



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

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

**JANUARY 2017**

**JANUARY 22 - Program**

**JIM BRIDGER**

**To be presented by Kim Fuka.**

Kim will give a talk on the life and experiences of Jim Bridger.

Jim Bridger was a hunter, guide, and trapper during the development of the west (1820-1860s). He spent time in this region assisting the military during the Indian Wars. Bridger was born in 1804 and passed away July 17, 1881. He is buried in the Mount Washington Cemetery in Independence, Missouri.



**1944 Big Horn School Seniors**

**From left to right:**

**Bob Connell**

**Jerry Landen**

**Lloyd Vandenberg**

**Fay Pope**

**Harold Stambaugh**

Class Flower:

Sweet Pea

Class Motto:

Smile at Difficulties



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

**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.**

**Thank you.**

A Note from Terri Foster: WE, THE CLEARMONT HISTORICAL GROUP----HAVE WRITTEN TWO BOOKS NOW...ONE ABOUT HUSON (LASTED 7 MONTHS) AND ONE ABOUT ULM...NEXT ONE WILL BE ABOUT CLEARMONT BY NEXT JUNE 10 FOR AN ALL CLEARMONT DAY BIRTHDAY...CLEARMONT WILL BE 125 YEARS OLD..(WE NEED IDEAS AND HELPERS TO CARRY OUT THE GREAT IDEAS FOR THE CELEBRATION)....WE HAVE A WONDERFUL LOCAL PUBLISHER, CYNTHIA VANNOY... THE BACKHILLS PRESS...FOR OUR BOOKS...WE'RE PLANNING ON WRITING ABOUT 13...THEY ARE A LITTLE LESS THAN 100 PAGES...Our sign on our bldg says "Clearmont Historical Center" WE ARE THE CLEARMONT HISTORICAL GROUP...BOX 222, CLEARMONT, 82835 IF ANYONE WANTS TO WRITE ABOUT SOMETHING...Anyone who comes to a meeting is automatically a member....:-) Some members don't know they are members, when we forget to mention that:- We have NO MEMBERSHIP DUES ... much less bookkeeping.

BHCHS wish them well in their collection of Clearmont history! We should all go down and visit them when the weather warms up. JS

**The following letter was recently found. It contains some**

**new information on early life in Big Horn. (another letter will be shared in Feb)**

*[8 year old Theodora is Helen S. Platt's daughter in Chicago and the letter is written to her.*

*Henry was 7 year old Henry Platt.*

*No. 2 Ranch is 2 miles North of Clearmont.*

*Mr. Rider later became Count Thorne-Rider.*

*"Big Red" is at Ucross.*

*River Properties of Estate of L. Z. Leiter*

*WMC Irvine was manager —Frederic Rider, Ass't Manager.]*

**I sent this to Jeanie Wallop Carnarvon. She found it most interesting and shared it with her family. Note: Oliver was Jeanie's father.**

Earl of Portsmouth

Clearmont, Wyo., Nov 12, 1905

My Dear Theodora:...I am glad your spelling papers are good. Write me about your singing. Does Henry have trouble with his? If he does, he too can have private lessons when I get home. Tell Nix his letter was a dear.

Last Tuesday night your father telephoned from Number Two to me, asking me to be ready early next morning to go with him & Mr. Rider to Mr. Wallop's place. They had some business up there in connection with the Leiter reservoir site, & Mr. Wallop had invited us to his ranch. So at nine the men were here, & we started off. We went in a buggy, the three of us, & we drove to Sheridan, thirty five miles away. As Number Two is thirteen miles from Big Red, that made a forty-eight mile trip for the horses. So we stayed all night at the hotel there, & didn't set out till the next afternoon. The Wallop place is at the head (mouth) of Little Goose Canon [*Canyon*], close in to the Big Horn Mountains. It is a large handsome house, two stories & an attic, high, with eight bedrooms on the second floor. The lower part, outside, is of logs, the upper of shingles stained red brown.

There are square casement windows upstairs like those in our room at your Aunt Theo's, only the windows were smaller (& opened into the room.) The lawn was close cropped & beautifully kept, the drive was graveled; at the far sides of the lawn were shrubberies with

flower beds in front of them, but the lawn itself was not cut up by anything. There was a twenty-foot-deep plaza with a big span of it shut in by screens. Once inside, a pretty maid with flying apron strings & coquettish cap, met us. The Wallops were still out somewhere, but they expected us, & would surely be here directly. So she took us to our rooms. Ours was a large one with four casement windows & a big window besides. There was a fireplace & an open wood fire. There was a round table near with novels & magazines. There was a thick down puff on the bed, & all manner of luxuries. I stopped in the nursery to see the six-months-old baby boy, Oliver, who is a perfect little dear. And then I went down to the drawing room. That was a beautiful room too – all green & old rose, with a fire blazing on the hearth. The pretty maid came in & set out the tea tables – three of them - & then brought in a great silver tray with teapot & all the tea things on it. There was, beside, the plates of thin bread & butter a plate of seedcake. So I made the tea for Mr. Rider & your father & then Mr. & Mrs. Wallop & their seven-year-old son Gerald came. Mr. Wallop is almost Mr. Hatch's age. Mrs. Wallop must be about thirty. She is not pretty, but has a pretty figure & distinguished manners. Gerald is not so big as Henry. He has bright red hair. He calls his mother Ducksie & he is a very nice boy.

At half past six the dressing bell rang, & we went to our rooms, where we found pitchers of hot water. The elaborate & carefully served dinner was at half past seven. Gerald had his supper in the nursery at six & was in bed soon after. We had coffee served in the drawing room after dinner, & then we talked till bedtime.

Upstairs I found more hot water. The wood fire was burning brightly, the bed was opened &, best of all, there was a hot water bottle inside. And once the lights were out & the casements opened, the great stone walls of the mountain seemed so close in the moonlight, that one could touch them – but one couldn't.

Breakfast (& luncheon) were served English fashion. The oatmeal & bacon & stewed kidneys were placed on the side table, with the plates, & the men strolled over there & served themselves & incidentally Mrs. Wallop & me. There was toast in individual toast racks & eggs in egg cups on the table, & from time to time the maid appeared with fresh supplies, but she did no serving. Later Mr. Wallop told me about the pictures on the walls. There were old colored prints, engravings old & new, & some water colors, of scenes in Devonshire, where his English home is. In the drawing room were two handsome engravings – one of his father surrounded by his dogs, & one of his mother. They had been taken from the paintings which were made by some President of the Royal Academy whose name was not familiar to me.

We took a long walk far up into the canon [*canyon*]. The Little Goose Creek is very little there & clear & brown, & ran along with a great many waterfalls & a great deal of noise & white foam & splashing. Pine trees shut it in & filled the gorge. On the ground ran the prettiest vine with brown-green leaves. I think it was ground holly. It looked very like the Xmas holly [*actually was Oregon grape*] except that the leaves were browner. There were partridge berry vines with red berries too. And above, the bushes were covered with clematis vines. Patches of snow were all about on the hills above us, & occasionally in the gorge. But it is warm in this sheltered mountain nook, & the Wallops say they have no snow – even when it is a foot & a half deep in Big Horn, five miles away.

While we were gone, a big black bear came down to the kitchen door & disturbed the maids very much. There were no men about, so the bear didn't get shot that time, but I think

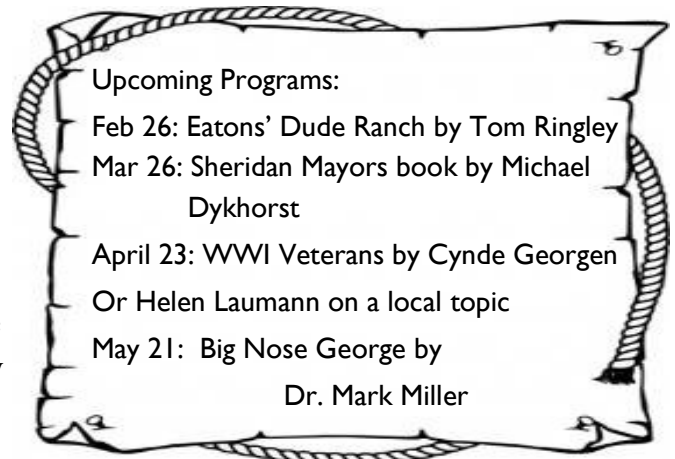
he will next. All over the estate are the prettiest little ponds. They are partly for reservoirs for irrigation, & partly to attract the wild duck. They are stocked with fish too.

That night we played bridge till after midnight. Saturday morning we left, returning to Big Red by a long, roundabout road, which led through a much more beautiful country than the one we had taken to Sheridan.

The Wallops get all their servants - & they have a great many – from England. And sooner or later Gerald will go there, too, to live (he has been there twice already to visit) for he will inherit a great house, & a great estate, & a famous name, from his uncle. The tiny baby will have this place. Mr. Wallop told me that he himself went off to boarding school when he was seven. His brother was “hard to manage” & was sent away at six. He is to have a governess this fall. And I am to send her some schoolbooks like Henry’s – “The Fifty Famous Stories” & a geography.

We came home by way of Massacre Hill. In 1866 on the 21<sup>st</sup> of December thirty nine years ago – eighty soldiers under Col. Fetterman were riding along over these brown hills. Suddenly Indians appeared on the high ridge above them, in the valley below them, everywhere, hundreds of them. The soldiers made a stand on a little rounded hillock among the rocks. Every soldier was killed. And the U. S. government has raised a monument on the spot where those same rocks lie – on which is an inscription telling the story. The Indians were led by Red Cloud. Further on we passed a party of Indians. They were squatting on the ground, eating luncheon. The men were very fat & homely. The women weren’t much better. But there was a pretty little girl seven or eight years old, & a lot of cunning little children. The children had their hair braided in a dozen pig tails. All the Indians were very brown & very dirty. We bought our luncheon at a store. And this is what we had: cookies, potted ham & lemon drops. Afterward we bought some apples. We reached Big Red about five o’clock, having driven fifty miles that day. When we got here, we found that one of the sheep wagons, over on Powder River, had been burned by the natives & the sheep dog shot. Mr. Irvine & Mr. Leiter had gone over there as soon as the news came – Friday. Mr. Rider & your father started for there this morning at six o’clock. They were to drive to Number Two, have breakfast there, & go from there on horseback. Your father took his revolver, & they were to take a couple of rifles along – though no one expects any shooting. They want to get evidence who did it immediately & have the persons arrested & tried. Otherwise other sheep wagons will suffer a like fate. There had been threats before, that Powder River people would not have sheep ranged over there, so this is not entirely a surprise.

I don’t know when we shall come home, pretty soon probably. The weather is glorious now – warm & bright & dry. I am determined your father shall stay here as long as the weather holds good. Tell your aunt to surely go to the concerts. We bought some moccasins for C at Sheridan. I don’t think they are very beautiful. If they fit him, he can wear them for bedroom slippers. If they are too small, Henry can have them for his room. Very lovingly...Helen S. Platt.





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**Corsets**

Spencer Corsetiere 122 1/2 N Main.....281

**Cottage Camps**

-See Tourists' Camps

**County Offices**

-See Government Offices-County

A page from the 1937  
Sheridan County  
Phone book.

~31 pages of entries

~Artificial Ice ???

~ and note: the Corset  
Store -

Spencer Corsetiere @  
122 1/2 N. Main

(was located in this  
building...photo by  
Estelle Lupton)



At left:

July 7th, 1911 -

Cloud Peak

This photo was found in  
Elsa's diary. She was 15  
in 1911 when she went  
on this pack trip with her family. This photo might  
have been taken by Jessamine (Elsa's older sister).  
(Editor's Note: This is the earliest photograph I have  
seen of Cloud Peak.)

Elsa wrote that the first record left of early climbers  
was dated 1881. And the first woman to climb Cloud  
Peak was in 1901.

(More will be provided in the February issue)







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Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor

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## 1868 map of the Yellowstone & Missouri Rivers



This map was found on the Ramsey internet site. It shows that Cloud Peak was named as were several creeks and land formations as early as 1868. Ft. Phil Kearny and Lake DeSmet are just to the right of Cloud Peak - lower center of map. The Bozeman Trail is just labeled "Wagon Road".



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ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

FEBRUARY 2017

## **FEBRUARY 26 - Program**

### **Eaton's Dude Ranch by Tom Ringley**

Tom will give a presentation on his book titled "Wranglin' Notes - A Chronicle of Eaton's Ranch 1879-2010". He will tell the history of the Eaton Brothers when they started their guest ranch business in 1879 in Medora, North Dakota.

The family moved to Wolf, Wyoming in 1904 and the dude ranch is still in operation today.

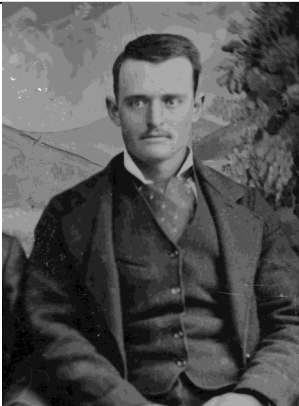


**WRANGLIN' NOTES!**  
A Chronicle of Eatons' Ranch  
1879-2010

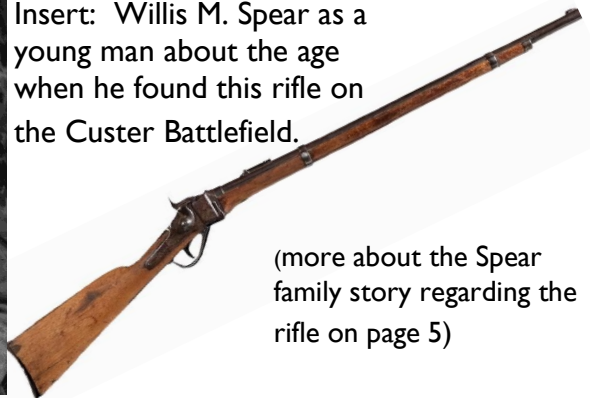


**TOM RINGLEY**

The first firearm forensically proven to have been used at Custer's Last Stand sold for \$258,750. (more on next page) It was found by Willis M. Spear in 1883 when moving to Big Horn from Phillipsburg, MT. His diary of this trip will be in our first volume of the Elsa Spear diaries.



Insert: Willis M. Spear as a young man about the age when he found this rifle on the Custer Battlefield.



(more about the Spear family story regarding the rifle on page 5)



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**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.**

**Thank you.**

KTVQ Billings January 22, 2017

MESA, Ariz.—The first firearm forensically proven to have been used at Custer's Last Stand sold for \$258,750 with the buyer's premium on Sunday.

The rifle was auctioned at Brian Lebel's Old West Auction in Mesa, Arizona. It was estimated to sell between \$300,000 and \$500,000, but ultimately sold more than \$40,000 less than the minimum estimate. The buyer wished to remain anonymous.

Old West Events provided more background to the rifle's history:

*The rifle was found among a number of artifacts seven years after the defeat of Custer, rancher Willis Spear collected the Sharps rifle, serial number C54586. It remained in the Spear family for over a century.*

*In the Spring of 1984, with funding from the Custer Battlefield Museum and Historical Association, and support from the National Park Service, an intensive archeological survey and excavation was conducted, in which thousands of artifacts were recovered and recorded, over 2,000 of which were battle-related ammunition artifacts such as cartridges, casings and the like. Using modern day archeological, forensic and ballistic techniques, the investigators were able to determine hundreds of individual gun makes and models used at the battle, the locations of their use, and even track the movement of individual weapons across the battlefield.*

*The ability to use forensics and ballistics to identify cartridges and casings was so compelling, the next logical step was to see if any could be specifically matched to any of the "known" Custer Battlefield firearms. Harmon and Scott write in their 1988 "Man at Arms" article, "The comparison process was very slow since it literally required us to look at hundreds of cases, and compare each against the evidence case. Incredible as it may seem, we did find a match between a .50-70 evidence case and an archeological specimen .50-70 case."*

*The article goes on to state, "The archeological specimen was found southeast of Lt. James Calhoun's position... There is no doubt this location is an Indian position... The archeological specimen also matched another archeological specimen found on Greasy Grass Ridge, southwest of the Calhoun position... This archeological evidence indicates this particular .50-70 firearm was used in two different Indian positions during the fighting around Calhoun Hill."*

The .50-70 in question is Sharps serial number C54586, the Spear family's rifle. Shipped new from the Sharps factory in 1875, it still exists today as a genuine, Indian-used artifact of the most infamous battle of the American West.



Clearmont, Wyo., Nov. 19, 1905.

My Dear Henry:

Your father says he intends to be at home for Thanksgiving dinner. . he is certainly almost, if not quite, well. He has coughed & raised nothing this past week, & that is a good change. The last time he was weighed, he weighed a hundred fifty-one...It shows he is still getting fat.

He is down at Number Two a great deal of the time now. Mr. Leithe & Mr. Rider are going over the ranches much more than Mr. Irvine, up there, does, so, as for business reasons your father wants to know all about the ranches & the way they are run, firsthand, that suits him. For health he must be out of doors as much as possible, & this horseback riding suits him too.

I wrote you that a sheepwagon over on Powder River had been burned, the two dogs poisoned & an attempt made to scatter the band of sheep. Mr. Rider & your father went over there on horseback a week ago. They were gone two days. The first day they drove 13 miles & rode horseback thirty. The next day they rode horseback forty miles – a night's rest made your father just as good as new. You see there is a good deal of land on Powder River that is public range – it just belongs to the government & not to anyone in particular. The sheep were feeding there & were going to a Leiter holding on the River for water. The Powder River people – who are a shiftless worthless set – wanted the whole range for their own cattle, though there is enough, & far more, for all. So they thought they would frighten the Leiter sheep off. So far it hasn't worked out as the Powder River people planned. Instead, a second band of sheep has been moved down there so that the herder of this can help the herder of the other. An extra man has been hired to guard. The second herder has his wife & two children living with him in his wagon. I met them when I was over there. The small boy is nine & the girl six or seven. They will always be near the wagon & so they can help watch too. The other wagon was burned when the herder was away with his sheep.

Your father has been up to Buffalo to see the sheriff, & is going over to Powder River again in a day or two. He saw a herd of ten or twelve deer last time. They grazed just at sunset & were between the sun & the men, so, though the men shot, the sun in their eyes made their aim bad & they killed none.

Last Friday Mr. Leith & Mr. Rider & your father came up here with 2500 sheep & put them into the corral. This below is a plan of the corral. It is built of logs, pig-pen fashion, & is six or seven feet high. All the sheep were driven into (continued on next page)

**Our Sympathies go out to the family & friends of :**

**Donna Lee Schneck**

**October 20, 1953 - January 4, 2017**

**Burial at Sheridan Municipal Cemetery**

Upcoming Programs:

Feb 26: Eatons' Dude Ranch by Tom Ringley

Mar 26: Sheridan Mayors book by Michael  
Dykhurst

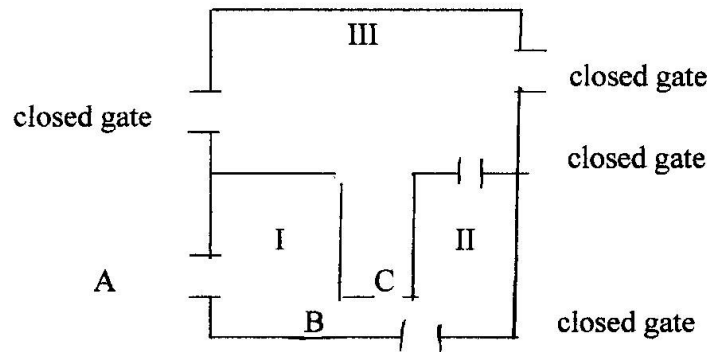
April 23: WWI Veterans by Cynde Georgen

May 21: Big Nose George by

Dr. Mark Miller



the pen marked I, & the gate shut. Then gate B was opened & three men & the sheep dog had all they could do to drive the sheep into that narrow "chute." Mr. Leith stood at C & worked the gate there. The chute is so narrow that the sheep had to run one at a time. If it was a lamb he closed C & it ran into pen II. If it was an ewe (that is a mother sheep) he opened C & it had to run into pen III. Do you understand how nicely that gate



worked? So by noon all the lambs were separated from their mothers - & such a baa-ing & noise you never heard. After luncheon all the ewes were put into I again, & were run through the chute again. This time it was to separate the good ewes from the poor ones. The latter were put in with the lambs, but the former were kept separate, for they were to bring up the little new lambs that come next spring. And the way Mr. Leith told a good ewe from a poor one was by looking at her teeth. If she had good teeth & could bite off grass, then she would surely get enough to eat & could bring up lambs beautifully. But if her teeth on the upper jaw were broken or had come out, then the chances were that she would have enough to do to find grass tender enough for herself to eat, & couldn't possibly bring up a family. When Mr. Leith said an ewe was poor, your father marked her head with a daub of red paint. And, as I said, when they were run through the chute it was easy to let the red-painted ones into II and the ones without paint into III.

I suppose you will be eight years old when this reaches you. I sent to your Cousin Robert to get a book for your birthday. I hope it will reach you in time & that you will like it. I shall be very glad to see you all again, & hope you haven't grown so big I shan't know you..Tell your Aunt that I have invited your Aunt Bessie & your Uncle Edward to take Thanksgiving with us & stay over Sunday. (Sarah may come down from Kemper Hall to join us.)

Very lovingly,

Helen S. Platt.

### CLOUD PEAK

By Elsa Spear Byron

Cloud Peak, altitude 13,165 ft. is the highest peak in the Big Horn Mts. of Wyoming. It was spoken of many times in the accounts of early travel through this section of the country in the early 1860's.

The first party known to have climbed Cloud Peak and left a record in a monument of rocks, made the trip in 1881. On July 18<sup>th</sup>, Capt. Stanton, Lt. Steever, Pvt. Broderson, Capt. Cronkite, Frank Grouard and E. T. Sykes made the ascent. They built a monument of rocks and in it left a covered tin dish, with their record, also 2¢ pieces of 1865 and 1872, and a 5¢ piece of 1870. They requested that the person who found the record to notify the officers, Capt. Stanton through the Chief of Engineers, and Lt. Steever through the Adjutant General of the U. S. Army. Stanton, Steever and Broderson remained on Cloud Peak all night for barometrical and astronomical observation to determine its altitude and position.

The next party to climb the peak and find the record of Capt. Stanton's trip, was the U. S. Geological Survey, August 9, 1891. In this party were Willard D. Johnson, R. C. McKenney, topographers, Issac Ingles, and H. T. Commings, Packer. The pieces of money left in 1881 were taken out and sent to Capt. Stanton and Lt. Steever. (continued on next page)



(Cloud Peak - continued) This party left some coins of 1889 and 1890. Others who climbed the peak in the 1890's and left records were:

Martin J. Miller and John D. May, Sept 17, 1893.

Dr. Holland, Frank Benecke, E. L. Eason and Chas. E. Eason of Chadron, Neb. July 8, 1896.

John Tannyhill, Tensleep, Wyo., July 8, 1896.

My father, Willis Spear, invited several friends to make a pack trip to Cloud Peak in late June 1911. *[The entire pack trip will be included in the upcoming Elsa Diary Series.]* By the time we started from our Big Horn Ranch, there were 34 of us in the party. Among the group were 3 small children, 2 of them aged 2 years old and 1 was four. They were tied to their saddles and even took their naps while riding on the trail. Sen. J. B. Kendrick's family and Bill Gollings were also guests.

We took our round-up wagon to the lower end of Lake Geneva, a feat impossible after another 2 or 3 years & mighty hazardous then. There were no trails after leaving Lake Geneva, but with our 57 head of horses, we made trails. Trails and road have changed considerably in the Big Horn Mts. since then.

30 of our party climbed Cloud Peak and were caught in a terrific blizzard. I looked through a can on top of the peak. The earliest record I found was the one of the 1891 party. About 60 people had made the climb since then. There were several coins in the can and I added a new Lincoln penny.

It took us 16 days to make the round trip from Big Horn. We did not return by Lake Geneva, but sent some of the boys after the wagons and agreed on a meeting place. The rest of us went farther around by the Paintrock and Medicine Lodge Lakes. We ran out of food 20 hours before reaching Dome Lake Club, at Done Lake. Gravy made from cornstarch with 1 can of corn added to it and a few cold biscuits were hard to stretch among 30 people for lunch. The men had caught 150 fish the day before, but supper and breakfast had used these. Our travel was above timberline and on the divides that last day so there wasn't any place to fish.

A few years later when I climbed Cloud Peak again, there was a Forestry Register book there, but in recent years there is no registry book on account of vandalism.

(family tree info: Willis M. Spear > Elsa Spear — Elsa and Jessamine were sisters)

(more on the rifle story from page one) Willis Moses Spear's great granddaughter, Tempe Johnson Javitz, wrote to inform me about the rifle featured on page one. She sent the following: "My dad, Torrey Johnson, owned it. It hung on the deer antler horns over the fireplace in our basement playroom for years. Around 1988 archaeologist, Richard Fox, put Dad in touch with Scott and Harmon (mentioned in the article I sent you). They made a trip to the ranch one day to take the gun. The analysis was done at the National Park Service's Midwest Archaeology Center in Lincoln, Nebraska with the aid of the Nebraska State Patrol crime labs." Per Phil (my brother), Dad sold the gun to Harmon. (family tree info: Willis M. Spear > Jessamine Spear Johnson > Torrey Johnson > Tempe Johnson Javitz)

**From Willis Moses Spear diary, September 20, 1883.** In the forenoon they explored the Custer battlefield. He mentions picking up many cartridges, but there is no mention of picking up any guns. His family had left New Chicago with 3 families, 24 people, 5 wagons, 3 buggies, 100 horses and 80 cattle. He and his sister Emma usually drove the cattle. He did note that he had carved his name on Pompey's Pillar and had seen William Clark's signature (Lewis and Clark fame) protected by an iron screen. His diary of that trip was printed in "The Annals of Wyoming" the April 1942 issue.

*[The entire W.M. Spear diary of the 1883 trip will be included in the upcoming Elsa Diary Series.]*

(We think Willis didn't mention the gun in his diary as he didn't want to leave written evidence. However, the story was spread through the family and as kids we knew that the gun was picked up on the battlefield by great grandfather Willis.)



blacksmithshop@wyoming.com

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THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor

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Norwegian skier made  
this jump while visiting  
at Tepee Lodge. Circa  
1940.

Photo courtesy of Ike  
Fordyce THANK YOU  
for sharing !!!

Hugs to you Ike:) JS



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

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

MARCH 2017



**MARCH 26 ~ Program ~ The Mayors of Sheridan**

**A new publication by Michael Dykhorst titled: "Ordinary people made possible extraordinary things - 133 Years of Mayors of Sheridan 1884-2017"** Some facts that he will share in his program: 1884

John D. Loucks was Elected as Mayor of Sheridan. In the past 133 years of Sheridan History we have had 53 mayors. Most common last name is Miller with 3 mayors having that surname. Michael's

latest endeavor is this amazing volume of research on the mayors of Sheridan. This book became his passion when Mrs. Dean Marshall's family donated her scrapbooks on the biographies of the early Sheridan Mayors to THE Wyoming Room. She had started this project many years ago but it was never finished. Michael decided to take this project on and has contacted many family members of the various mayors. He has found information, photographs, signatures and other memorabilia for this publication. The City of Sheridan is funding the printing. *[Above: Michael with Sheridan in the background. Right: Cover of book.]*



**A REASON TO BE OPTIMISTIC**

**There are more museums in the United States than there are McDonald's & Starbucks combined.**

**Found in the March Reader's Digest**



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



**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.**

**Thank you.**

## Priceless: a spiral of nostalgic gold

By Mike Kuzara

My father's profession as a master machinist began as a blacksmith fastening pieces of iron together with rivets which was obviously a tedious process. Just drilling holes in iron or steel – there is a big difference, since iron is softer than steel – took a lot of time and elbow grease especially if the drill bit was dull. To this day I still know how to sharpen a drill bit quite well because it was often my job to drill the holes for him while did other things associated with the job a hand.

It would be hard to describe the pure joy both of us felt when he finally got cash ahead enough to purchase an acetylene welding outfit. The knowledge of metals Dad gained as a blacksmith, then as a machinist for Douglas Aircraft during WWII, meant that his welds were not only works of art, but the joined pieces were just as strong as any of the other parts of the welded piece.

Dad's appreciation of machinery, I'm sure, was enhanced by what machines could do. One anecdote he recited was his trip to Roundup Montana as a teenager with a friend to take delivery of a steam tractor.

My grandfather had purchased, a small "wagon mine" – there were quite a few one or two-man operations scattered around Wyoming and Montana in the early 1900s - but Grand-pa needed to expand and he needed power to do so. A horse-pulled cart was a pretty slow process for extracting coal from the mine. A steam tractor on a stationary base could run a generator and air-compressor so my dad went to get one. It took two young men 2 weeks to drive the tractor from Roundup to Sheridan, but once installed, it turned the Star Mine into a 6 to 8 man operation.

My dad did not finish high school but took a correspondence course while he worked at Douglas Aircraft to get his diploma, That document allowed him to move up in skill and in pay, and his natural ability for fashioning something from a lump of nothing was always a source of amazement for me.

My father's big investment was an Atlas metal lathe, dill press, grinders and an assortment of other power tools that allowed him to manufacture or repair things that were just not available or impossible to get at the time.

In the winter it was my job to keep the uninsulated machine shop heated. The building had been a bakery at one time which meant that insulation was not even a factor in a place that held three large brick ovens. The ovens were gone now and the only heat was a coke bottle shaped stove.

We had our own small coal mine across the creek from the house and I could peck crumbly coal out of the back wall of the mine and haul it back across the ice on a sled.

My reward was the glittering spirals that looked like gold whenever Dad was turning down a piece of brass on the lathe.

If I could collect only one such spiral, freshly turned from Dad's lathe now, it would be more precious than the gold that I imagined it was.



## OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHIES GO OUT TO THE FAMILIES:



**Carleton Perry** ~ 85, of Sheridan, passed away on Monday, March 6, 2017, while working on the ranch.

Carleton was born on December 1, 1931 in Ware, MA to Frederick Russell and Hester (Flood) Perry. When Carleton was thirteen years old he came west to Montana to be a cowboy. He started high school in Wilsall, Montana. When the rest of the family followed, he rejoined them in Big Horn, WY. Carleton graduated from Big Horn High School, served in the Korean War, and then graduated from Sheridan College and the University of Wyoming.

Carleton and Jackie Hape were married on November 24, 1955 in Sheridan WY at her parent's ranch home. They moved to Laramie while Carleton finished school, worked for DMV Adrian Weaver and started their family. After graduation in 1958 they went to work for DMV Bob Connell on the JC Ranch near Big Horn WY. In 1963 Carleton and Jackie leased a small acreage on Beaver Creek Road beginning their independent ranching career. Four years later they moved to the Fryberger Ranch on Soldier Creek Road and partnered with Harvey Fryberger for the next 33 years. During this time Carleton and Jackie were able to purchase the Hanson Ranch on Lower Prairie Dog Road. In June of 2000 they moved into their new home designed by Jackie and built by friends and family.

Large family gatherings were Carleton's biggest delight. He loved ranching and working with his horses and cows. Some of Carleton's favorite activities were working, participating in, and attending rodeos. Carleton and Jackie were active in the Jeans and Queens Square Dance Club, and attended numerous local and out-of-town dances, making many friends.

Carleton was elected to the Legislature in 1976 and served through 1982. He was a long time member of Farm Bureau and the Prairie Dog Ditch Board. He served on the Beckton School board and the Sheridan County School Reorganization Board. He also served on the Fulmer Library Board when the existing library was built. Carleton was a faithful attendee with his wife at the First Baptist Church.

Carleton was preceded in death by his parents, his sisters, Priscilla and Louise, and his brother, Peter. He is survived by his wife, Jackie Perry of Sheridan, WY, his sons, Nolan (Mary Ann) Perry of Sheridan, WY, Dale (Nancy) Perry of Gillette, WY, Paul (Penny) Perry of Sheridan, WY, brother Randall (Deanna) Perry of Clearmont, WY and sister Martha Ann Clarkson of Oklahoma. Also, his grandchildren, Rusty (Zoila), Bill, Ryan, Jessica (Brandon), Matthew, Destinee (Hanalei) and eight great grandchildren.

Memorials to honor Carleton may be made to the First Baptist Church Building Fund, 3179 Big Horn Ave., Sheridan, WY 82801.



**George Harper**, 92, lifelong Banner area rancher, passed away in Billings, MT, on Saturday, March 4, 2017. George was born on February 22, 1925, the only child of Floyd Harper and Addie (Sanders) Harper. George attended the Banner School and Sheridan High School graduating in 1943. Upon completing high school he enlisted in the United States Navy serving in WWII. While in the Navy he attended college at Colorado College and the University of Oklahoma. Following his discharge from the US Navy in 1946, he attended and graduated from the University of Wyoming with a degree in agriculture.

George and Mary Langheldt were united in marriage on September 28, 1952, and celebrated 55 years together before Mary's passing in 2007. In addition to ranching, George was the rural mail carrier on the Banner route for 20 years before retiring in 1986. He also served as a member of the Woodland Park School Board



and later on the School District 2 Board serving as chairman for several years. He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church, Sheridan Elks #520, Big Horn Historical Society and the Buffalo American Legion. He also served as a board member and as the president of the Piney-Kruse Ditch Company for several years. George was preceded in death by his parents Floyd and Addie, wife Mary and cousin Joe Mascher. He is survived by son Tom (Holly) of Banner, granddaughter Collette Eliason (Pete) of Big Horn and great grand-daughters Samantha and Sierra Eliason and son Bob of Salt Lake City, UT.

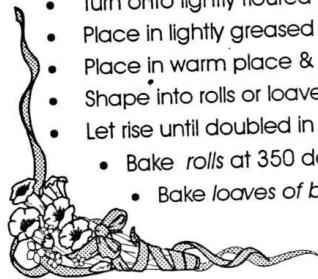
Memorials to benefit the Big Horn Historical Society can be sent to P.O. Box 566, Big Horn, WY 82833.

JERSEYVILLE, Illinois — Marie Elizabeth Kallal, 68, passed away at 2:40 p.m., Saturday, Dec. 17, 2016, at her home in rural Jersey County, surrounded by her family, after a two month battle with cancer. She was born in Sheridan, Wyoming, on Nov. 10, 1948, and was one of four children born to Elmer M. and Frances L. (Hormel) Ankney. Marie graduated from Big Horn High School in Big Horn, Wyoming. In 1985, she opened her own little shop on West Third Street in downtown Alton, naming it Marie's Kitchen. With the help of great friends, it became a success, with the sweet smell of potato rolls and cinnamon rolls drawing the customer through the front door. Her venture was even featured in the Wall Street Journal, and she continued to enjoy her endeavor for 14 years, before beginning her catering business, serving the local area until her retirement in 2013. Surviving are her husband, Henry J. Kallal of Jerseyville; a daughter, Lisa Kallal of London, England; three sons and daughters-in-law, Clint and Andi Kallal of Jerseyville, Curt and Nikki Kallal of Polk City, Iowa, and Luke Kallal and Lauren Pegue of Jerseyville; seven grandchildren; a sister, Mary Kay Ankney of Springfield, Oregon; and two brothers, Jim Ankney of Sheridan, Wyoming, and Leo Ankeny of Decker, Montana. *[I was able to find her recipe for potato rolls in my mother's collection of recipe books. Mrs. Ankney gave Mom a copy of Marie's Kitchen Cookbook #2. Found this on page 75. We are so sorry to hear of Marie's passing...she had the most beautiful smile!!]*

### Potato Rolls

- |                                     |                  |
|-------------------------------------|------------------|
| 3 envelopes yeast                   | 1 1/3 cups sugar |
| 2 cups milk                         | 2 tsp. salt      |
| 1 cup water                         | 4 eggs, beaten   |
| 1 1/3 cups margarine                | Flour            |
| 2 cups instant mashed potato flakes |                  |

- Dissolve yeast in lukewarm milk & water.
- Add melted margarine & mashed potato flakes.
- Add sugar, salt & beaten eggs; stir in enough flour to make soft dough.
- Continue stirring in flour until dough is fairly stiff.
- Turn onto lightly floured board; knead until smooth & elastic.
- Place in lightly greased bowl, turning to grease surface.
- Place in warm place & let rise to double in size.
- Shape into rolls or loaves of bread & place in baking pans.
- Let rise until doubled in size.
- Bake rolls at 350 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes.
- Bake loaves of bread at 375 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes.

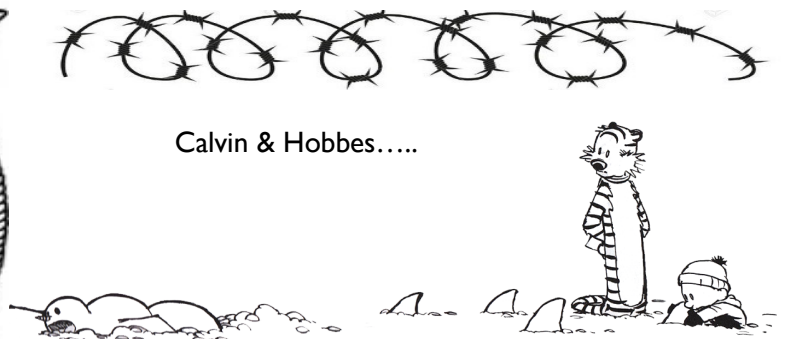


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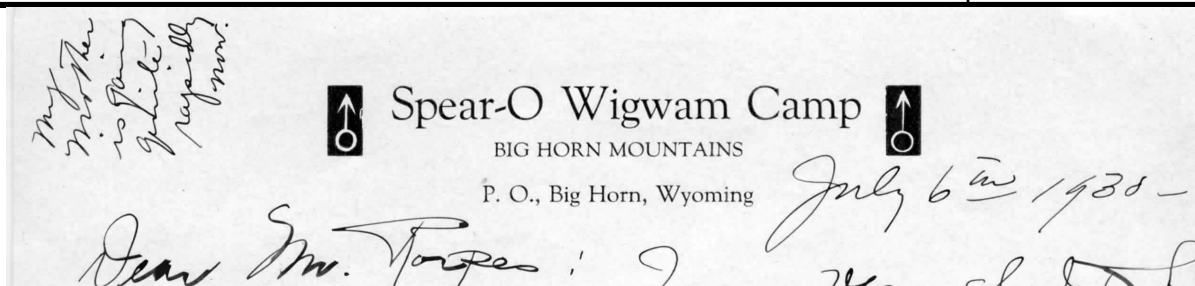
### Upcoming Programs:

- Mar 26: Sheridan Mayors book by  
Michael Dykhorst
- April 23: WWI Veterans by  
Cynde Georgen
- May 21: Big Nose George by  
Dr. Mark Miller

Calvin & Hobbes....







[letter shared by Tempe Johnson Javitz - written by her grandmother Jessamine Spear Johnson - thank you for sharing]

Dear Mr. Rorpes,

July 6th, 1930

I am very glad to hear from you again. And if you will just let me know when the girls will be there and I will take a trip down there & see them and if they should care to make a trip up here or to the Rosebud, I will do all I can to entertain them.

I have been so very busy. Have been up on top since May and this week have made three trips up & down the Mt. in the old Dodge for supplies & furnishings. William had to go over & drive the truck for his father & haul wool to R.R. & salt to the Mts. So I haven't had anyone to drive for me. I've seen my husband just twice in the last two months & then only for a very brief time, but am looking forward to a visit from him this coming week. We are doing so many things up here clearing our 10 acres of brush & dead timber. All the big trees died after a Northern in Feb with Jess's mother in March about 1925 & we've been blowing (dynamiting) & pulling them up. Have about 5 acres cleared around the buildings. Have planted over 200 evergreens around the buildings and built a saddle room house & are rebuilding 6 miles of telephone lines & we should be building a commissary & bunk house soon. It must be done before we leave in the Fall.

It's taking a heap of money and I am telling them all I'll have to sell all my cattle (about 25 head) to pay bills with. I tell the boys & cook I'll just give them cows for wages! They laugh & joke about it, sure. We're all working like Trojans & have ever since we came up.

The family seems to get along very well without me. We have good help at home & having Brad here gives me a honey feeling. He rides all day long, has two horses to use and loves them, crawls up their legs etc. I got him a cowboy Stetson as his little face got so dreadfully sunburned & so sore he just looks dirty all the time. It's feeling now & he's gradually getting clean. We all enjoy him. He says so many cute things, is very amusing. He rides as far as anyone & never yelps. Mr. Benjamin & Mr. Fisher who were with us at Rosebud last year spent two weeks there & then came up here for two weeks with me. They are getting a great thrill out of everything & especially the wonderful fishing. Mr. Benjamin says when he goes home & tells that the bunch brot in 280 fish in one evening they'll tell him he's a liar. We can go up to the Big Horn Reservoir and go out in the boat & get our limit of 30 each in an hour or two. Such nice fat fish.

Mr. Benjamin says Mrs. Larson broke the 18<sup>th</sup> Amendment because she whirled the fish around in the air so long they were drunk before landing them in the boat! I expect to get out often now as I have a 2<sup>nd</sup> woman to do cabin work and maybe I'll go fishing again. I had no luck at all when we first came up. I used to be a good fisherman.

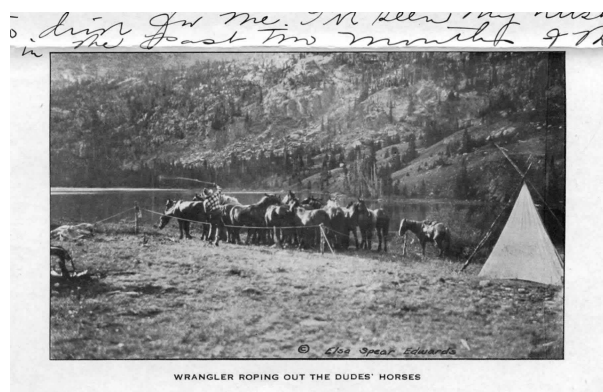
They're all discussing names for the cabins & so I guess I'd better close as we must go to bed & get up early for two parties of guests arrive tomorrow & we've a big washing to do, as a big party just left this evening & every sheet, blanket etc has to be washed for a 4 bed cabin & made ready again for occupancy tomorrow night.

Wish you could come up & see us too. You'd surely enjoy it here beside our rushing stream to sing you to sleep each night.

Sincerely,  
Jessamine Spear Johnson

Side note at top of letter:

My mother is going quite rapidly now.





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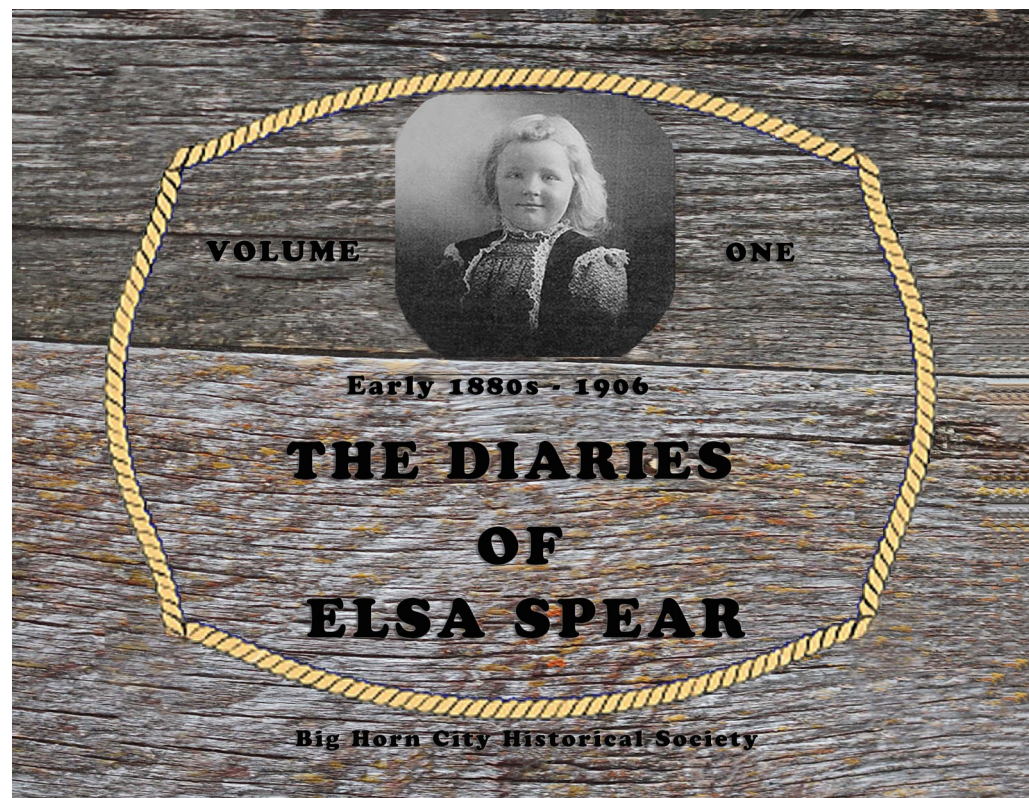
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DUES ARE ALWAYS DUE  
THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor

Would you be interested in  
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## VOLUME ONE~ THE DIARIES of ELSA SPEAR

(includes photos & several family diaries by her grandparents & parents plus many letters) This book has been in the making since 2008.

Over 370 pages  
**AVAILABLE FOR  
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**\$42 {includes tax}**  
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ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

2017

**APRIL 23 - Program**

**CYNDE GEORGEN**



2017 will mark the 100th anniversary of America's entry into World War One. To honor the event, the Trail End State Historic Site will feature a two-year exhibit exploring what life was like in small-town America during this "war to end all wars."

The main way people got their war news in 1917 was through newspapers and magazines. In addition to wire stories and editorials, papers soon began publishing the letters written home by local soldiers and sailors. These letters told deeply personal stories that the national news writers were often unable to capture.

Preparatory to the opening of their new exhibit, Trail End Site Superintendent Cynde Georgen will present excerpts from these letters to the Big Horn City Historical Society. Some were written at training camps, others at the front or aboard ship, and still others at recovery hospitals. All give insight into how farmers, cowboys and clerks from small western towns dealt with the hardship of a war being fought so very far from home

The photo is of some of the soldiers and sailors from Sheridan County who served during World War One. Dozens of them sent letters home which were published in local newspapers.



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

**Thank you.**





### The Sheridan Press 1941 summer edition:

**Our 1941 Cover:** The graphic picture on the front cover of this year's Big Horn Mountains Edition, which mirrors life in the Land of the Big Horns, shows Miss Mary Kooi Hurst, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Hurst and queen of the 1941 Sheridan-Wyo-Rodeo, reclining at ease in the only world that is "West of Worry." Even the picture, which was snapped by the famed photographer - Stan Kershaw of Cody - is a friendly invitation to every American to visit the country where peace still abides.

(She is the cousin of Alan Simpson)

**Below:** Boys fishing in the Kendrick park fountain pool.



## EARLY DAYS IN SHERIDAN By Elsa Spear

Dick Reed, Sr. came to Sheridan from Missouri in 1882. He helped Jack Dow, when he was surveying the town site of Sheridan and the laying out of the streets. Mr. Reed built the first hotel, the old Grand Central. It was an imposing structure for the new town, being two stories with nine rooms. This building was on the site of the present Keenan building. The erection of this hostelry was a gigantic task. The lumber was cut and hauled from the Prairie Dog mill while the fixtures and glass windows were brought by stage over 300 miles from Rock Creek.

A grand ball was given for the opening of the hotel, July 3, 1883. Mr. Reed scoured the country for turkeys and finally procured four by paying sixty dollars for them. Bear meat was more easily obtained. The guests were charged five dollars each for all the pleasures of the evening, eating and drinking. The flower of Sheridan society attended, all seventeen women with about sixty five men. The ladies ages varied from sixty years down to ten, but each was a belle, and was followed by a train of admirers. Dancing began at 5 o'clock and lasted until 10 A.M. the next day.

With such a vigorous house warming the new hotel could not help to be a success, but one catastrophe occurred soon. The cherished windows, which were the pride of the hotel, were all demolished by a hail storm. There was no more glass this side of Rock Creek. From that time on thru the summer the hotel was short of bedding, because all the blankets were in use in keeping out the wind.

Dick Reed was the first marshal of Sheridan but was faced with a great difficulty; he had a gun and a pair of handcuffs but no jail. He could arrest all the people he chose to, but he hadn't any court to try them and no place to put them. The first man arrested was imprisoned in the livery stable. The arrest occurred at a dance given in honor of the opening of Burgess Hall on the banks of Big Goose Creek. Charley Morris, a gentleman of energy and temper, became excited during the festivities and beat up some of the town's prominent citizens. The dancers complained so Frank Canton, Sheriff of Johnson Co., of which Sheridan was then a part, ordered Reed to arrest him. Reed carried out the order but found this was a minor part. He finally incarcerated the prisoner in the livery stable but the belligerent Mr. Morris escaped. Nearly a year later Reed ran across Morris, who was punching cows for the P.K. outfit. He informed Morris he was still under arrest. Morris amiably accompanied him back to town. The spring floods were raging. Little Goose Creek was impossible to cross to the home of Justice of the Peace, George Brundage. Reed and his prisoner created such an uproar that Mr. Brundage rushed out to see the excitement. By much shouting Reed conveyed to him the glad tidings that the first prisoner was once more under arrest, and that Sheridan's first trial was to begin. The Justice lifted his voice above the thunder of the water and bellowed the verdict, "Fine him ten dollars and costs." The Marshall then took Morris back to the P.K. Ranch, where the money to pay the fine was borrowed and the men parted as warm friends. The county commissioners decided to let Brundage build a calaboose for Reed and gave him \$1387.00. This jail stood on Court House Hill.





Jack Dow at left. His father was Cuthbertson (Bert) Dow and his grandfather was Jack Dow Sr. (pictured on page 6 & the surveyor mentioned on page 3.) This instrument at left, a transit, was used by Jack Dow Sr. when he surveyed much of the early towns, roads and streets in Sheridan county in the late 1800s.



**The Blaney Family. Back-Gordon, Sam and Dan. Front-Frank, Clora Belle, Mattie, Edith and Ralph.**

We want to send Maurine Badgett, 'Get Well' wishes. She has been in the hospital and hopes to be home soon. (She is always at our meetings to set up and clean up afterward.) Maurine ~ Thank you for all your hard work over the years !!

If you wish to send her a card, her address is:

1350 N. Main - Sheridan WY 82801

(above: Maurine's mother was Edith Blaney Badgett ~ the young lady second from the right.)

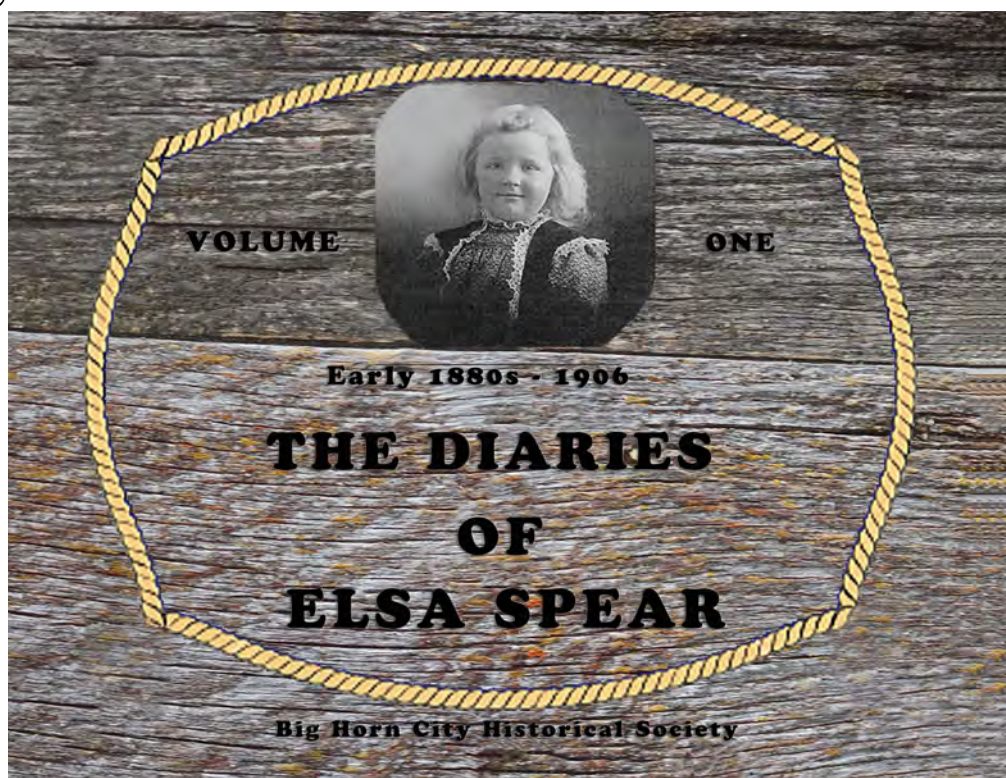


# OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHIES GO OUT TO: KERMIT & SANDI ZILER

Kermit's father, Laurence, recently passed away on February 24th. He was born November 21, 1921 in Huntley, Montana. He grew up in Montana. Laurence married Dena Moore on August 29, 1942. He enlisted in WWII in December 1943. He served in England and France until December 1945.

They farmed near Hardin; raising wheat, cattle, hogs and five children. He began working for Holly Sugar in the 1950s and continued until 1972 when he took a transfer to Torrington, WY & then to Sidney, MT where he worked until retiring in 1984. They enjoyed square dancing and after retirement spent winters in Mesa, AZ. He is survived by his wife of 74 years, four children, twelve grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his parents, twelve siblings and one daughter.

(This editor was amazed to see this couple had been married 74 years ~ just short of 75 !!! I do believe this is the longest that I have ever heard of a couple being married. Does anyone else know of a couple being married this long?)



## VOLUME ONE~ THE DIARIES of ELSA SPEAR

(includes photos & several family diaries by her grandparents & parents plus many letters) Over 370 pages

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Dandelions ~ Fact = 100 species known to exist + found on every continent + used as food almost since the beginning of time. Also known as ~ swine snort, bitterwort, Irish daisy, Priest's Crown & cankerwort. Each of the bright yellow petals is actually an individual flower that will produce a fruit - or seed - and a seed can travel 5 miles before it finally reaches the ground. Sometimes the roots can reach up to 15 feet underground. (found in TIDBITS)



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DUES ARE ALWAYS DUE  
THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor

Would you be interested in  
receiving your newsletter via  
email? In color? Send an email to:  
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Jack & Helen Dow - (she was commonly known as Auntie Dow) He is mentioned on page 3.





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ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

2017

**NOTE: next meeting will be one week early~MAY 21 - Program by DR. MARK MILLER**

**“Big Nose George: On the Cold Trail of an Outlaw”**



In 1878, a gang of outlaws from the Powder River country entered Carbon County, attempted a train robbery, and subsequently perpetrated the cold blooded murder of two law enforcement officers. Big Nose George Parrott (at left) was a principal figure in the gang and successfully avoided justice for the crime until 1880 when he was arrested in Montana. This program discusses the crime, events leading up to it, and the aftermath.

Dr. Mark E. Miller is retired Wyoming State Archaeologist, having served in that position for 30 years. He grew up on his family ranch in Carbon County begun by his great-grandfather, Ike C. Miller.

Ike was Carbon County sheriff at the time Big Nose George was hanged in Rawlins by a group of angry citizens.



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**Thank you.**



Thank you to Tempe Johnson Javitz for sharing the diary of Jessamine Spear's first year (1886) written by Jessamine's mother Virginia. It was written as if baby Jessamine wrote it herself. I found it not only educational about early Big Horn Pioneers but very entertaining. Tempe just recently found this and we hope you all will enjoy it. Since this is the last newsletter this spring I will try to remember to include the rest of the entries next fall. Thank you Sandi Workman Ziler for re-typing this for our newsletter.

" DIARY OF A PIONEER BABY."

Saturday ,September 11th. 1886; Little Goose Creek, one mile and a half above  
BIG HORN CITY, Johnson County, WYOMING TERRITORY.

"DIARY OF A PIONEER BABY"

Saturday, September 11<sup>th</sup>, 1886; Little Goose Creek, one mile and a half above BIG HORN CITY, Johnson County, WYOMING TERRITORY. I am a little girl Baby with black hair and blue eyes, and I weigh 8 ½ lbs. dressed. I arrived in this territory at 15 minutes of two o'clock P.M. and as I like the looks of the country, I guess I'll stay awhile. I heard Papa say, "We'll call her Peggy" and then Grandma Benton took me into the little back room, and washed and dressed me, and brought me back for Mama to look at and asked what I should be named and Mamma said "Hannah Jane" for my two grandmas and they all laughed and then she said, "Call her SYLVIA" and Papa said "that was not a substantial name, it was too soft", so I don't know what I'll be called. Grandpa Benton came and said I was "a Spear of Grass". Grandma Spear said she "knew I was a girl for I had such pretty little hands."

Sunday, Sept. 12<sup>th</sup>.

Grandpa and Grandma Spear came to see me today, and Grandpa said "there was no need to tell him I was a girl, for he knew it as soon as he saw what a long tongue I had".

Monday, September 13<sup>th</sup>.

Aunt Mary Wood and Cousin Clyde came to see me today and Aunt Mary said I "look like Willie and Belle both", Clyde said "he would rather have the Kittens than me".

Friday, Sept. 17<sup>th</sup>.

Uncle John and Aunt Martha and cousins Earle and Roy came to see me to-night. Aunt Martha said "I am going to be a real pretty baby after awhile", and I feel greatly encouraged.

Saturday, Sept. 18<sup>th</sup>.

Mrs. Hurlburt came to see me today and said I was a very nice Baby.

Sunday, Sept. 19<sup>th</sup>.

Papa picked me up today and showed me to a great big man, he called "Charley Oser" and told him to see what a fine girl he had. He was an old bachelor I guess for he just looked silly and said, "There's lots of girls this year". After he went away, Uncle Kinney & Aunt Mary Wood & Cousin Harry & Grandma Spear came to see me, and thought I had grown "an awful sight", but I haven't, for I don't weight a mite more.

Wednesday, Sept. 22<sup>nd</sup>.

I wonder how many cousins I have got? Ray & Harry Wood came to see me today & almost looked me out of countenance. Ray held me a little but was afraid of me, I guess, for when I whimpered a little he put me down again.

Thursday, Sept. 23<sup>rd</sup>.

Grandpa & Grandma Benton went visiting this morning and Grandma Spear, Guy, Ray & Harry Wood came up again, and just as they went away, Mrs. Brennan & Mrs. Adams, and when I woke up, Mrs. Adams said, "O she is the very picture of Willis". I never saw a child looks so much like a grown person." And after awhile, she said she thought I would be dark eyed and complected and not at all fair, but I'll show her some day. And when Grandma came back

and asked what she thot of me, she said she didn't dare to say I was handsome for fear my Papa would be so stuck up, no-body could get near him!

Thursday, Sept. 30<sup>th</sup>.

Grandpa & Grandma Benton took me and Mama down to Grandpa Spear's today to stay till Papa gets thru threshing, and I think it's too bad that I can't have Grandma to wash & dress me any more, she is lots more comfortable to sit with than Mama. A man came in, named Mr. Austin, and looked at me & said, "She looks just like Belle." I wonder if I do?

October 1<sup>st</sup>.

Grandma Spear, Mamma & I took a ride today. I slept most all the time. We went to Big Horn and Elder Jennings and Miss Hallie Coffeen came out to see me "the baby". They uncovered my head, but couldn't see my face, and Miss Hallie said, "OH ain't it little". But I guess I'm pretty good sized anyway, I am going to get weighed again some day.

Sunday, Oct. 3<sup>rd</sup>.

Uncle Kinnie, Aunt Mary and cousins, Frank & Clyde came today. They made an awful racket but I didn't mind it at all.

Friday, Oct. 8<sup>th</sup>.

Grandma Spear & Mama & I went to town again & Grandma took me into Mr. Coffeen's Store, and laid me on the counter, & everybody came & stared at me. & made remarks about me. & said I was "awful cute" and a lady they called Mrs. Hanna was there & had a little baby, a good deal larger than me that she called "Tressy" and asked what my name was, & Mamma said "SYLVIA" and Mrs. Hanna chirruped to me and said "How do you do Miss Sylvia? But I just stared at her, 'cause I couldn't say any thing and Mrs. Coffeen thot Sylvia was a hard name to speak, I don't know why.

Sat. Oct. 9<sup>th</sup>.

Mr. Austin asked what my name was the other day, said his wife wanted to know & Mamma told him to tell her it was "Hannah Jane" & they all laughed & now he says he is always going to call me Hannah. Mrs. Laura Burgess came up today, & when Grandma took me up, I just held up my head as straight as anybody & looked around & Mrs. Burgess said "Well I'll declare Wyoming Babies are the smartest babies I have seen yet."

Monday October 11<sup>th</sup>.

I am one month old today and I weigh 12 pounds. I guess I am growing some.

Tuesday, Oct. 12<sup>th</sup>.

This morning a great big boy came in and shook hands with me. They called him Paul Willits. He was very friendly, but I didn't get much acquainted with him he went away so soon.

Sat. Oct. 16<sup>th</sup>.

This morning an old gentleman that Mamma called Mr. Hayes, came here and wanted to know if I was some of Mama's property, & thot I was an awful big baby, for such a little mamma, and said my eyes were most as blue as his were when he was a baby. Papa and Uncle Dock came home tonight.

Sunday October 17<sup>th</sup>.

Papa, Mamma, & I took a ride today & when we came back & went into the sitting room we heard some one out in the kitchen saying "Every woman knows her baby is the smartest". And somebody else said "well, so far as I'm concerned I can't see a bit of difference between one baby and another. They all look alike to me" and Mamma rushed to the door and said "Mr. McCormick don't you dare talk that way or I won't vote for you" & she picked me up & took me out there & showed me to a great tall man in an overcoat, & Hat, & I just made a face at him, & he just laughed as hard as he could & ran off, & another man, they called Mr. Lewis, said "Give him to me" & Grandma told him I was a girl, & he said "well she looks like a boy, she is just the picture of Billy."

Wed. Oct. 20<sup>th</sup>.

Grandpa Benton came today and Mama & I went to town with him, & Mr. Sackett came and looked at me, & said I was a "nice healthy looking baby."

Sunday, Oct. 24<sup>th</sup>.

Two young men came this evening & one of them, that they called Tom Fisher said, "Hello! You've found something have you?" and he looked at me & said "oh ain't she cute".

Monday Oct. 25<sup>th</sup>.

Uncle Dock took Mama & me for a ride this morning. We went down to Mr. McCormicks and saw Miss Jane Shaeffer, & when we came back, we went into Mr. Sacketts, and Mr. Frank Martin came & wanted to see me. But when he looked at me, he said "all babies look alike" & Mamma told him she would know me "from any other baby." There were lots of men here today to help thresh and the doors were open so much I took cold & had the colic.

Tuesday, Oct. 26<sup>th</sup>.

Papa was holding me this morning and Mr. Noud Watts came in & said it wasn't often that he got struck on a baby, but he thot I was a mighty fine one. I guess he is running for some office. Mr. Culver & Mr. Evans were here today to electioners and some wondered if they would kiss the baby, & Mamma said they shouldn't if they drank whiskey, or chewed tobacco. Papa showed me to them & they said I was a very fine baby.

Friday, Oct. 29<sup>th</sup>.

Grandpa, Mamma & I started up to see Aunt Mary this morning & drove Charger & Mabel & they balked going up the hill and broke the doubletrees, so Grandpa put the shafts in & drove Mabel alone and they said I was so heavy that the horses couldn't pull us up the Hill.

Saturday, Oct. 30<sup>th</sup>.

Mr. and Mrs. Sackett and Mrs. Robinson, Sula, & Ross, came today. Sula held me a little while. Ross is just three months older than I am. & is a real pretty boy & he kissed me twice. I guess he fell in love with me.

Sunday, Oct. 31<sup>st</sup>.

Papa, Mamma & I went to Mrs. Dow's this morning. Met Uncle Frank & Aunt Ollie in town and they thot "I looked just like a "Spear". Everybody thinks I'm awful large of my age. Tuesday, Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup>.

Today all the folks went down town to vote – I wonder when I can vote? Everybody wanted to see me and when we went to the store, Mrs. Wilkerson & her daughter, Mrs. Canton said I looked like Mamma's folks and when we were in the Hotel, Mrs. Snider Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Alice Skinner & several others came to look at me & all talked at once, so I couldn't tell what they did say. Then we went to Mrs. Robinson's, & Mrs. Jackson held me while a lot more looked at me. I wonder what makes me such a curiosity to folks?

Wednesday, Nov. 3<sup>rd</sup>.

Mama washed today & I just slept till she got thru. Grandpa calls me all sorts of funny names, like Samantha Ann, Eliza Jane, Josephine, & two or three dozens more that I haven't time to write about.

Thursday, Nov. 11<sup>th</sup>.

I am two months old today and weight 14 ½ pounds.

Sat. Nov. 13<sup>th</sup>.

Mr. Manning came in today, when I was crying for Mama to take me & said, Well he's quite a noisy feller ain't he? And Mama said, "I think SHE is sometimes" & he said he thot Grandpa told him I was a Boy, anyway I look like a boy!"

Thursday, Nov. 18<sup>th</sup> 1886

Papa & Mamma were married a year ago today but I can't see that it's any different from other days, & I slept most all day.

Friday, Nov. 19<sup>th</sup>.

Papa went away Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> & did not get back till tonight; I did not know him of Course.

(Mrs. Canton was the wife of THE Frank Canton of the Johnson County Cattle War. They were married in Big Horn & lived here for awhile.) [ To be continued next newsletter - JS editor ]



### You Arx A Kxy Mxbxr

Xvxn though my typxwritxr is an old modxl, it works quitx wxll xxcxpt for onx of thx kxys. I wishd many timxs that it workd pxxfxctly. It is trux that thxrx axr 48 kxys that function wxll, but that onx kxy not working, makxs a diffxxncx.

Somxtimxsit sxxms to mx that an organization's program is somx what likx my typxwritxr; not all thx kzy mzmxbxrs arx working propzrly.

You may say to yoursxlf, "Wxll, I am only onx pxrson. I won't makx or brxak thx group." But it doxs makx a diffxxncx, bxcausx a group, to bx xffxctivx, nxxds thx activx participation of xvxy mxmxbxr.

So, thx nxxt timx you turn down an opportunity to participatx, rxmxxmxbxr my typxwritxr, and say to yoursxlf, "I am a kxy pxrson in this society and xspxxcially in my group, and I am nxxdxd vxry much."

**An appropriatx rxsolution to makx today? (Borrowxd)**

*[found in Mom's papers typed on an old typewriter.... JS]*

### **We need your help!!!**

**The Bozeman Trail Museum needs to be cleaned and displays need to be ready for the summer season. We need your help**

**May 20th @ 9 AM**

**until we finish. We will have lunch at the Big Horn Smokehouse.**

**Also, in order for us to keep the museum open this summer,  
we need your help on Saturdays and Sundays:**

**11:00 to 4:00 (that is only 5 hours per volunteer)**

**Please call Mona Brown @ 672-6447 or 751-5741 to schedule your weekend.**

**THANK YOU !!! Chris Morton will help us again several days this summer but  
we do need more volunteers !!!**

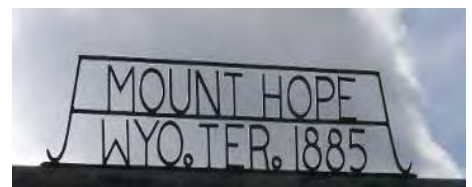
**DONATIONS FOR MT. HOPE CEMETERY ~** The Board is requesting donations to assist with lawn mowing, grave leveling, trash removal, painting, & other on going expenses. We also place flags on every veteran's grave. We have approximately 100 veteran's. We do not receive funds from the county or the state.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

**THANK YOU FOR YOUR GENEROUSITY !!!**

**Please make YOUR tax deductible donations to :**

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

**Memo on check: Mt. Hope Cemetery Fund**





blacksmithshop@wyoming.com

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

## FIRST CLASS MAIL

ANNUAL

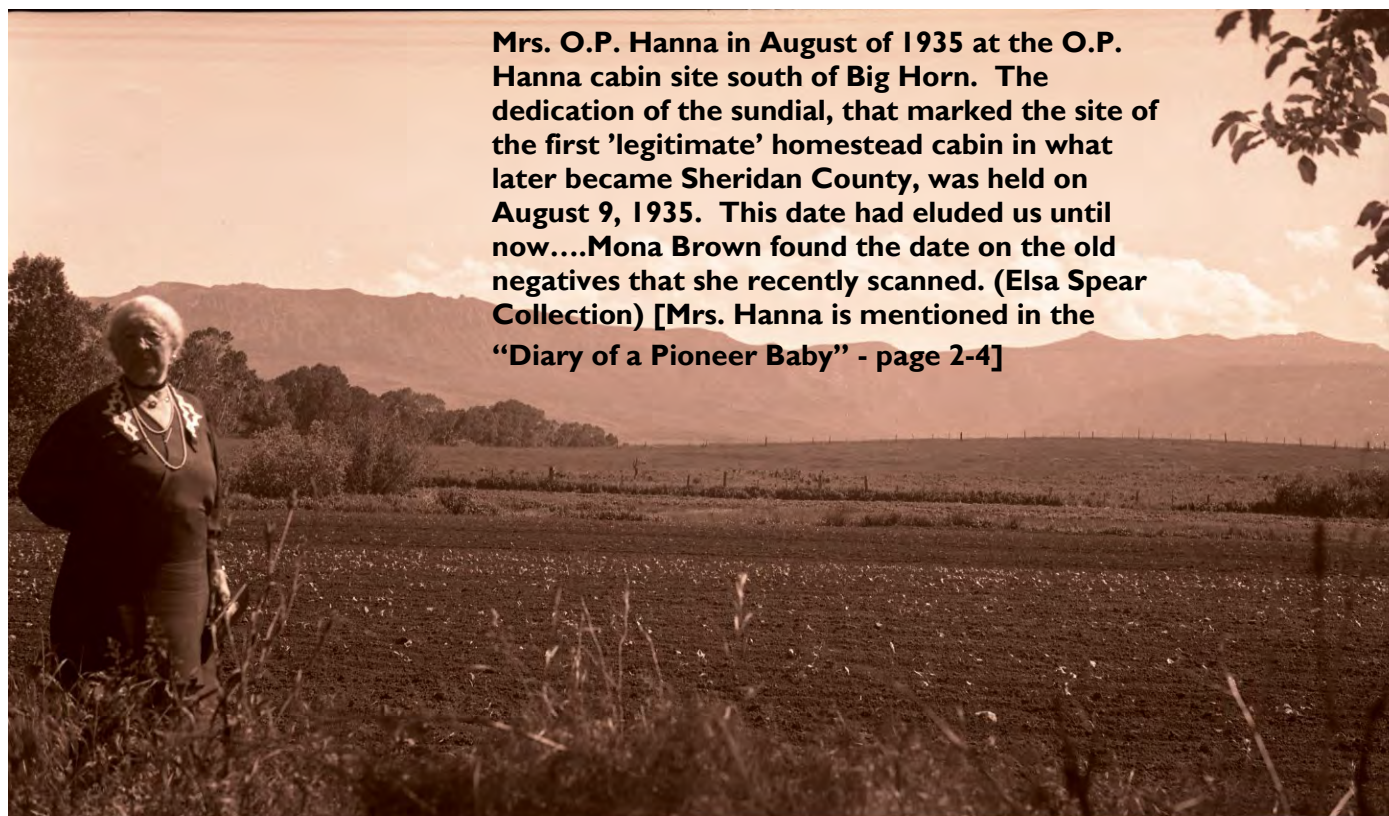
### MEMBERSHIP DUES:

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

DUES ARE ALWAYS DUE  
THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor

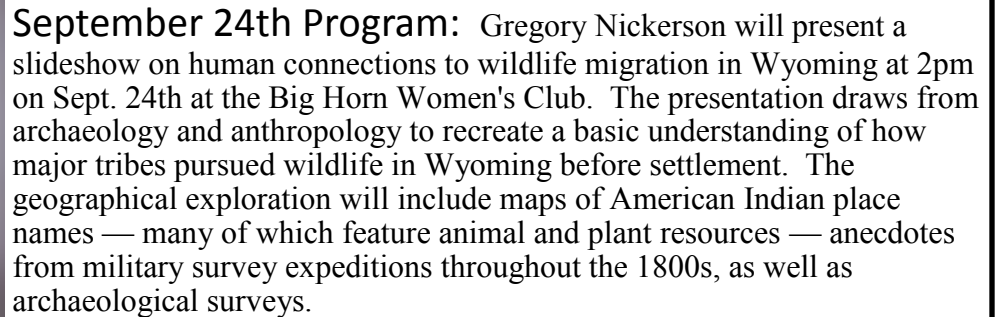
Would you be interested in  
receiving your newsletter via  
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Mrs. O.P. Hanna in August of 1935 at the O.P. Hanna cabin site south of Big Horn. The dedication of the sundial, that marked the site of the first 'legitimate' homestead cabin in what later became Sheridan County, was held on August 9, 1935. This date had eluded us until now....Mona Brown found the date on the old negatives that she recently scanned. (Elsa Spear Collection) [Mrs. Hanna is mentioned in the "Diary of a Pioneer Baby" - page 2-4]



2017



game migrations, map corridors, and share that information with the public. He is a contributor to the *Atlas of Wildlife Migration*, a reference book due out in 2018. Greg is a Big Horn High School alumni from the class of 2000. Learn more at [www.migrationinitiative.org](http://www.migrationinitiative.org) or view his video series on the archaeology of migration at Facebook.com/migrationinitiative

Credit on map image:  
*Atlas of Wildlife Migration: Wyoming's Ungulates*, (in production) Oregon State University Press. ©2018 University of Wyoming and University of Oregon.



## DUES ARE DUE

**Check your mailing label for due date. Judy will send an email to those who receive newsletter via internet. See back page for membership prices ~ BHCHS ~ PO Box 566 ~ Big Horn WY 82833**

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

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

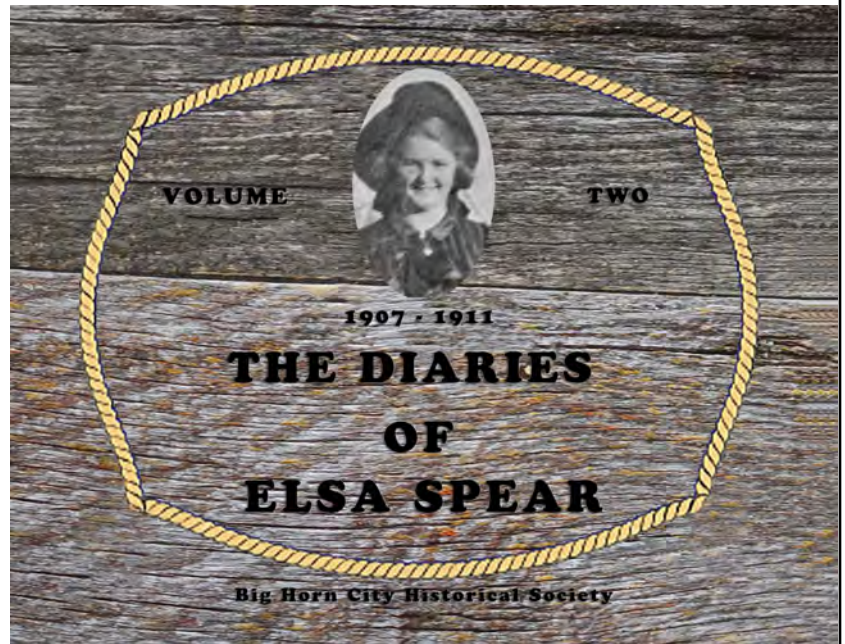
**Carry In Pot Luck Lunch starting @ 1:00 with Program to follow @ 2:00.**

**Thank you.**



**ORDER Our next publication —  
VOLUME TWO: THE DIARIES  
OF  
ELSA SPEAR  
1907 - 1911**

**Which includes the 2 week  
1911 pack trip that included  
34 people & 57 horses  
\$40 plus \$5 postage/book  
OR \$60 for the set of  
Volume One + Volume Two**



**OLIVER PERRY HANNA'S CABIN SITE ~~  
SIGNS HAVE BEEN INSTALLED**

**Next year will mark the 140th anniversary of OP Hanna building his cabin. We greatly appreciate Jean Mills and her nephew Scot Curry for allowing us to install the educational signs marking this historic site. The site marks the location of the first 'legitimate' pioneer homestead in what later became Sheridan County.**

**This has been a cooperative project with the  
Daughters of the American Revolution.**



**DONATIONS FOR MT. HOPE CEMETERY ~** The Board wishes to thank all the donors who gave to the cemetery this summer. **THANK YOU FOR YOUR GENEROUSITY !!!**

**We want to thank Dennis Reher, Richard Garber and Paul Garber for helping mow the lawn and re-installing the sign. A special thank you to Steve Bourne and his veteran friends for putting out the flags on Memorial Day weekend. Thank you to John Berry and Mona Brown for their help as well with the flags and the painting of the shelter.**

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



# PUBLIC SALE

Having sold my ranch, I will sell at Public Auction, at the Dick Parker ranch at Big Horn, commencing at 10:30 A. M., on

## Thurs., Sept. 17, 1942

THE FOLLOWING:

### 59 - HEAD CATTLE - 59

11 milch cows (1 fresh 4-year-old Guernsey, 2 young Jersey cows--fresh, 4 Short-horn springer cows, 4 Holsteins). 5 two-year-old heifers, 9 yearling heifers, 1 dry fat cow, 2 three-year-old steers, 5 two-year-old steers, 6 yearling steers, 2 Short-horn cows, 17 mixed calves, 1 Jersey calf.

### 10 - HEAD HORSES - 10

Buckskin gelding, 8 years old, wt. 1600 lbs; bay gelding, 4 years old, wt. 1450 lbs; 6-year-old roan mare, wt. 1600; black mare, wt. 1400 lbs., smooth; smooth-mouth saddle horse, gentle for kids; span 6-year-old geldings, wt. 2900 lbs; black 6-year-old gelding, wt. 1400 lbs; 5-year-old mare with colt.

### 150 - SHEEP - 150

50 yearling and 2-year-old Hampshire ewes; 50 yearling and 2-year-old Corriedale ewes; 15 Hampshire ewe lambs; 10 Corriedale ewe lambs; 7 yearling Rambouillet ewes; 18 range ewes. (These sheep are well bred and have been selling both rams and ewes from this flock for breeders. Will be sold in lots to suit the buyers).

### HOGS & CHICKENS

Sow, wt. 250 lbs; 15 weaner pigs; 5-doz. Leghorn pullets; 6 Guineas.

### MACHINERY

Manure spreader, 3-sec. harrow, renovator, wagon and rack, McCormick-Deering mower, sulky rake, buck rake, 2-way disc plow, P&O 2-way Moleboard plow, 2 sets harness (1 almost new), saddle, and a lot of odds and ends and small tools that go with a cleanup sale. SOME HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

NOTE: 40 HEAD OF THE CATTLE LISTED BELONGS TO DARLINGTON AND HOLMES, AND RUN MOSTLY TO SHORTHORNS.

Lunch served by the Community Circle.

TERMS: CASH

## Parker, Darlington & Holmes, Owners

W. O. Landen & Wm. Sand, Auctioneers

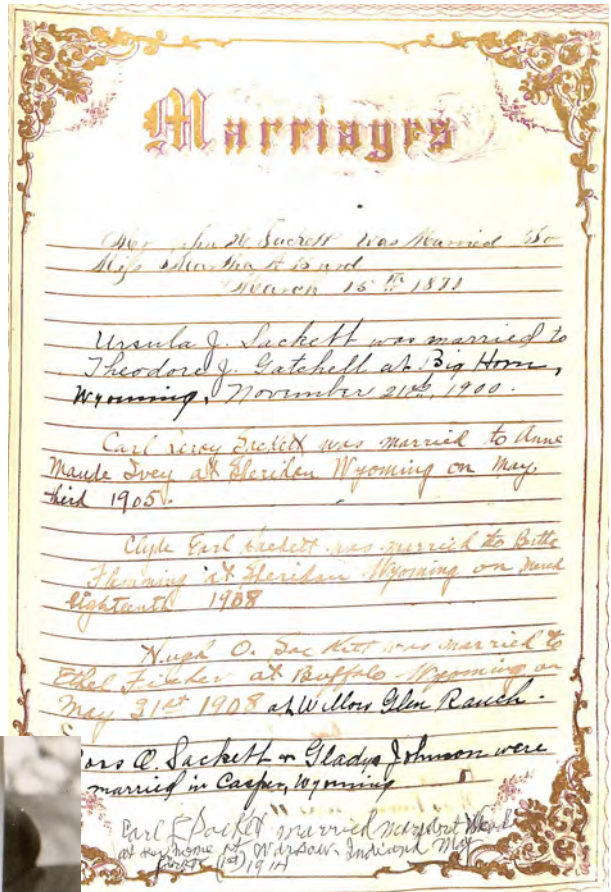
A. R. Crandall, Clerk

Quick Print Sheridan, Wyo.

Thank you to the families who donated items to the museum:

**Parker (donors Bethel & Karol Bodine)**

A sample from the scrapbook at left. Note: this is a poster of the auction held at the Dick Parker ranch with Jerry Landen's father as the auctioneer.



**Sackett (donor Mrs. Carl Sackett)**  
Above: a page from the John Henry Sackett bible marking the Sackett family marriages.

**Skinner (donor Tom Harper)**  
Photos from the collection include: Maude Skinner Langheldt at left with her brother Fred holding Maude's daughter Mary (Mary Langheldt Harper)



Thank you to Tempe Johnson Javitz for sharing the diary of Jessamine Spear's first year (1886) written by Jessamine's mother Virginia. It was written as if baby Jessamine wrote it herself. I found it not only educational about early Big Horn Pioneers but very entertaining. Thank you Sandi Workman Ziler for re-typing this for our newsletter. (continued from the May newsletter - JS editor)

### "DIARY OF A PIONEER BABY"

Friday, Nov. 19<sup>th</sup>.

Papa went away Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> & did not get back till tonight; I did not know him of Course.

(Mrs. Canton was the wife of THE Frank Canton of the Johnson County Cattle War. They were married in Big Horn & lived here for awhile.)

Friday, Nov. 19<sup>th</sup>.

Papa went away Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> & did not get back till tonight; I did not know him of Course.

Sat. Nov. 20<sup>th</sup>.

Papa went to Sheridan and Uncle Frank came back with him. While they were eating Supper Uncle Frank asked what my name was and Mama said "Sylvia" and he said that was a dime novel name & mama said she never read a novel with that name in it.

Tues. Nov. 23<sup>rd</sup>.

Grandpa moved us all into his new house. It don't look much like the place we have been staying in. It is something new for me to look at.

Wed. Nov. 24<sup>th</sup>.

Papa, Mama & I went to town this afternoon & went into Sackett's Store. Saw Uncle Frank again. Mr. Tom Tynan came to the Stove to warm his hands & clapped them together and I thot he was trying to play with me & I laughed, & he said I was quite a smart baby.

Sunday Nov. 28<sup>th</sup>.

Papa & Mama went to Meeting this morning and left me with Grandpa & Grandma and I just had a good time. Papa & Uncle Dock brought the organ down in the afternoon and it was very interesting to me to listen to the music for awhile.

Mon. Nov. 29<sup>th</sup>.

Mr. Brooks came tonight, & said a lot more stuff about being a fine baby. I'm very good natured I know, but I don't see what there is remarkable about that.

Thurs. Dec. 2<sup>nd</sup>.

Another young fellow came here today and had a good deal to say about me. He said I was the nicest and smartest baby he had ever seen. His name was Fred Willis.

Sat. Dec. 4<sup>th</sup>.

I am twelve weeks old today & weigh 16 pounds. Papa got thru threshing today & I guess I will have time to get acquainted with him Now. [threshing in December?? JS]

Sunday Dec. 5<sup>th</sup>

Papa, Mama & I went up to see Grandpa & Grandma Benton today and I saw five little Cousins, Earle, Roy, Nora, George and "Snicklefritz" (Frank) & I guess Sylvia is as nice a name as that anyhow. Nora must have thot I was a pretty nice Baby, for she wanted to hold me all the time. (to be continued in next newsletter - JS )





**MEET THE BHCHS BOARD :****President - Mike Kuzara**

"Better late than never" applies to me, I guess. When I think back on all the things I saw melt into the landscape or become broken or destroyed that **SHOULD HAVE** been saved, it makes me want to cry. That's why I'm so interested in staying active in preserving our heritage. I think our small group has accomplished large things and future generations will thank us over and over for our efforts.

**Vice President - Claiborne K. ("Clay") Rowley**

I was born in Sheridan, Wyoming and raised on a cattle ranch north of Arvada, Wyoming that was started by my grandparents in 1892. I became a mining geologist largely involved in uranium exploration and production in Wyoming. I've also evaluated numerous mineral occurrences throughout the western U.S.A. A favorite memory was a ride in an Alaska Railroad dome car enjoying a continuous view of a beautiful state. The train made numerous stops, and side trips to Mt. McKinley and the Arctic Circle were highlights. Another train trip on the narrow gauge track from

Durango to Silverton took us along a stream through beautiful untouched mountain scenery. Fishing for walleyes in White Lake, Ontario followed by cooking and eating them on shore is a fond memory. Finding two perfect bird-sized arrowheads in the ghost town of Bodie, California was unexpected. My wife and I manage the ranch property where I was raised as a rental property. Coalbed methane natural gas development and production on the ranch has required considerable attention during the last twelve years. I've always had an interest in American history, and especially Wyoming and local history. Being involved with the Big Horn City Historical Society is a pleasure.

**Program Chairperson - Elaine Hilman**

We had a memorable summer and passed some milestones. Zane had his 90th birthday and I and my 85th (same day). Our granddaughters gave us a birthday party with 20 friends and relatives. Also this year will be our 66th wedding anniversary.

Then on July 1st our granddaughter, Kayla, was married to John Boam at our place with about 150 guests from 11 states. It started with a chuck wagon rehearsal dinner. A friend of John's family brought up his chuck wagon from Glenrock and prepared a delicious supper. Then the next day was the wedding. The dancing and fun went on till 2am. This was the 6th wedding at our place.

**Correspondence Secretary - Polly Hill**

I have been married for 56 years. We have two children and four grandchildren. My husband was an elementary teacher and then a sales/service rep for mining equipment. I was born and grew up in Minneapolis, MN. I have a twin sister (I am the oldest)! I received my nursing education from Macalester College in St. Paul, MN and was a working R.N. for 46 years. My career was very fulfilling...not everyone gets to deliver a baby or shock a heart back to life! I enjoy various kinds of needlework and read a fair amount of books. I have also lived in Hibbing MN and Bozeman MT. We have lived in BEAUTIFUL Sheridan since 1984.

**Treasurer - Mona Coates Brown**

I grew up in and around Big Horn through my freshman year of school, then was at Colstrip, MT and graduated from Livingston, MT. I then spent the next 37 years in Washington State, three years in Spokane, ten years in Seattle, thirteen years in Vancouver, ten years on Orcas Island in the San Juan Islands and the last year at Anacortes.

Over the 37 years I worked for a manufacturing company as a bookkeeper, parts manager, shipping clerk, and warehouse manager where I loaded the big trucks with equipment; bookkeeper, office manager and dispatcher on call 24/7 for a trucking company; service cashier, bookkeeper, payroll clerk, title clerk, and switchboard operator for several Seattle area auto dealerships; in retail sales for a welding company; controller for a destination marina; and office manger and bookkeeper for the largest construction company in the San Juan Islands.



In 1995, my mother got sick back here in Sheridan. My husband had recently died and my boss on Orcas had retired at 50 years old and we had closed the company so it seemed to be the time to return to Wyoming; which I did in May of that year.

I sewed at A-Stitch-In-Time, was finance manager at Riley Motors, I helped my sister and brother-in-law on their buffalo ranch at Clearmont doing bookkeeping, waiting tables, cleaning cabins, driving the tour bus, regular ranch work and more. I worked for Cosner Construction Co. as bookkeeper and facilitated getting the job cost records computerized. In 2000 I went to Pradere, Mohatt & Rinaldo as bookkeeper for about 30 separate companies. I was there until I retired 10 years later.

Since then I have been fortunate to work with Judy as a paid volunteer in the Wyoming Room at the Fulmer Public Library and with her on the Elsa project as well as other local history projects. Who knew local history could be so interesting and fun?!

I am a widow and I have 2 grown children, Floyd and Monica. My grandchildren are all 4 legged (except for the 3 legged one.)

**Secretary - Patty Gingles**

Hi my name is Patty Gingles and I have been your secretary for the Big Horn City Historical Society for number of years. I grew up in Huntley WY, attended the University of Wyoming and then spent several years all over the country with my husband as he served in the Air Force. After his retirement from the FAA we moved to Story Wyoming and both became intimately involved with various historical groups. History is my passion and I have been so honored to help get the story of our area history out there for everyone to learn & enjoy.

**Museum Director/newsletter editor - Judy Slack**

I am a life-long resident of Big Horn. I enjoy preserving photographs, diaries and our local history. The Elsa Spear collection has been my main focus since 2008. I hope you all will enjoy the latest book covering Elsa's diaries from 1907-1911. My husband John and I have been married 40 years. We have two daughters & 4 grandchildren. Many of you may know that I assisted during the Apollo missions as they passed over Sheridan. Hence, I have been interested in astronomy since attending college. Words can not do justice to the experience of a total eclipse.....we are planning a family trek to see the next one in 2024 !!!!!



{We will feature our meeting helpers in upcoming newsletters....SMILE !!!}



**THANK YOU !!!** Chris Morton for all his time he gave this summer to keep the museum open !!! AND to all our other volunteers who came and hosted our summer visitors: Helen Laumann, Elaine Hilman, Polly Hill, Patty Gingles, Maurine Badgett, Lou Reeves, Mona Brown, Roy & Lenora Scott, Lee Helvey and Mary Ellen McWilliams. We did sell some books and took in some donations. We greatly appreciate everyone's dedication to keep the museum open!!!

**Our sympathies go out to the families of:**

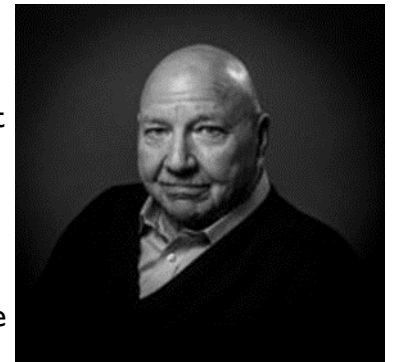
**Karen Garber Dickinson** passed away peacefully in her sleep on February 18, 2017 in Olympia, Washington. Karen was born in Sheridan, Wyoming on May 4, 1940, to Cecil and Sheila Benson Garber of Big Horn, Wyoming. She attended schools in Big Horn, was active in 4-H, and graduated from Big Horn High School in 1958. She is survived by her husband Dick, son Scott and daughter-in-law Qiu-Mei; daughter Andrea and husband Greg, and grandchildren Maxwell and Piper; sisters Linda Garber Townsend of Colusa, California and Nicki Garber Stewart of Fairbanks, Alaska; and several nieces and nephews.



**Ken Kerns**

Ken passed away this past summer. He was one of our most favorite presenters. He was born in 1932. Graduated from high school in 1950. He was married to Georgia Dunham and they lived on the Kerns ranch near Parkman. He served as County Commissioner for several years. He will be missed by the historical community. He was buried on the Kerns ranch next to several of his pioneer family members.

**Jim Wilson** On July 16, 2017 life ended for James Munro Wilson 71, a resident of Big Horn, Wyoming. He was born of parents, John A. and Wilma May Wilson, in Ft Collins, Colorado on March 22, 1946. He was the second of four siblings, John Albert Jr., Charles Stanford., Mary Margaret, and Robert Collin. In December of 1966, Jim married his high school sweetheart, Janet Louise Irwin and they remained married until his death, a union of over 50 years. In the course of their life together, they had two daughters; Maura Elizabeth and Catherine Michelle.



**Robert Miech** Laramie, Wyoming Jul 2, 1936 - Jul 7, 2017 (Age 81)

Robert was born on July 2, 1936 and passed away on Friday, July 7, 2017. Robert was a resident of Wyoming. Bob spent his youth at Ulm going to school through the 8th grade in a one room school house. He graduated from Sheridan High and went on to Sheridan Community College. He is survived by his wife Gayle Rolston Miech and their children and families.

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





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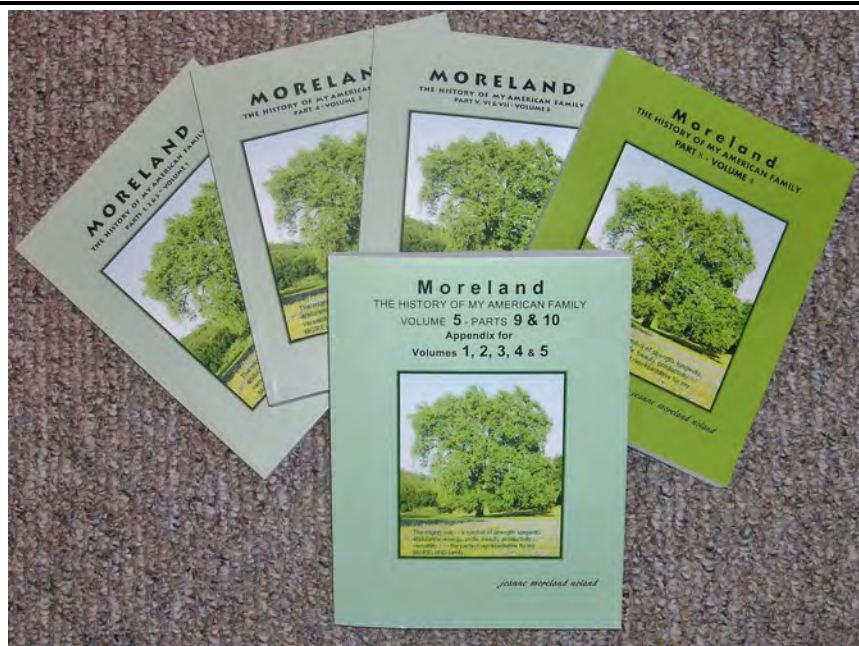
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THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor

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email? In color? Send an email to:  
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**MORELAND HISTORY BOOKS:** This has been an on-going feat for over 40 years, beginning when I first started genealogy searching in the 1970s. In the 1990s my brother, John, encouraged me to write down all of my information and put it into a book form for our families to have. He wanted something simpler to read and understand than genealogical charts. It developed into these five volumes. I was fortunate to have three of my five siblings still living so I was able to interview each of them, thus their biographies are longer, as is mine. Now I am the remaining Moreland sibling. Volume 1 is the story of my g-g-grandfather Andrew #1, my g-grandfather Andrew #2 and my grandfather, John R Moreland. Volume 2 is my parents' bio - John W Sr and Elizabeth "Lizzy" Lane Moreland. Volume 3 is the bios of my three oldest siblings, Mary

Moreland McIntosh, James Cleo Moreland and Melva Moreland Smith. Volume 4 is the bio of brother John W Jr who was the most talkative, therefore he filled the book! Volume 5 is the biography of Wilson and myself, Jeanne Moreland Noland. Volumes 1 and 4 are sold out, but I still have a few copies of Volumes 2 and 3 should anyone be interested. Of course, I have several of V 5 to sell. People can contact me via email:

[jmorenoland@gmail.com](mailto:jmorenoland@gmail.com)



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

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

2017

October 22nd Program: FIRST SHOT IN STAR WARS to be presented by Roy Scott

**Project 437**

In 1962 Douglas Aircraft Company was selected as prime contractor by the U.S. Air Force to design, develop, install and perform demonstration launches and successful satellite intercepts at Johnston island in the Pacific for the first anti-satellite system in history and turn it over to the USAF. Roy Scott was assigned as Supervisor of Technical Operations and Assistant Field Station Manager, responsible for consulting on design of the launch facilities and installation and checkout of those facilities. He was Senior Launch Conductor responsible for development of the launch procedures and conducting the demonstration launches. He had previously been launch conductor for the Corona Spy Satellites at Vandenberg Air Force Base in California for Douglas. On February 14, 1964 he conducted the first launch from the facility and successfully made the world's first satellite intercept, firing the first shot in "Star Wars"!

Presently residing in Story, Mr. Scott graduated from Sheridan High School in 1954 and received a B.S. Degree in Aeronautical Engineering from the University of Colorado in 1958. Upon graduation he worked for Douglas Aircraft Company Missiles and Space Division including the Thor IRBM, Saturn S-IVB Apollo moon booster rocket, USAF SLV-2 booster rocket, NASA Delta rocket, and the Skylab Space Station. From 1969 until her retired in 1990, he was an engineering manager and program manager at Ball Aerospace Systems Division in Boulder, Colorado for various projects including scientific space instruments, spacecraft, and payload accommodations for Space Shuttle and the Space Station.

**HAPPY BELATED BIRTHDAY TO VICTOR GARBER**

**HIS BIRTHDAY — SEPTEMBER 14, 1919**

**{YOU MAY SEND CARDS TO OUR PO BOX & WE CAN DELIVER YOUR CARDS TO VICTOR.}**



**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 @ 2:00.**  
**Thank you.**

Thank you to Tempe Johnson Javitz for sharing the diary of Jessamine Spear's first year (1886) written by Jessamine's mother Virginia. It was written as if baby Jessamine wrote it herself. I found it not only educational about early Big Horn Pioneers but very entertaining. Thank you Sandi Workman Ziler for re-typing this for our newsletter. It is transcribed as written. (continued from the Sept. newsletter)



“DIARY OF A PIONEER BABY” will print the entries through year end Mon. Dec. 6<sup>th</sup>.

This is Mama's twentythird (23<sup>rd</sup>) birthday, and she washed all the time, till 2 P.M. and Grandpa held me pretty near all the time while she washed. I thot it was mean for her to wash on her birthday & I wouldn't be good.

Tues. Dec. 7<sup>th</sup>.

I've been an extremely good baby today. Mama & Cousin Guy went to town & I just watched Grandpa make a wheelbarrow, & after dinner, Grandma went to see Aunt Mary and Mama put me in the Clothes basket & set me on the table while she ironed & after a while I got tired of watching her & went off to sleep.

Thursday, Dec. 9<sup>th</sup>.

Mama put one of cousin Earle's baby dresses on me this morning. It was a pretty good fit for me. Grandpa Benton came down today and said I was a thoroughbred SPEAR. I wonder what he meant.

Sat. Dec. 11<sup>th</sup>.

I'm three months old now and I can sit alone. I wake up very early every morning and scratch the pillow and pull Mama's hair & make quite a fuss till they take me up. Uncle Kinney, Aunt Mary, Frank & Clyde came down today.

Sunday Dec. 12<sup>th</sup>.

Pap, Mama & me went to Meeting in Big Horn School House today; Elder Jennings preached, but I was so scared when they all sang that I cried as hard as I could they all looked so strange and I did not know whether it was really my mother or not that held me, she had something odd on her head, & finally I cried so that Papa took us down to Mrs. Woodlys and it was so quiet & warm there so I felt so comfortable I slept most all the time. There was another baby there, three weeks older than me. They said his name was Thomas Barton Woodley, & he was big enough for he name if I am any judge. And there was a little girl there too that they called, Florence Bard, & she had two teeth, & is only 7 1/2 months old either.

Tuesday, Dec. 14<sup>th</sup>.

I had my first fall to-night. Papa put me in the Rocking chair & went to reading the paper & rocking me at the same time & I began to slip out of the chair & tried to make him notice me by crying, but he only rocked me harder, & out I went under the arm of the Chair, & mama screamed and grabbed me up & blew in my face & ran to the water pail & rubbed cold water on my head & scared me so, I thot I'd never get over crying about it. But I guess they will watch me after this & not let me fall out any more.

Wed. Dec. 15<sup>th</sup>.

Aunt Mary Mac. sent me a bundle of things today some bibs & a lot of soft flannel things of Cousin Guy's.

Fri. Dec. 17<sup>th</sup>.

Mama bundled me up the first thing this morning and then she must have put me in the Wagon, because I got terribly jolted for a good while and when I finally woke up I was in a strange looking room with flowers all over the walls & Uncle John & Aunt Martha were bustling around getting dinner. Grandpa & Grandma Benton came in after awhile & after supper, Papa, Mama & I went over to Grandma's and went to bed, where the roof was so low I was afraid I'd get hit if Mama turned me over in the night.



Sat. Dec. 18<sup>th</sup>.

I woke up very early this morning & papa took me & carried me down Stairs into the little kitchen where Grandma was getting breakfast, & set me up in Grandpa's big Armchair, & I was so tickled, I just laughed & hollered all I could & Grandma said I was going to be a regular Chatterbox. Uncle Dock came before dinner for papa to go back home to Doctor the old White Horse Frank but Papa had gone for a load of coal & didn't get back till after dark, but he went back home again & mama & I stayed at Aunt Martha's all the afternoon & went back to Grandpa's to sleep.

Tuesday Dec. 21<sup>st</sup>.

This morning Mama brot me over to Aunt Martha's, or rather Papa did, as he came up just as we were ready to start & Grandpa & Grandma came & took dinner at Uncle John's. Then Grandma, Papa, Mama & me went to see Uncle Franks & he told about someone's baby that looked so much like me, & he was very much amused about it I guess for he laughed awful hard about it. We came back to Grandpa Spear's after Sundown & everything looked as natural as if we'd only been away a minute only my Rocking chair & Grandpa had cured it of all it's ills & ails while I was gone.

Friday Dec. 24<sup>th</sup>, 1886.

We all went to town tonight & went up the great long stairs to Mr. Sacketts Hall & found it full of folks and after a lot of children read & sung & recited poems about Christmas, someone took down the Curtain stretched across the room & there was a great Evergreen Tree all covered with things hanging on it. & I was just as interested as anyone in watching the three little girls, Nellie Willits, Edna Jackson, and Mabel Coffeen carrying the things around to everybody. Somebody came & gave Mamaa little bunch of yellow, & said it was for DIMPLE SPEAR, & I wonder who that is?

Sunday, Dec. 26<sup>th</sup>.

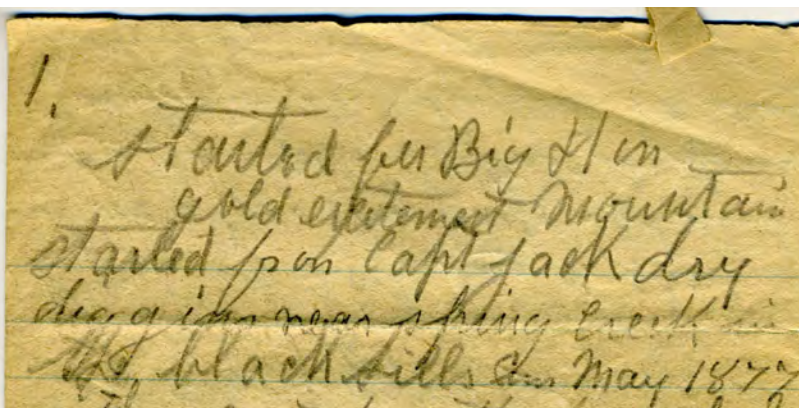
We all went to Uncle Kinney's today. On the way over we had to cross a little creek, & the horses started to take the sled over a rock, but tipped up over instead, & went on with the sled. Grandma fell out first, & Mama & I went right over unto her, but we were not hurt at all.

Monday Dec. 27<sup>th</sup>.

To-night there was a lot of young folks came & took supper & played games & made an awful noise but I just enjoyed it. Nellie May Skinner was the only baby here. & they weighed us & I weighed 17 pounds & she only weighed 16 pounds, & she is two weeks older than me too. But she has two teeth & lots of hair, & I haven't any teeth and not much hair. There was a young man here that I liked awful well & I went to sleep every time he took me. They called him Mr. Castle, I believe. Everyone was asking my name to-night & Grandma said it was Jessa and Mama said it was JESSAMINE after Sylvia, so I guess my name is settled, but Uncle dock calls me Kittey, & It don't make much difference anyway just so I get plenty to eat, and keep warm. Aunt Mary Mc. Sent me a white dress all embroidery and a pair of shoes and they didn't get here till today. They are too lovely for anything!

Friday Dec. 31<sup>st</sup>.

I got another Christmas present today from Miss Florence Fisher of Attleboro, Mass. It was a little white ribbed velvet bonnet, trimmed with swansdown all around & a crocheted edge of blue silk & little strings of blue picot ribbon edged. (Hope you enjoyed this diary!) JS



Thanks to Chuck McCoy's daughter, Inga, for asking about some of the Hepp collection images. This is a sample of Christian Hepp's handwriting from a journal he kept about his trip to Wyoming Territory in 1877.

See next page for transcript...

## PARTIAL DIARY FROM CHRISTIAN HEPP COLLECTION

Page #1

Started for Big Horn Mountains – gold excitement. Started from Capt. Jack dry diggings near spring creek in the Black Hills in May 1877 with a part from the front wheels of a 3¼ milk wagon. I bought it from a preacher coming from Kansas. There were two carts and one wagon in party. Altogether 5 man party. We went thru Dead Wood City. Fitted out there of provisions and so forth. Went to Spearfish City to await more prospectors coming. Town had about half a dozen houses. Then we got 16 men in all when we started for Big Horn Mountain stampede. A one armed man was our Capt in party. Judge – I forgot his name.

**MONTHLY REPORT**

This report card was found in the Skinner Family collection. The student was Nellie Skinner.

The school term ending

March 19, 1897

She had a high general average of 89 3/8.

Her teacher was Edna Jackson.

Good Job Nell!!

She later became a nurse.

Thank you Tom and Holly

Harper for sharing.

Elsa Spear Diaries Vol 1 & 2 Book  
Signing at Sheridan Stationery  
Oct. 21 (11-2)

We will be selling books at two  
bazaars:

Big Horn Woman's Club:

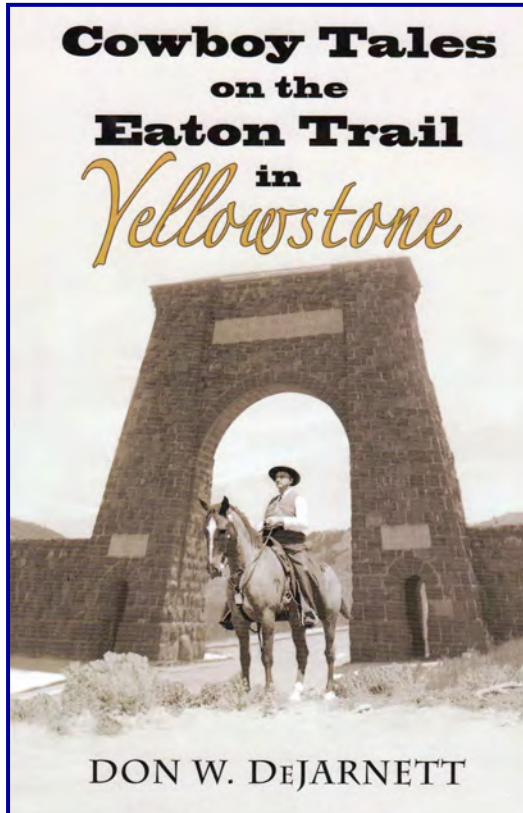
Nov. 11 (9-2)

Holiday Inn Gift Bazaar:

Nov 18 (9-4)

MONTHLY REPORT.	
Report of <i>Nellie Skinner</i>	
in Dist. No. <i>(1)</i>	Township, <i>54</i>
for month ending <i>March 19</i> 18 <i>97</i>	
<b>RECORD OF STUDY</b> READING..... <i>95</i> SPELLING..... <i>95</i> WRITING..... <i>95</i> ARITHMETIC..... <i>100</i> GEOGRAPHY..... <i>95</i> GRAMMAR..... <i>99</i> HISTORY..... ALGEBRA..... PHYSIOLOGY..... <i>90</i>	<b>AND ATTENDANCE.</b> CIVIL GOVERNMENT..... COMPOSITION..... DAYS ABSENT..... <i>32</i> TIMES TARDY..... DEPARTMENT..... <i>95</i> GEN'L AVERAGE..... <i>89 3/8</i>
<b>EXPLANATION.</b> 100 signifies Very Good, 85 Good, 75 Medium, 50 Poor, 25 Unsatisfactory.	
<b>TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.</b> Parents and Guardians will find it greatly to the interest of the child to see that it has no tardy or absentee marks. Systematic and constant effort will be made to interest pupils and to stimulate them to a thorough and diligent exercise of their intellectual and moral faculties. Your co-operation will greatly aid in making the work successful.	
<i>March 19</i> 18 <i>97</i> <i>Edna Jackson</i> , Teacher.	
HOLCOMBE & Co., Pubs., Cleveland, O.	





**Don DeJarnett has published a book about the Howard Eaton Trail in Yellowstone.**

**Cowboy Tales on the Eaton Trail**  
*in Yellowstone*



Thank you for all your hard work  
on this fun read.

[Your Mom & Dad would be so  
proud Don.]

\$21 includes tax  
Plus \$7 for  
postage and handling

You may order a copy from us.  
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## About the Author

Don DeJarnett grew up in Big Horn, Wyoming, and has lived in Billings, Montana, since 1962. After being a cowboy at Eatons' Ranch and attending college in the 1950s, he spent fifteen years in the newspaper business, then began making saddles and spending the next thirty-two years on the edge of the cowboy culture, retiring in 2005.

In retirement, Don began writing short stories, and in 2014 started a short story about the logistics involved when Howard Eaton took Eatons' Ranch guests (Dudes) through Yellowstone on horseback. He knew from experience what wrangling Dudes entailed and soon the Eaton story grew too big for a short story and began to become a book.

Don is currently working on a kid's novel about a horse named Little Jack, that he rode when he was thirteen, and the adventures they had in the Bighorn Mountains.





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- BUSINESS.....\$20
- ORGANIZATION.....\$20

DUES ARE ALWAYS DUE  
THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor

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Our wonderful team of helpers - In front is Gene Caiola who also prepares the newsletters for mailing every month. Left to right: Diane Caiola, Mary Kuzara, Lenora and Roy Scott, Linda Jeffers, Helen Laumann, Loretta Owens and JoAnn Gill. (we will feature Maurine Badgett in an upcoming newsletter when we catch up to her....THANK YOU FOLKS FOR HELPING !!!



BIG HORN CITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
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ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

2017

THIS IS THE NOVEMBER & DECEMBER NEWSLETTER

**NOTE: Meeting November 19th - History of Lake DeSmet and the  
Dancing on Waters Showboat  
Presented by Helen Laumann**

Lake DeSmet was a natural lake and a landmark along the Bozeman Trail. Water drained from the nearby hills to the lowest area to create the lake. Since there was no fresh water stream entering the lake and no outlet, the water became stagnant and heavy with alkali. As it evaporated, the water became similar to that of the Great Salt Lake.

Visionaries saw great potential for irrigation and recreation by building ditches and having fresh water from the Big Horn Mountains flow in and out of the lake. Water has always been a very valuable asset to settlers of the west and still is a benefit to all ranchers and others of today.

I grew up and graduated from high school in Minneapolis, Minnesota. After moving to Colorado Springs, Colorado, I developed a real interest for history while hiking the mountains around Cripple Creek and other old gold mining towns and learning about the people who made their fortunes. History isn't just dates for events; it's the people and their lives that make it interesting. Sheridan has many stories to tell.

I am on the Sheridan County Society and Museum Board and thoroughly enjoy doing research and presenting programs monthly for our **Conversations in History** and for other community groups in the Sheridan area.

**Dec 17 Cowboy Christmas Party Charlie Cook, Mike Kuzara & Candy Barlow.**



**HAPPY BELATED BIRTHDAY TO WYLA LOOMIS**

**{YOU MAY SEND CARDS TO OUR PO BOX & WE CAN DELIVER YOUR CARDS TO WYLA.}**



**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 @ 2:00.  
Thank you.**





Above: LeRoy & Bessie Sackett on their wedding day December 25, 1925. Below at the Big Horn Woman's Club on their 50th Wedding Anniversary with their son Ken and his wife Dorla (at left) & daughter Dee and her husband Jim. Upper right: Christmas with son Kenneth. Back of photo: taken by our xmas tree. Ken and his new accordion - me and my new coat and Sackett just as is. At right: a young couple - LeRoy and Bessie. Anyone have some stories to share? (We have more great photos of the Sackett family. Hope these bring you a Smile or two! )



Harley Davidson motorcycle stuck in the snow. (Thank you Dorla & Paul Haworth for sharing! I found these when doing research for Dee. Still can't find a photo of his saddle.)



### THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE (Jeanne Moreland McIntosh)

"There is one Christmas that is still very vivid. The year was 1946. I was in the 8th grade and Mrs. Clementine Porter was the teacher. This was my first school term in Big Horn, having moved to town earlier that summer from a small ranch on Prairie Dog Creek. A decorated tree was not a tradition in my home, for what reason, I do not know.

"Mrs. Porter had brought a small tree into her classroom, and each student had provided an ornament for it. We all had a hand in decorating it with tinsel and garlands, compliments of Mrs. Porter also, and it was so pretty! The Christmas break arrived and we had our little classroom party before leaving for our homes.

"As usual, I was one of the last ones to leave. After all, it would be at least two weeks before I would see some of these kids again, and because school was one of my few social contacts, I was going to miss them all! Mrs. Porter called me to her side, as she was cleaning up the mess that we made, and asked me if I would like to take the little tree

home with me. I was so pleased that I do not remember if I thanked her or not, bless her heart! I can remember carrying that little tree so very carefully down the hill, across the bridge over Jackson Creek, down the street and all the way home. I don't believe that I lost one strand of tinsel. I seldom saw my father smile, but that day he did, probably because he saw the joy in my eyes when I cleared off our dining room table and placed that beautiful tree in the center.

"You know, I think it might have been the Fourth of July before I let them take it down, and I had the ornaments for several years after that! Thank you, Mrs. Porter, for a memorable Christmas! Isn't it strange that one can find such happiness in such tiny incidents? Over the years, I have thought about that little Christmas tree more than once as my family decorated our home for the holidays, but, to be honest with you, the memory is more meaningful to me at this moment, as I relay the story to you."



#### Upcoming Meeting Dates:

Dec 17 Cowboy Christmas Party (Charlie Cook, Mike Kuzara & Candy Barlow.

Jan 28

Feb 25

March 26

April 22

May 20

Funny thoughts: Your idea of happy hour is taking a nap.

Your little black book only contains names ending in MD.

You get tired wrestling with temptation.

Your social security number must be in the single digits.

When you were in school history was called "current events".

Whatever kind of look you were going for you missed.

You put the psycho in psychology.



Found in the Harper - Skinner collection: Bert Eckerson at left (at the VA). Photo At Right Left to right: Dr. E.S. Post, "Our Nell Skinner", Everett Mock & John Elam. (Nell's report card was in our last newsletter.) Shortly after this photo was taken, Nell, nursing supervisor at the Fort Mackenzie VA, retired after 34 years of government service. Twenty eight at the VA and six in the Navy. Date of retirement was October 25, 1956. (Thank you Tom for sharing!) The Bones Brother letter on the following page is also from the Harper - Skinner collection.

Found in Mom's (Helen Johnson Currie) 1928 autograph book —

October 7, 1928 -

When our tailors goose has goslings  
And his clothes horse has a colt.  
When the monkey wrenches climb up trees  
And the Birds Eye maples molt.  
When the catalogue has kittens  
And the Donkey Engines Bray.  
Then you'll find better poetry than  
You find right here today. By Jack Byrnes

May 24, 1929

Dear Helen,

Wouldn't life be lots more happy,  
If we praised the good we see? -  
For there's such a lot of goodness  
In the worst of you and me.

Wouldn't it be nice to practice  
That fine way of thinking, too? -  
You know something good about me!  
I know something good about you.  
Mrs. S. F. Johnston

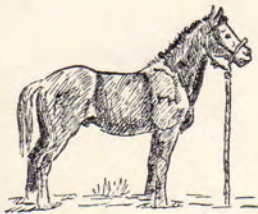


H

ZC



BONES BROTHERS' RANCH BIRNEY, MONTANA



We'd like to send you some fine gift,  
On this, the Greatest Day ....  
A well broke colt, or a nice fat calf,  
Or a great big stack of hay.

We might send you Montana sunshine  
Cause out here that comes free;  
Or a silver-berried Juniper  
To use for your Christmas Tree.

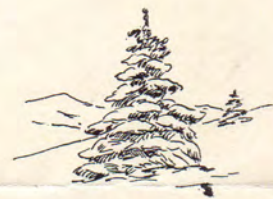


But times have been a little hard:  
The price of cows is low -  
We really can't send anything,  
But we do want you to know

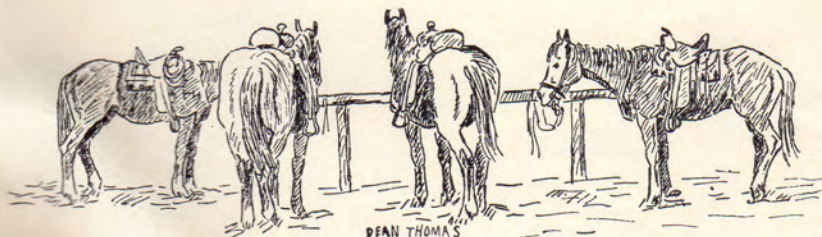
That the Bones outfit is wishing you  
Just everything that's good,  
And we hope your plans will all work out  
Just like you hoped they would.



May good luck be yours always,  
May you draw a hand that'll pay.  
May your Christmas be plum "hista powa,"  
As the Cheyenne Indians would say.



Now, that's what we want you to have,  
And here's what we want most:  
That you'll come down Hanging Woman way,  
And tie up to our hitching post.



DEAN THOMAS





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THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor

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Skiers on Red Grade Road heading up to Little Bear Ski Area. (I counted about 12 different JEEPS in the series of 40 photos.) circa 1960. Scanned/owned by Tom Thompson, sent to Steve Wills, sent to Jack Pelissier, sent to Bill & Jane Rader then to me. JS Thank you Tom!!!