CLASS MAIL

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

Please check your address label for
expiration date & send dues to the above
address.

**Would you be interested in
receiving your newsletter
via email? In color? Send an
email to:**

blacksmithshop@wyoming.com



Norman Perry at left with his violin and at right, posing. We think these were taken in the 1920s. (photos courtesy of the Charlie Catron collection with credit to Mr. L.N. Larsen, caretaker of Park Reservoir in 1910's and 20's as the photographer - Sheridan County Museum)



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

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

APRIL 2014

APRIL 27 - CROOK'S CAMPAIGN OF 1876

Presenter Ken Kerns

My topic of presentation will be about General George Crook, before and after The Battle Of The Rosebud. My presentation will be about 30-40 minutes, accompanied with some visual power point slides. I was born in Sheridan County, graduated from Sheridan High School, attended Montana State College at Bozeman. I enlisted in the U.S. Navy , serving four years. My wife and I have resided and been involved in Sheridan County on the Double Rafter Ranch for the past 50 years. We also owned and operated a ranch in Eastern Montana for ten years, having to depart from that community due to the demand of our 3 sons elementary education. My interest in local history has expanded through time and I enjoy sharing and discussing with anyone. (*This will be a most interesting presentation. Ken is a great speaker. JS*)



KEN KERNS

(photo provided by Jeanne Moreland Noland)



Big Horn Freshman Initiation
 (class of 1951 taken in the fall of 1946) from left to right:

Martha Perry

Corky Coon

Alice Davis

Patty Denson

Peggy Dunlap

Dolores DeJarnett

Johnny Mills

Toni Robertson

Jo Elaine Holloway

Jeanne Moreland

Patty Gleason

(and no they don't have initiations anymore)

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meeting @ BIG HORN WOMAN'S CLUB.

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

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Odor: *Quipu* Recalls the Past

The ancient Andeans used a memory system called *Quipu* as an accounting method to keep track of commodities and events. It consisted of knots tied in string. Some collections were only a few strings while some amounted to as many as 2,000 which resembled a string mop. The Keeper of the *Quipo* could finger a string as a memory prompt to recite whatever that string represented. People who study such things, say amounts were relegated into groups of ten not unlike how a computer works today. I suppose if the Keeper died, it would be like having your computer crash. Maybe they figured out a backup system like an apprentice Keeper, who knows?

The reason I went to this obscure bit of historical fact is to point out what a wonderful and complex thing the human mind is to retain, store, recall and analyze its input, sometimes without ever being conscious of it.

So there I was on a ladder cutting into a major support beam in the house my grandparents built. (Now is this a giant leap from the previous subject matter or what?) When the cut was completed and the beam opened, 100 years of household odors wafted out but were dissipated in mere seconds. The whiff I got was like an electric shock. I think I stood motionless on the ladder for a full minute while a slide show of images and sounds I had forgotten, overwhelmed my senses triggered by that split second inhaled sample of the past.

There was Grandma's cheesecake fresh from the oven, Grandpa's own secret recipe Polish sausage carried in from the smokehouse ready to be wrapped. The homemade butter we churned, even when the cows, those playful pranksters, got into the fan-weed which produced butter you could smell upwind during a blizzard. The locally harvested Rocky Mountain Juniper turned Christmas tree. My dad's own special blend of pipe tobacco. Mom's extra zesty tacos and Easter breakfast special. And, of course, the coal smoke.

The images flashed by in and out of order succession, but perhaps my brain arranged them according to importance. The seemingly mass confusion of a half dozen cooks or more in Grandma's kitchen consisting of daughters and daughters-in-law all weaving around each other producing a massive feast that ended up at three tables in the tradition of the "old days". The men at one table, the women at another, and the kids in another room around a third table.

I could continue the list, but I need to point out here that the pleasant experiences and happy times bubbled up unbidden. The times of sorrow and strife, like some long neglected smolder, only flare to a discernable glow when deliberately fanned.

Hate, like those dry weed stalks we used to jab up and down in the ash pit behind the school house, would only flare to flame when agitated. It makes me think that folks who have nothing better to do, seem to find the time to stir the ashes rather than let them stay covered to quietly die alone.

Written and shared by Mike Kuzara



The following notes were found in Jessamine Spear Johnson's collection which is being digitized by her great granddaughter Tempe Johnson Javitz. Tempe writes: Interesting fact: my great uncle, Philip Torrey Spear (Virginia Belle's 3rd child) was born April 22, 1892. So –Jessamine's recollection of her grandfathers and father going to Buffalo due to the Johnson County Cattle War, it mentions that Belle was resting on a couch while everyone was getting ready. So, she was 9 months pregnant and that baby was coming really soon!

(Virginia Belle Benton Spear at right as a young wife. Married to Willis Moses Spear- parents to Jessamine, Willis JR., Philip & Elsa. Bozeman Trail Museum photo-JS)

Jessamine's recollections regarding the Johnson County Cattle War. Her handwritten notes on two pages found in her 1923 diary book~~~~~

The Cattle War in Johnson County, April, 1892:

"I was a youngster of five and a half years old when the war broke out. I was excited as the men folks cleaned and oiled their guns and got ready to go to Buffalo to resist an invasion of cattlemen and hired killers from Texas. Their purpose was to run all of the homesteaders out of Wyoming. They called us 'rustlers'.

Grandfather Benton, a homeopathic doctor and Baptist minister; Uncle Frank Benton, who ran cattle with Uncle John Benton up along the Big Horn Mountains 4.5 miles south west of our ranch on Little Goose Creek; Uncle Doc Spear, and Papa (Willis Moses Spear) were busy getting the horses ready for the forty mile trip to Buffalo. Outdoors was stormy spring weather. Mother, Virginia Belle Benton Spear, was expecting my brother (Philip Torrey Spear) and was a semi-invalid. She was sitting in a lounge chair in the midst of all the getting ready.

Grandmother, Hannah Torrey Benton, was busy cooking a meal and helping prepare food for the trip.

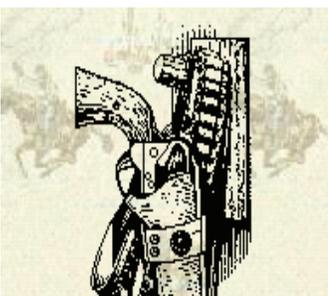


Virginia Belle Benton Spear 1887
Age 24

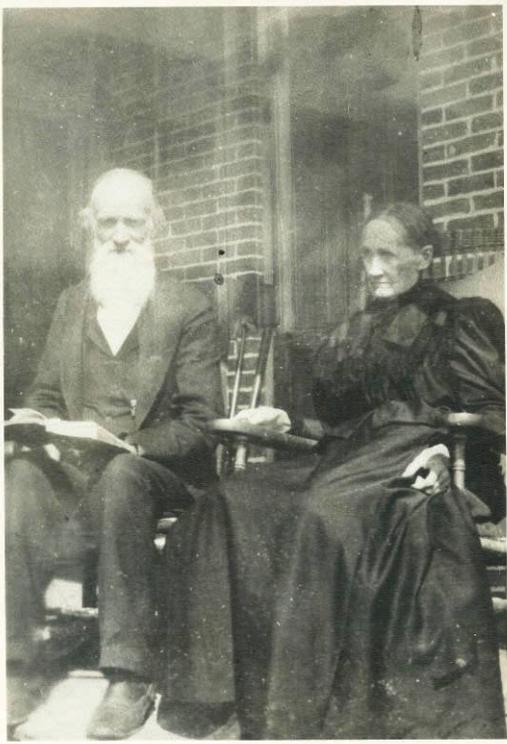
The Bentons had come to Wyoming from Kansas and arrived in Big Horn, Wyoming on September 13, 1881. They had traded the white mules (Sam and Sue) that had pulled the covered wagon Virginia Belle had helped drive all the way from Kansas to Mr. Wolf for 160 acres on either side of the Little Goose.

William and Malcolm Moncreiffe had a ranch above us. William Warrimer was next on the Little Goose above us. Oliver Wallop was nearer the Canyon and Bear Davis had a sawmill in the Canyon. He sawed boards for buildings.

Mike Evans was another Englishman, who lived on a creek coming from the mountains on the Piney side. He was a good neighbor. All of the Englishmen—remittance men—gathered at his home and drank and gambled in the Big Horn saloons.



When Nick Ray and Nate Champion were brought to Buffalo to be buried, Lillian ?? played the organ at their service. A Methodist preacher named Radar conducted the service and Grandfather Benton conducted the other funeral for Nate Champion, I think. (Nate was the brother of Mr. Champion, who had the funeral parlor in Sheridan later on.) Radar is the only one mentioned at the funeral but Lillian told me a Baptist minister had assisted in the funerals." (note: we are still researching this relationship in the Champion family) (Thanks for sharing!! JS)



At left brother and sister - Redwood Wilfley & Mrs. Mathew (Mary) Davis - sitting on the porch at Wm. Jackson's house (same house in photo below.) Wm. Jackson's wife Amanda was Mrs. Davis' daughter. NOTE: Mrs. Sandy Bard is a descendant of Redwood Wilfley. Zane Hilman is a descendant of Mary Davis. The Helvey family is also related to Mary Davis. The March 29 Sheridan Press featured this article on the champion tree which is located in the back yard of Charlie & Lee Helvey's yard (Lee standing by tree.) It was named the largest eastern cottonwood in the state of Wyoming. It was planted in the early 1880s.

70 feet tall

**circumference
24' 5"**

**Crown Spread
100 feet**



RODEO - 1951 (photo provided by Jeanne Moreland Noland)

Gene Griffith

Oop Potts

Dorvan Potts

Ron Wyett



GENIE

OOP

DORVAN

RONNY

Gene Griffith

Oop Potts

Dorvan Potts

Ron Wyett

Wyoming Notes: (found on the WSHS calendar)

- 1860- Pony Express began operation
- 1886- 1st meeting of UW Board of Trustees
- 1890 - 1st oil well struck at Salt Creek - later this area was known as the Teapot Dome Naval Res.
- 1922- Teapot Dome Naval Reserve leased to Mammoth Oil Co.
- 1945- Sheridan man awarded Silver Star for raid on Japanese prisoner of war camp in the Philippines
- 1960- Ester Morris statue dedicated in Statuary Hall in the U.S. Capitol
- 1902- J. C. Penney opened 1st store in Kemmerer
- 1892 - Federal Troops intervened to end Johnson County War on April 13



1036 Johnson Co. Wyo. Ter.

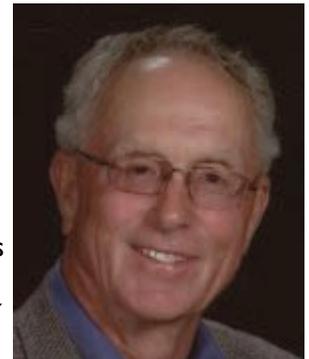
Date	Postmaster	Start	End
Deau Co. St. McKinney	George J. King	9 June 81	Charles W. Hoke 17, Apr 82
(Big Horn)	John H. Sackett	13 June 81	
(Bingham)	Benjamin H. Smith	2 Aug 80	James D. Black 5, Mar 82
(Buffalo)	Henry A. Robinson	7 Feb 81	Charles E. Burel 7, Nov 81
Changue (Mandel)	George Mandel	2 Mar 81	John R. Rhoads 29, Nov 81
(Powder River)	Richard Lewin	1 Aug 79	William E. Hathaway 16 Oct 82
(Trabing)	George Harris	14 Sept 81	

This early record book of Johnson County Wyoming Territory Postmasters was found on-line (at Ancestry.com). It reveals that John Sackett began as Big Horn's Postmaster on June 13, 1881. George Harris took over the duties at Trabling on Sept 14, 1881(it might be 1884).

Our Sympathies go out to the families~~~~~

Richard Bodine

Richard P. Bodine passed away on Thursday, April 3, 2014 from complications of kidney cancer. He was surrounded by his family and special private caregiver, Berdie Wulff. Richard was born to Howard A. and Mary E. (Duffy) Bodine in Livingston, Montana on February 24, 1938. He was married to Charlene on 9/8/1962. In lieu of flowers the family would like memorials to go the Holy Name Catholic Church, 9 S. Connor, Sheridan, WY 82801 Sheridan County Museum, 850 Sibley Circle, Sheridan, WY 82801, or Hospice of the Big Horns, 1401 W. 5th Street, Sheridan, WY 82801



Virginia 'Ginny' Brown

Virginia "Ginny" Elizabeth Brown, 66, of Sheridan, passed away on Saturday, March 22, 2014 at the Memorial Hospital of Sheridan. Ginny was born to Henry and Edna (Marrow) Heezen on April 14, 1947 in Sheridan, WY. She was raised in Sheridan and graduated from Sheridan High School. She married Tom Brown Jr on June 22, 1968.



Memorials to honor Ginny can be made to the Holy Name School, 121 S. Connor, Sheridan, WY 82801, Sheridan College Foundation Library Fund, P.O. Box 6328, Sheridan, WY 82801 or the Sheridan College Foundation, P.O. Box 6328, Sheridan, WY 82801.

2014

MEETING DATES:

Please mark your calendars !

May 18 - "Wyoming's Bloodiest 4th of July"



blacksmithshop@wyoming.com

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

FIRST CLASS MAIL

DUES :

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

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



Thank you Michael Dykhorst for providing this photo & the Davis photo on page 4) from the Jackson family collection. The writing on this photo says “ Family & friends going camping from cold spring up Red Grade to Tepee Creek.”

It appears to be above Rocky Point on the straight section before the aspen grove.

(American Heritage Center, Helvey Collection, Edna Jackson File)



BIG HORN CITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

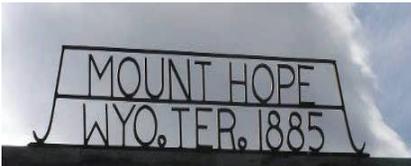
MAY 2014

MAY 18 - WYOMING'S BLOODIEST 4TH of JULY



Mike Kuzara will be the presenter for the May meeting. He will be discussing the article about the Bates Battle published by Hugh K. Knoefel former editor and publisher of the Northern Wyoming Daily News, Worland, Wyoming. The attack was on an Arapahoe village of 156 lodges on No Wood Creek at 7:30 am July 4, 1874.

Two troopers and two Shoshone were killed and Lt. Young was wounded. 29 Arapahoe were counted dead, 17 "in one pile" and many more were suspected to have been either carried off or crawled off and not counted. Mike will try to have some photos of the location which is over in the basin.



DONATIONS FOR THE CEMETERY

Included in this newsletter is an envelope for anyone wishing to help with the Mount Hope Cemetery Fund. The Board is requesting donations to assist with lawn mowing, grave leveling, trash removal, painting, maps / index / signage & 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

The new shelter will be ready for visitors to enjoy this Memorial Day.

We usually MEET THE 4TH SUNDAY OF EVERY MONTH:

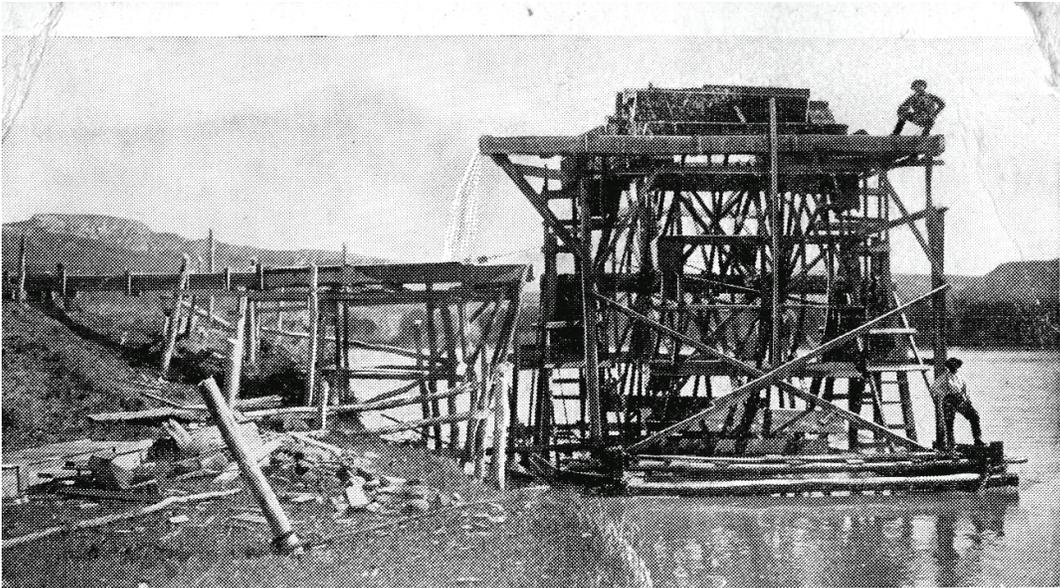
meeting @ **BIG HORN WOMAN'S CLUB.**

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

We encourage members to pitch in and help where needed. Thank you.



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



AN IRRIGATION WHEEL

OLD WYOMING

Take me back to old Wyoming,
 Where there's plenty room and air;
 Where there's cottonwood an' pine trees,
 Greasewood an' prickly pear;
 Where there ain't no pomp nor glitter,
 Where a shillin's called a "bit,"
 Where at night the magpies twitter,
 Where the Injun fights were fit.

Take me back where land is plenty,
 Where there's rattlesnakes and ticks;
 Where a stack of "whites" costs twenty,
 Where they don't sell gilded bricks.
 Where the swift Big Horn River
 An' the winding North Platte
 Wends through canyon an' Bad Lands,
 Where the Long Horn grows fat.

Take me where there ain't no subways,
 Nor no forty-story shacks;
 Where they shy at automobiles,
 Dudes, plug hats an' three-rail tracks;
 Where the old sun-tanned prospector
 Dreams of wealth an' pans his dirt,
 Where the sleepy night-herd puncher
 Sings to steers and plies the quilt.

Take me where there's diamond hitches,
 Ropes an' brands an' ca'tridge belts;
 Where the boys wear chapps for britches,
 Flannel shirts an' Stetson felts.
 Land of alkali an' cattle!
 Land of sage brush an' of gold!
 Take me back to dear Wyoming,
 Let me die there when I'm old.

OWEN PERRY



Norman Perry's son Owen was a country western singer and song writer. (We found one of his recordings and it is very good...did anyone know that Norman's son was so talented?) This is from a biography on the internet. At a time when performers such as George Jones, Chet Atkins, Webb Pierce, Red Sovine, Faron Young, Hank Williams Sr., Red Foley, Marty Robbins, Eddie Arnold and Tennessee Ernie Ford were either beginning their careers or near the height of their popularity, Perry was writing songs, playing along and rubbing elbows with many who would become legendary for their roles in country music.



"The man who managed my (recording) session and played guitar was Chet Atkins," Perry recalled. "On the same session, we did "Whirlpool," and "Use Your Imagination" and "You Plus Me Equals Love." That was the one I was betting on being a hit." One of the songs Perry wrote, "Tattle Tale Tears," became Faron Young's first top 10 song in May 1952, while "New Silver Bells," "You Are My Sunshine Man" and "I Heard You Talking In Your Sleep" were hits for Pierce and former La. Gov. Jimmie Davis. Perry also recorded other hits with country songs "Pickin' 'Em Up and Puttin' 'Em Down" and "All Dressed Up With No Place to Go," and later wrote a gospel song titled "That Last Lonely Mile" which was included in a popular church hymnal, "Songs of Faith and Praise." He was inducted into the Southern Songwriters' Guild Hall of Fame, which encompasses Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas, in 1996 and the Louisiana Hall of Fame in 1997. While he loved his music, the lifestyle was less than appealing, Perry said, and he eventually left the studio and stage for another podium — ministry.

(Owen was born in 1924 and is still living. We hope to interview him soon. He looks a bit like Norman. JS)

Ten Commandments of a Cowboy

1. *Do not take unfair advantage of an enemy.*
2. *Never go back on your word.*
3. *Always tell the truth.*
4. *Be gentle with children, elderly people, and animals.*
5. *Do not possess racially or religiously intolerant ideas.*
6. *Help people in distress.*
7. *Be a good worker.*
8. *Respect women, parents, and the nation's laws.*
9. *Neither drink nor smoke.*
10. *Be a patriot.*

CORRECTION:

Tempe Johnson Javitz is Jessamine Spear Johnson's grand daughter. Tempe is the great granddaughter of the lady at right - Virginia Belle Benton Spear - who is Jessamine's mother. (Thank you Andrea for this correction. Andrea Spear is also a grand daughter of Jessamine's.



Virginia Belle Benton Spear 1887
Age 24

Andrea lives in Geneva and wrote:

Dear Judy, Thanks for sharing the newsletter. So far, spring in Geneva has been like autumn and winter - ni fu ni fa! (neither this nor that).

DUES :

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

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

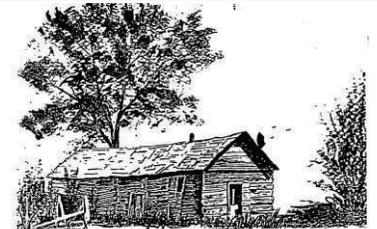
Please send stories, photos,
comments, suggestions and
corrections to:

BHCHS
PO Box 566
Big Horn, WY 82833

ANOTHER CORRECTION: The man at left (below) is Redmond Wilfley not Redwood — the name written on the back of the photograph was in error. (Thank you Michael for the correction.)



Jan 1964: At left are John & Jim Currie who attended the international Boy Scout Jamboree in Greece. At right are Eddie Moore —Boys Stater & Frances Genereaux—Girls Stater. (BHWC photo)



The 2014 Season at The Bozeman Trail Museum

By Kevin Knapp

Memorial Day is fast approaching and that means opening the museum in Big Horn! Having stepped down from my programming position at Fulmer Library, I am very excited to have more time to devote to the museum. I would like to take this opportunity to share with you some of the ideas I have about spicing up our historic interpretation.

The most pressing issue is the preservation of the building itself. I will be working hard to replace the chinking inside and out before we open. The board has designated a generous portion of the budget for this purpose. I hope that staining the exterior may be done by volunteers. I will also be taking an inventory of our books for sale. I would like to look into offering other items such as bumper stickers, mugs, key chains, hats, etc. As well as making money for the museum, these items would serve as advertising in the community.

Much like the furniture in my living room, rearranging some of the exhibits could be refreshing. Also, there are some very interesting exhibits from the Wyoming Historical Society that I would consider hosting for a short time. Finally, I would like to put out a call for donations of historic items in order to expand the collection. I would like for the museum to be dynamic, so that one could never say they've been there, done that. I would like to attract more visitors by holding multiple events over the summer. I want people to come to the museum to see the collection, obviously. But, more than that, I would like them to come to discuss history, to share a love of history with others, and to have a great time. A barbecue, archeology for kids, and a raffle are just a few of the ideas I have for fun (and fundraising) this summer.

As you can see, I am looking forward to this season very much. I feel confident about setting ambitious goals for the museum. I would welcome any ideas, questions, comments that you may have for me. I look forward to seeing you in Big Horn!

Wyoming Notes: (found on the WSHS calendar)

- 1929 - Glenrock man climbed into bed without noticing 30 pound porcupine under blanket.
 1874 - Custer's Black Hills expedition organized
 1890 - Sheridan County man bought two horse power cane mill - invited farmers to "raise cane"
 1898 - Elmer Lovejoy exercised horseless carriage satisfactorily in Laramie
 1885 - Cody's Wild West show appeared in Chicago
 1942 - Site for Heart Mountain Relocation Center chosen
 1921 - Eddie Rickenbacker crashed mail plane, Cheyenne

**ABOUT GROWING OLDER... By Will Rogers**

- First ~ Eventually you will reach a point when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it.
 Second ~ The older we get, the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for.
 Third ~ Some people try to turn back their odometers. Not me; I want people to know 'why' I look this way. I've traveled a long way, and some of the roads weren't paved.
 Fourth ~ When you are dissatisfied and would like to go back to youth, think of Algebra.
 Fifth ~ You know you are getting old when everything either dries up or leaks.
 Sixth ~ I don't know how I got over the hill without getting to the top.
 Seventh ~ One of the many things no one tells you about aging is that it is such a nice change from being young.
 Eighth ~ One must wait until evening to see how splendid the day has been.
 Ninth ~ Being young is beautiful, but being old is comfortable.
 Tenth ~ Long ago, when men cursed and beat the ground with sticks, it was called witchcraft. Today it's called golf.
 And, finally ~ If you don't learn to laugh at trouble, you won't have anything to laugh at when you are old..

OUR SYMPATHIES GO OUT TO THE FAMILY OF~~~~

John Genereaux, 81, of Sheridan, passed away on Saturday, April 19, 2014 at his residence.

John was born on September 9, 1932 in Cudahy, WI, to parents Joseph Henry and Loretta F. (Okroy) Genereaux. The family moved to WY in 1945, settling in Big Horn. He attended school and graduated from Big Horn High School in 1952. He then went on to attend Sheridan College for two years and finished his education at the University of Wyoming.

John met his future wife, Shirley Espy, while attending Sheridan College. They married between the last two years at the University. He served in the Army from 1956 to 1958 and in the Wyoming National Guard for three years as Communications Officer.

John taught school at Big Horn High School for three years, at Woodland Park as Principal from 1961 – 1964, at Taylor School from 1964-1987, and at Central Middle School from 1987-1991. He retired in 1991 after thirty-three years of teaching in Sheridan County. John spent ten summers as packer for Teepee Lodge and Spear O Wigwam. He loved hunting, fishing, and camping out in the Big Horn's.

Memorials to honor John may be made to the Holy Name School Foundation in the name of John and Shirley Genereaux Trust at 121 S. Connor, Sheridan, WY 82801.



blacksmithshop@wyoming.com

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

FIRST CLASS MAIL

DUES :

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

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



Standing - left to right:
Vi Garber
George Ostrom
Gladys Ostrom
Nell Skinner
Lona Helvey

Seated - left to right:
Maude Langheldt
Benitta Townsend
Alice Hilman

All pioneer family
members. Photo
Courtesy of Big Horn
Woman's Club.

September 1964 - dedication of the Bozeman Trail Mural by George



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

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

SEPTEMBER 2014

SEPTEMBER 28TH PROGRAM:

MISS INDIAN AMERICA

Presenter Michael Dykhorst

Miss Indian America
 60th Anniversary Reunion



Sheridan, Wyoming
 July 11- 13, 2013

By: Michael Dykhorst and Judy Slack

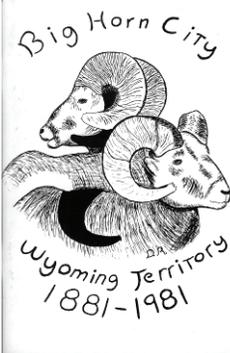
In 1951, Lucy Yellowmule won the Sheridan WYO Rodeo Queen contest. This event brought together the Indian and the white community to establish the All American Indian



Days celebration. It took two years of planning for the first All American Indian Days and Miss Indian America pageant to begin. Miss Arlene Wesley was crowned as the first winner in 1953 . I will be talking about the history of the Miss Indian America pageant held in Sheridan, Wyoming and Bismarck, North Dakota.

Above at the 60th Anniversary Reunion held July 11-13, 2013, Michael Dykhorst with Arlene Wesley the first Miss Indian America. At left: the commemorative book on the reunion that Michael wrote. It includes 2 dvd's featuring Joe Medicine Crow & reunion.

PLEASE HELP US WITH OUR NEXT BOOK ~~~



Michael Dykhorst is compiling old & new photos of Big Horn. He is updating the 1981 booklet printed by the centennial committee. This book featured the houses and buildings around Big Horn. The new book will also feature the old photos & captions but will be enhanced by additional photographs and tidbits of history. Please send us photos and stories if they have never been published before so we can add them to this publication. To be out by November.

Send photos and stories ASAP. Thank you for your help !!!

And a special thank you to Dick & Karen Dickenson for the grant \$.

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.



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

**Riders on the Orphan Train Presentation at Sheridan Fulmer Library
Saturday September 27 @ 11 AM ~ Inner Circle**

SHERIDAN – Few people today know much about the largest child migration in history. Between 1854 and 1929 more than 250,000 orphans and unwanted children were taken out of New York City and given away at train stations across America. Organized by Rev. Charles Brace to rid NYC of homeless street children and provide them with a chance to find new homes, this nearly 80 year experiment in child migration is filled with horror stories and happy endings. The trains stopped at pre-selected stations where people interested in taking a child would assemble. The children were lined up on the platform, encouraged to perform or sing to endear them to prospective takers and were often prodded and poked to determine if they would be good workers on farms or local businesses. Those not chosen were put back on the train and shuttled to the next town. Children were sent to every state in the continental United States; the last train went to Sulphur Springs, Texas in 1929. Many of the children were not orphans but “surrendered” by parents too impoverished to keep them. Sheridan Fulmer Library will host “Riders on the Orphan Trains”, the official outreach program of the National Orphan Train Complex, at 11 a.m. on Saturday, Sept. 27 in the Inner Circle. This free family program is being made available through a generous grant from the Dodd and Dorothy L. Bryan Foundation.



The one-hour multi-media program combines live music by Phillip Lancaster and Alison Moore, video montage with archival photographs and interviews of survivors, and a dramatic reading of the 2012 novel “Riders on the Orphan Train”.

Although the program is about children, it is designed to engage audiences of all ages and to inform, inspire and raise awareness about this little-known part of history.

Local relatives and acquaintances of Orphan Train Riders are especially invited to attend and share their stories with the audience. Alison Moore is a former Assistant Professor of English/Creative Writing in the Creative Writing Program at the University of Arizona and a current Humanities Scholar. She lives in Austin and has been touring nationally since 1998 with the multi-media program “Riders on the Orphan Train” that is currently the official outreach program for the National Orphan Train Complex Museum and Research Center.

Phil Lancaster was born in Texarkana, Arkansas and studied art and music at L’Ecole De Beaux Arts in Angers, France. He has been touring nationally since 1998 with the multi-media program “Riders on the Orphan Train”. For more information, contact Christina Schmidt at 674-8585 ext. 29.



BIG BAT POURIER’S DESCENDANTS

On September 13th, the great-great grandchildren of Baptiste ‘Big Bat’ Pourier visited the museum and the Camp Cloud Peak Stone. (His name is etched on the marker.) Big Bat was a guide for General Crook during 1876 when they camped in the Little Goose Valley. He was a major figure during several skirmishes during the Indian Wars. (This would have been the summer of the Battle of the Rosebud & Battle of the Little Big Horn.) He served as a scout for many years. He was a Frenchman who married Josephine Richard (whose mother was a Lakota Sioux). In the photo - Five sisters and one brother (Pouriers) with extended family. Kneeling L - R: Carla Pourier Longwell & Michelle Pourier. Standing - L- R: Rod Longwell, Patty Pourier, (didn’t get his name but speaks “a little French & a little Lakota”) Pourier, Isabelle, Peggy, Annette & her friend Leslie England. They were in Sheridan for the All Nations Indian Relay Championships. They have a team from Pine Ridge.

(THANK YOU FOR THE GENEROUS DONATIONS !!! JS)

"OLD" by Mary Burgess, my mother who is 92:

It never occurred to me that one day I would be OLD. No, not like Granny or even Mother.

I would always dance, play tennis, and ride a horse.

I would always wear exotic gowns, and wear short shorts.

I would always feel sexy.

When did it all drift away?

When did the skin under my arms begin to droop, be wrinkled and floppy, and my knees get knobby? Hey, I am not mentioning my neck or my face.

When did my tummy start to bulge?

I understand drooping breasts and a bit of sagging under my eyes.

When did the great joy and adventure in picking up a pencil, a pen, or a brush evade me?

Sometime I gave up volunteering and belonging to committees doing "good works."

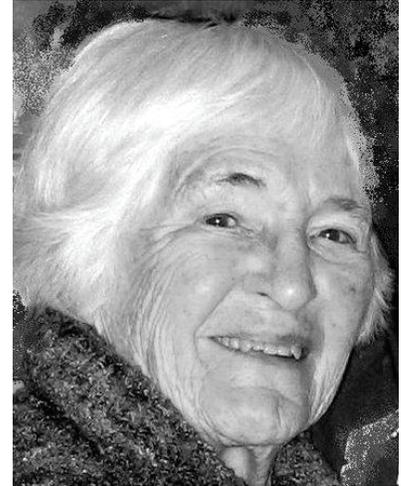
I did stop smoking but not before breathing and heart problems. Now I have a pacemaker tucked under my skin.

Oh, the sun still shines, the sky is blue. The moon, so intense, likes to keep me awake. Or is that because I'm a Cancer?

I have remarkable children, grandchildren and even great grandchildren, anticipating Life – with all its complexities, richness, joys and sorrows.

Is it too late to buy a new sweater?

P.S. I will always flirt.



This wonderful poem was written by Mary Burgess and shared by her daughter Heather Plank (found on facebook).

A GARDEN PARTY

Anonymous

The Cabbages - their heads together - planned this summer fete; The Parsley and the Watercresses helped to decorate. The Onions are so strong that they could carry things around; The Brussels Sprouts laid carpets on rough places on the ground. The Pumpkins' jack-o-lanterns lighted up the scene with ease; The first guests to arrive were Lettuce, Radishes, and Peas. The Tomato shunned the Beet - she said; "Her red just spoils my gown!" The Potato's brand new eyeglasses were always tumbling down! At little vege-tables tea was poured for every guest; And fair young Peas ran round with cups, fulfilling each request. The Celery and Lettuce served a most delicious salad, The Corn, though somewhat husky, sang a plaintive little ballad; (Her ancestors, you know, were colonels all along the line) Professor Bean's string orchestra, accompanying, was so fine. That the Turnips, Beets and Carrots seemed just rooted to the spot; And the Muskmelon for once her melancholy mood forgot. But all things end, so when the Moon arose in heaven's blue dome, The Pumpkins blew their lanterns out, and everyone went home.



GEORGE N. OSTROM



*PIONEER
PRESERVATIONIST
PAINTER*

1888 ~ 1982

BY
BIG HORN CITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY &
SHERIDAN COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

**FIRST PLACE - WYOMING STATE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
SELF PUBLISHING DIVISION**

Awarded September 6, 2014

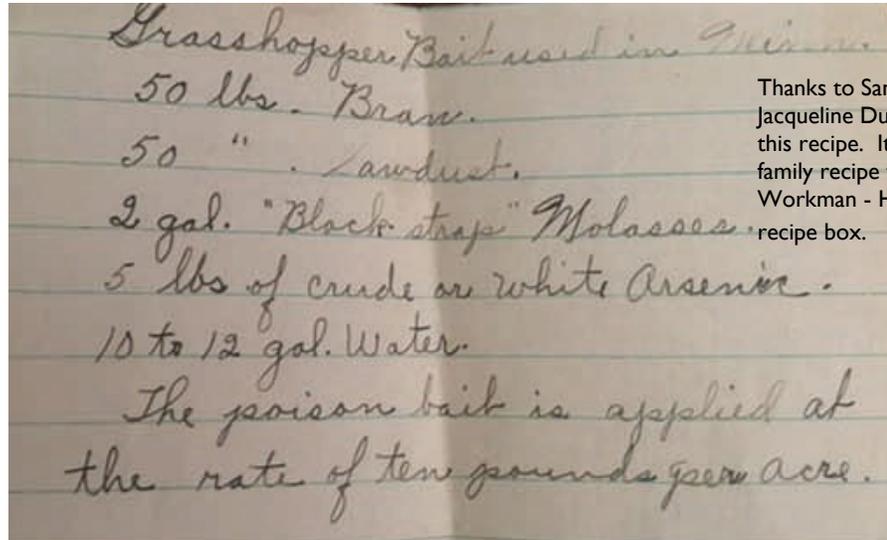
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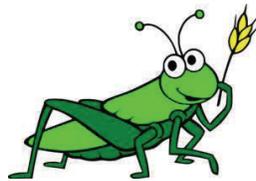
DUES ARE ALWAYS DUE THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

Please send stories, photos, comments, suggestions and corrections to:

BHCHS
PO Box 566
Big Horn, WY 82833



Thanks to Sandi Ziler and Jacqueline Dupree for this recipe. It is an old family recipe from the Workman - Holmes recipe box.

**Grasshopper Bait used in Minnesota**

50 pounds of bran

50 pounds of sawdust

2 gal. "black strap" Molasses

5 pounds of crude or white arsenic

10 to 12 gallons water

The poison bait is applied at the rate of ten pounds per acre.

NOTE to all Big Horn Post Office box holders: We hope you enjoy the newsletter and will join our local historical society. This is a complimentary copy to show our appreciation for your involvement in the heritage days celebration. To join see the above schedule for dues. WELCOME !

Will Rogers, who died in a 1935 plane crash with his best friend, Wylie Post, was probably the greatest political sage this country ever has known.

Enjoy the following:

1. Never slap a man who's chewing tobacco.
2. Never kick a cow chip on a hot day.
3. There are two theories to arguing with a woman . . Neither works.
4. Never miss a good chance to shut up.
5. Always drink upstream from the herd.
6. If you find yourself in a hole, stop digging.
7. The quickest way to double your money is to fold it and put it back into your pocket.
8. There are three kinds of men: The ones that learn by reading. The few who learn by observation. The rest of them have to pee on the electric fence and find out for themselves.
9. Good judgment comes from experience, and a lot of that comes from bad judgment.
10. If you're riding' ahead of the herd, take a look back every now and then to make sure it's still there.
11. Lettin' the cat outta the bag is a whole lot easier'n puttin' it back.
12. After eating an entire bull, a mountain lion felt so good he started roaring. He kept it up until a hunter came along and shot him. The moral: When you're full of bull, keep your mouth shut.



Wyoming Notes: (found on the WSHS calendar)

- 1943 - Wyoming shipped more than 10 million pounds of scrap metal to nations steel mills in one month.
- 1873 - Capt. W. A. Jones names Togwotee Pass after Shoshone guide.
- 1897 - 1st Cheyenne Frontier Days
- 1824 - Fort Laramie Treaty signed.
- 1901 - Auto stage line between Buffalo and Sheridan began operation.
- 1909 - Woman found lost wedding ring in chicken gizzard - Sheridan.
- 1942 - Person "seeking a visit to Alcatraz" robbed Torrington Post Office.
- 1903 - Tom Horn hanged in Cheyenne.



OUR SYMPATHIES GO OUT TO THE FAMILIES OF~~~~

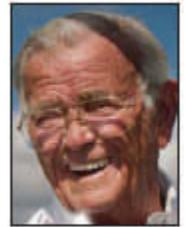


Patricia "Patty" Warner died Tuesday night, June 17, 2014. She was born to Walter K. and Gretchen Gimple Nelson, October 21, 1926 in Boulder Colorado, where she attended High School and College. At the end of WWII she married her high school sweetheart, Curtis "Bud" H. Warner.

She loved the outdoors, camping and picnicking on Red Grade. She loved sunflowers and roses, mountain blue birds and meadowlarks. She was a beautiful woman, inside and out. Her love for family and friends was as perfect as her appearance. Her husband, Bud preceded her in death in 2004. She will be missed by her children; Bonnie Warner Dyer (Terry) now living in Tahoe City CA, Ken Warner (Pat), now living in Poulsbo Wa, and Cindy Warner Phillip (Dick), now living in Riverton Wy. She had three Grandchildren, Michael Phillip, Kelly Phillip and Darcy Dixon Drury. Patty also leaves behind her loving friend and companion Victor Garber. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to: The Closet, c/o The First United Methodist Church, 215 W Works Street, Sheridan, WY 82801.

~~~~~  
Jay Robert (Bob) Connell

October 25, 1925 - June 25, 2014



In addition to his parents and two brothers, Bob was preceded in death by a half-brother, Roy Leon Connell, his aunt, Meta Connell and an infant granddaughter. He is survived by his wife, Irene Smyth (Bunny) Connell, son Jay Michael Connell (Perk), daughter Laura Connell Galloway (Chris), and son Orrin Watts Connell (Dee Dee) as well as his grandchildren Jeff Robert Connell, Ashley Marie and Mark Robert Galloway, Katharine Watts and Allison Erin Connell and "adopted" son Donald L. Bricker.

Cremation has taken place and a Celebration of Life will be held at the Big Horn Equestrian Center on Friday, August 15, 2014, at 5:00 P.M. Memorials may be sent to The Dog and Cat Shelter, 84 East Ridge Road, Sheridan, WY 82801, The Big Horn Equestrian Center, P.O. Box 6413, Sheridan, WY 82801 or the donor's choice.

**THANK YOU FOR YOUR GENEROSITY**



**THE DONATIONS FOR THE CEMETERY.....**



Last spring were greatly appreciated and used to finish the Shelter, move dirt (thank you Paul Garber for all your hard work) and helped cover the cost of mowing the grass. Our next project to complete is installing the two maps - waiting for the hardware that secures/locks the frame to the wall.



blacksmithshop@wyoming.com

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

**FIRST CLASS MAIL**

**2014 - 15 meeting schedule:**

Sept 28 - History of Miss Indian  
America

Oct 26 - CCC workers in the Big Horn  
Mountains

Nov 23 - Feeding Elk on WY Elk  
feeding grounds

Dec 14 - Music by Mike Kuzara

Jan 25 - Connor Battle

Feb 22 - Cora's Legacy

Mar 22 - Ken Kerns History Visit

Apr 26 - Moreland Family History

May 17 - Making a Diorama

Gray Collection - American Heritage Center



THE BOZEMAN TRAIL MUSEUM @ RIGHT

*old town of Big Horn, Wyoming.*

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.)



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

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

OCTOBER 2014

**OCTOBER 26TH PROGRAM:**

**Program on the CCC Camps  
 by Helen Laumann**

During the great depression the CCC program was one of the most successful projects our government has ever accomplished. The bill to establishing the CCC program was part of President Franklin D.



Roosevelt's New Deal and was signed by Congress and the President in 1933. The program employed 3 million young men and they planted 3 billion trees and made improvements in 48 states. Their work in the Bighorn Mountains can still be seen today.



*At left: Steamboat Rock with the CCC camp in the foreground.*

**FLAGS AND WARZUNKA By Mike Kuzara**

More information about the 1990 Cowboy State Wagon Train has come to light and I just could not pass up one or two more anecdotes about life on the trail.

Charlie Cook was in the red circle and related this tale to me:

The "scouts" for the brown circle were pretty good at creeping around the camp like a Crow Indian looking to steal a Sioux horse, but the object here was to swipe the various flags to proudly display at the brown circle come daylight.

Charlie called my attention to the fact that although all of the other flags had been stolen, the brown circle raiders never got the red flag. (cont. on page 2)

**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.**



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

Charlie slept under the fly of the red circle's chuck wagon and was right close to where the flag was mounted. Since he had heard rumors about the nighttime flag raids, he was sleeping with one eye open so to speak. A stealthy shadow crept up and a knife blade flashed in the moonlight. The bandit began sawing away at the duct tape that Charlie had wrapped around the staff to keep the flag in place. The thief didn't seem to making any headway on the tape and began sawing harder and harder so that pretty soon he was making more noise than he had planned. All of this time Charlie had been watching quietly from his bedroll and finally spoke up.

"What do you think you're doin'?" Charlie barked.

Startled, the bandit stammered, "I'm uh, testin' my knife!"

"Go test it on a piece of wood somewhere else, you're keepin' me awake!"

With that the desperado slunk off into the night. Charlie said he saw evidence nearly every morning that someone had tried to saw through the duct tape sometime during the night, but never managed to cut through the bailing wire he had concealed under it!

Charlie said he imagined there were at least a half dozen knives in the brown circle that were only good enough with which to spread butter after their encounter with his bailing wire! I hesitate to relate this next incident that could have been serious had it not turned out O.K.

The brown circle had a kettle of warzunka simmering on a propane burner one evening. It could have been the second or third but was definitely not the first one. There was music, there was singing, there was dancing, and there was-----FIRE!!!

Nobody was watching the pot, and sure enough, it boiled.-----Over!

The military should have the formula for this stuff. It's more volatile than napalm!

The flaming pot got kicked over at which point it rolled out into the prairie leaving a fiery trail through the grass. Some people tried to stomp out the fire but the sticky stuff stuck to their boots and started more fires as they stomped with flaming boots around in little Indian dance circles.

Cooler heads went to the water tank at the chuck wagon and came back with buckets of water that was freely dispensed all around whether you happened to be on fire or not! Although some people were damp, spirits were not, and the party continued until nearly midnight.

The next morning I helped with the breakfast dishes and the last item to be washed was the warzunka pot. Although it had been soaking since we first poured the wash water, a pot scrubber and finally a screwdriver had no effect on the baked on coating. I think we ended up having to throw that one away. Actually it should have been kept as some kind of trophy. One other thing I recall was the worst sounding wreck of the whole trip.

On the second day of the trip in 1990, the brown circle's chuck wagon was just crossing Boxelder Creek when the tail gate fell open. All of those nice noisy metal cups, plates, kettles, pots, pans, and flatware all came crashing out on the ground to be kicked around and stomped on by the horses of the following wagon.

Although it sounded terrible, no one was hurt. It is too bad someone with a video camera didn't get that on tape, the sound effects were great!

Another wagon train trip from Wolf Point to Brockway Montana in 1993 boasted close to 100 wagons and nearly 500 riders. It was pretty tame compared to its Wyoming counterpart. I was free to ride here and there to photograph rather than being stuck with outriding for a team and wagon. That country was not very picturesque but some of the people certainly were.

Lots of good memories there.



**Wyoming  
Agricultural Extension Service  
Circular No. 47 (Revised)**

MAY

1938

**Recreation Circular  
for  
Rural Leaders**

PART I

**SOCIAL MIXERS  
QUIET GAMES  
HOME FUN**

WITH

**SUGGESTIONS ON RECREATION  
LEADERSHIP**

June 30, 1914

8-(I)-38-3M

OPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK IN AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS. THE UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND THE U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE COOPERATING.  
A. E. BOWMAN, DIRECTOR  
LARAMIE, WYOMING

(Distributed in furtherance of Acts of Congress of May 8 and June 30, 1914)

**The Purpose of Recreation**

“We stop playing not because we grow old,  
We grow old because we stop playing.”

—HERBERT SPENCER.

Play, in the life of an individual, whether young or old, is a self-expression of joy in action. Drudgery is the work we have to do but none of us want to. Very often there is little actual difference between play and work—it is apt to be an attitude of mind. Play helps to build up a healthier attitude of mind, stimulates good circulation, good digestion, keenness of vision, acuteness of hearing, self-control, and moral courage. Those qualities of personality and character that make it easy for other folks to live with us are more readily taught through play than in any other manner.

Play in the program of an organization adds enthusiasm and zest to the activities. In the community it can make for organization rather than disorganization. It affords good exercise, teaches fair play, good sportsmanship, and, wisely used, may become a tool for teaching cooperation.

Recreation has now become recognized as an important part of the program of our 4-H clubs, homemakers clubs, community clubs, and other rural groups. With the development of leadership through training institutes and other methods of encouragement, many fine programs have been developed all over the state. These are being adapted to different groups and to the home life of families in those groups. Recreation is becoming an important part of the regular club meetings, of field days, tours, camps, picnics, winter community social events, fairs, achievement days, roundups, short courses, etc. It goes beyond dispute, among those who have been engaged in promoting rural organization work, that well organized recreation is one of the most important factors in maintaining successful organized groups.

Recreation leaders are, however, yet far too few in numbers and there is need of training and developing more of them if this good work is to increase.

**4-H IS 100 YEARS OLD THIS YEAR - THIS BOOK IS FILLED WITH OLD GAMES AND PUZZLES !!! Enjoy - one of the puzzles is featured below:**

**How To Tell A Person's Age** — Let the person whose age is to be discovered do the figuring. Suppose, for example that the age is 15 and that he was born in August. Let him put down the number of the month in which he was born and proceed as follows:

|                        |      |
|------------------------|------|
| Number of month.....   | 8    |
| Multiply by two.....   | 16   |
| Add five .....         | 21   |
| Multiply by fifty..... | 1050 |
| Add the age, 15.....   | 1065 |
| Subtract 365 .....     | 700  |
| Add 115, making .....  | 815  |

The last two figures on the right will always indicate the age and the remaining the month the birthday falls in.

**DUES :**

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

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

Please send stories, photos,  
comments, suggestions and  
corrections to:

**BHCHS**  
PO Box 566  
Big Horn, WY 82833

-- BEFORE TAKING YOUR SHOWER --

PLEASE TUCK SHOWER CURTAIN INTO TUB

(This will prevent water from dripping on  
floor, and seeping into ceiling below.)

And Just For A Laugh:

Let us suggest that you do not emulate the guest who  
said: "I didn't mind putting the shower curtain into  
the tub, but it took me half an hour to get the darn  
thing off the rod."

THANK YOU!

The Management.

**CONNOR HOTEL**  
Laramie, Wyoming



Victor (at left) and his brother Orr Garber showing their sheep at the Sheridan County Fair Grounds in 1931. They are holding a string between them with their numerous ribbons. This photograph is from the Peggy Cooksley Collection @ THE Wyoming Room, Sheridan County Fulmer Public Library.



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

- 1903 - Sheriff Billy Miller killed by Indians at Lightning Creek
- 1926 - Buffalo Bill Museum Association Formed in Cody
- 1889 - Oil Struck near Douglas
- 1880- Site for Ames Monument chosen
- 1929 - Descendant of Genghis Khan enrolled at University of Wyoming
- 1909 - Invention of "coyote proof" fence announced
- 1892 - Natural gas discovered near brewery, Buffalo
- 1984 - Queen Elizabeth began brief visit to Sheridan County

**OLD AGE HAS ITS ADVANTAGES**

Growing older is a breeze. I don't have to do nuthin'. It just happens. Sure there are negative aspects, like the aches and pains, but that even helps my social life. We all hurt all over, so the subject matter is endless. I even look better as I get older. I look good in anything I wear 'cause I can't see too well. I don't worry about high fashion either. I buy what I like; loose and baggy. I even simplified my will. I just took a piece of paper and wrote on it..."Being of sound mind. I spent it all." I don't even have to wonder if my teeth are clean. I just take them out and look at them.  
(found in an old file folder that belonged to Sally Springer)

**SPEAKING ACCIDENTLY**



Filling out insurance forms after an accident is not a pleasant chore, but it can lead to some rather hilarious explanations. These were recently written up in the *Toronto Sun*:

"An invisible car came out of nowhere, struck my vehicle and vanished."

"I was on the way to the doctor with rear-end trouble when my universal joint went."

"The pedestrian had no idea which direction to go, so I ran over him."

"I collided with a stationary truck coming the other way."

"I pulled away from the side of the road, glanced at my mother-in-law and headed over the embankment."

"I had been driving my car for 40 years when I fell asleep at the wheel and had an accident."



At left: Harry Fulmer in WWI. The whereabouts of his uniform was unknown until last week. It was found at the Sheridan County Museum & will be on display during November at the library. Michael Dykhorst will be giving a program Nov. 13 @7PM ~ Sh. Co. Library Inner Circle. His program will feature several Sheridan County WWI soldiers.



blacksmithshop@wyoming.com

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

**FIRST CLASS MAIL**

2014 - 15 meeting schedule:

Oct 26 - CCC workers in the Big Horn  
Mountains

Nov 23 - Feeding Elk on WY Elk  
feeding grounds

Dec 14 - Music by Mike Kuzara

Jan 25 - Connor Battle

Feb 22 - Cora's Legacy

Mar 22 - Ken Kerns History Visit

Apr 26 - Moreland Family History

May 17 - Making a Diorama



Gill Cattle Company Cowboys: at left is Johnny Gentry. Can anyone identify the other cow hands? Circa 1948 near Parkman.....



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

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

NOV & DEC 2014

### **NOVEMBER 23TH PROGRAM:**

First Hand Account of Feeding Elk on the National Elk Refuge Feeding Grounds at Jackson Hole

By Bernie Holz

~ Retired 2010 after 27 years with the Wyoming Game and Fish Department

~ Game Warden 1983 to 1995 with duty stations in Glenrock, Torrington, and Big Piney

~ Pinedale / Jackson Regional Supervisor 1995 to 2010 with responsibility for wildlife law enforcement, wildlife management and elk feeding ground management in Northwest Wyoming.

~ Presently lives near Banner and ranches with Pam Belus.

Please come and enjoy his power point program on his many years of experiences on the elk feeding grounds.



### **UP THE MOUNTAIN By Mike Kuzara**

So there we were, struggling up the slope over downed trees and boulders to retrieve Leo's elk, and there I was stuck with my favorite two packhorses, AGAIN. While my pony was climbing over some logs those two idiots started jumping around and pulling back on the lead rope – which was NOT fastened to my saddle horn *this time* – when I heard Frank holler. “Hang on to 'em, if them scissorbills get away we'll have to go clear back to camp to get 'em!” I must have been real determined to do as I was bid, because I clamped my knees hard, took a twist grip on the rope,----- and pulled my saddle horse over backward again! This time there wasn't any nice soft water to land in to break my fall. (cont. on page 2)



**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.**



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

## UP THE MOUNTAIN—continued from page 1.

It's funny what a person will hang onto without actually thinking about the consequences of doing so. In this case it was the lead rope. Somewhere during the time I was airborne, I turned loose of my horse's reins. I am quite sure I didn't have a mid-flight debate about whether to drag her along with me, thinking misery loves company, so why not bring your horse along? No I think I needed one hand free to flail wildly in hopes of latching onto something - anything. Air, dirt, and pine needles don't provide much of a brake so I was merely pulled on down the hill out of her way while she tried to stop rolling. I don't know what was worse, sliding along on my stomach and getting my elbows cracked on the rocks while at the same time scooping up pine needles with my mouth and shirt front, or flipping over and having my butt violated by boulders!

Fortunately my fun ride came to an abrupt end when 'Jughead' went around a tree one way, and 'Poop-for-brains' picked the opposite side. I, however, split the difference and my scalp at the same time on that same tree! My pony recovered nicely by rolling to her feet and shaking herself like a big dog. She looked down the slope at the packhorse mess tangled around the tree, and as I shook the pine needles and dirt out of my clothes, I could imagine a cartoon bubble over her head that said, "Why me?"

Hunters seem to have an extreme sense of propriety over their kill. They proudly hold up clusters of birds or fish for the camera, or pose with a downed big game carcass while holding up the head with one hand and clutching their rifle or bow with the other. Our elk hunter, Leo, on the other hand, collapsed against a tree gasping like a fish out of water while Frank, the outfitter, observed, "Bear must not have been very hungry."

The carcass had been visited by a bear not long before we arrived, and was probably still there when it heard us coming up the slope through the trees. After my wreck with the packhorses farther back down the slope, Frank had decided it was too difficult to ride the saddle horses, so he and I each led our personal mount and one packhorse up through a jungle of downed timber. Leo dismounted and also led his saddle horse. He explained that it didn't seem right for him to ride while Frank and I was on foot. I suspect the demonstration of acrobatics he'd just witnessed convinced him it would be safer to be closer to the ground.

I can see why the bear left the kill site. The cursing and yelling that went on coupled with the crashing and thrashing no doubt convinced this bear that by the time THESE guys arrived, they would personally punch out a mere grizzly with their bare hands! Poor Leo was just about done in by the climb, being from the lowland and all. Yesterday he had ridden all the way to the kill site, so his horse had done all of the work. Today we had taken a "shortcut" straight up the slope and discovered that some local wind phenomenon had knocked down a lot of trees in an area that normally would have been fairly clear going. Now Frank was beginning to sound a little testy because this was taking way longer than he had planned.

We tied the saddle horses back in the trees and led, or should I say, dragged the first packhorse in to the kill site. This was too much for 'Jughead'. The combination of blood and guts along with the bear smell was just too much and he threw a tizzy fit. When the fit was pretty much over, we got the front quarters lashed down and although the animal tried to dislodge the offending meat, he was not successful as Frank really knew how to secure a load, so it stayed where we put it!

Next up, 'Poop-for brains' put up a similar fight, but alas, 'twas all in vain. That is, until we approached with the antlers! That packhorse had never seen anything like that before, and communicated his opinion of this by kicking, rearing, biting, and being a real snot about the whole thing. Our hunter, who had made a few comments about how we were treating his kill, rightly sensed that he should probably refrain as he wisely retreated from the blue fog of language beginning to enshroud his outfitter and guide.



Top Row.....  
 Betty McPherrin  
 Katherine Kepford  
 Josephine Stam-  
 baugh  
 Ruth Hanes  
 Sarah Bogges  
 Sara Bell Blaney  
 Dorothy Fairbanks  
 Sheila Benson

Middle Row.....  
 Me (Helen Kinnaman)  
 Victor Garber  
 Florence Welch

Bottom Row.....  
 Leo Stanbaugh  
 Earl Hultz  
 Dan Blaney  
 Jack Conley  
 Rudy Legeski

5th & 6th Grades -  
 Big Horn  
 1930 or 31



**For Santa By Fern Coates (George's wife)**

**For Santa, it's reindeer that prance and glide,  
 For us, it's horses and sleigh, that give us a ride.**

**For Santa, he hollers the reindeers names,  
 Bumpie hollers, "Thunder and Uncle, get on with the  
 game."**

**For Santa, it's 'gee' and 'haw', for left and right,**

**For Bumpie, it's the same as we turn out of sight.**

**For Santa, there's no worry for 'reindeer leavings' behind,  
 For Bumpie and horse, it's a bag and shovel, right by his  
 side.**

*Thank you for sharing. And thank you for the lovely flowers I received, gorgeous fall colors. The editor is grateful for all the extra help in finding stories to add to the newsletter. And a special thank you to my brother Jim and his wife Pam who have come from South Carolina to help me with my surgery. Pam has pureed my food so I can eat. And thanks for my brother John calling to check in on his little sister. My horrid spinal cord surgery has taken all my strength away but hope to be better in 2015. JS*

**For Santa, he can weave thru the stars in the night,  
 For Bumpie and the horses, it's weaving thru trees, watching left and right.**

**For Santa, it's bells, twinkling lights, and chimes,  
 For Bumpie, it is carolers, with songs of the times.**

**For Santa, it's down the chimney with gifts,  
 For Bumpie and family, it's some old fashioned Merry Christmas Bliss.**

**WE ARE CALLING OUT TO OUR MEMBERS FOR HELP AGAIN ! The Big Horn Woman's Club is planning to improve the parking lot area.**

Dear Historical Society Members,

We need your help to realize our goal of improving our parking lot area. The Big Horn Woman's Club has been a vital part of this community for 104 years, providing services in various ways. Big Horn Woman's club is an incorporated non-profit 501(c)7 organization that has owned the property on which the club building is located, since 1937. The property also includes Sackett Memorial Park, maintained by the Big Horn Lions Club, and the Bozeman Trail museum, maintained and operated by the Big Horn City Historical Society. The Woman's Club building was built in the 1950s and has been lovingly cared for and maintained ever since. The annual operating expenses for utilities, insurance and maintenance are about \$6,000.

The building is made available for use by the community for reasonable rental fees, and is used an average of 15 to 20 times a month. Rental fees, club dues and our annual bazaar and bake sale are used for the operating expenses, but do not allow for any substantial improvement projects. We would like to enlarge and pave the parking lot, making the whole complex more user friendly for everyone. We need to raise approximately \$20,000 to make this happen, and we hope that you are willing to contribute some amount toward this goal. Contributions should be sent to the: (All contributions are tax deductible! BHCHS is a 501(c)3

**Big Horn City Historical Society  
PO Box 566  
Big Horn WY 82833**

Thank you for your consideration, Big Horn Woman's Club  
Barbara Niner, Chairman of the Parking Lot Improvement Committee 672-0002

**In addition to every personal member contribution the  
BIG HORN CITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY BOARD  
Will match dollar for dollar to help reach this goal quicker!**

**Please help us realize a larger, nicer, safer, parking lot for  
Generations to enjoy!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
It is greatly needed.**

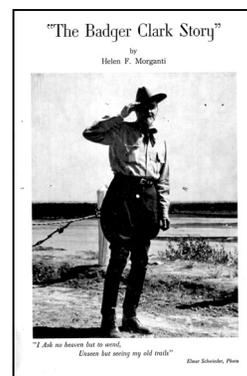


## DECEMBER 14 PROGRAM: CHRISTMAS MUSIC BY MIKE KUZARA

**Come and enjoy a relaxing afternoon with friends. Mike will entertain with music and humor....please mark your calendar (your next newsletter will be sent in Jan.)**

Calamity Jane ~ I have come across some wonderful local connections with this most famous lady. I will start here to introduce you to her (just in case you might not know the varied past she holds in history). Some of you might wonder how does the newsletter come together every month...it is a work in the 5th dimension that I am sure Grandma Garber, Sally Springer, Elsa Spear and my mother are all up there just placing books and notes and photos in the right place at the right time. My staff has experienced strange happenstances that are beyond explanation. This is a series of events that just occurred this last month.

Nancy Garber wanted me to record some early tapes that Roy had recorded with his grandmother Vie Willits Garber. (They are wonderful to listen to - her voice is so strong!) We determined they were done in early 1970s. One of the questions Roy asked was how were they related to Badger Clark—the poet laureate of South Dakota? Vie explains that her mother Hattie Clark was Badger's aunt (Hattie's brother was the Reverend Charles Badger Clark, who was the poet's father, hence Vie was the first cousin to Badger Clark(1883-1957) the noted poet laureate. He would come to Big Horn to work for Hattie and J.O. Willits when he was a young man. So I proceeded to read a book that was donated to the Wyoming Room ( see at right) Within the first few pages I read a dear story about Vie's uncle which had a familiar Garber tone to it as we who know the family well - there is a redeeming note to the story and I do hope you all will enjoy this as much as I did.



Then within a matter of hours another booklet was donated and I had never seen it before about Calamity Jane. It is a diary she wrote to her

daughter (the little girl in the photo at right - Jean Hickock McCormick....next to the photo was this paragraph referring a minister.)

Calamity Jane had only one friend in that community—a minister who came, at Jane's request, on the day she died. He found her blind, penniless and alone. She had been living for many years on money sent to her from England by Captain James O'Neil, the sea-captain who had adopted Calamity Jane's one and only daughter.



Now for the rest of the story from Badger Clark's biography:

This brings up the story of his most famous funeral, the burial of Calamity Jane the "lady bullwhacker," scout, "angel" of the mining camps for her nursing aid even in smallpox epidemics. "Calamity Jane," Badger once remarked, "possessed an ecclesiastical vocabulary which she used in an unecclesiastical way." In 1903 she returned to Deadwood to die. A few old-timers called on the Reverend Clark, to ask him if he would go to the city hall to make a few remarks over her coffin. "Harrumph!" exclaimed the poet's father, "the city hall is no place for anybody to be buried from—not even a sinner like Calamity Jane. Bring her to the Methodist Church and we'll give her a real funeral."

And that's how finally, thanks to a minister who put compassion above formality, that Calamity Jane whose real name was Martha Jane Canary, got to church. Badger often ruefully lamented the vagaries of circumstances when he said, "My father's deeds are unnumbered, but such is the irony of human nature; he'll be remembered longest, because he buried Calamity Jane."

From the 4-H game booklet titled  
"RECREATION CIRCULAR FOR  
RURAL LEADERS" June 30, 1914

#### What Letter Is:

- An insect? (B)
- A Bird? (J)
- A body of water? (C)
- A drink? (T)
- A vegetable that rolls off your knife? (P)
- A verb of debt? (O)
- A sheep? (U)
- What green apples do to you? (W)



#### Automobile Guessing:

The players give the name of an automobile after each of the following:

Theater in which Lincoln was shot.....Ford  
 French nobleman .....Cadillac  
 What you do when you see a car coming  
 .....Dodge  
 River in New York.....Hudson  
 First permanent colony in New England  
 .....Plymouth  
 Indian Chief .....Pontiac  
 Old city in Alabama.....Oldsmobile  
 Explorer in Mississippi.....LaSalle  
 Sixteenth president of United States.....  
 .....Lincoln  
 Spanish Explorer .....De Soto  
 Capitol of Texas.....Austin  
 Well known cracker.....Graham  
 Prominent violinist .....Chrysler  
 Racing dog .....Whippet  
 Color of hair.....Auburn  
 Twine .....Cord  
 Intoxicated baker .....Studebaker  
 Something Cupid carries and uses.....  
 .....Pierce Arrow  
 Spanish word for river.....Reo



Victor Garber (3rd from right) and his brother Orr Garber (2nd from right) showing their dairy cows at the Sheridan County Fair Grounds in 1931. This photograph is from the History of Local Foods program @ THE Wyoming Room, Sheridan County Fulmer Public Library & the Sheridan County Extension Office.

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

- 1886 - 1st snowfall of disastrous winter
- 1876 - Mary Davis elected justice of the peace, 1st woman officially elected
- 1924 - Nellie Tayloe Ross elected Wyoming Governor
- 1902 - 2 women elected to Justice of the Peace office in Albany County
- 1892- Thanksgiving Day ' Sheridan now connected with outside world, - 1st passenger train arrived.
- 1867 - Union Pacific RR reached Cheyenne

1949 Sitting on Jerry Landen's car - Jeanne Moreland, Donna Bales and Dee DeJarnett.

Shared by Jeanne Moreland Noland.



1932 Big Horn School Girls Basketball Team Photo below - left to right: K. Kepford (coach), Darleen McGovern, Inga Olson, Alberta Pierce, Dorothy Savage, Francis Meyers, Katherine Parker, Bertha Kinnaman, Geraldine Burriss (no other names provided). (Love the shoes and rolled down socks / nylons !)





blacksmithshop@wyoming.com

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## FIRST CLASS MAIL

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Nov 23 - Feeding Elk on WY Elk  
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Jack Currie's Civilian Conservation Corp team of 17 workers in the mid 1930s. Possibly at Myers Creek Ranger Station. Jack was the supervisor/trainer (2nd from left) - note he is wearing a tie. He also was the camp cook. The license plates are US Government issued.