

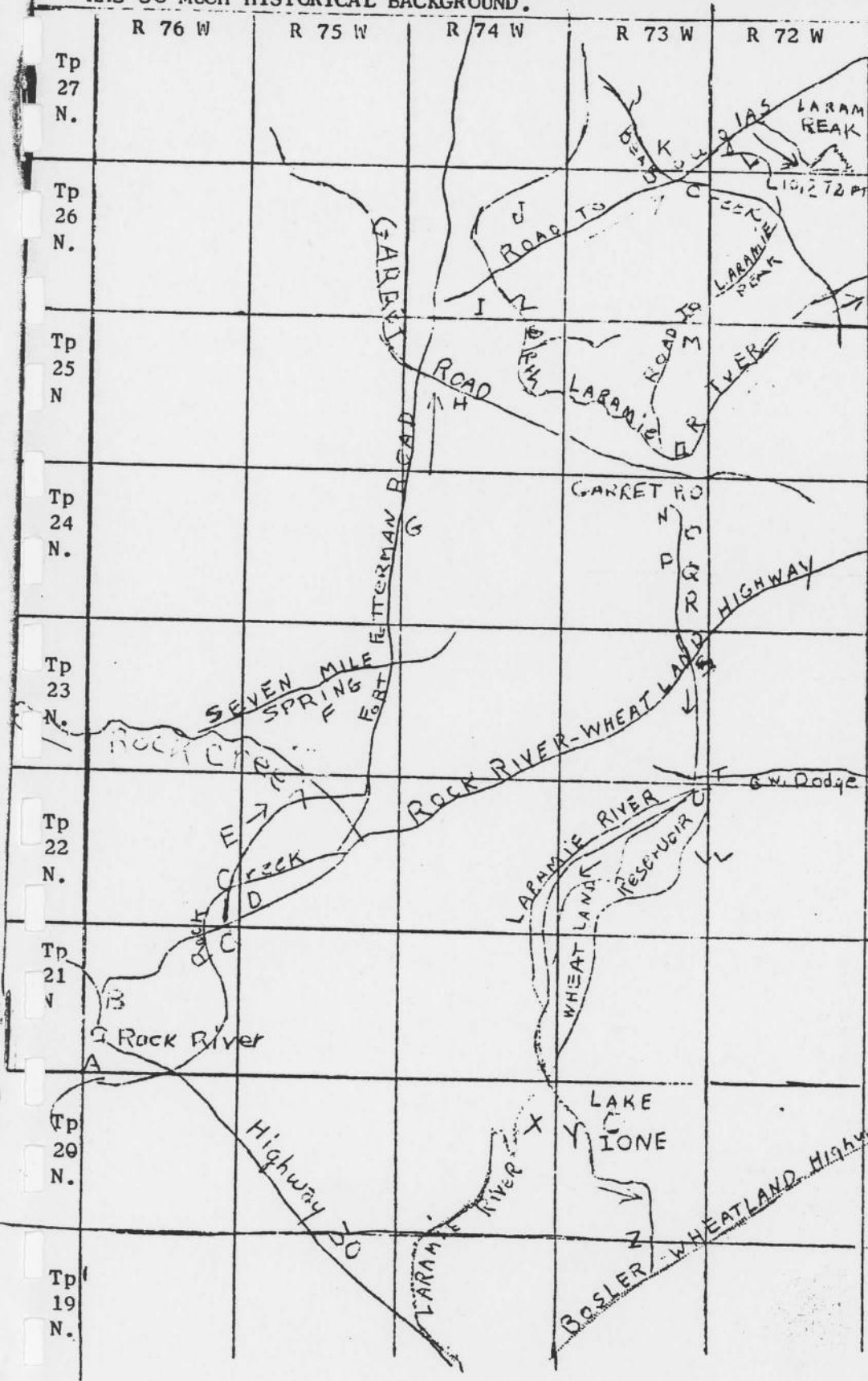
EIGHT ANNUAL OLD TIME RANCH TOUR

WE VISIT THE RANCHES ON ROCK CREEK, TRAVERSE A SECTION OF THE FT. FETTERMAN AND ROCK CREEK ROAD, RANCHES ON ANTELOPE CREEK, BEAR CREEK, EAGLE AND LARAMIE PEAKS, HISTORICAL RANCH OF THE LATE FRANK PRAGER, SR., SEE GARRETT POST OFFICE, SIDNEY STURGEON, JR.'S RANCH HOME, NORTH ALBANY COMMUNITY CLUB HOUSE, HOME OF MR. AND MRS. GEORGE W. DODGE, SPILLWAY AT WHEATLAND RESERVOIR, WHEATLAND RESERVOIR, SCHMALE BROTHERS (FORMERLY S. W. GILLESPIE RANCH), THE HISTORICAL OLD LAKE IONE, AND THE WALLIS AND MILLER RANCH WHICH HAS SO MUCH HISTORICAL BACKGROUND.

SUNDAY, July 20, 1958

KEY TO MAP

- A-Rock River.
- B-Marker Ft. Laramie and Ft. Fetterman Road.
- C-Leaving Rock River and Wheatland Highway.
- D-Hall's Ranch.
- E-Moore's (formerly A.S. and Mable D. Gillespie) Ranch.
- F-Seven Mile Stage Station.
- G-Fort Fetterman and Rock Creek Stage Road.
- I-Intersection of Road up Antelope Creek to Douglas.
- J-Leslie Atkinson Ranch.
- K-Lawrence Prager's and Mrs. Frank Prager, Jr.'s and David's ranches.
- L-Eagle and Laramie Peaks.
- M-The late Frank Prager, Sr.'s Ranch
- N-Garrett P.O. and Ranch.
- O-Green Cabin. Property of Robert Sturgeon.
- P-Thomas Atkinson's mail box.
- Q-Hall's Land.
- R-Sidney Sturgeon, Jr.'s house.
- S-North Albany Community Club House
- T-George Dodge's residence.
- U-Spillway of Wheatland Reservoir
- V-Kite Ranch to right.
- W-Wheatland Reservoir.
- X-Schmale Brothers (formerly S. W. Gillespie) Ranch.
- Y- Lake Ione.
- Z- Wallis and Miller Formerly Boughton, Coble Bosler Ranch



EIGHTH OLD TIME RANCH TOUR
NORTH AS FAR AS LARAMIE PEAK
Sunday, July 20, 1958

This tour is sponsored by the Albany County Historical Society, The University of Wyoming Summer School, The Kiwanis Club, The Wyoming Westerners, and The Denver Westerners. The tour has been arranged by A. S. Gillespie, W. A. Riedl, and Lawrence Patterson, County Agent.

Bring your car, your FAMILY, FRIENDS, LUNCH, some water or other liquid and be at the Court House Square in Laramie at 7:00 a.m., July 20, 1958.

Today we will see all of the early ranches on a line from Rock River to Laramie Peak on our way north. We will eat lunch at the base of Eagle Peak on the north-west side, then we will continue around Eagle Peak to head of Horse Shoe Creek, then we will pass through between Eagle Peak and Laramie Peak where our general direction will be south and we will visit all the ranches on a line back to Laramie.

Touring speed of caravan is fixed at 45 miles per hour on Highway 30, forty miles per hour on Rock River and Wheatland Highway and about the same rate of speed all of the way across to Eagle Park, 15 to 20 miles per hour until we get back across Bear Creek and reach the ranch of the late Frank Prager, Sr., then we can speed up to 40 miles per hour where the road is good and well-traveled. After leaving the Gillespie, now Schmale, Ranch we will have to reduce the speed to 30 miles per hour until we come onto the Bosler-Wheatland Highway 34. By following this schedule we should return to Laramie about 5:37 p.m. Follow your leader and drive in safety range from the car ahead. Dust should not be a problem.

The ranchmen on this route welcome this tour. In appreciation of the hospitality of these people we meet on this tour, LET ALL OF US TAKE EVERY PRECAUTION AGAINST FIRE SO THAT WE WILL NOT LEAVE ANY SMOKE BEHIND US, only dust. So please do not throw any matches or cigarette stubs out on the ground. In getting permission to cross these people's land and getting the privilege of making a stop for lunch, a promise was made to them that all precautions would be taken.

PLACE	ELEVATION	TIME	MILEAGE	
		Approx	Local	Trip
LARAMIE (Courthouse Square)	7200	7:00	00	00
Diamond Horseshoe on left		7:10	2.0	2.0
Aunt Mary Erheardt		7:11	.6	2.6
Frank C. Bosler, formerly King Brothers		7:18	5.5	8.1
Roy Lundberg, formerly Bill Krueger, right		7:22	1.6	9.7
McKechnie and son where trees are, left		7:24	.8	10.5
Howell Station on U.P.R.R., left		7:25	1.0	11.5
Laramie Peak staring at you from north.				
Elk Mountain to left and north of the				
Medicine Bow Range of Mountains.				
Oasis Ditch		7:29	3.4	14.9
Boughton Canal		7:31	1.8	16.7
Laramie River		7:33	.8	17.5
Ghost Ranch. East 1/2 mile		7:34	.4	17.9

PLACE	ELEVATION	TIME Approx	MILEAGE Local/Trip
Cattle guard in division Moore fence and wind break			
Moore's cattle corrals and loading dock		9:59	1.6 54.5
Six Mile Creek and cattle guard		10:02	1.6 56.1
A. R. Gillespie formerly, now Moore Ranch house to right.		10:02	.2 56.3
Seven Mile Springs where there once was a stage station.		10:05	.7 57.0
Crowning of the Queen at this old historical site.			
Government corral and three small pastures		10:32	1.2 58.2
Good view of Elk Mountain, left.		10:34	.3 58.5
Leaving Moore (formerly Gillespie) land		10:34	.3 58.5
View of old deep-worn Fort Fetterman and Rock Creek Road.		10:42	.7 59.2
Just crossed the N Cross land now going through gate onto land of Mr. and Mrs. Adele Park.		10:45	1.8 61.0
Boswell Spring Hills to right two miles.		10:52	1.2 62.2
Crossing cattle guard, going off of Park land to that of Harry Dunlap.		10:54	.3 62.5
Government Corral to left			
Pine Ridge, highest point in this Section		10:56	.4 62.9
LARAMIE PEAK, our goal, looking at us.		11:00	4.3 67.2
Cow Creek Hills to right.		11:01	1.2 68.4
Crossing Cattle Guard off of dunlap land onto Merle Robbins land, formerly Frank Dobson land.		11:02	1.4 69.8
Pinto Rock, highest point to right, 4 miles.		11:04	.7 70.5
TWENTY MILE CREEK (distance from Old Rock Creek, which was the way the streams were named--so many miles from Rock Creek).		11:05	1.5 72.0
Where stage changed horses.			
Section to right once was a wheat field		11:07	1.2 73.2
Government corrals and three small pastures		11:08	.3 73.5
Cattle guard.		11:09	.6 74.1
Twenty Two Mile Ranch where stage passengers were fed.		11:09	.2 74.3
Road to Day Atkinson's Ranch on Sheep Creek, to left.		11:11	.5 74.8
Road to Garrett to right.		11:12	.5 75.3
Off of Robbin's land onto Dunlap's.		11:13	.8 76.1
Intersection of road to Leslie Atkinson's and Antelope Creek.		11:15	2.7 78.8
Cattle Guard, going off Dunlap land.		11:16	.2 79.0
North Laramie River.		11:18	1.4 80.4
Crossing Merle Atkinson's cattle guard.		11:21	1.1 81.5
Leslie Atkinson's cattle guard.		11:23	.6 82.1
Leslie and Katherine Atkinson's home.		11:25	.9 83.0
Antelope Creek Basin to right		11:25	.9 83.0
Leave Atkinson's. Cattle guard.		11:40	2.8 85.8
Cattle guard.		11:45	1.8 87.6
Cattle guard.		11:46	.5 88.1
Gate.		11:47	.2 88.3

PLACE	ELEVATION	TIME	MILEAGE	
		Approx	Local	Trip
BEAR CREEK.		11:56	1.1	89.4
Lawrence Prager's Ranch house.		11:57	1.1	90.5
Gate where we are leaving L. Prager's.		12:04	.6	91.1
Gate.		12:06	.3	91.4
Calf shed.		12:06	.3	91.4
Formerly Edholm and Akin Ranch to right, now owned by Mrs. Frank Prager.		12:08	.3	91.7
Gate entering Mrs. Frank Prager, Jr.'s.		12:10	.6	92.3
Windy, Beaver, and Ram are the group of three peaks close at left after leaving Mrs. Prager's.				
Eagle Peak to right.		12:22	1.0	93.3
One hour stop for lunch.		12:30	.7	94.0
After dinner program.				
Leave camp site.		1:30	.7	94.0
Intersection. Gate.		1:35	.2	94.2
Intersection of Esterbrook Road.		1:36	.1	94.3
Gate.		1:45	.4	94.7
Horse Shoe Creek.		1:46	.1	94.8
Heading for Laramie City.				
Should this be early in the morning we would be in the long shadow of Laramie Peak, which is to the left. We are directly between Eagle and Laramie Peaks		1:46	.1	94.8
We are in turkey country now; watch on the ground and in the trees for them.		1:51	1.0	95.8
Gate.		1:53	.4	96.2
Gate.		2:05	1.0	97.2
Intersecting road from left.		2:12	.6	97.8
North Bear Creek.		2:23	2.0	99.8
Bear Creek Proper.		2:30	.6	100.4
Fred Prager Gate.		2:31	.6	101.0
Gate.		2:37	1.6	102.6
Harry Prager's to right, 1/4 mile.		2:40	1.3	103.9
Home of the late Frank Prager, Sr., Indian fighter and later cattle and sheep grower.				
Now the home of Dora Burnett and Fred Prager.		3:00	1.6	105.5
Cattle guard, leaving Prager land.		3:02	.7	106.2
Cattle guard.		3:05	1.0	107.3
Cattle guard.		3:08	.9	108.2
Cattle guard.		3:09	.3	108.5
Cattle guard.		3:11	.7	109.2
Cattle guard.		3:17	2.6	112.4
Intersection of Garrett P. O. Road.		3:18	.3	112.7
North Laramie River.		3:20	.9	113.6
Cattle guard.		3:21	.2	113.8
Green Cabin, property of Robert Sturgeon.		3:26	1.5	115.3
Cattle guard.		3:27	.2	115.5
Tom Atkinson's mail box.		3:27	.2	115.5
Cattle guard between Hall's and Sturgeon's land.		3:28	.6	116.1
Now in Antelope Basin.		3:28	.6	116.1
Cattle guard, going off of Hall land and onto Sturgeon land		3:36	1.1	117.2

PLACE	ELEVATION	TIME	MILEAGE	
		Approx	Local	Trip
Sydney Sturgeon, Jr.'s house, right		3:36	1.1	117.2
Cattle guard in division fence.		3:38	.8	118.0
Sydney Sturgeon, Sr.'s reservoir.		3:38	.8	118.0
Duck Creek.		3:40	.6	118.6
Cattle guard, leaving Sturgeon land and entering land of W. I. Palmer.		3:43	1.5	120.6
Wheatland and Rock River Highway. (Any- one who does not care to complete the tour may turn right.)		3:44	.4	121.0
Cattle guard on Palmer land.		3:46	.7	121.7
NORTH ALBANY CLUB HOUSE.		3:48	.7	122.4
Cattle guard. Entering George Dodge's land.		3:56	3.8	126.2
Cattle guard.		3:59	1.2	127.4
Cattle guard.		4:01	.8	128.2
Laramie River.		4:02	.2	128.4
Home of George W. Dodge.		4:02	.2	128.4
Cattle guard.		4:04	.2	128.6
Wheatland Reservoir, North Lake.		4:04	.2	128.6
Cattle guard leaving Dodge land and entering land of Adam Boyd.		4:08	2.0	130.6
Spillway of Wheatland Reservoir.		4:08	2.0	130.6
Cattle guard. Going off Boyd land and entering Kite land, now owned by Frank Boyd.		4:16	3.8	134.4
Laramie River and Kite Ranch can be seen soon after crossing the last cattle guard. Look to right.				
Going onto the dirt dam of the Wheatland Reservoir.		4:22	2.4	136.8
Cattle guard.				
Caretaker's house and arch-way where the water is drawn off of the Wheatland Reservoir.		4:23	.5	137.3
Large canal after passing Kite ditch.		4:27	.4	138.1
Large stone pillars. Now		4:28	.3	138.4
Fred Hirsig's land. Loading docks and corral.		4:32	3.8	142.2
Ione Lake and Schmale Brother's (formerly Samuel W. Gillespie) Ranch, straight ahead.		4:35	2.0	144.2
Now on Boswell Springs, McGill, or Kite Road to Laramie				
Cattle guard in cross fence of John Bell land.		4:36	1.0	145.2
Laramie River and steel bridge.		4:38	1.0	146.2
Intersecting of three roads at the bridge--one to Blue Grass, one to Laramie City, and the other to Schmale or Gillespie Ranch.				
To the right is the Cow Camp, once the summer headquarters of the Swan Company and Shearing Pens.		4:39	.3	146.5
Schmale Brother's Ranch, formerly settled by the late Samuel W. Gillespie in 1884; the man who killed the last buffalo on the Laramie Plains near the mouth of Plumbago Canyon in July, 1881.		4:43	2.0	148.0
LAKE IONE, once supposed to be a bottomless lake. Pioneers claimed to have seen sea serpents in it. It contains 1300 acres				
7000		4:53	2.0	150.0

PLACE	ELEVATION	TIME Approx	MILEAGE Local/Trip
<p>of land and produces 800 to 1000 tons of hay from its meadows. At one time S. W. Gillespie farmed the land, raised oats that would yield forty-five bushels per acre. Some years would get as much as a yield of 5000 bushels of oats.</p>			
<p>LONG LAKE to right - three and one-half miles long. Wallis and Miller farm and Schmale Brothers own the shore line.</p>		4:55	1.0 151.0
<p>Four Mile Knoll, three miles east.</p>			
<p>Gate leaving Schmale Brother's land and entering the land of the Sybille Corporation.</p>		4:57	1.0 152.0
<p>Going onto the Laramie and Fort Fetterman Road.</p>		4:59	1.0 153.0
<p>Gate entering land of Wallis and Miller.</p>		5:03	2.0 155.0
<p>Wallis and Miller hay meadows and ranch can be seen easily, to the right along the road. This ranch was settled by E. S. R. Boughton in the year of 1884. The ranch was developed from land just as you see on either side of the road. Water was supplied from the Boughton Canal and with the application of water which came from the Laramie River the grass commenced to grow and a good sod was formed. Those meadows yielded up to 2000 tons of hay.</p>			
<p>E. S. R. Boughton sold the ranch to John Whitaker who continued to improve it until the cattle-killing winter of 1899 when he lost five hundred of his herd of 1500. That loss was discouraging, so he sold the land to the Iron Mountain Ranch Company in the spring of 1901. The late John C. Coble and the late Frank C. Bosler, Sr. were the owners. That ranch was the headquarters for the famous livestock detective, Tom Horn.</p>			
<p>Entering Bosler-Wheatland Highway No. 34.</p>		5:18	4.0 159.0
<p>Caravan to be disbanded upon entering Highway No. 30.</p>		5:21	3.0 162.0
<p>Due in Laramie</p>		5:37	16.0 178.0

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No schedule for 1958 tour
But this supplement
no good information

1958 Tour

A STORY OF THE WESTERN PLAINS:

FRANK PRAGER, "THE LAUGHING WHITE MAN"

By Lillie M. Dale
Salt Lake City, Utah

A few years ago there lived on a sunny slope of Laramie Peak a rancher, once a frontiersman, freighter, trapper and Indian fighter.

A perfect type of the glorious west, Frank Prager was an interesting character and was as much of a part of the great outdoors as the air he breathed. He loved the mountains with their varying shades, the deep rock-ribbed canyons, and the old Araphoe trail that reached north toward the lofty peak in mute appeal for by-gone days.

He loved every foot of ground teeming with memories of painted warrior, patient squaw, hardy frontiersman, and brave soldier. The ranch home was rich in Indian relics, a genuine papoose board, stone hammers, a brass breast plate and scalping knife. This latter piece of warfare resembles a butcher knife only it is ground on one side.

There was a long brass kettle used in the household which had been found at an old Indian camp on the Araphoe trail. It had been mended many times by the Indians, hammering the brass and flattening it out to close the holes.

While a guest at the hospitable Prager sheep ranch I climbed a hog-back mountain with the young folks and close to a cool spring they pointed out to me an Indian tepee. It had stood unmolested in this quiet spot for many years. The bare poles had at one time been covered with hides and doubtless had sheltered some Redskin and his family. An employee of the ranch only a few years before had found an Indian pipe imbedded in the earth in the tepee.

One afternoon while Westerner Prager was waiting for a camp mover to come in from one of his sheep camps he told me this story:

"I was called 'The Laughing White Man' by the Indians. I never was afraid of them and they knew it and thought I led a charmed life.

"Many a man went down under the tomahawk and scalping knife when overcome by fear at hearing the blood curdling yells and seeing the awful painted faces. Their ruse was to come suddenly upon a man and frighten him so he couldn't think or even move.

"I moved west in the fifties and settled in Colorado along the Big Thompson river. From this point I freighted flour into Cheyenne, Wyoming.

"While on one of those trips, after I had delivered my load, I camped on Crow Creek, a shallow stream west of town. Sometimes

during the night I heard my mules stomping and blowing. I realized they were alarmed at some scented danger. I knew that animal instinct is seldom at fault so, jumping up, I peered into the semi-darkness.

"On the bluffs overhanging the creek I saw two shadows silhouetted against the horizon! Indians! I knew what my fate would be should I remain. So, hastily pulling on my trousers, I threw the harness on my long-eared friends, and drove off to a place of safety. The next day two cowmen made the same camp at noon and they followed the trail no more.

"Being dissatisfied with Colorado, and wanting good range for my stock, I moved early in the seventies to Wyoming. In 1875 I stopped at what I called the Fort Ranch on Bitter Cottonwood.

"This was an abandoned government sawmill and had been so on account of the murderous attacks of the Indians. The sawmill was built of heavy logs, 24 x 18. The roofing was made of poles covered with hay and gravel. Port holes were on all sides of the building and a muzzle lock was on the big door.

"This fastening was an iron bar full of spikes which rested across the door. The latch caught an iron notch, and one spike held the latch down. The combination was known only by me and I felt safe in leaving my ammunition and supplies of bacon and flour in this stronghold. It was necessary in those days for cattlemen to conceal their provisions and cartridges. They often cached them in crevices between rocks because the Indians were always on the lookout for an occasion when they could add to their own supplies.

"This point at Bitter Cottonwood was 50 miles from Ft. Laramie and 120 miles from Cheyenne. The nearest ranch was twelve miles distant at the Loomis camp on the Big Laramie river. I was not in the habit of riding in that direction after cattle and was ignorant that two cowpunchers were there most of the time. I considered my nearest neighbors were on the X ranch 20 miles away, near what is now called Uva, Wyoming. There were no white women in the country, and only a few squaws who lived with squaw men.

"During September, 1876, I rounded up my beeves and that meant hard riding for days. The country was all open and the Indians often scattered them to the four winds.

"Sometimes they would shoot down a couple of steers, cut off the hind quarters, and leave the rest. The loss was seldom considered as there were always hundreds of beeves ready for market. While I was on the roundup I lost two hobbled horses. I was pressed for time so I drove to Cheyenne and sold the beeves to one of the Swan Brothers, who has since been connected with the famous Two Bar cattle outfit.

"While in Cheyenne, my two men left me and, as I was in a hurry to return and search for the horses, I did not hire any one, but set out for the mountains with my team, saddle horses, and Buckie,

my dog. On account of Indian raids I often found it hard to keep men in my employ and only outlaws who thought they were safe from the sheriff would stay with me.

"When I reached the North Laramie River which flows through a deep canyon, I made camp. It was near a camp of military men from Washington D.C. They were on a hunting trip. I remember there was General George Crook, Little Phil Sheridan and Captain Akin of the Grey Horse Cavalry; also Collins, the saddler, Billy Moore the packer and many others of lesser note.

"I found General Crook overbearing and distant, in striking contrast to the friendliness of General Sheridan. He was clad in a buckskin suit and was as common as any of his men. When talking to him, I thought he was one of the packers, and I did not discover my mistake until the day I left them.

"Sometimes a person out like that loses track of time, so I asked General Crook the day of the week and that officer replied haughtily, "I do not bother my head over such matters; my men attend to that." When I asked little Phil if he had seen the hobbled horses, he replied pleasantly and told me just about where I afterward found them.

"In turn, I told the General where he could get a shot at a band of mountain sheep and he rode off to Fish Creek on the plains and brought back two fine specimens.

"On the morning of the third day I left the North Laramie and drove across the mountains. At the end of the first day's drive I found my horses. Having had their liberty so long, they were wild and hard to catch. I made a corral by fastening a rope from the near end of the wagon to several cottonwood trees. I then drove them into the enclosure and took off their hobbles, after picketing them out with a lariat rope.

"My camp was east of Laramie Peak on the Bitter Cottonwood near the beaver dams. I used to trap here every winter. During the summer I cut wild hay on the bottoms with a scythe and stacked it there for my horses. My camp outfit consisted of a wagon, six horses, camp supplies and my brown bulldog. Bunkie was my shadow, a quiet, intelligent little animal.

"I had trained him to be watchful and cautious so he never barked when danger was lurking near, but by low growls would warn me. Often when I camped at night on some doubtful ground, I would stretch wires about the wagon and around my bed, that is if the bed was on the ground, and with Bunkie lying at my feet, my guns within easy reach, I would go to sleep peacefully.

"One morning while I was getting breakfast when I was camped on the Bitter Cottonwood, I saw a big herd of elk crossing a ridge. Dropping everything I grabbed my gun and got a real good shot at a buck and brought him down. There were about two hundred elk in this herd, an unusual sight in those days.

"After the buck fell, the others fled in awkward disorder. I returned with an appetite to my bacon, cowboy bread and coffee. After the grub disappeared I sat down on a log to smoke, a solitary figure in a solitary place.

"It was during this year that a chief in a fight with some cow-punchers had been killed and an outlaw band of Sioux and Cheyennes in revenge were plundering the country, scalping ranchmen and hunters and stealing horses and cattle. An Indian likes to steal and even shows partiality to a paleface horse thief. Unless on the warpath, they seldom scalp them but whip them severely.

"Here let me tell you from experience I know when a Northwestern Indian dons his war paint, friend or foe are not exempt from the scalping knife, not even the squawmen. This outlaw band originally numbered 28 braves but had increased to 87 warriors. They ranged from the Platte river to Laramie Peak country.

"Big-Foot was the Medicine Man and leader and was as wicked, merciless an old Indian as ever put on a moccasin. Big-Foot had taken advantage of the military hunting party's departure and had moved into the Laramie Peak and surrounding country. I did not know of the soldiers leaving and felt perfectly safe in my camp.

"After finishing my smoke, I took one of the horses and climbed the mountain to dress the elk which I had shot. The horns were a superior set and I decided I would present them to a Cheyenne friend. I had to be careful in removing them from the head and this was extra work and it took me much longer than I expected. I packed the meat and antlers back to the camp, feeling that I had been in great luck.

"Bunkie ran to meet me and thrust his cold muzzle in my hand. He seemed uneasy and looked up into my face as if he wished to tell me something. The staked horses too were restless and moved back and forth to the length of their ropes. I had seen no signs of Indians, no smoke from camp fires or signals, no moccasin tracks. Notwithstanding, I did not like the way the dog and horses acted.

"Hastily throwing a tarpaulin over the elk meat, I shouldered my gun and thought I would look around. I had walked a mile when I came across the print of a war pony's hoofs in the soft sand that bedded a washout that emptied into the creek. I knew the fresh impressions were those of a pony used in warfare, because the hoofs were long and pointed, not worn off.

"Warriors seldom use these wiry little cayuses except when on the warpath. The pointed effect is secured by trimming the hoof and covering it with tough, tanned skin taken from the neck of the buffalo. I figured it was that the outlaw band of Indians had crossed at this point during the day, and possibly only one of the band knew a white man was camping nearby.

"Watching and listening, I walked one hundred yards further. I was brought face to face with a tall, well built young warrior. He sprang out of a gully and was as surprised as I was, only he did not show it,

"He was in full war dress. His face was lined with red and yellow paint. A handsome war bonnet was on his head. This bonnet was a band of buckskin heavily beaded with many white colored beads. On this was fastened extra long eagle feathers. They stood upright and gave the straight, supple figure additional height and majesty. About his neck he wore a necklace of Spanish dollars hammered out thin. These were suspended by stout buckskin strings. They hung below his chest and as he moved with that noiseless, gliding motion, the silver pieces jingled musically.

"The space between his chest and waist line was nude and stained red. On his breast laid a circular copper plate six inches in diameter. It was brightly burnished and notched on the edge to show the number of scalps taken. He wore a breech cloth and buckskin leggings gay with beads. He played friendly at once, but I was too much of an old-timer to be caught. I mistrusted the young buck, but I advanced ten steps with drawn rifle. This alarmed him for he began to dance moving from side to side with a swaying motion, ready to dodge bullets.

"I laughed --.

"Not a muscle of his face changed, but I saw he recognized 'The Laughing White Man.' He drew nearer, he looking for a way to escape, and I expecting treachery. To the right of the painted figure was a deep gulch filled with a thicket growth of willows and stubby cottonwood trees. Into this he dropped and silently and swiftly disappeared. I felt a moment's relief.

"The immediate danger was over, but greater peril was in store for me. I knew it would not take long for the young warrior to overtake the band of outlaws then --. I quickly decided to return to camp and take my stand there. As soon as I got back I turned four of my horses loose and that was the last I ever saw of them. The team I drove from Cheyenne, I tied to the haystack fence. I knew it wasn't any use to try to drive or ride away.

"The Beaver dam was two hundred yards square, with an embankment of six or eight feet. Into this hollow I carried my rifle and my old shotgun. The willows green, thick and tall and coarse water grass completely covered me when I lay down. Bunkie did not attempt to follow me. He was lying close to the wagon tongue, sleeping fitfully, his short nose on his paws. I did not have long to wait. From the north I heard the mounted Indians approaching. I heard their war whoops and, although this wasn't anything new to me, it was none the less terrifying. Bunkie, hearing the savages coming, was instantly on his feet. Just when I was afraid that he would betray my hiding place, he made a dash for the horses. Wise, faithful Bunkie. Then came a sharp report, my small brown dog staggered, fell, regained his feet and dragged himself to the haystack.

"During the exciting hours that followed I did not see or hear him and could only wonder whether he had been killed. The warriors then surrounded the haystack and, with terrible yells and brandishing their weapons, they began a search for this old ranger. They dismounted and ran here and there, but they did not seem to think of the beaver dam. Finally they went to the east of the dam and held a pow-pow.

"It seemed to me that they thought I was close in but where? At this time, a young brave, hideous with war paint and feathers and wrapped in an old dirty red government blanket, left the others. He held a forked stick in his right hand, and on this willow hung a black-haired scalp. This was a ruse they often resorted to and thought by it to weaken the white man who would beg for mercy.

"No greater mistake than this was ever made. There is no mercy in an Indian nor, when on the war path, are any quarters given by a flag of truce.

"I had been a Colorado ranger and had fought many Indians in their various styles of warfare, so this gruesome sight did not frighten me. The brave circled about and finally returned to his companions, who began to fire at random into the brush. I did not dare take a shot as it would betray my position. The embankment proved an effectual breast work and the willows a screen.

"I lay flat on the ground and in this position I waited. My quarters were small and damp. I grew weary and stiff, but knew I could not make a move until nightfall came. That a spirit of some kind protected me the Indians believed, and this superstition held them back from making a charge into the brush.

"After what seemed a long time to me, the sun went down and the flitting shadows touched the yellow, rustling leaves of the willows. It began to grow dark rapidly, and there was a chill in the air. There was no early moon. The warriors couldn't see the beads on their guns so they began to use their bows and sent their sharp flint arrows into the willows.

"The horses tied to the haystack fence were stomping and pulling at their ropes in a vain attempt to break loose. Big Foot was seated on a great bolder. From this lofty perch, he issued his commands. The Indians now formed in groups of seven and advanced a certain distance and coughed. Another group from the opposite side would give an answering cough. They thought this would induce me to give an involuntary sign.'

"This failing, another scheme was tried. The braves mounted their ponies and rode off, singing to keep away the evil spirits. As they were leaving, I heard a familiar voice say in good English, with an oath, 'Let the 'Laughing White Man' go! We don't want him.'

"I had sort of a chill right there as I recognized the voice of Louie Crow; a friendly half-breed whom I had often talked to and had given tobacco. I knew they wouldn't ride very far and I knew

Big Foot wanted me to believe Louie's words. At first I thought I would take a chance on one of the horses-anything, rather than lie in that hole any longer.

"This plan was wild. My guns were too heavy to carry and too useful to leave. I saw two redskins, with evil motives and with their war bonnets off, within six feet of the horses. One of the warriors I recognized as the Indian I had met at the washout. Moving toward them by crawling on my hands and knees, I raised my old shotgun and blazed away. They both fell, one lying perfectly motionless, the other groaning and struggling to rise. The report echoed and re-echoed in the canyon. Indians sprang up from under cover and the dull thud of ponies hoofs returning could be heard. The fallen braves were picked up by their tribesmen and brought to Big Foot who was much enraged. I crept back to the hollow and waited the result of the firing.

"There was an ominous silence, all the superstitions of the Indians having been aroused. At last I heard a match struck and saw a glimmer of light that spread and burnt brighter and brighter and as the dry grass and twigs snapped and crackled as the fire swept toward me. They meant to burn me out, and I had no time to lose, as the flames would soon reveal every motion I made.

"I had my rifle in my left hand as I crept along. The Red devils heard me moving but could not see me. As soon as I started to crawl a shower of arrows fell into the willows all about me. The fire, fanned by a breeze, was drawing closer and closer. I scarcely knew where I would come out of the brush, but I meant to put the haystack between me and the outlaw band. I doubled up my body and kept as much as I could in the shadow.

"The meadow by the haystack was quite level and here I meant to cross. Straightening up I made a run for my life. The wind lifted the smoke and for a few seconds I was in full firelight. I heard the Indians as they charged. The canyon rang with their wild yells. Arrows fell thick and fast, and one pierced my left heel.

"I ran straight for the draw, keeping the haystack between me and my foes. My horses whinnied as they recognized me. I hardly saw them as I rushed by. The draw was full of wild plum and choke-cherry bushes. Stumbling and falling, up again and on, I forged ahead.

"It wasn't long before I struck a deer trail and trawling was easier- only my heel throbbed so, and the pain was so intense, I had to sit down and pull off my boots. I drew out the arrow, tied my boots together, slung them around my neck; and in my socks I fled through the darkness. The Indians were well entangled in some plum bushes, crashing through the underbrush and making much noise trying to locate me.

"The trail left the draw all at once and went up the steep side of the mountain. My toes dug deep into the coarse gravel, and loose rocks gave way. Once I nearly lost my balance, but managed to grasp a sweet current bush. Landing in this, my coat was pulled off. I did not stop to recover it.

"My guns hindered my progress and I had to exert all my strength and energy in this effort to outdistance my pursuers. I heard them racing up the trail, but I did not dare look back, as slipping and sliding with grim determination, I toiled up that mountainside. Crack! The report of a rifle rang out. The bullet grazed my shoulder as, panting for breath and leg weary, I reached the top and, for the first time in many hours, I felt free.

"I drew in long breaths of the crisp air while for a few seconds I rested. I did not know how close the Redskins were, so I did not linger, but ran on for half a mile, coming up against a great pile of grey boulders where I hid beneath the overhanging rocks. From this position, I could see the fire burning fiercely.

"Grass and brush were dry and the flames licked up everything before them. I saw elk and deer escaping, coyotes and wolves following their prey, while a herd of cattle bellowing like mad ran out of the canyon. On a barren ridge parallel with the fire, a number of wild horses, attracted by the blaze, were lined up. With their heads flung high in air, they stood ready for flight.

"I pulled on my boots and waited. There was no sound of the Indians, If they had come out of the draw, they had been unable to locate me. While the moon shone bright and clear I lay there hiding. Toward morning, I wandered through a narrow strip of timber. I was weary, hungry and thirsty. Finding a spring, it seemed to me water never tasted better. I made up my mind to go to the Fort Ranch.

"I didn't dare approach it as I wasn't sure what my welcome would be, so it was evening before I saw the cabin. Strange as it may seem, the Indians had been there and had left without doing any damage. I opened some canned stuff and got a hasty meal, thinking all the time that I was running a big risk. I put a small quantity of flour, baking powder and a slab of bacon in a sack and left.

"It had rained during the afternoon. As I made my way toward Laramie Peak, I sprang from rock to rock wherever I could, leaving no tracks. My object now was to secure a saddle horse. As I had whip-broken Old Chihauhau, I knew I could catch him if I got within calling distance. However, I did not find the horses which usually ranged in a small park. It soon grew dark and I could not distinguish one object from another.

"Crawling into a crevice between two rocks, I went to sleep. The following day I did not dare issue far from the mountains. Twice I saw part of the outlaw band. Once they dashed into a bunch of grazing cattle, killing a number of them. They cut off what meat they wanted, poisoning what was left. The second time I saw them wrapped in their blankets, riding single file across Duck Creek valley. This was within a short distance of where I lay in hiding, enveloped in a piece of old wagon sheet I found at the Dug-way Camp.

"Early on the third morning after my escape I was walking toward the Laramie river, and I descended into the canyon, I saw a .50 calibre needle-barrel gleam in the dazzling sunshine. I also saw the figure of a man from the opposite side of the canyon coming toward me. Was he friend or foe? The man whistled as I shouted:

"'Are you a white man?'"

"'You bet I am,' he answered,

"'Can I depend upon you?' I yelled.

"'Come on,' he replied.

"We advanced, nevertheless, with drawn guns. You can imagine the joy of both when we found out that we were acquainted. Charles Harper then told me his experience. He and another man named Looman were hunting elk and became separated. Night coming on, he had made camp. Thinking that Looman might be somewhere near, he had gone up to a high point and fired his gun off.

"He was returning to camp when he saw a band of Sioux and Cheyennes on the full jump, riding toward him. They made a furious charge in his direction, but he managed to get away and he had been a fugitive for several days.

"Being encouraged by companionship, we lit out and quite by accident came to a camp of cowmen that noon who were trailing cattle north. Here we found Looman; who was in a state of great anxiety as to his partner. The three of us then made our way to the Mule Shoe ranch on the Sybille. This was a cattle outfit, and there were a gang of cowpunchers with a big string of saddle horses.

"The boys were mighty glad to see us, as they had been attacked by the Indians, and were fearing another raid. For days they had been leading their cow-poinies to the creek from the corral with a line of punchers on guard with their rifles.

"Losing so much sleep, besides tramping over the country as we had, we were about all in. The first night at the Mule Shoe we lay down fully dressed. Every man, with the exception of the cook who was left on guard, was soon sound asleep. Sometime after midnight, I was awakened by a rushing, pounding, over-circling sound outside the cabin.

"Billy, the cook, holding his rifle ready for use, was peering out a window. As the sound increased to a surging rumble, we sprang up to a man, expecting to see a hord of Redskins. A bellow from hundreds of throats, a break from the thundering line, and the stampeding cattle with clashing horns fled down the creek, our Indian scare was groundless.

"From the Mule Shoe, mounted on two of the their fleetest saddle horses, Harper and I rode to the Chug wand from this station sent a wire to the commandant at Fort D. A. Russell. Within two days, one hundred and twenty soldiers were in the mountains restoring peace and recovering stolen horses. They had a skirmish with the outlaw band, repulsed them and rove them back to the reservation.

"I thought it best to ride to Cheyenne and buy an entire outfit again of civilian clothing, discarding my buckskins, which I never wore. Thus attired, I knew I would be disguised. Seeking revenge, my foes would not recognize me. Years afterward, I was told the Sioux never forgot how I escaped. They thought the spirits were with the 'Laughing White Man.'

"While in Cheyenne I met Joe Sullivan, an old hunter. He told me his brother, Andrew was missing. I related my experience and told him about the black-haired scalp. His fears were aroused and, with a party of cowmen, we began to search for the missing man. Camping at the scene of my narrow escape at the Beaver Dam, we found Bunkie. This was twenty-two days after my flight.

"His wounds had almost entirely healed and he was fat and overjoyed to see me. The fire had destroyed the haystack and a long strip of brush along the creek. The wagon was intact, but, the leather of the harness (except the tugs) had been cut off and taken away, as had everything else in the outfit.

"The only property I recovered from the raid was my wagon and dog. The winter set in early that year and we had to give up our search for Andrew. In the spring, while on the round-up, some cowboys found his remains.

"Yes, that old shotgun hanging on the kitchen wall is the weapon I used to bring down two of Big Foot's warriors. I see Juan, my camp mover coming. That is Fandango following, the best sheep dog I ever owned."

Note: A. S. ("Bud") Gillespie of Laramie, Wyoming, has had this manuscript in his possession for many years. He is uncertain about its exact origin.

August, 1958