

CUMBERLAND County History

Summer/Winter
2006

Volume Twenty-three
Number One-Two

In This Issue

Excerpts from Across the Plains by Immigrant Wagon Train

Jeremiah Zeamer

(transcription by Jane Long; edited by David Smith)

Memories of Frontier Army Life

Anna Laura Pratt

“The Slate” Reports: Student Culture at Shippensburg State College, 1960-1969

Paul R. Kurzawa

Notable Acquisitions, Hamilton Library – 2006

COMPLIMENTS
OF
CUMBERLAND COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Board of Directors

William A. Duncan, President
Jeffrey S. Wood, Vice President
Deborah H. Reitzel, Secretary
David Gority, Treasurer

Nancy W. Bergert
Bill Burnett
James D. Flower, Jr.
George Gardner
Georgia Gish
Homer E. Henschen
Ann K. Hoffer
Linda Mohler Humes
Steve Kaufman
Earl R. Keller
Virginia LaFond
Robert Rahal
Rev. Mark Scheneman
Hilary Simpson

Publications Committee

Jeffrey S. Wood, Chairman
Dr. Paul Gill
Paul Hoch
Dr. Chad Kimmel
Christine Musser
Robert Rowland
Merri Lou Schaumann
Charles Stone
Hilary Simpson
Jim Terry

Executive Director

Linda F. Witmer

Guest Editor

David Smith

Assistant Editor

Barbara Houston

Photo Editors

Richard Tritt
Robert Schwartz

Contributions Solicited

The editor invites the submission of articles, notes, or documents on the history of Cumberland County and its people. Such works may deal with new areas of research or may review what has been written and published in the past.

Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced. Citations should also be double-spaced; they should be placed at the end of the text. If possible, it is requested that each submission be made in digital form in addition to a hard copy. Authors should follow the rules set out in the *Chicago Manual of Style*. Queries concerning the content and form of contributions may be sent to the Editor at the Society.

Membership and Subscription

The basic annual membership fee of the Cumberland County Historical Society is \$35. All members receive *Cumberland County History* as part of their membership. Individual issues may be purchased for \$7 each.

Correspondence concerning membership and subscriptions should be addressed to the Executive Director at the Society.

Cumberland County Historical Society
21 North Pitt Street
P.O. Box 626
Carlisle, PA 17013

CUMBERLAND COUNTY HISTORY

*Cumberland County Historical
Society and Hamilton Library
Association: Carlisle*



Summer / Winter 2006
Volume Twenty-three
Number One-Two

In This Issue

<i>Excerpts from Across the Plains by Immigrant Wagon Train</i>	3
<i>Jeremiah Zeamer (transcription by Jane Long; edited by David Smith)</i>	
Memories of Frontier Army Life	71
<i>Anna Laura Pratt</i>	
“The Slate” Reports: Student Culture at Shippensburg State College, 1960-1969	85
<i>Paul R. Kurzawa</i>	
Notable Acquisitions, Hamilton Library – 2006	111

Contributors

Jeremiah Zeamer, 1842–1911, was owner and editor of the *American Volunteer*, one of the newspapers published in Carlisle in the 19th and early 20th centuries. The paper had a strong Democratic Party bias. From November 1896 to June of 1897, Zeamer published the story of his 1865 journey across the American west. Zeamer was also known for his keen interest in local history and genealogy.

Anna Laura Mason Pratt, 1844–1927, was the wife of Richard Henry Pratt who was the superintendent of the Carlisle Indian Industrial School from 1879–1904. Anna Laura Mason was born in Jamestown, New York on February 12, 1844. She married Richard Pratt on April 12, 1864 and accompanied him to his various postings in Indian Territory (locations in present day Arkansas and Oklahoma are the areas mentioned in this narrative) until his assignment to Carlisle Barracks in 1879 where they resided until 1904. Her paper was presented to the Carlisle Fortnightly Club in 1899. She died on August 7, 1927 and is buried with her husband at Arlington National Cemetery.

Paul R. Kurzawa is a native of Brooklyn, New York but relocated to this area with his family in the 1990s. He holds a Bachelor's Degree in History from Shippensburg University and is presently a graduate student there in the Master of Arts Applied History Program. This paper was prepared in 2006 for a class at Shippensburg University on computerized historical research methods. He anticipates graduating in May of 2008.

Additional Contributors:

David L. Smith is head librarian at CCHS. He has an avid interest in local history and contributed to this issue of the Journal by excerpting the “Across the Plains” Zeamer articles.

Barbara Houston is a cataloger in the library at CCHS. In this issue she contributed the background information on Anna Laura Mason Pratt and the Carlisle Fortnightly Club, as well as the description of notable library accessions.

Jane Long is a long time member of CCHS and a volunteer in the library. She frequently organizes library collections and transcribes diaries. Her most ambitious project was the transcription of the “Across the Plains” Zeamer newspaper articles.

Homer Henschen is a member of the CCHS Board of Directors and long time volunteer in Photo Archives. In this issue he assisted with the preparation of photos and other illustrations.

Excerpts from

“Across the Plains” By Immigrant Wagon in 1865.

My Trip to California and What I Saw on the Way.

by J. Zeamer

1896 / 1897

Transcribed by Jane Long

With assistance from Richard Daggett

David L. Smith, Editor

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

While driving a team of horses as part of a wagon train crossing the American west in 1865, Jeremiah Zeamer, aged 23, kept a diary. Thirty-one years later, Zeamer, now the owner and publisher of the *American Volunteer* in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, published his diaries in serial form in the newspaper. A chapter was presented each week from November of 1896 to June of 1897. As far as staff at the Cumberland County Historical Society has been able to ascertain this work was published only in serial form.

The newspaper stories are based on the diaries as well as other information he possessed, including the letters he had written home to family and friends during the trip which had been returned to him, and letters between members of the party during the intervening years. The only complete set of the *American Volunteer* newspapers from this time are on microfilm which was photographed after the paper had been bound. The quality of some of the microfilm photography is very poor and some of the print is very difficult to read where the original print comes very close to the center binding of the volume. In addition, the Society has some of the original bound volumes of the paper. One issue of the paper is missing from one of the volumes and therefore one chapter is missing. Fortunately, a partial set of about twenty-five chapters in the original newsprint has been located. This set belongs to Richard Daggett, the great grand-

son of Jennie Cotterill, the daughter of Edwin Cotterill, both of whom were on the trip. Jennie was sent copies of the *American Volunteer* at the time the story was published in 1896/97. These copies were shared with the transcriber of the stories and significantly enhanced the opportunity to present an accurate transcription of the entire work.

Punctuation appears in the text as published by Zeamer (as far as can be read from the surviving copies). Spelling is also presented as published. The following anomalies occur throughout the text:

The letter "l" is always doubled in travelled and travelling. Canvas is spelled with two "s's" (canvass) or with an "e" (canvase). Coyote is spelled Cayote. Canyon is always spelled with a "k". The word employees is always spelled employes. Eph. is a nickname or an abbreviation for Ephraim. Grammar and capitalization are also presented as written. Zeamer uses a variety of Pennsylvania German idioms as well as words no longer in common usage, particularly ones that apply to the technology of the time. Italicized words are Mr. Zeamer's usage. Words in brackets [] are the best guess at a correct word, as they could not be deciphered with complete confidence from the original text.

Headings were part of the original publication and are generally helpful in following the story.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The monumental task of transcribing this work has been completed by Jane Long. Her tireless pursuit of this difficult task was completed during the last six months of 2002 into the beginning of 2003. Initially, she worked from the microfilm copies of the original newspaper. Many of these were extremely difficult and at times impossible to read. When other copies of the work became available, the task, though still difficult, became much more manageable. She pursued it with great enthusiasm and has given us a document that provides great insight into events in the mid 19th century.

Mr. Richard Daggett has our thanks for calling this work of Zeamer's to our attention and for providing copies of some of the parts that are missing in the Society's collection. His interest sparked our interest and led to the transcription of the entire work. He also provided assistance by sharing sections of the work that he had transcribed. Without him this fascinating story would still be buried in the microfilm collection at CCHS.

Jeremiah Zeamer, although not here to receive our thanks, had the foresight to keep a journal of events in his young life and then thirty years later to retell

the story in a very interesting way. He provides fascinating details about his experiences that could only have been brought back to life by using the diaries in which that story was originally recorded. The work personalizes and amplifies our understanding of the westward movement. In some cases our perceptions regarding these events are changed. The story told here is not necessarily the one many of us learned in history class and through television and film.

What follows are selected excerpts from the story. The full text is available at the Hamilton Library. The excerpts provide insight into the life of “movers”, as they called themselves, during the spring and summer of 1865 and on into 1866 (Zeamer extends the trip by remaining in Nevada for a year before completing the trip to California). The use of a series of asterixes following a chapter indicates that one or more chapters of the original text have been skipped in this excerpted version of the narrative. The use of the ellipsis (...) within the text of a chapter indicates that a portion of that chapter has been deleted. The story begins in Illinois where members of the traveling party assemble after leaving various points in the east, including Pennsylvania.

THE ROUTE WEST

In 1865, railroads did not extend west of the Mississippi River and highways were not marked with road and direction signs. Travelers followed existing trails and asked directions as needed along the way. The names of villages and towns have changed over the years and some have ceased to exist. However, in many places modern highways closely follow those early roads and trails used by travelers such as Jeremiah Zeamer.

The first part of his trip started by railroad in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, going through Mifflintown to Pittsburgh, north to Aliquippa and on to Chicago. The train from Chicago to Monmouth, Illinois passed through Kewanee, which is probably near the route of present day US Highway 34. From this point on they journeyed by wagon.

The trail across Illinois and Iowa follows the current route of US Highway 34, crossing the Mississippi River at Burlington, Iowa and the Missouri River at Plattsmouth, Nebraska. Because of reported Indian troubles, travelers were kept to the south bank of the Platte and South Platte Rivers across Nebraska and into Colorado. They finally crossed the South Platte River near the present-day city of Greeley, Colorado.

At this point they followed the Overland Trail through Colorado, going north into Wyoming through Virginia Dale, around Medicine Bow and then west, following essentially what is today Interstate 80 to Salt Lake City.

Leaving Salt Lake City, they left the Overland Trail and took the shorter, less traveled, but more dangerous route south of Great Salt Lake just north of Granite Peak through what is now the Dugway Proving Grounds. They continued across Nevada's salt flats, dry lakes, the Diamond Mountains, and Reese River to Fort Churchill, an area where today there are no east-west roads. It was a risky route, very hard on the animals and done largely at night.

Zeamer left his party at Carson City, Nevada where he spent a year working. He then continued his westward journey. His route took him around Lake Tahoe to Sacramento by stagecoach and on to San Francisco by boat.

His return trip to the east is not covered in this narrative, but it has been subsequently learned that he took a ship to Panama, crossed the isthmus, and then sailed to New York City.

ROUTE OF JEREMIAH ZEAMER FROM CHICAGO TO SAN FRANCISCO, 1865-1866.



Map showing Zeamer's approximate route west in 1865-1866.

Created by Jane Long.

ACROSS THE PLAINS BY IMMIGRANT WAGON IN 1865
MY TRIP TO CALIFORNIA AND WHAT I SAW ON THE WAY

A True Story by Jeremiah Zeamer

Editor and Proprietor of the American Volunteer

When the California gold fever swept over the country in 1849 I was a child in Silver Spring township, Cumberland County, Pa., just old enough to drive the cows to and from the pasture and, if the weather was not too bad, to attend the district school. The people of the agricultural sections of Pennsylvania have always been proverbially staid, but the news of the discovery of gold in California then about forty times as far away from Pennsylvania as now – quickly reached our quiet little corner of the world and electrified every man, woman and child. It became the universal topic of conversation. Wherever two or three persons met they talked of California and gold even to the exclusion of the weather. Venturesome young men in different parts of the county formed themselves into parties and started for the new Eldorado to find their fortunes. Others followed and after some months stories of fabulous finds and of the wonders and beauties of the country, were sent back to those whom circumstances kept at home. This stimulated curiosity and when neighbors met on the road, or in the fields, or at the blacksmith shop or store, or when they visited each other on Sundays, their conversation invariably turned to California and its gold. To these exciting tales I listened with open-mouthed eagerness. I pondered them over during my waking hours in the day time and dreamed of them on my pillow in the silent watches of the night. When the hired boy and I were set to watch the cows in the fields we would play California and dig deep holes into the soft earth in search of gold and fret because we could neither find the yellow metal at home nor go to California for it.

It was impossible for a boy of my tender years to pass through such agitation without becoming affected by it for life and young as I was, I solemnly vowed that when I became a man I would go to California. Newspapers were few and far between, but about that time my father subscribed for a city weekly. Al-

though a novelty in the family it at first meant very little to me, for I couldn't read it, but when our hired man would read from it anything on California I was always an attentive listener and before long I, for a country lad, was a fair newspaper reader myself, and not only read everything the newspaper contained about California but, what was much worse, believed it all.

* * * * *

THE MEMBERS OF OUR PARTY

On **Monday, April 10th**, I went to the Whitman place and put in a little more than a week at helping to get ready for the trip. The Cotterill-Whitman party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Cotterill and their baby boy, Mr. Cotterill's daughter Jennie; Mrs. Whitman who was 60 years of age; Mrs. Whitman's two single daughters, Emma and Lizzie, and a son, Scott, a boy of sixteen. The outfit provided to take them consisted of three four-horse wagons and a two-horse covered spring wagon which the company called "the buggy." There were two loose horses, one a blooded stallion and the other a three-year old colt belonging to Scott, making sixteen horses in all. To drive these teams and have charge of these sixteen horses, four young men were employed, on the same terms, that is they were to be taken to California in exchange for their services. The four were, first, Eph Ruse; second, the writer of this narrative; third, Will Young, and fourth, Dick Traul. Ruse was an Englishman, a native of Suffolkshire, and for some years had been employed at a livery in Monmouth and consequently was considered an experienced horseman. Young was also a Monmouth boy but younger than Ruse. He was an apprentice with a saddler and had had little or no experience with horses. Dick Traul was younger than any of us, a mere boy in stature and general appearance. He had been working for a baker in Monmouth but his parents were living near Ottumwa, Iowa. He had a brother in at Boise, Idaho, and joined our party with the view of going to him. Because of Ruse's superior horsemanship he was given the heaviest and best team and Lizzie Whitman and Jennie Cotterill rode with him. I was given the second best team and the wagon in which Mr. and Mrs. Cotterill rode. These two teams and the blooded stallion, belonged to Mr. Cotterill. The other four horse team belonged to Mrs. Whitman and was *drove* by Will Young, Mrs. Whitman riding with him. The "buggy" team also belonged to Mrs. Whitman and was driven by Scott, his sister Emma riding with him. Dick Traul was not assigned any particular team. He was a sort of general utility man and much of the time when the outfit was in motion rode the blooded stallion, George, which was a docile animal and a sort of pet.

THE OUTFIT

In preparing for a journey of over two thousand miles, most of the distance an uninhabited wilderness, it was necessary to exercise great care and good judgment. In many respects this was done by our party. The wagons were of superior make so as to successfully withstand the long haul and rough range. Everything about them was complete and the best of material. The tires were bolted on to the wheels to keep them in place when the hot weather and drouth of the deserts would shrink the fellos, and before they were taken away from the shops the eyes of skilled mechanics inspected every part of them. Covers of bright white canvas were on all of them and over the canvase an ample size was provided for the drivers to sleep in the night. The buckets, cups, table ware and other vessels were of tin and sheet iron so they would not break and be light at the same time. The provisions taken along to feed the party on the way consisted of flour, bacon, smoked meats, lard, beans, hominy, coffee and tea, and some delicacies for the women in case of sickness. The clothing was packed in boxes and trunks, and the bedding, consisted of blankets, quilts and coverlets, was done up in rolls during the day to keep clean and allow of it being stored away in convenient places in the wagons. For cooking purposes a sheet iron stove was provided. This was carried along at the rear end of the large wagon from where it could be quickly gotten down at camping time and where it was convenient to put it after all the other articles of the camp had been stowed away.

The teams were made up of large and strong horses all of which were overfed and tender. During the week prior to our starting I saw them given more corn than they could eat and their mangers kept so full of hay that much of it fell over the stalls and served them as bedding. Poor dumb brutes! Many a time during the trip they would have eaten every last grain and straw of that surplus with a relish and with them decided benefit. Although well fed they were not well trained. While all of them had been broken to harness not one of the teams had been hitched as they were to be driven across the plains and *drove* around for the purpose of training them. Their harness was all new, and being made expressly for this trip was good and strong and in harmony with the rest of the outfit. The teams were *drove* with check lines and consequently each was a four in hand.

Several days before we were ready to start I make a visit to the Firoved home to get a valise I had left there and to give the members of the family good-by. My visit was compressed into a mere call, only Mrs. Firoved and her daughter, Lizzie being at home. They had proven the sincerity of their friendship by their

uniform kindness and generous hospitality and parting with them to go on a long and dangerous journey naturally was painful. After shaking hands they walked with me to the end of the yard and continued talking and wishing me well while I mounted my horse. On glancing toward Mrs. Firoved before riding off I saw a tear steal down her cheek which she evidently did not want me to see. To me that tear was an affecting incident for it dropped upon my heart and reinforced the tears and prayers of a pious mother, between whom and her boy a thousand miles not intervened, and God only can measure the part it acted in preserving me through the temptations of my trip across the continent.

LOADING THE WAGONS

On **Saturday April 15th** the wagons were brought home and the next day Mr. Cotterill, a man named Ransom, and I prepared them for loading, working at them diligently until noon. Working on Sunday in Illinois wasn't as common a thing as it was farther west and the good people who saw us at it appeared shocked but said nothing. While we were thus engaged a party of "movers" as the immigrants were commonly called came up from the East and passed out the road towards Monmouth. Movers having covered wagons as these had were almost invariably bound for across the plains but I do not now recall whether we learned the destination of this party or not. From Sunday noon until evening there was much coming and going in the Whitman house, many of the neighbors and friends calling to bid the family good-by and wish them a safe journey.



Photo of covered wagon like the type used by the Cotterill party.

CCHS Photo Archives

Monday was devoted to gathering together all articles that it was intended to take along and stowing them away in the good strong wagons for the long and eventful trip. Will Young and Dick Traul reported for duty and did not impress me as being experienced teamsters. Towards evening I went into town and bought a complete gum suit. Sometime prior to this I had purchased a Colt's revolver and a belt with which to carry it on my person. A revolver or two, and a knife, were considered necessary to fully equip a young person for the plains. One who was older did not set so much importance upon them. That evening and night it rained hard, making the roads muddy and slippery.

THE START

Tuesday morning April 18th dawned bright and clear and every thing being in readiness we started our memorable trip overland to California. The roads were full of ruts and deep with mud and while the skies were clear the indications were for more rain. All things considered it was not a propitious start. Eph. Ruse, the Englishman, led off with the large team; mine came next and a neighbor, formerly a Pennsylvanian, assisted me in driving as far as Monmouth. Will Young, with Mrs. Whitman's team, came third in line, and the "buggy," which wasn't a buggy, came fourth and last. In this order we traveled nearly all the time until we reached the Great Salt Lake City. By the time we got to Monmouth some one in the party had discovered that a valuable gun had been left behind and it fell to my lot to ride back and fetch it.

* * * * *

OUR FIRST NIGHT OUT

At two o'clock in the afternoon we got away from Monmouth but owing to the bad condition of the roads and the poor training of the teams made progress slowly. We aimed to cross the Mississippi river at Burlington and headed in that direction going by the way of the town of Young America now named Kirkwood. By early evening we reached the village of Biggsville and stopped near it for the night. Our camp was on the edge of a steep hill along the foot of which ran a stream which was much swollen and very muddy from the recent rains. There was some young timber near our camp and we tied our horses to the trees and got corn and hay at a farm near by to feed them. The corn we fed to them in canvas nose bags which had been expressly provided for this trip. None of the horses had ever seen a nose bag before and consequently fed from them very awkwardly and some even took fright at them. To facilitate the feeding we threw the corn to most of them on the ground by the trees, after the manner

Illinois cattle men fed their stock in those days. The hay was also thrown to them around the trees. While we were preparing our camp for the night great black clouds were gathering in the west in a little while the thunder began to roll and by the time we had our suppers eaten and the horses fed a heavy shower was upon us which lasted well into the night. The women of the party retreated into the wagons and we drivers into the tent which we had erected as soon as we saw the impending storm. But neither the covers of the wagons nor the tent were sufficient protection, for it rained so hard and so long that the water came through the canvase and soaked us more or less. About the time it was most undesirable to go out of the tent a lot of hogs invaded our camp and got at the feed we had thrown to the horses. These hogs *eat* up the corn, rooted up the hay and frightened the horses so we had to get out and drive them off. But they wouldn't remain away. In a little while they would come back and we would have to drive them off again, and in this way they kept annoying us until far into the night and until we wished ourselves in Indian country where there were no wicked hogs to molest.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI BOTTOM

Early in the afternoon we arrived at the edge of the Mississippi Bottom, or in other words the wide stretch of lowland which lies between the bluffs and the river. We caught glimpses of the city of Burlington on the farther bank but couldn't see the river because the dense fringe of timber which bordered its east bank. We had yet seven miles to go in a northwest direction till we reached the edge of the river. After traveling, as we thought, much the greater portion of this distance, we inquired at a farm house, where we stopped to water our horses, and were told that we had still four miles to go. From this farm house on the Bottom was so low and level that it undoubtedly was overflowed in times of great freshets and owing to this lowness and the recent heavy rains the road which led across was in shocking condition. In places it was corduroyed but much of the timber of the corduroy had sunk into soft earth so deep that it was out of sight, while in other places it was rotted away. Long stretches of the road were continuous mud holes and almost from one end to the other it was a series of ruts and holes. Our green teams were tired out and at one very bad place mine stuck fast. Eph. Ruse unhooked his leaders and with them helped me out of the hole.

Crossing the Mississippi Bottom was a fit companion piece to our experience at Biggsville on the night before. To get over the road by which we had to cross, even with a trained team, required careful driving. And to get over it successfully with teams that had never before been *drove* by fours, required

extraordinary care or remarkably good luck. But it is a long lane that has no end and it was the same with this road over the Mississippi Bottom. Whether by skill or luck we finally got the bank of the great river and encamped in the timber near the edge of the water, on a spot that was comparatively dry and where there was plenty of good wood for fuel. The sky was bright and clear and the air just cool enough to be pleasant. After our horses had been fed and properly cared for we drivers sat on the bank of the river watching its muddy current sweep by and looking far up and down its watery length with the hope of seeing great steamboats come in sight. While thus engaged some one in the party passed around the cigars and proposed we take a smoke in honor of our camp on the Mississippi. For a year or more I had been trying to quit smoking and here I was tempted again. The temptation was too great and my good resolution gave way but I consoled myself with the thought that here, with the great Father of Waters for a witness, was the place to smoke my last cigar, and smoked.

The next morning we were up early, had breakfast promptly, red up camp and hitched up our teams in great haste for we expected a ferry boat to come from the other side and meant to be ready for it. Some friends of the Whitmans had come with them as far as the river as company. They did not cross but bid them good-by and went down to the station and went back to Monmouth by railroad. Our ferry boat came on time and we got on board without special incident and in a little while were landed on the other side in the city of Burlington, (Iowa). This crossing of the Father of Waters was accomplished on Thursday morning April 20, 1865, and the boat by which it was accomplished was named the "The Flint Hills."

* * * * *

BEYOND THE DES MOINES

There were two ferries across the Des Moines river at Ottumwa in the Spring of 1865. We crossed at the lower one on the following morning and in a little while were upon some very bad roads badly made that abounded in ruts and potholes and were deep in mud. The mud was tough and clayey but not so bad as that with which we had to contend farther east. Before we were long on this kind of road the new King bolt on Will Young's wagon broke in two and we had the same old trouble over again. By driving a strong nail into the axle of the wagon, so the bolt could not drop down and out, we managed to make a bit of it do until a new one could again be procured.

MOVERS BECOME NUMEROUS

“Movers” as the immigrants were commonly called, were now becoming numerous. They came upon the route on which we were traveling from the north and south and we could see lines of their wagons ahead of us and also far behind us. The covers of their wagons were tan and white and a long line of them ranged one after the other, in the far distance, looked like a lot of sheets hung out to dry on wash day. Soon we would pass groups of movers stopped by the wayside, eating their meals and resting and feeding their stock, and often companies of them would pass us while we were camped for meals or for the night. It didn't take long for the different families, or “out [travelers]” to become acquainted with each other, and when in camp men and women exchanged neighborly courtesies as if they lived permanently in the same community.

The first day after crossing the Des Moines river we didn't stop to feed and water until we had passed the stretch of very bad road upon which we had come; and then after we had finished our meals we indulged in a little pistol practice. All the men of the party tried their hand but I best recall how Cotterill with his left hand, his only hand, aimed at his hat and failed to hit it. The country we were now passing through did not look fertile and pleasing to the eye. It was rolling and covered in many places with bushes and stunted timber, characteristics that usually indicate sterility of soil. The earth instead of being black loam was a grayish clay or gravel and Cotterill called the section a “[place] of starvation”. In the afternoon we passed Blakesburg which we marked in our calendar as the place where Scott had the second king pin forged for Will Young's wagon. Besides a blacksmith shop the place had only a post office and a photograph emporium. While making a short stop on the only street a man come to our wagons and opened a conversation, informing us that the next morning he was starting across the plains for Oregon. By camping time that evening we reached a small stream named Soap Creek near which lived a man who was extensively engaged in sheep raising, and just beyond his buildings the hills were swarming with sheep and lambs. He also had other business interests, as we learned in conversation with him. He was dealing heavily in pork and had a large quantity in Chicago for which he said he was willing to take \$3000 less than it cost him. At this point I wrote a letter home, the first since I had joined the party to go to California. With a hope of reconciling my parents to my undertaking I represented the trip as rosy-hued as the truth permitted.

* * * * *

FRONTIER ARCHITECTURE

The farther we went the smaller the buildings along our way became, and rarely did we now meet a house that was anything more than a mere hut or cabin. All of them were built of logs, even the gable ends up into the very combs of the roofs, being of logs. The roofs were of boards which were not nailed on, but logs were laid crosswise upon them to keep them from blowing off, one log, or row of logs, down near the eaves and another up near the comb. On some buildings the roofs were almost flat, which kind of roof was nearly always held down with logs.

The next evening we encamped just back of some buildings of the regulation order that I have tried to describe. The owner of the premises was not at home but he had two bright boys who were, and of whom we bought some sheaf oats at fifty cents a dozen, the sheaves being small. Among the improvements on the premises was a rail pen which we fixed up by laying up some loose rails and then put our horses on the inside and tied them to the fence. By morning the skies were again cloudy and threatening rain. As soon as we had got fairly started on the road it began to mist and then drizzle, making it very disagreeable to travel but we traveled. On this rainy day we passed through Chariton, a little cluster of houses which gloried in the distinction of being the capital of Lucas county. A short distance beyond Chariton we drove a little to the south of the road and fed our teams. We were soon again moving but as the drizzling weather made the roads slippery and traveling unpleasant we determined upon an early stop at a sort of a public place kept by a man named Mr. J____. We unhitched our teams and began to prepare our horses for the night before seeing our host. This proved a mistake for when he came and we attempted to bargain with him for entertainment he demanded \$1.25 for the hay each span of our horses would eat through the night. This was such an un-“saintly” attempt at extortion that Cotterill declared in very expressive language that he would not stand it. We hastily hitched up our teams and drove about three miles farther, traveling until it was quite dark. By this time it had cleared off and the evening was warm and pleasant. Being dark we couldn’t select our camping ground to advantage and happened to get upon a low place where the ground was soft. We got hay of a poor quality but made it answer for the emergency. At this place we picketed our horses. “Picketing” was driving an iron pin into the ground and tying the horse by a long rope to a ring near the end of the pin. Sometimes this mode of securing horses would hold and sometimes it would not. In soft ground they often would pull up the pins and get away.

The next morning was **Saturday, April 20th**. Owing to getting into camp late on the evening before we got a late start and with some poor luck. One of my

horses had lost a picketing pin for which I hunted a long time before finding it. Then after going several miles we discovered that through the fault of Dick and Scott some buckets had been left behind and Cotterill had to ride back for them, which was not calculated to put a man of his temperament in good humor.

* * * * *

OUR FIRST SIGHT OF INDIANS

That evening we reached a stream which was not as remarkable for size as the reader might be led to infer from its name. It was the Grand River and where we crossed it it flowed through a wide and deep ravine heavily wooded from side to side. As we drove into this wooded ravine on the east there came up along the edge of the wood and towards us, two Indians, mounted on horses, which were so weak and emaciated that they could hardly bear up under the weight of their dusky riders. They had some pots and camping utensils along the side of their steeds and presented a picture that was essentially Indian-like. As they came towards the road they shouted something to us but as no one in our party understood what they said we went on as if we had not heard them. We halted on the banks of this stream with the great name, near where a large body of movers had already camped. These movers had only cattle teams and their cattle were turned loose and were wandering through the wood, nipping at the grass which in places was beginning to show itself above the ground. While encamped here we employed our spare time in over-hauling the wagons, cleaning out the dirt and dust and rearranging the contents so they could be more conveniently gotten at. During the evening another Indian was seen and only a little ways from our camp. This one had a red blanket wrapped about him and carried a gun with which he shot game, there being some squirrels in the wood. His appearance caused some comment and inquiry and we learned from some of our neighboring movers that a short distance down this same ravine there was a large party of Indians encamped. As they were known to be peaceably disposed no one, excepting some of the women in our party, felt any uneasiness about them, still we took the precaution to watch our horses more closely that night than had been our custom.

* * * * *

THE MISSOURIANS PREDOMINATE

The immigrants whom we had met while passing through Iowa were mostly from Missouri. The route by which we had come through the state lay through

the center of the second tier of counties from the Missouri line north, and the fact that so many Missourians should, in the very first stages of their trip, be found so far north of the direct line across the plains, may seem strange to the reader. There were reasons for it, however. One reason was because the state of Missouri had not yet recovered from the effects of the war and travel was less likely to be interrupted and delayed in Iowa. The Iowa roads were also believed to be better. For those who had tried the Iowa roads through the entire state it was difficult to imagine how the Missouri roads could possibly be any worse. Another and probably the principle reason, was that the immigration generally that spring aimed to cross the Missouri River at Council Bluffs.

* * * * *

CROSSING THE MISSOURI

Early on **Monday morning, May 15th** we broke camp and set out across the great Bottom. Our course lay due westward to the belt of tall timber which we had been looking against and studying for over a week. On our way we crossed the track which had been graded for a railroad from St. Jo to Council Bluffs and which was intended as a part of the great railway that was projected across the continent. We reached the river in good time but should have been much earlier for many wagons were already in line awaiting their turn to be ferried over. It seemed as if all the immigrant parties that had been accumulating on the Bottom for a fortnight had broken camp simultaneously and each was trying to be the first in getting to the ferry boat. The wagons were ranged in a long line from the landing dock into the woods and was rapidly growing. Our outfit fell in at the rear end of the line and kept moving with it as those ahead moved up. Whenever the boat took on a load of wagons a scramble from one end of the line to the other followed, which was a filling up of the gaps so no one outside the line would be tempted to sneak in and steal some one's turn. As the wagons kept increasing in number the anxiety also increased and a parallel line was formed with the view of crowding in, but without success for the main line held the right of way and was given the preference by the ferry boat authorities.

* * * * *

PLATTSMOUTH

Our turn to get upon the boat came along at last and we were taken across the river and landed at the lower end of Plattsmouth. We were now in the territory of Nebraska – Eph. Ruse called it “New Brasky” – and felt cheered at the progress

we had made. Plattsmouth was then a small frontier settlement situated, not at but near where the Platte empties into the Missouri, and on account of its proximity to the mouth of the Platte was called Plattsmouth. At the time we passed through it it had a raw western aspect that was severely harsh to civilized notions. It contained several stores that carried an assortment of goods such as immigrants most needed on their way across the plains, among which fire arms, knives and ammunition were prominent. There was also a full complement of hotels and saloons in the place which had in and about them customers that looked like the typical bad men of the wild West. They had fierce looking mustaches, wore big slouch hats with brim turned up in front, woolen shirts, pantaloons legs stuck into their boot tops and a Bowie knife and revolver or two in leather belts buckled around their waists and could spit tobacco juice with the force and precision of a squirt gun. In one of the saloons a lot of those interesting characters sat playing cards and the picture they presented to my mind did more to convince me that I was now beyond the borders of civilization than all else that I had seen along the way.

Plattsmouth, it was claimed, was nearer to Ft. Kearney than any other river town. It was fifteen miles nearer than Omaha and also nearer than Nebraska City, a point of departure twenty miles farther down the river. According to an old table in an "Immigrant Guide" that fell into my possession, the distance from Omaha to Ft. Kearney was 197 miles; to Denver 507 miles, and to Great Salt Lake City, 1200 miles. When we compared the distance we had come with the distance we had yet to go it seemed to us as if we had hardly started, but we cheered ourselves with the comforting assurance that from now on the roads would be good and hard yet that very night that assurance suffered a most crushing disappointment.

We didn't tarry long at Plattsmouth. Soon after we were landed from the ferry boat we started on up the road that led to the westward from the lower end of the town. It lay up a long hill at an easy grade and when we got to the top of the rise and caught a glimpse of the rolling treeless plains of Nebraska the landscape looked so much like country we had already seen that Cotterill on the impulse exclaimed, "Huh, second edition of Iowa." Eastern Nebraska in appearance was much like western Iowa and Cotterill's words tersely expressed the resemblance. The different immigrant parties now began to manifest a desire of keeping together and whenever the men met they talked much about forming a train but were slow to take definite steps towards that end.

* * * * *

CLEAR CREEK

On Monday May 22 we came to where our road led down off the upland to the bottom of the Platte river. The Platte bottom at this place was four or five miles wide, and had for its border on the north the tall cottonwood timber of the river and on the south the irregular line of bluffs. Altogether it was a very lovely piece of landscape. The point at which our road began to descend afforded a commanding view of it and its appearance was a delight to the eye and an agreeable change from what we had been accustomed to look upon for some days past. A small stream named Clear Creek wound through the expanse of lowland and emptied itself into the river a short distance below where we came upon the bottom. A great portion of this bottom was a bed of sharp sand which much travel had loosened up in the roadway to considerable depth and it ran into the tracks behind the wheels like water. In passing through it the wagons caused a singing noise such as heavily laden wagons cause when passing over frozen snow on a very cold morning. The weather was warm and pleasant and I tried walking barefoot but soon found the sand painful to the soles of my feet and on examining found a blister under one foot as large as a half dollar.

PRAIRIE SCHOONERS

On this stretch of lowland we met quite a number of very large freight wagons drawn by ox teams. There were as many as nine and ten yoke of oxen in each team and in no instance were there less than eight yoke in a team. The wagons were all empty and were returning to the Missouri river from Denver to which point they had been with corn and other produce and goods for which there was a demand in the growing mining camps of the Pike's Peak mountain region. Two, and in some instances, three of these large wagons were fastened together, one close behind the other, and drawn by the same team driven by one driver. By consolidating in this way fewer drivers were needed and half the cattle given a rest. With the wagons we met on Clear Creek there was a large bunch of cattle which was driven leisurely along by herders some distance away from the road. These large freight wagons were a notable feature of the plains between the Missouri river and the Rocky Mountains and were commonly known as "Prairie Schooners." They were of immense size and strength and easily distinguishable at a great distance. When loaded they had on them covers that reached well up into the air but when empty the covers usually were laid away in the bottom of the great beds and only the bare bows were left to show that covers belonged on the wagons. In my boyhood days in Pennsylvania I had seen much of the historical Conestoga wagon with great bowed cover, hauled

by team of heavy horses with bells, but the Conestoga wagon was a toy compared with these prairie schooners.

* * * * *

OUR INTRODUCTION TO ALKALI

On the evening of the second day that we traveled along the Platte river we encamped on the edge of a piece of low ground. There was a house close by and the settler who lived there had made some attempts at farming, having plowed up some of the ground during the fall before. Over this old plowed ground and in the furrows of it, we noticed a whitish substance that looked like slaked lime scattered around. Its appearance barely attracted our attention but the next morning when we saw our horses licking it up as eagerly as if it were salt we began to suspect that it was alkali. We then began to look around and found it not only over the plowed ground but in the grass and especially in low places from which puddles of water had evaporated. We inquired concerning it of the settler who lived at the place and he confirmed our suspicions. It was alkali but not in sufficient quantity to injure stock. From this point on it increased in quantity and long before we reached the mountains we came across great areas which were covered with crusts of it. It would rise to the surface of the ground where shallow pools of water stood and as the water evaporated and receded, rings of it would encircle the pools. The rank grass along the river was known as alkali grass and at the roots of it flakes of the salt clustered like the flakes of dandruff at the roots of the hair on the human head. And invariably where it was plentiful on the plains dead cattle were proportionally numerous for it was poisonous for stock. When cattle first came upon it they liked it and licked it off the ground, but if they got too much of it, it killed them. In localities where it was abundant sometimes two and three animals in one camp would be down from its effects at the same time, and nearly always in the morning about the time the train was getting ready to start out. The regulation remedy for alkali poisoning was fat meat. A piece of fat meat about the size of a base ball would be rammed down the patient's throat with a whip stock, and if the right kind of meat could not be had lard was melted and poured into a long necked bottle and from it down the animal's throat. This would usually bring relief but repeated poisoning would so weaken the animal that it finally had to be left along the road to die. Next to the Indian, alkali was the California immigrant's worst enemy.

* * * * *

SOD BUILDINGS

Settlements were now very scarce and we sometimes traveled a whole day without seeing anything that looked like one. Nearly all the habitations we now came across were built of sod or turf. With the exception of doors and windows and ridge pole and rafters, everything that entered into their construction was of sod and the doors and windows were invariably small affairs. Not only were houses built of sod, but all kinds of buildings including stables, the enclosures about buildings and even small fields, were enclosed by sod walls. One very noticeable feature about these sod buildings was that they were nearly all deserted and partly destroyed, the wood used in their construction, in absence of the owners, having been stolen by immigrants and freighters for fuel. There were also along the road sod structures which had been begun and never finished and their unfinished state aroused many a query in the minds of the curious travelers. Nearly all of the houses that were occupied, whether built of sod or other material, were stores and grog shops, and all articles on sale in them were held at enormous prices. Along this part of our trip we first began to see antelope. The swift-footed little creatures would come into sight away out near the bluffs and although headed towards the wagons going along the road they would yet keep at a good and safe distance. If approached they would discover their pursuers while yet afar off and turn and skip away as if mounted on the wings of the wind. Persons who were not thoroughly acquainted with the habits of the antelope rarely succeeded in capturing any for it required great care, patience and strategy.

* * * * *

DEAD CATTLE

From this point it was yet nine miles to Ft. Kearney and these nine miles formed a very memorable link in our long journey. Here large areas of the plain were thickly covered with the deadly alkali, and carcasses of cattle lay around in such great number that our eyes ached looking at them. For a while we tried to count them but this became confusing and tiresome and we abandoned the effort. In places they lay so near each other that for acres around a smart boy could have jumped from one to the other. And it was a matter of considerable surprise to us that these many dead cattle did not give forth an intolerable stench. Numerous as they were no bad smell was perceptible. It appears that dead animals on the plains dried up instead of decaying and dried up so quickly and so effectually that no stench was left, or at the most very little. The carcasses therefore consisted mostly of only a dry hard skin and the skeleton within it.

...Where the alkali had not killed the grass and rendered the ground wholly bare there was good pasture on this plain and upon these good places immigrants were camped in great numbers. They had halted for the purpose of forming into trains and their wagons and stock literally covered the plain. We drove on until we got within five miles of the fort and then also halted. From where we encamped we could see the flag fluttering in the breeze at the top of the tall staff at the fort. Parties who, since leaving Plattsmouth, had occasionally travelled with us encamped near us, for we mutually desired to get into the same train. Organization into trains was now actually necessary, and also compulsory, for the military authorities at the fort supervised it, and all parties set about it in real earnest. In the afternoon Cotterill and some other men rode up to the fort to consult with the commanding officer and learn from him definitely what the military authorities required of immigrants and what immigrants could expect from the military. They returned somewhat enlightened. The commandant advised that all trains contain about one hundred well armed men with a captain to command them. It was Saturday and the leading persons in our neighbor outfits agreed that we lie over until Monday and wait for other parties whom we knew to be on the way and who were good people to be with in a train.

* * * * *

INDIAN SOLDIERS

On the plain a little to the south of this earthwork there was a row of shelter tents and beyond the tents a lot of horses tethered. This, we were informed, was an encampment of Pawnee Indian soldiers. We rode out and took a close-range view of those red boys in blue. Some of them looked passably well in soldier's garb but they were the exceptions. Most of them cut uncouth and ludicrous figures in Uncle Sam's uniform and moved about as if they felt hampered by too much clothing. Their jet black hair they wore long and some of them wore theirs in plaits. As comparatively few of them were moving about we rode back and forth along the line of tents to find out where they were. They didn't seem to be very numerous and if the company numbered a hundred – as was said – a considerable portion of them must have been out. In some of the tents however we saw old and grizzled warriors whose features were enough like Medusa's to terrify an average tenderfoot. These were all in repose; some of them smoking. They merely looked up as we passed, not uttering even a grunt, nor had we anything to say to them. In several of the tents were card parties. Before one of these we stopped for fifteen or twenty minutes and watched to see them

exercise their knowledge and skill at the game of euchre. They handled the cards with the deftness of master players and finished game after game without saying a word. Sometimes one would give a grunt which was barely audible to us; then there would be a faint grunt from one of the others in reply and then perfect silence again reigned for a long time. In this way the playing continued until it became monotonous to us and we rode away.

The post office at Ft. Kearney was a small log building at the west side of the plaza or square. It was not yet open when we came in from the Indian encampment but a crowd was standing around it and the fact that in the crowd were many soldiers was to us convincing evidence that it would soon be open. After waiting a while the stage came in from the west and driving up halted at the post office door. The postmaster then first showed himself. He came out and received the mail the stage had brought and handed the Ft. Kearney mail to the driver. This done the stage left and after the postmaster had emptied the bags and changed the mail, he opened up for business. The waiting crowd filed in immediately, we pretty well towards the rear end of the line. The inside of this frontier post office was a study to us. It was but one story high and its floor was the bare ground. All around on its rough walls were long pictures from the illustrated periodicals, chiefly Harpers Weekly. The tragic death of President Lincoln and the incidents connected with it, were the most prominent pieces in the gallery of art and received the most attention from the crowd. On a counter and on some rough shelves were displayed for sale magazines, copies of some of the leading newspapers of the country and a varied stock of yellow-backed literature. Our anxiety to receive letters from friends at home repressed our interest in general news and we did not invest in anything on the news counter. We waited until our turn in the line came, received some letters and lost no time in getting back to our camp. During the rest of the day we read and reread our letters until we had their contents committed to memory.

* * * * *

DISCUSSING ORGANIZATION

All day on Sunday the subject of organizing a train was in the minds and mouths of the immigrants camped round about us. In spite of the fact that we were on the south side of the Platte, and the fact that it was generally understood that we were to go up on the south side, some of the more daring clamored to go up on the north side, because, they claimed, it was the shorter route and had more grass. The military authorities had condemned the route on the north as unsafe on account of the hostility of the Indians, and announced that they would not

give it the necessary protection, but this action by the military was only additional reason why some preferred it. After much discussion lists of [matters] were made and before evening it was evident that abundant material was present on the Ft. Kearney bottom to form a large train. The question of route settled itself. The satisfaction of ignoring the military authorities' advice and defying the hostile savages, were not sufficient in themselves to compensate for the delay and hardships that the crossing of the wide river at that point involved and it was abandoned. The final work of organization however was not accomplished until in the forenoon of the following day, Monday.

On Sunday evening more wagons came up and camped near us. These last parties had considerable loose stock with them which was regarded as an encumbrance to an immigrant party. But the most important addition to our camp came on Saturday afternoon. It consisted of twenty four wagons nearly all of which were drawn by cattle teams. It was not an immigrant party nor yet a party of freighters in the sense that the term freighter was commonly used on the plains. Their wagons were not the regulation "prairie schooner," already described, but bore resemblance to large immigrant wagons. They were not freighters but were hauling freight, their own freight, consisting of flour, meat and groceries. They came from some place in Iowa and were bound for the mines of Idaho where, during the winter before, flour had sold as high as a dollar, and a dollar and a half a pound. The drivers of the teams were both drivers and immigrants for they were working their way into the mines with the intention of locating there and trying their luck. This outfit was owned by a man named Thomas Cooper and was known along the immigrant route as the "Cooper Train." We had been hearing of it for some days before it came up with us. Cooper was a man of medium size, quiet and modest in demeanor and could control his temper and the men under him with equal ease. He seemed to be a typical business man. When he spoke he said something worth hearing and those about him always paid respectful attention. His own outfit called him "Captain" but he declined to act as captain of the large train in which his outfit became the largest contingent. He however had much to do with selecting a man for captain. By reason of his personality, his experience in California and the fact of him having only one arm, Mr. Cotterill was a conspicuous man among the immigrants. He had besides a courage and hardihood that men admire in a man and these characteristics marked him as a man fit to command a train and his name was proposed. It may not have been Cooper who first proposed it, but he approved it and Cooper's approval was more influential than that of any other man in camp, and so Cotterill became Captain of the new train.

As Cotterill had but one hand, and only a left hand at that, he had to have some one to do the writing for him, in other words a secretary. To this post of duty he appointed the writer of these annals. I had been keeping a diary, a thing Cotterill regarded as a waste of time, a piece of high grade nonsense deserving only ridicule. I also had in my valise some books, which fact was to him a yet greater piece of silliness than keeping a diary and to express his condemnation and contempt he called me "the literary cuss." He applied this term so often that others took to using it and it spread until with the boys it became a convenient name to designate me by. By accepting it good naturedly I took the reproach out of the term and made it a badge of distinction rather and when it came about that a scribe was needed "the literary cuss" fitted the niche.

* * * * *

INDIAN ATROCITIES AT PLUM CREEK

For nearly a hundred miles of our journey we had been hearing much about the Indians being hostile in the region of Plum Creek, thirty-six miles west of Fort Kearney. The atrocities they had committed there and what they continued to threaten were dwelt on so much that Plum Creek became a dreaded locality to everybody in the train. We were now approaching that bloody ground and were screwing up our courage in various ways. Our teams were all drove up in close order and every gun loaded and kept ready at hand for use in case the emergency called for it. The plain and bluffs were watched with searching eyes and had any Indians appeared prompt and hearty alarm would have been given. The first evidence we had of being near Plum Creek was the charred ruins of a train whose wagons had been burned while corralled. The ruins still lay partly in the form of a circle. Nearby was a grave marked by a headboard on which was carved the intelligence that in this lay buried eleven men who had been killed during the previous August. Afterwards we learned that with this same unfortunate company were three women who were taken alive by the Indians and for months held in a captivity that was more dreadful than death. These women, it was said, were afterwards returned to some of the military posts on the plains but not until they had suffered unspeakable horrors at the hands of their savage captors.

SKINS OF BUFFALO

We next got into a stretch of country which the buffalo had been in the habit of frequenting. In approaching it we first found the skeleton heads and bones of these animals in the grass of the plain while driving our stock to pasture or

bringing it up. These had died a long time ago but to many of us their remains were still a novelty. Later on we came upon fresher heads and more of them and then upon numerous carcasses in all the different stages of age and decay. The plain was dotted with them. They lay scattered around as if a party of sportsmen had attacked a herd and shot down the poor animals merely to gratify their thirst for killing. Some comparatively fresh carcasses lay hard by the road side and a pair of veteran freighters afterwards informed us that only two weeks before, as they passed the place, the buffalo almost covered the plain; that the locality was in the track over which great herds of these animals passed in migrating northward, in the Spring and southward in the Fall, and that at times they were so numerous that they impeded the progress of freight teams and teamsters had to shoot some down in order to frighten others off so as to open a way through the mass. That may have been true. At any rate we didn't contradict the men who so informed us.

* * * * *

AT THE OLD CALIFORNIA CROSSING

About 370 miles west from the Missouri river, and 170 miles west from Ft. Kearney, there was in those days in the South Platte a fording known as the Old California Crossing. Many immigrants on the way to California crossed here and went either by Ft. Laramie or up a stream named Lodge Pole Creek, routes that in points of grass and water were better than the one we were on and about a hundred miles shorter. The matter of crossing at this point was much discussed along the way and it became quite apparent as we approached it that a large majority of the train would cross there whether the rest did so or not. We arrived at the place early on **Friday June 9th** and encamped for noon. A company of volunteers from Iowa were stationed there many of whom knew persons in the train and were glad to meet their old friends. Nearly all of these soldiers advised us to cross, giving as their reasons for the preference the good feed and good water that we would be sure to find. Only one train so far that season had crossed there, but the fact that almost no immigration had taken that route was used as an argument in favor of taking it rather than against it. So much more grass was left for those who came after.

The Cooper contingent of the train were decidedly in favor of crossing and led off in the matter. The first thing done was to examine the river and find the best place at which to cross. Two horses were brought and the soldiers being eager to assist two of them mounted them and rode in. Other soldiers and many immigrants stood and sat on the river bank watching their progress, some

of the soldiers wishing their comrades good duckings. The river was about one-half mile wide. For the first half of the way the riders got along all right, having to swim their horses only at one narrow place. Beyond the middle of the river both got into a bed of quicksand and their horses floundered and threw them off. One of the men lost his hat but the other caught it before it had floated beyond reach. After getting their horses out of the quicksand they came back instead of going over to the farther shore. Meantime two other soldiers got on horses and started to cross farther up stream. These succeeded but the one's horse floundered and falling upon his side bore his rider underneath the water and for a little while he was entirely out of sight. He however soon got out and up, and remounting easily reached the far shore. After a short rest on the other side they came back and as he passed his comrades on the bank, the man who had received the ducking, remarked, that the horse had turned the joke upon him.

* * * * *

INDIAN VISITORS

A company of Indian soldiers were stationed at Julesburg. They were of the Pawnee tribe and we had hardly got settled in our camp when one of them walked boldly in among us. He was a gentlemanly Indian, dressed in full suit of soldier blue, was clean of person and manly in his bearing. He could not speak English but was extremely sociable, anxious to become acquainted with everybody and would go almost inside the tents to shake hands with the women. His familiarity attracted a crowd to him which seemed to answer his purpose, for by various acts and signs he gave us to understand that he wanted beads and that he had the coin to pay for them. Later on two other Indian soldiers approached our camp from direction of the bluffs. These came with apparent hesitation, as if in doubt as to the propriety of coming at all. When the bead buyer saw them he went out and met them and brought them in, acting in the capacity of usher. They were not as clean and tidy as their genteel brother and neither of them had a hat on. They had been roaming through the bluffs, probably foraging, for one of them had a bundle of roots tied to his waist band to which the genteel Indian called our attention as if he considered them a highly important trophy and pleased that his comrade had captured it. At first the two stragglers seemed timid and acted like bashful children when taken among strangers, but in a little while they became more free and talked and laughed to each other as if they were cracking some first class Indian jokes or relating funny stories. These two remained only a short time but the first comer protracted his visit until near dark, buying all the beads he could persuade the women of the train to sell.

AN IMPORTANT POINT

When we passed Julesburg in 1865 the place consisted of several stores, a post office, a stage office and stables, a blacksmith shop and a lot of small turf buildings. It was only a small town but the most important military post of all that section of country and at that time the temporary headquarters of General Connor, the commanding officer of the department. The telegraph line extended from Julesburg north to Ft. Laramie and from Ft. Laramie westward by way of Ft. Bridger to Salt Lake. The river here was crossed by a ferry and from opposite Julesburg a road extended up Lodge Pole Creek through Cheyenne Pass and between the Big and Little Laramie rivers connected with the stage road which ran from Denver to Salt Lake. The road along which we had been traveling ever since leaving Ft. Kearney, continued on up the south side of the South Platte to Latham, 136 miles farther, and there veered to the left towards Denver which was 61 miles beyond Latham. Denver at that time was a town of twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants.

There were then stationed at Julesburg several regiments of soldiers among them one company of ex-Confederates and one of Pawnee Indians. Most of them were encamped upon the river bank a short distance above the town where also were General Connor's headquarters. These troops had been collected there for the purpose of starting on an expedition against the Indians up north. The expedition was to start in a few days and already there was a lot of government wagons corralled on the north side of the river awaiting its departure. These were large covered wagons, in appearance much like the old Conestoga wagons of Pennsylvania.

Although our train was now completely dismembered and there was no pretense of organization with the different outfits that were traveling together, there was still some discussion about crossing to the north side, but we were informed in a sort of semi-authoritative air that the river was here deep and swift and hard to ferry and that it would be unwise to attempt to cross it, to say nothing about the Indians being numerous and hostile on the northern routes. We were also informed that our friends, the Cooper train, had recrossed at the Old California Crossing. This, in the judgment of the military officials at Julesburg, was the best thing for them to do. After they had learned of the Cooper train having crossed to the north side they sent them a friendly message, advising them not to go by the dangerous northern route but very courteously leaving it to their own option. The immigrants gave the advice grave consideration and came back to the south side of the river. The work of crossing and re-crossing consumed several days for them and they never overtook us

although they gained upon us and one day were reported within several miles of us.

While without any train organization there were so many immigrants traveling the road that the line of wagons which they formed was easily mistaken for a train. There was no danger on this part of the route, as we were abundantly assured by the soldiers and others along the way, and train organization being unnecessary was dispensed with although each separate party usually stationed guards around its camp at night.

* * * * *

THE MOUNTAINS APPEAR CLOSE AT HAND

We came in sight of the mountains on **June 11th** but with continuous steady traveling did not get to them until on the **21st of June**. At first we could only see their white summits in the early part of the day but gradually their sides became discernible and remained in sight all day. Finally their entire bulky forms came into full view and seemed so near that we felt confident that they were only a day's travel ahead of us. But their nearness was an illusion. Plainsmen informed us that this was the case and we tried to adjust our vision to this new condition, but as we looked anxiously ahead the illusion seemed so real and pleasing that at times we suspected it was the experienced plainsmen instead of the illusion who were trying to deceive us.

On **Sunday June 18th** we traveled hard with the view of getting to Gerry and Holman's Ferry ahead of many of the immigrants that were on the road. Ferrying was slow work consequently the ferry was much crowded and the different immigrant outfits were required to take their turn. During the day we passed several ranches along the road each one of which had whiskey to sell to whomsoever would pay the enormous price asked. At noon we came to Gerry's Ranch. This was a large wooden building by the side of which stood several big freight wagons. One of our party went to the house and reconnoitered for information but was surprised to find no one at home. He looked into all the different apartments that were unlocked and the only signs of life he found was two large cats which held possession of one of the rooms. A chest he saw bore the inscription "A Loafer, G. S. L. City." This ranch was owned by a man named Gerry who was then living with his second squaw. That evening I met a number of Indians driving cattle down the road one of whom unctuously bid me good evening, and these Indians were a part of the Gerry family, relations of Gerry's squaw wife.

* * * * *

AGAIN IN A TRAIN

Reports of Indian depredations were now reaching us by every party that came from the west. It was therefore important that we provide for our protection and when we encamped for noon Cotterill went and consulted with the authorities of the Powell train and arranged to travel with them. When they broke camp we fell in at the rear end of their line and for a short time were a part of that train, but only for a short time.

LAPORTE

That afternoon we passed Laporte, then a small village at the point where the Cache la Poudre comes out of the mountains. Here the road from Denver and the road on which we were traveling joined. The place contained a number of stores and shops and several large freight wagons, of the prairie schooner variety, were standing by the wayside. There was considerable stir about the village and it contained some features that were both interesting and pleasant to the immigrant eye. Just before coming to it we saw a man and woman out driving in a handsome light buggy, which was so gay and odd a sight in the wilderness that it naturally impressed itself upon our memories. The population of Laporte seemed to consist principally of white men with squaws for wives. These lived in the regulation conical-shaped Indian lodge, constructed of poles spread out from a common center at the top for the frame work and covered with tanned buffalo skins, sewed together with whangs. Instead of skins some of these lodges were covered with canvass on which the letters U. S. were conspicuously printed, which was pretty conclusive evidence that the canvass at one time had been the property of the United States government. As it was a nice warm day the squaws and their half-breed children, and their dogs, were outside the lodges. Fires were burning and they did their cooking and general housework all out doors and we got a good view of the first families of Laporte. The inhabitants and their actions were of greater interest to us than we were to them for they were stolid and indifferent to our presence. Some of the squaws were making buckskin breeches and moccasins and were so intent upon their work that they scarcely looked up as we passed by. Occasionally passing immigrants would buy buckskin goods of these Indians and half breeds, and in one train which we subsequently overtook we saw quite a good many moccasins beautifully ornamented with different colored beads, which had been purchased at Laporte. Most of the white male residents of Laporte were Canadian Frenchmen - or said to be. Stock raising seemed to be their principal employment and some distance below the town we saw large herds of cattle and horses roaming about. They also

made some attempts at farming and a small field of wheat near our road looked remarkably thrifty, much of its good appearance being due to irrigation. Up in the gap out of which the Cache la Poudre came tumbling, half hidden by bushes, stood a rudely constructed saw mill, which had evidently been lately erected.

* * * * *

OUR CRITICAL SITUATION

We were now in a situation that was not pleasant to contemplate. We had sixteen horses to care for, four to each of the three wagons, two to the carriage, known as "the buggy", and the two that were loose and followed by being tied to the rear end of the wagons. The horses were all so worn and jaded that there was little danger of them stampeding but they needed the more attention because of their weakened condition. To drive these four teams and to care for these sixteen horses there now were but two men and a boy. And all this, too, at a time when every body that came in from the west was bringing us news of Indian depredation. With the Wanless party was a stalwart young fellow named Asbury Wanless, a nephew of the old blacksmith. He was driving a team for a widow named Mrs. Dufield who had a grown daughter and a thirteen-year-old son. As we were badly in need of help Cotterill got Asbury Wanless to drive the team Ruse had been driving and the boy drove his mother's team, which arrangement temporarily helped us partly out of our predicament.

When the Powell train broke camp we did not drive out with them. As the pasture was good and some fine springs of water convenient at hand, Cotterill and Wanless, notwithstanding the alarming reports concerning the Indians, decided to rest until in the afternoon. While lying over Mr. Wanless shod some of our horses and tightened the shoes on the others and we repacked our wagons, throwing out things which though valuable in other places were now both useless and cumbersome to us. Among the discarded articles were pans of earth in which the women had planted specimens of cactus.

After the last wagons of the Powell train had disappeared beyond the hills we were completely isolated and could easily have been wiped off the earth by Indians. The Powell train was too far ahead to render us aid in case of an attack and there were no immigrants behind us that we knew of. We were consequently in a state of oppressive loneliness and every member of the company felt more uncomfortable than he cared to admit.

* * * * *

WE JOIN THE FONDA TRAIN

We here had the opportunity of again joining a large train. As it was necessary for our safety we availed ourselves of the opportunity and went into the Fonda train, which, being composed of both horse and cattle teams, was better adapted to our rate of speed than the train we left several days before. Both trains left Big Laramie the following morning, the Powell train ahead. By the time the last wagons of the Powell train were upon the road the first ones of the Fonda were close after them and by the time all of the second train were in line the head of another reached Laramie Station and these three large trains formed a continuous and compact line, so long that a person midway could not see either end of it. It was a grand spectacle which once seen could never be forgotten.

Our next stopping place was at the Little Laramie River, fourteen miles beyond the Big Laramie. Here the three trains encamped near each other and literally covered the plain with their many wagons and great amount of stock. There was also a train camped here that was on its way east, the persons constituting it being direct from California. They had gone there the summer before and becoming dissatisfied with the country and homesick, left it to return to the states from which they had gone. All of them condemned California in unsparring terms and expressed pity for us for going there. Besides they harrowed up our souls with gloomy representations of the country through which we were soon to pass, telling us that there was no water, no grass, no fuel, no feed of any kind and plenty of alkali and hostile Indians. They placed especial emphasis upon the awful character of the Bitter Creek country. "Bitter Creek is hell," they said, "and you'll be lucky if you get through it without losing half your stock." We listened to their tales of woe to the end but didn't store them up to brood over them and weaken our attachment for California.

* * * * *

THE DREADED ROCK CREEK REGION

That afternoon we passed Rock Creek Station, of which we had heard much before we came to it and still more after getting beyond it. The place consisted of the station buildings, a small store and five or six houses and had the appearance and business activity of a small village. All the buildings stood on the west side of the road and immediately back of them was a dense evergreen wood which ran up the side of a steep hill. Some swarthy squaws were working near the buildings, scraping and dressing skins, and so intent upon their occupation that they hardly looked up to take a glance at our wagons as we passed. These

industrious squaws were likely the wives of white men for a lot of half-breed children were playing near them. The squaws were sullen and silent but the children romped and played with the dogs and prattled loud enough for us to hear them out at the road.

Rock Creek came dashing through in the hills just north of the station and a short distance below where it emerged our road crossed its rushing waters on a strong log bridge. The gorge through which it came was so narrow that it seemed like a rift made by an earthquake. Its sides were clothed in pine and spruce timber so tall and dense that it almost filled up the gorge and gave to it a gloomy and forbidding aspect which was in perfect harmony with the reputation of the locality. A roaring noise came out of its depths as if the creek were leaping over precipices in its course, and above and below the bridge its waters swirled and dashed around and over boulders in great breakers as if trying to awe us. Several days before we passed Rock Creek the Indians captured and drove off eighty-four horses that were grazing a short distance from the Station. Nearly all of the horses belonged to the stage company but there were also some among them which belonged to immigrants who were encamped near by at the time. The news of this raid caused us to keep our wits and fire arms about us and we watched the landscape in all directions with double vigilance lest in an unguarded moment, the predatory savages might capture our stock and terminate our trip across the plains.

Several miles beyond Rock Creek, along the road side, were some small buildings, one of which had a sign over its door on which appeared in large letters the word "Store." A few days after we passed the Indians captured these and burned them to the ground. We didn't hear what became of the proprietor of the ranch but as he was not reported captured or slain he probably escaped with his life. The Indians continued hostile in this locality all through the summer of 1865 and in the month of August that year they here burned an entire train, killed eight men and captured three women. One of the women was subsequently killed but the other two were carried off and subjected to the indescribable horrors of Indian captivity. An infant child was also killed and its body stuck upon a pole and the pole stood up by the road side. The act is almost too revolting to relate or believe, but it tallies with many of the shocking and devilish mutilations which the Indians used to practice upon the bodies of their victims and is likely true. The locality of Rock Creek furnished contrasts in those days. For one train a child is born in a wagon by the road side and for another a child is murdered and its body fiendishly stuck up on a pole.

* * * * *

WE CHANGE OUR COURSE

From Laporte, the place at which we entered the mountains, to this point, a distance of a hundred and thirty miles, we headed a little to the west of north. Our course now veered to the left, around on the north side of Medicine Bow Mountain, and headed due west. That afternoon we passed a queer little lake close by the side of the road. It had neither inlet nor outlet and its waters were quite green and looked on the surface as if they were hundreds of feet deep. Around the lake the country was entirely barren and bore unmistakable evidences of volcanic action.

* * * * *

AN INDIAN RAID

As our train moved out past the fort we noticed that there was considerable stir among the soldiers. Some were mounting their horses while others had already rode off out the road. We soon learned that a courier had come in with the information that the Indians had raided a train back at Medicine Bow River and driven off a lot of horses and shot a boy. It seems the train had stopped for noon and turned their stock out to graze. Only boys had been set to watch the stock, the men and women remaining at the wagons eating their dinners. Suddenly a band of mounted Indians dashed out of the ravines and bushes, yelling and waving skins which they carried for the purpose of frightening horses. They were painted and had swung about their bodies bright colored bangles to make themselves appear the more hideous and terrifying. The camp was taken by complete surprise and the horses that were any distance from the wagons, twenty-three in all, were captured. But the raid cost the Indians dearly. One rode up to a boy with the intention of spearing him, and the boy shot the savage with his revolver and killed him. The Indian dropped over on the side of his pony and would have fallen to the ground had he not been tied on. The boy kept on firing but two other Indians, seeing what had happened to their comrade, quickly rode up, one to each side of the pony, and led and drove it away with the body. The boy was named Baker and he was but fourteen years old. Another Indian was also shot and believed to have been killed, though about his case there was some doubt. A third Indian was wounded. One of the boys on guard who was unarmed turned and ran towards the wagons with an Indian after him. Feeling that he was about to be overtaken the boy sat down in the sage brush, as if to hide from his pursuer, and the Indian rode up and shot him in the back, wounding him so he died a day or two afterwards. The attacking party was numerous

and not easily repulsed. Their appearance and actions frightened the horses and after they had them on the run they kept goading them with their spears and drove them back towards the mountain where a large reserve force of Indians took them up and drove them beyond the reach of their owners.

* * * * *

TRAIN RULES ADOPTED

Before we left Fort Halleck the leaders of our train wrote out a set of rules to be observed for our safety and protection. After they were agreed upon they were submitted to the commandant at the Fort who formally approved them and gave them the imprint of authority. These rules were then read in public several times so all in the train might know what they were and govern themselves according. They were faithfully obeyed so long as the train remained a train, which was until we got a safe distance outside the hostile Indian country, and while we could not tell how much their observance contributed to our protection we enjoyed the good fortune of never being attacked.

Beyond Ft. Halleck our course lay due westward. For two miles or so our road was up hill and after that for a distance of about twelve miles it was down hill. The descent was gradual with no steep pitches, such as frequently occur in mountain roads. During most of the afternoon our road followed a stream whose banks were thickly lined with bushes and whose current in many places was interrupted with beaver dams. High hills shut us completely in on both sides making our way a narrow pass. That evening we reached Pass Creek Station which was located on the edge of a large and level plain and where the outlook gave us the idea that there was easier traveling ahead. We went into camp a short distance north from the station and because of the news which had that day reached us, took careful precautions against Indian attack and stampede. The corral was securely closed and a strong force put on guard. I was on the detail for the fore part of the night and in capping my gun just before going upon my beat accidentally discharged it. As it was already dark the report caused so much uneasiness among the nervous persons in the camp that it required several explanations to allay it.

* * * * *

AT THE NORTH PLATTE RIVER

On the afternoon of **the first of July**, when the sun was at its hottest, we came to a point in that shadeless and utterly destitute country from which we caught

glimpses of the North Platte River. Its banks were lined with large leafy cottonwood trees which formed a contrast with the country outside that was most fascinating and inviting. We hurried up our jaded animals and early that evening arrived on the banks of the stream. As its waters were deep and swift it was crossed at this point by a ferry that had a great deal to do. The river here came from the south and flowed off in a north easterly direction. A little ways to the south of the station buildings it came through a line of hills which ended abruptly, the end on the east in high rocky cliffs. Several men of our train rode up the stream past these cliffs in search of a place at which it could be forded and the heavy toll rates of the ferry be avoided, but they returned without finding a fording. The large ox train which we overtook near Rock Creek, had reached the ferry before us and as the rest of the day would be required to cross it we were compelled to wait until the next morning for our turn. This fact being settled we drove up the stream a short distance and corralled our wagons on a piece of level ground near the base of the high rocky bluffs. In the river directly opposite these bluffs was a large island which was found to contain fairly good pasture. It also contained considerable timber and would have made an admirable camping place had it been accessible by wagon, but as that was not the case we could only make the next best use of it and put our stock upon it for the night. The channel between the island and our shore was deep and swift and in fording it many of our horses were swept down stream to the great amusement of the crowds that stood upon the bank. Drift wood being abundant the men detailed as guards that night built fires at suitable places on the island and kept them burning nearly all night, affording both light and warmth. Timorous persons in the train were fearful that the Indians might roll rocks from top of the bluffs, but the night passed without incident except that some of the horses becoming dissatisfied on the island waded and swam back to the shore. These were secured as soon as they came into camp and taken back to the island.

* * * * *

ON THE CREST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

At an early hour we broke camp and proceeded on our way. This day we were a funeral train in reality for one of our wagons contained a corpse. About mid forenoon we passed over the great continental divide and began our descent towards the Pacific coast. A short distance beyond the divide we came to Bridger's Pass Station, which was only nine miles beyond Pine Grove station, a shorter haul than usual between stage stations because of the steep divide that separated the two. A small stream rippled past the station buildings, reminding us

of the trite illustration in which two streams rising near the same spot on the crest of the Rocky Mountains and flowing in opposite directions reach one the Atlantic and the other the Pacific ocean. Small water wheels were in the stream, having been placed there by the station hands or the soldiers. These under the current of the stream were turning rapidly and attracted attention and elicited comment from immigrants as they passed. As the first of our wagons drew up before the Station some soldiers who were standing by the road side, remarked, "This is the train that had a man shot." The news of the unfortunate shooting had traveled faster than we. We gave our horses some water from the stream and then drove on. Soon afterwards we came to Bridger's Pass of which we had heard much. It consisted of a narrow defile which wound through a range of barren mountains that seemed flat upon the top. Its general course was a little west of north, and our road through it was down hill all the way with frequent steep pitches. A crooked stream, bordered in many places by clumps of hazel and willow bushes, flowed through it. Outside the bends of the stream there was nothing green in sight, and the mountain sides, and the landscape beyond as far as you could see, were bleak and barren as a desert. Up on a high point on the left of the Pass the edge of a large bank of sand was visible from the road below. This had been drifted there by the winds in the same manner as the winds drift snow banks in winter time. On the day following we got out beyond the Pass and looked back over these hills and then a large area of shifting sand dunes was revealed to us.

* * * * *

BITTER CREEK

We were now on the borders of the Bitter Creek country, which proved to be one of the most trying sections of our entire trip. There was scarcely any grass, and the water was so foul and poisonous that it was dangerous for man or animals to drink of it and in some instances fatal. Where the surface of the earth was not absolutely without vegetation sage brush covered it, which, if disturbed at times when the sun was hot, emitted a stench that was almost intolerable to delicate nostrils. The early morning was now the best time to travel, for when the sun rose to near meridian the earth felt as if it were baked and the still air was almost stifling.

We entered upon this region on the morning of the 5th of July and traveled a distance of eleven miles before stopping. After we were fairly started the stage overtook and passed us, driving out into the sage brush to get around our line of wagons. One of the soldiers who were escorting the stage had lost his hat and

was riding bareheaded in the sun. Our drive of that day took us two miles west of Waskie Station, where we encamped for the night. Waskie Station was in a veritable sage brush desert. There was no timber nor buffalo chips and we used the dry stalks of sage brush for fuel with which to cook our meals. The station buildings were constructed of stone, a building material we rarely saw used along our route. In search of grass we took our stock about four miles west from our camping place where we found little tufts of it at long intervals among the sage brush. A horse had to roam over half an acre to gather an ordinary mouthful and over an area of twenty-five acres to get a stomach full. Near where we pastured our stock were many curious and wonderful clay formations, banks, bluffs, arches, turrets and other architectural imitations that one could scarcely refrain from believing had been shaped by human hands.

When night drew on we drove our horses back to camp but they were neither fully fed nor fully rested. The following morning we again started early. On this day we passed Duck Lake Station whose name was meaningless, for there were neither lakes nor ducks, and with the exception of the name of this station, nothing in the Bitter Creek country that suggested them. In the early part of the day our road for a long distance was down a gentle grade, but beyond Duck Lake Station it was heavy and the strength of our emaciated horses was taxed severely. "Old Ned," one of our stallions, became so exhausted that he could hardly keep on his feet and we drove to the road side to ascertain what ailed him. His symptoms were not those of alkali poisoning and we concluded that feed was the medicine he needed, so we chopped some rye grass and mixed it with flour and water and gave him and the rest of the horses a square meal. This, and a long rest, revived them, and we were able to make a long drive that afternoon. As there were no Indians in this region to molest and make afraid there was no necessity of traveling in large companies and our train broke up into small sections, our outfit on some days being entirely by itself.

* * * * *

THE WOMEN BEAR UP NOBLY

It was a tough experience for stalwart men to travel through such a region and for delicate women it was double so. The five women of our party, however, bore the severe strain with a fortitude that was admirable. They gathered fuel, prepared meals, sometimes helped to cut rye grass, and, when we were so very short of drivers, did many a turn around the wagons and the horses that under ordinary circumstances was work for men only. The discomforts and hardships taxed their strength and patience the live long day yet they rarely complained. If

they cried and fretted they did so behind the covers of the wagons for in our presence they were as brave as we and generally cheerful. To old mother Whitman it was a fearful ordeal and she no doubt felt all its heavy load but she quite successfully disguised her feelings. Sometimes she would wander a short distance away from camp and pick up pebbles or small stones and show them around as objects of special curiosity, comparing them with things she had seen in Illinois. And, when the sun was in the meridian and both we and our animals were parched with thirst that was a torture, she would merely wish for some good cold water from the old well in Illinois. Often she would lift up her eyes and through her glasses survey the barren landscape, and if any one happened to be near, make comparisons with things back in Illinois. Poor woman! Compared with Bitter Creek Illinois was a land of Goshen and her heart wandered back to it and fondly lingered there, and who could blame her?

* * * * *

A LONG NIGHT DRIVE

We resorted to night drives to keep our horses from the poisonous waters of Bitter Creek and out of the deep mire on its edges. Driving at night was also cooler and pleasanter than driving in the hot sun and less exhausting on man and beast. On this night we drove until two o'clock, covering a distance of about fourteen miles. Near midnight we passed the camp of the Wanless party whom we had met in the early part of the day. As they were also traveling by themselves they had camped by themselves. We had entered upon the day without knowing that it was Sunday, and, although it was the Christian's day of rest, it proved a long and toilsome day for us. From morning till noon we drove fourteen miles, and from sundown until 2 o'clock on the following morning travelled fourteen miles more. This was unusually rapid traveling and we began to feel encouraged at our prospect of getting through the Bitter Creek region.

We encamped opposite a bend in the road on the banks of the Creek whose bed was here altogether dry. There was a profusion of willows along the banks of the stream and from indications the spot was a favorite camping place. We turned our horses loose and lay down and slept. About day-break we were awakened by the noise of wagons passing down the road and on looking out saw that it was the Wanless party. A short distance east of our camp were some high rocky bluffs facing north. Out of curiosity I early in the morning sauntered in direction of these prominent landmarks and discovered that from the base of them there issued a spring of clear, cold water, so strong with sulphur that it scented the air. I carried the good news to camp and soon afterwards our horses

had all the harmless water to drink that they cared for. Later in the day I explored the north side of these rocky bluffs and found other springs which were so strongly impregnated with sulphur that the rocks through which the waters gushed were encrusted with it. Other persons had been here before us for the rocks near these springs were full of names and addresses. The rocks were comparatively soft and were readily carved, but some of the names were printed with paints of different colors. As we were stopping over to rest and recuperate our horses, I had leisure to study this registry of names and did so with interest. It contained addresses from different states but none from Pennsylvania, and remembering my threat to Frank, to "cut my name on the rocks in the Rocky Mountains," I executed it. To give it durability and punish Frank I cut it deep and distinct. When finished it looked so well that I felt fully appeased and forgave Frank for deserting me.

Up on the ridge to the south of these bluffs there was some bunch grass. We found it by following the trails which led out from our camping place and drove our horses to it. The grass was much scattered and we kept the horse upon it until well along towards evening before they showed signs of having eaten all they wanted. We then took them back to camp and fed them some cut rye grass and flour.

* * * * *

A HIGH MOUNTAIN IN SIGHT

Away ahead of us, on the right of our course, a mountain loomed up into the sky, and near its top was a large spot of snow that glittered in the sun. The side of this mountain below the snow looked green, as if there might be grass there. Some travelers passed us going east and of them we inquired how far it was to grass and water. They turned half ways in their saddles, and pointing us to this high mountain, they answered that on its sides we would find grass and also good water. But it was yet a long distance to the place and part of the way was steep and hard to travel.

At eight o'clock we stopped and gave our horses an allowance of water from the kegs and fed them flour. We also had a breakfast of biscuits, bacon and strong coffee and then again went wearily and steadily on, the strength of our horses rapidly waning. By noon we reached Rock Spring Station, fourteen miles beyond Salt Wells and fifteen miles from the Green River, the stream that bounded the Bitter Creek country on the west. A little ways beyond Rock Spring we turned off our main road and headed for the green side of the mountain on our right. There was no road to the promising locality but numerous trails led

thither, showing that others had gone there ahead of us. The ascent in places was steep and the ground over which we travelled loose, conditions which made our progress slow, for our horses were completely tired out with much hard driving. By gentle urgings and frequent resting spells we finally got up to where there was grass enough to show green at long range, and comparatively near to the large spot of snow which all through that long hot summer day had beckoned to us like a bright pillar of cloud. A large number of immigrants were already camped in the loops and on the benches between the ravines, and in places the mountains seemed to be swarming with stock. The snow up near the top was melting rapidly and a stream of clear cold water came trickling down through a little ravine. This little rill sank into the soft earth before it got far but reappeared at the base of the mountain where the immigrants had thrown up a clay embankment and made a dam for the benefit of their stock.

This was the best camping place that we had during the entire period of our experience in the Bitter Creek region. Our stock, however, was in a pitiable condition and needed not only feed and pure water, but what we could not give them here – a long rest. As soon as we got the harness off them we turned them out with the permission to roam wherever they could find anything to eat but the poor brutes were too tired to rustle much after something to eat. That afternoon, while released from more important duties, I reconnoitered the mountain's steep side in the direction of the aforesaid snow bank, taking with me one of our large horse buckets. By much hard climbing I reached the elevated point, and on the twelfth day of July, enjoyed the novelty of sliding over a bank of snow fully sixty feet long and of unknown depth. The bucket I filled with snow and brought it down to camp so the rest of the party might eat and handle snow on what in all probability was the hottest day of our entire trip.

* * * * *

WE REACH GREEN RIVER

It was rather late that morning when we took our departure from the side of this mountain. In driving off Cotterill took the lead with only two horses to his wagon. The horses which were not hitched in teams were either tied to the rear end of the wagons or drove along loose. The road was now decidedly down grade and our progress was quite rapid and satisfactory. The sun was very hot and as it advanced towards meridian the still air quivered with heat waves. During the forenoon two omnibuses, lettered "Virginia and Nevada city," passed us going eastward. Along this stretch of road there was no pasturage whatever, nor any water. At noon we stopped, gave our horses water from the kegs and dined

on crackers and molasses. Two hours later we came to the Green River, just above where the Bitter Creek empties into it, and as the pleasing prospect beyond burst upon our view we felt like singing, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

* * * * *

AT FORT BRIDGER

The next day was **Thursday, July 20th**. Cotterill was much improved and we got away in good time. By mid forenoon we arrived at Ft. Bridger. This military post was then in the very heart of the wilderness and was a beautiful place. The barracks consisted of small houses built of cottonwood logs, and with large *chimnies*. They were ranged around a large square through and around which ran streams of limpid mountain water which imparted to the grass on the lawns a singularly fresh and green appearance. Gravelly walks extended in different directions and crossed the little streams on rustic wooden bridges, giving to the picture a pleasing variety. Several large new buildings were in process of construction and the post was evidently growing in size and importance. Everything was exceptionally clean, orderly and tasteful and the place had about it an air of comfort and security that is rarely found about a frontier military post. At one place a large dilapidated stone building - probably the original fort - was standing, and its ragged condition marred much of the beauty which surrounded it. Among the business enterprises of the post was a large store which had in stock groceries, provisions, clothing, firearms, ammunition and other articles for which there was a demand in the country but which were held at prices that to immigrants fresh from the States seemed exorbitantly high. While we were waiting in this store a settler of the vicinity came in and bought a slouch hat, paying for it seven and-a-half dollars and the merchant spoke as if he were selling it at a sacrifice. The literary tastes of the locality were also provided for by the merchant, for on his counters was a supply of magazines, pictorial newspapers, and the popular novels of the day.

The garrison of the Fort consisted of several companies of soldiers who had volunteered from the state of Nevada. Time must have hung heavily upon their hands for the Indians for several hundred miles around were peaceable and soldiers consequently had very little to do. One thing that here attracted the attention of raw immigrants was the abundance of buckskin goods. The Snake Indians of the vicinity manufactured articles from buckskin extensively and traded them to dealers who shipped them by the quantity to points where they were regarded a curiosity and commanded high prices. Moccasins were the most

common article made and we afterwards saw moccasins at Salt Lake City which, we were informed, had been shipped there from Ft. Bridger by the barrel.

To the southward of the Fort the country was densely covered with cottonwood, aspen and pine timber and the streams which unite and form Black's Fork came out of those hills. The temperature of the water of the streams suggested that their source might be near where snow banks linger until far into the summer. To the westward the country also gradually rose to a higher elevation, forming a sort of a semi-circle which had the Fort as a center.

* * * * *

A PARTING OF THE ROADS

Fort Bridger was noted as the point at which the immigration divided up and scattered. A road here branched off for Ft. Hall, Idaho, by which went near all parties bound for Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Immigrants for that section who did not go by this road went on to Salt Lake City and from that point struck out northward. In consequence of this parting of the roads there was much less immigration west from Ft. Bridger than east of it and we felt lonesome after passing it.

* * * * *

THE CHALK CREEK CUT-OFF

We spent several hours at the Fort during which time we ascertained some valuable information respecting the two different routes which we could take from here as far as Echo Canyon, or a little beyond it, the mail route and a cut-off known as the Chalk Creek route. The latter was represented as having good water and plenty of grass, but as being hilly and very little travelled. It led due westward while the stage route wound around to the north of the hills. We decided to go by the Chalk Creek route and started up the ascending landscape west of the fort over which it lay. In places the road was but little more than faint wagon tracks and we seriously doubted whether we were on the route of which we heard such favorable things. After going along in doubt for about an hour several soldiers with some horses galloped past us. This circumstance encouraged us, as we had incidentally learned that some of the stock belonging to the post was being pastured along the Chalk Creek route. Fine grass soon showed up on both sides of our way but the road had some bad places in it and in crossing one of them we broke a whiffle tree. At noon we stopped under some large cottonwood trees whose shade we enjoyed very much. Our comfort, how-

ever, was a little disturbed on seeing a lot of Indians approaching. The party was evidently migrating for they had a number of their ponies heavily laden with packs, besides dragging long lodge poles. The Indians were of different sizes and some of them very old and gray. All of them were disgustingly filthy. They passed without molesting us and apparently were more than willing to leave us alone if we left them alone.

* * * * *

COMING TO MORMON SETTLEMENTS

At Bear River, forty-five miles west of Ft. Bridger, we came into the first Mormon settlement on our way. A low log house that was without windows, stood close by the road and was occupied by two families. Other shacks, or habitations, widely separated, stood farther down the bottom but the one by the road was the most important and respectable in appearance. Patches of ground were enclosed by rude fences and farmed in wheat, oats and vegetables. The crops were in a very backward state, the wheat not yet in head and the oats not sufficiently advanced to hide the clods. The general elevation of the country was so great that there was still an abundance of snow in the hills a mile or two south of the settlement and its white surface could be seen through gaps in the timber. Several streams, which originated up near these snow banks, flowed through the lowlands about the settlement and their water was as clear as crystal and ice-cold.

* * * * *

VIEWING THE CITY AND VALLEY FROM HIGH PLACES

As soon as we were fully rested we cleaned up and put on a change of clothes in order to be presentable in a community that observed civilized modes of life. I patronized a barber to the tune of one dollar and a quarter, but the charge covered only a shave and a shampoo. I invested ninety cents in newspapers, paying for one copy of the Sacramento "Union," 25 cents. Some of these high priced papers I mailed to my friends in the East. I purchased a pair of buckskin moccasins of Indian make for one dollar, and on the afternoon of the first day of our stay climbed up on to the high bench of land to the rear of Brigham Young's residences and from it viewed the city and also the valley that stretched away to the southward. A great wall of turf and stones stood along the farther edge of this bench of land, as if it had been part of a design to enclose the city. It had large gaps in it and was fast crumbling away. I afterwards inquired of

some Mormons what the object of this wall was but they gave improbable and evasive answers and my curiosity remained unsatisfied.

...Directly to the south, and at the foot of the aforesaid bench or terrace, lay the Salt Lake City of 1865. From where I stood I could look through the streets that run north and south, and could see almost every building in the town that was not hid by the foliage of trees. There was then no Mormon tabernacle and no Mormon temple. Brigham Young had seen to it that the city had a fine theater before he provided for it either a tabernacle or a temple. Work was in progress on the tabernacle but all of it that was yet visible was the foundations of the massive stone pillars – ranged in the form of a circle – that were to bear up the great oval roof of the structure. It seemed to occupy all of a large square and the square was enclosed by a high fence and the entrances to it were guarded by watchmen.

* * * * *

AT THE THEATER

On the evening of our second day in the city we were to the theater to see a play by the then well-known Chapman family. I enjoyed the show from the uppermost gallery in the house and while I do not remember much about the quality of the acting I do remember that the parquette contained more than an ordinary number of half-grown children and that they moved about too much for the comfort and convenience of those who took an interest in the play. The theater was a large structure, not yet finished on the outside but beautifully finished on the inside, and the Mormons took a special pride in it. We had heard that Brigham Young was often present at these theater performances and as he was the lion-in-chief of all Utah the chance of getting a glimpse of him was one of the inducements that led us to attend. I asked a Mormon who sat next to me whether “The President” attended the theater and if he was then present. He replied that he often attended and that he usually occupied a certain box to which he pointed me. No one was in the box at the time but later on in the evening a man appeared in it. I however could only partly see his face and did not learn whether it was “The President” or not.

* * * * *

THE TWO ROUTES TO CALIFORNIA

There were in those days two routes from Salt Lake City to California. One went around on the north side of the Salt Lake and down the Humbolt River,

coming out on the Carson River a short distance west of the Sink of the Carson, in western Nevada. The other was the stage route and went up the Salt Lake Valley on the west side of the Jordan River, southward to Camp Crittenden where it turned to the right and went westward through the middle of Utah and Nevada, meeting the former route on the Carson River. The Humbolt route was generally preferred by immigrants on account of it having a better supply of grass and water. After much inquiry and considerable discussion of routes Cotterill decided upon going by the stage route. The Salt Lake Desert was on this route, and feed and water were distressingly scarce in places, but it was the more direct and as we now had two extra horses and a supply of feed, Cotterill argued that we could rush matters and get through quicker. The novelty of the trip was gone, the immigrant mode of travelling had become prosy and any device that promised to hurry us through was adopted without dissent from any one in the party. It was therefore decided to go by the stage route and to take advantage of every cut-off that was reasonably safe.

* * * * *

HEADING FOR THE DESERT

That afternoon we crossed the valley in a diagonal direction, heading for a gap in the hills through which lay our road to the desert. On our way we met some teams which had just come across the desert and we anxiously inquired of the people with them about the difficulties we might expect. They gave us discouraging reports and we looked ahead to another very trying ordeal, probably the severest of our long trip to California.

In the morning Cotterill had rheumatism in his shoulders so badly that he had to be helped to rise from his bed, yet in the afternoon he was again in the saddle and doing the work of a sound man. Towards evening he rode on ahead and prospected until he found water in the ravine near the road. He next hunted up a camping place near the water and made a fire preparatory to our coming. He then came back and piloted us to the place he had selected. When we got into the hills our road became steep and uneven and in places had much loose gravel in it. West of Salt Lake City we found no made roads as we did east of it. It was late when we reached our camping ground. We hastily eat a lunch and then drove our horses up the ravine to where there was good bunch grass and bid them help themselves.

* * * * *

UP THE MOUNTAIN

The next morning we worked our way up the mountain on the installment plan. There were steep places in the road and we double-teamed and drew our wagons up one after another. It was a slow toilsome process but by persistence and patience we reached the summit. On its top and sides, in spots this mountain had some straggling pine and cedar timber of scrubby growth. Viewed from a distance it showed but faintly and the mountain appeared a dark irregular mass almost entirely destitute of every species of vegetation. In places there were fine growths of bunch grass, the best kind of feed for stock that there was to be had in this elevated region, but this in many instances was inaccessible to stock, and consequently useless to man.

* * * * *

A SIGHT OF THE DESERT

From the point at which we came to the top of the mountain we got a view of the Great Salt Lake Desert. It was not as comprehensive a view as might have been had from other points on the mountain, farther to the north, but it was sufficient to apprise us of its magnitude and of the difficulties and dangers of crossing it. It lay far below us and looked like a vast yellow lake, bordered on the East and West by dark blue hills, those on the West so far away as to be barely visible. Some portions glistened in the sun like the surface of a mirror; others were dark and somber as if shadows of heavy clouds rested upon it; still others were streaked as if a Titan painter had drawn his brush across it to give the dismal picture variety and interest. It stretched away towards the north and the northwest until it became lost in the haze and we were left in doubt whether the distant glitter was mirage or whether the waters of the Great Salt Lake had come to meet the desert to help strengthen the picture of desolation. Our way across it lay in a southwest direction and was merely a faint winding track that faded from sight before it had fairly gotten upon the plain, and in line of it, about half ways across, there rose a great mountain, somewhat of the shape of the Rock of Gibraltar. This mountain was named Black Rock, on some maps Granite Mountain, and was a grand and gloomy landmark. To the south of Black Rock the yellow plain spread itself out until it met a line of hills which seemed to almost enclose it. Where the hills were not visible its existence was lost in the glitter and the glare of the sun. Its color was suggestive of liquid brimstone and the contemplation of it, and of the trip we had to make across it, filled us with unpleasant forebodings.

* * * * *

WE START ACROSS THE DESERT

About four o'clock, and after the sun had begun to sink towards the horizon, we started, our minds full of doubt and misgivings. After we had descended the slopes and crossed a swale or depression we first came to a wide belt of sand hills and ridges. This belt was of considerable elevation and was blown up from the desert by the winds sweeping over it from the West. The sand in our road through this belt was loose and deep and it took heavy pulling to get to the top and on to a more solid foundation. The road led diagonally up the side of them, like roads up the side of steep mountains. The plain stretched away at a level with the top of these hills, there being only a slight depression towards the desert. On some of the more solid banks and hillocks there were isolated stalks of sage brush. Nearly all of these specimens were dead but it was a mystery to us how any vegetation could come to even such a stage of growth amidst such waste and desolation. The wheels of our wagons sank deep into the loose sand and it flowed around and submerged the felloes as if it were a liquid. Our horses sank into it to their fetlocks and when they lifted their feet their footsteps would run full and be almost entirely obliterated. This belt of sand dunes was comparatively narrow and we got through it while our horses were yet fresh.

We next came to a stretch of desert that was a surprise and wonder to us. The vast plain looked as if it had been under water at one time and the water evaporating the surface became baked by the action of the sun until it reached an amazing degree of hardness. And not only was the surface of the plain hard but level and smooth as if the great Master Mechanic of the universe had drawn his own spirit level across it. Here our wagons rolled along as rapidly as our horses could walk away from in front of them. In passing over this hard surface the wheels of our wagons left only white streaks, as do the wheels of heavy wagons in passing over hard ice, and where our horses stepped only the toes and corks of their shoes made indentations. This hard and smooth surface lasted until along into the night, until the moon, which was near the full, climbed into the heavens and lit up and gilded the vast expanse over which we were passing. The heat of the sun did not now parch us as during the day time and we were felicitating ourselves at the good progress we were making.

But a change gradually came over the spirit of our dreams. Imperceptibly the desert grew damp and soft and the hoofs of our horses and the wheels of our wagons sank to depth of about an inch into a substance as tough as putty. Over this our progress was a continuous dead drag that severely taxed the strength of our horses. The plain was just as level as at any place, and underneath the spongy layer was solid, but in the bright moonlight its surface glittered with moisture.

Immigrants who had crossed before us had also experienced the retarding effects of this section, and in order to lighten their wagons had thrown out goods that encumbered them. For some distance the side of the road was littered with boxes, chests and other articles which in other places would have been useful. We would stop frequently and rest our horses and while they were recovering their strength we would take up portions of the damp substance, knead it in our hands, taste it and with each other discuss its qualities. Some of the women of the party also did this and Mother Whitman expressed the wish that she could hurl a ball of it back to the friends in Illinois so they might see the kind of mud that we were contending with in the Salt Lake Desert. It brought back to our minds our experience near Danville, Iowa, where we were in very much deeper mud yet in very much less danger.

* * * * *

A HALT AND REST

We worried along through this situation until about 10 o'clock at night when a mended whiffle tree parted. As it was tedious work to repair it we concluded to stop for the night. We unhitched and unharnessed, gave our horses of the water in our kegs and fed them from the stock of the feed we were hauling along. We then took to our beds with the view of catching a little sleep. Bradley and I unrolled our blankets a short distance from the wagons and, stretching our weary forms upon the ground we turned our faces toward a sky that was sparkling with myriads of stars. With our horses nearly exhausted, with break downs occurring and forty miles of desert yet to traverse our situation was grave and awakened in us serious thoughts.

We slept almost nothing, for at two o'clock we were again up and preparing for another long and hard drive. We hastily fed and harnessed our horses and while they were eating repaired the broken whiffle tree, Cotterill's knowledge of ropes again serving us well. That done we proceeded on our way without first taking a bite of breakfast. For much of the way the moist condition of the desert continued but as we approached Granite Rock it became more solid and traveling was easier.

* * * * *

THE FINAL DRIVE

We had yet thirty miles of salty desert before us and we entered upon it feeling that all the strength our horses had left in them would be required to get us over

it. For a long ways beyond Granite Rock the surface was dry and hard, so hard that our horses barely left marks where they trod, or the wheels of our wagons traces where they rolled. ... So long as this level surface was hard we made rapid progress, but thirty miles was a long distance to jaded immigrant teams even with favorable roads. The sun went down and night came upon us and the indistinct hills which bordered the desert on the west faded from view. ... We felt the gravity of our isolation. There was gloom in our hearts as well as over the desert and we conversed but little with each other for the time was given to sober reflection. We were fearful, too, that the hard smooth surface that made progress so easy would not continue, for while yet in Skull Valley we met a young man who told us that he, some time before, had crossed the desert and found large portions of it under water. ... Along about 10 o'clock we met some persons on horseback who were going east. They were accompanied by one wagon which was quite a distance back, having been delayed in coming over the soft places. After the moon rose into the sky so it shone down with more directness, the desert, as far as we could see, glittered with a sickly whiteness. When near 12 o'clock we stopped and watered and fed our horses and then as on the night before, tried to get some sleep. But there was very little sleep for us. At two o'clock we were again up and preparing to make a desperate final effort to gain the other side of this valley of death. No time was allowed to go to waste and as soon as possible we were again on our way. We now again came to low places on the desert where the moist and spongy surface would cling to our horses' feet and to the wheels of our wagons like tough clay or wax. This would tire our horses and we had to stop frequently and leave them rest or they would have given out long before the end of the desert could have been reached. ... Much of the time while we thus wrestled with the desert the women of our party were hidden away in the wagons, presumably asleep, and did not see and realize the real gravity of our situation. This was all the better, for their presence could not have afforded relief and they did not need share in the dread that disturbed us. By and by day broke in the East, the moon and stars faded out, and the hills which formed the western border of the desert showed up in encouraging nearness. It was now apparent that we had made progress and that we would reach the other side before many hours more. The surface of the desert again became hard and smooth and our wagons again rolled along at a gratifying rate. The sun gradually rose towards meridian and beat upon the plain with real midsummer vigor, causing much discomfort to us and to our horses. For a period of sixty hours I had been without sleep of any account and my team, needing little attention where the road before it was so level and hard, I dropped off into the arms of Morpheus while sitting in the front end of the

wagon driving, but so gently that neither the team nor any one else discovered the fact and only a suspicion of it crossed my own mind. For some time I had been using a peculiar driving stick which everyone in the outfit knew as belonging to me. This was missing that morning and I hunted for it but failed to find it. Later in the day I incidentally referred to it in the presence of Cotterill who informed me that it was lying out on the desert a distance of eight or ten miles and intimated that I had left it drop while asleep. The mystery was settled. I had been asleep on my post of duty.

* * * * *

ON THE OTHER SIDE

Between nine and ten o'clock – it seemed like near twelve – we reached the western edge of the desert at a point then known as Reading Springs. We had passed another dangerous section of our journey and felt grateful at having escaped so easily... Where the desert ended and the hills began there was a spot several acres in extent that was grown up with rushes, some of which were as much as eight feet high. In the center of this dense patch of rushes were several water holes, or springs, of large area and so deep that one could scarcely see the bottom. The water of these springs was cold and fresh and we gave our horses of it without stint or moderation. Other parties had camped here before us and had beaten several narrow paths through this wilderness of rushes to the edge of the springs and we had but to follow these to find the water. Our horses had been subjected to a severe strain and needed all the care and attention we could give them. This they got. We fed them flour and turned them upon the uplands where widely scattered about there were little tufts of bunch grass.

After our horses were attended to we sought rest and comfort for ourselves. We put up an awning between two of the wagons and underneath it tried to get some sleep, but the heat was intense and sleeping in the open air in the day time did not go well. After sundown Cotterill and I went bathing in one of the deep springs. The water was cold and after disrobing both of us hesitated on the bank for some little time. Seeing a tempting opportunity he gave me a sudden push and tumbled me in headforemost. On coming to the surface I swam back to the bank and landed with the view of retaliating upon him, but before reaching him he jumped in and evaded me.

As we were now safely over the desert a great load was off our minds and that night we slept sweetly and soundly. Our horses were permitted to roam about at will seeking pasture but finding precious little. The next morning we fed them on such feed as we still had left in our wagons and then again took up our

journey in direction of California but on a road that was more safe and that had pleasanter associations than one over the Salt Lake Desert.

* * * * *

AGAIN ON THE STAGE ROAD

From Reading Springs our road for a long ways led up hill in north west direction. The ascent was not steep but the road was gravelly and we did not make very rapid progress,

We now again came into the stage road, from which we had departed at Salt Lake City. The first station on the route that we came to after passing the desert, was called Kanyon Station, and was located at the south eastern outlet of a long kanyon through which the road passed. Several young Indians were loafing about the station buildings, and were objects of interest chiefly because of their half clad and filthy condition. We here also saw, in possession of the station hands, for the first time, pine nuts. Pine nuts grew in the cones of a scrubby specie of pine tree and were about the size and form of a peanut when out of the hull. They were an article of commerce with the Indians of western Utah and Nevada who would bring them to the settlements and sell and barter them to the whites. The nuts, as I remember them, were agreeable to the taste but in appearance about as dirty as the Indians who peddled them.

* * * * *

DRIVING AGAIN AT NIGHT

On the afternoon of this day we camped about seven miles beyond Home Station. This stop was not for the night but to feed and rest our horses preparatory for a night drive. With the assistance of an Indian we cut some grass and put it into bags to haul along for use at times when there was none to be had on the range. In the evening we started again and made a long drive, passing Eight Mile Station on the way. Our road was dusty and much of the way down grade. At one place it passed through a narrow gateway in a bluff, which in its way, was quite a curiosity. This night drive was not without its troubles. One of the kegs, which was so useful to us to carry water in, fell off the wagon and came near being lost. Later on Eddie Cotterill, our baby boy, became violently sick, and next it was reported from the Whitman wagon that Mother Whitman was also sick. We had not gone as far as we intended to, but on learning the situation Cotterill concluded to stop and go into camp for the rest of the night. The next morning the sick were sufficiently improved to travel and we again were in

motion early with the view of stopping and resting during the hottest period of the day. The roads were now becoming very dusty and the stage in passing along at a distance would raise a cloud of dust so dense that it and the team drawing were completely hidden from view.

The country through which we now passed consisted of vallies alternating with mountain ridges that were of comparatively regular outline and dark and somber appearance. The vallies were from ten to fifteen miles in width, extended north and south and, as a rule, were clothed in a stunted growth of sage brush and grease weed. In some of them, however, there were large areas of desert which were entirely destitute of vegetation. On reaching the top of one of these mountain ridges the valley beyond lay before us and we could often see the road which we had to travel for the entire distance across, and until it became lost in the ridge on the other side. Northward and southward the view of the valley was generally limited only by the haze. There didn't seem to be any game. Gophers, ground rats and cayotes were about the only living native animals of which we saw any signs. We saw no antelope but there probably were some in remote and secluded places for occasionally we met Indians who had articles of dress made from antelope skins.

* * * * *

PONY SPRINGS

About noon of this day – **August 12th** – we crossed the first mountain ridge which lay west from Egan. Grass was here more plentiful than it had been but notwithstanding its abundance our horses were showing the effects of hard driving and several in my team were near giving out. On this day's travel we again departed from the stage road, following a cut-off along which the telegraph line extended.

By our usual camping time we reached a point on the side of a mountain named Pony Springs. The Armstrongs were ahead of us and were already in camp at the place when we arrived. When we were fairly settled I reconnoitered for grass and was fortunate enough to find some beyond the point of a high hill east from our camp. I then returned and after we had eaten our suppers we took our horses to the grass which I had found. As on the night before we took our beds with us and slept on the range near our horses. Directly to the east of us, probably a distance of fifteen miles, there was a large bright light which we concluded was an Indian camp fire, possibly a beacon the meaning of which we could not interpret. By daylight we had the horses again back at Pony Springs. During the evening two freighters also arrived at the place, also a soldier who

rode a mule and was dressed in a pair of buckskin breeches and these accessions increased the camp to more than the average size.

* * * * *

IN THE STATE OF NEVADA

We were now in the state of Nevada, the country was more broken, the road more hilly and traveling went slowly. One conspicuous object along our route on this particular day was a cluster of large and singularly white rocks. They loomed up in a kanyon to the left of our road and showed almost as white as chalk. They aroused our curiosity, but as we were on the way to California and not on a geological or exploring expedition, we did not go and investigate them. By noon we reached Mountain Spring Station and encamped for our usual midday rest. The station was named after a spring that had an abundant flow of water of excellent quality. Beyond this point our road was mostly down hill and during the afternoon we succeeded in making a long drive, entering Ruby Valley and reaching Ruby Station for the night. Ruby Station had been a place of considerable consequence at one time, but was now partially abandoned and most of the small log huts which composed the village, were empty. There was a little store at the place at which Cotterill bought some bacon and butter. That night some men with a train of pack mules arrived from the west and went into camp near us. The packing of goods on the backs of animals was a novelty to persons fresh from the states, but to Cotterill and Bradley it was a common thing and they consequently felt little interest in this particular pack train.

...The mountain we were now on was known as "Diamond Mountain" in the local geography of Nevada. It was both high and steep and the next morning we had a hard and tedious time getting up its eastern slopes and then an exciting time getting down its western side. Beyond this mountain range we came to "Diamond Springs" where we had the luck of finding a little bunch grass. The water of the springs was almost as warm as the waters of Shell Creek, but pure and safe to use. Diamond Springs was a more agreeable place than the average stage station and I had the pleasure of an interview with the keeper, Bill Montgomery, of whom I obtained a Salt Lake City newspaper and some items of information that were worth recording.

The valley west of Diamond Mountain was almost as barren as a desert but the road across it was level and not near as dusty as the Nevada roads generally. In the afternoon a shower passed over us and for a while it rained so hard that we found it necessary to stop the wagons until the storm ceased. That evening we reached Sulphur Springs Station where we remained over night.

The next day taxed our weak and worn horses severely. The road was free of dust but during the early part of the day it was generally up grade and wearied the poor creatures so that several of my team gave out. Before reaching the summit of the ridge we found it necessary to halt for a rest. Here we unhitched and turned the horses on to some bunch grass near the road. This rest and food revived them some, but to get to the summit we had to hitch up the big gray horses which was the first use we made of them. While stopping to rest and graze our horses by the way side several Indians came to our camp with pine nuts to sell. We also observed that the pine trees – which were numerous on this mountain ride – were bending full of nut cones but few of those we saw were sufficiently ripe to harvest. . . . That evening we arrived at a cabin the proprietors of which kept hay for sale. We didn't purchase any hay but found a pasture near by on to which we put our horses and where we also cut some grass and bagged it for future use. It was very late when we got to bed and our sleep that night was a short one. At two o'clock we arose and brought the horses, and the grass which we had cut, to camp before the rest of the party were out of bed. We hurriedly had breakfast and started on our way with the breaking of the day. By driving steadily while the cool of the morning lasted we reached Roberts' Creek before some immigrants, who had there camped over night, had gotten away. Here we stopped but merely long enough to water our horses and give them some flour to eat. Beyond Roberts' Creek we came upon some nice level road on which we made rapid progress. At noon we drove along side some tall willow bushes which stood in a low place a little distance away from the road. Here we again fed our horses flour and then, for a while, turned them upon the short grass the locality afforded. After a rest of several hours we again went on and that evening arrived at Grubb's Wells Station, which was a place of considerable importance. Other immigrants were already in camp at the place and we enjoyed an evening of rare neighborly intercourse with them. The station employes were also free and showed us attentions that we highly appreciated.

. . . We now again had nice road and driving was easier. In the early part of the day quite a lot of immigrant wagons were in line on the road, which reminded us forcibly of the long trains back on the Platte. That afternoon we came to Dry Creek Station around which there was much green sward but which was cropped so close that it afforded poor pasture. About a mile beyond the station we camped and turned our horses into the kanyon. After we were in camp a while several Indians visited us. This wasn't a remarkable circumstance, but they were dressed nicely, which – considering the fact that they were Nevada Indians – was a very remarkable and unaccountable circumstance. In the evening Cotterill rode up the kanyon for game. He found no game, but came across a newly-made grave,

a solemn reminder that immigrants in this sage brush and nut-pine wilderness are liable to die and that when they do die the only place of *sepulture* was the road side.

The next morning we again had a vexatious hunt for some of our horses. I alone hunted a long time without success and concluding the rest had found them in my absence I returned to camp. But the horses had not been found and after eating breakfast I went out again on foot, going a long ways without seeing any signs of horses. Finally, after I was thoroughly tired out in body and in temper, I abandoned the fruitless search and turned my face again towards camp, and, upon coming in sight of where the camp had been, saw the wagons moving up the road. This was a sure sign that the missing horses had been found. I hurried after as rapidly as my tired legs permitted and near the camping place found that Cotterill had considerably left a horse for me to ride. He also, after going some distance, came back part ways to see whether I had found the horse he had left.

* * * * *

EMERGING FROM THE WILDERNESS

The next day was **Wednesday, August 30th**. We were now emerging from the wilderness and coming upon the borders of California. Virginia City, the famous silver mining camp of early Nevada, this morning burst upon our vision. It was a city set on a hill for it was located on a bench on the southern slope of Mt. Davidson high above the road along which we were traveling.

A HERD OF CAMEL

About the same time that Virginia came into view up on the mountain some one of our party learned that down by the river there was a herd of camel. To immigrants a herd of camel in this part of the world was a novelty and we stopped our teams and went down and took a good look at them and inquired into their history. They were a remnant of those Jefferson Davis, while Secretary of War, had imported for the purpose of carrying military supplies over the deserts of the far west, but proving unprofitable they were turned out upon the bottoms of the Carson River to find a living for themselves or starve. The only use we could learn of them being put to was packing salt, and they were not regarded as being especially suited for that purpose.

When we arrived at the point where our road divided, one branch of it going up the kanyon to Virginia city and the other following up the Carson river, Cotterill left us and rode up to Virginia City for mail which he had reason to

expect awaited him there. We kept on the road along the river, meeting much travel that was going east and also much dust. Because of the many loose stones that were in the road and the great amount of dust, travelling was slow and wearisome and early in the day we halted in the little town of Dayton and camped in its outer edges, near a school house in which we ate our suppers. Our horses we put up at a corral that was kept for the benefit of the traveling public. Cotterill rejoined us a short time after we had gone into camp, having gone up to Virginia City from the east side and come down from it on the west side.

Editor's Note: At this point, Zeamer decided to remain in the mining region, so the entries that follow tell of his experiences living and working in a mining camp.

* * * * *

I REMAIN AT DAYTON

The next morning at breakfast I laid my purpose before Cotterill and asked whether he cared to release me from my obligations to him. He received the matter amiably and replied that he did not care, I might do about it as I wished, adding that I had been faithful to him, had stuck to him when the other boys left him and that had I gone with him the entire distance to his home in California he had intended to pay me a hundred dollars in gold. I then bid the friends and associates of almost five months standing good-by and again cast my lot with people who were utter strangers to me. As my experience among this new people, and in this isolated and wild country, was of a trying character to a young man; the reader may be interested in knowing something about it.

* * * * *

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO DO

After parting from my immigrant friends I set about looking up something to do. I put my baggage into the office of Leslie's Corral, the place we had patronized over night, and left the men there know that a young fellow was around hunting for a job. Later on I put up at a boarding house in the vicinity and there similarly advertised myself. I next wrote some letters and while at the post office mailing them got into conversation with the postmaster, who – on learning what my occupation was in Pennsylvania – remarked that a school teacher was wanted at Silver City, two miles up the kanyon, and possibly by applying promptly I might get the position. I put on the best clothes in my wardrobe, bought a long linen duster and put it on over them, and then walked over the

dusty grade to Silver City and hunted up the authorities who were looking for a school teacher. They were very sorry, but I was too late. A teacher had already been engaged. In the short conversation that followed one of the men politely asked me whether I had not recently come across the plains. My manners and person evidently bore the brand of the raw immigrant...

* * * * *

VIRGINIA CITY

On October 25th I paid my first visit to Virginia City. Being young and shy I did not get as much knowledge out of the visit as an experienced newspaper reporter would have done but got considerable and nearly all of it has remained with me. At that time Virginia was the greatest mining camp in the world and my curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch. I walked the streets of the wicked and wonderful town in awe and everything I saw and heard rooted itself firmly into my memory. The town was built upon ground that in this mountainous region was suggestive of flatness but which elsewhere would have been considered worse than uneven. The streets that ran east and west, because of being constructed across ravines and rivers rose and sunk like the waves of the ocean in a storm and were ranged one above the other after the manner of a terrace. Its buildings were grouped in knots, were nearly all of a temporary character and could have been removed with little labor or burned down with even less. There were some substantial buildings but they were the exception. Around outside the town lay a country of hills and knolls and ridges too barren to produce even sage brush or grease weed. Pine and cedar timber may at one time have been upon it in spots but there were no signs of it now and every where you looked the country wore an aspect of sickly desolation.

The business places of the city did not seem to be numerous nor specially crowded. Virginia's great and only industry was located deep down in the bowels of the earth and the business places that appeared upon the surface represented that industry merely in the capacity of agencies, the very air of which was vocal concerning the stupendous underground operations that constituted the entire wealth of the city besides much wealth to humanity in general. The hoisting works that were erected over the openings of the mines were a curiosity that I gaped at long and intently but the teams which were hauling the precious ore away from the opening more than all other objects, challenged my interest and admiration. Chief among the many teams that passed under my observation was one named "Silver Star No. 1." This one was particularly attractive by reason of its great size and the beauty and strength of the animals that

comprised it. It consisted of six large horses and two large mules, four spans, all admirably matched in size, weight and strength. This team hauled two impressive wagons and I subsequently learned that it carried, at a single trip, 18 tons of ore from the Chellar-Potosi mine to the Silver Star Mill on the Carson River. Eighteen tons at a single load may sound incredible to the reader but as the road nearly all the way was slightly down hill it in point of draught was not so much of a feat as on first observation may seem.

Virginia City was situated well up on the side of the mountain immediately over the famous Comstock Lode. It was a poor place to build a city but the silver and gold in the bowels of the mountain selected the location irrespective of the unfavorableness of the site. Its principal thoroughfare was C Street, which at different points was crowded and busy although the people complained of having dull times. I remember particularly well of seeing on this principal street an ox team, drawing a large load of pine wood and of hearing the driver strike a bargain with a man at \$18 a cord in gold.

The openings of the mines and the ore dumps were mostly along the lower end of the city, but there were also some above it along the base of the peak of Mt. Davidson. Elevated as Virginia City was Mt. Davidson towered yet high above it and on the very pinnacle of this towering mountain peak a tall flag pole was erected from which the stars and stripes were floated on state occasions. To a spectator on the streets of the city this flag staff showed only faintly, as if it were a perpendicular tracing on the sky background of the picture.

* * * * *

LIVING IN A DUG OUT

The stone cabin of which we took possession was built against a hill side and was in some sense a dug-out. No mortar was used in the construction of the walls and in many places light shone through them. The hearth was on the south end, on the side towards the hill, the door was in the north side, the floor was the ground and the roof was just high enough for us to stand up erect under the ridge pole. In all other places we had to assume a stooped position. The roof was of very primitive construction. First a layer of poles was placed from the ridge pole to the side walls and upon these a layer of brush was put and upon top of the brush a layer of clay. The door was made by nailing two boards against cross pieces and swung from a post by two heavy leathern hinges. A rectangular hole was cut into the center of the door and over it was tacked a muslin flour sack which stood us in stead of a window, leaving in light without leaving in much cold. The bed was built upon posts in the corner to the right of

the door and in simplicity of construction was in harmony with the rest of the cabin. The bottom of it was a layer of poles like the bottom of the roof. Upon this layer of poles was thrown a layer of hay and upon the hay our blankets. The bed was wide enough for only two and there being three in our party it fell to John Stevenson to provide for himself a bunk. This he did out of the boards of wrecked wood chutes and suspended it at a convenient height over the bed. For a mattress he sewed together end to end two large gunny sacks and filled them with hay. From gunny sacks his brother Will also made an extra cover for our bed, ripping them open and sewing them together like a heavy quilt. The table consisted of two wide boards nailed upon cross pieces and set up on legs against the wall over near the hearth. With the exception of the hole in the door covered with muslin there were no windows, but light came down the short stubby chimney and through cracks in the wall. Unfortunately these same openings also admitted snow and cold. We had no furniture. Furniture would have been in the way. We sat on kegs instead of chairs or stools. The woodmen in these hills used a great deal of syrup which came in five-gallon kegs and these, after being emptied, were used for stools. There were six or eight in the cabin when we took possession and we found them to be handy furniture for when not in use we could roll them under the bed or table. This stone cabin for two months in the dead of the winter of 1865-'66 was our home and the experience I got within its walls was a fair sample of the experience of the early settlers in California.

It was past the middle of December and already quite wintery when we began chopping wood. We were fully conscious that our habitation was a poor shelter from the elements and as winter advanced we took measures to improve it. We brought thick pine and cedar branches down from the hills and laid them over the roof and upon them stones to hold them down. We also set branches against the north and west sides of the cabin to keep the snow and cold out and when the snow came the cabin was so effectually hidden that it could hardly be distinguished until you were almost upon it. For fuel we burned cord wood brought from wherever it could be found without great concern as to who the real owner was. Sometimes we had a good supply on hand while at other times the supply ran quite low.

* * * * *

WRITING ACROSS THE PLAINS

In this squalid stone cabin the writing of this narrative was begun. Among the personal effects which I had brought across the plains were some books, papers and writing materials and these we placed upon a shelf fixed up against the wall

at a dry and convenient place. The interior of a poorly lighted, poorly heated, dirty and rat-infested dug-out was an uncongenial place to do literary work yet several hundred pages of the fore part of this story were there written in the evenings after coming in from chopping wood, digging roads or doing other equally unintellectual work. Those pages of manuscript have been preserved through the mutations of more than thirty-one years and are now doing service both as a record and as souvenirs of my California experience.

* * * * *

THE TIME OF MY DEPARTURE APPROACHING

By the 15th of July I had twenty-nine cords of wood hauled to town and ranked upon the commons as pay for my services with Scotty and Charlie. This was the date I had fixed upon to quit work for the purpose of leaving the country. I had saved enough of my earnings to pay my way back to "America" providing I practiced economy, and meant to start promptly so as not to be diverted from the purpose by such circumstances as sometimes turn up in course of delays. Having the wood in my possession the next step was to sell it, to turn it into a circulating medium that I could carry along with me. Mid-summer was a poor time to market wood as prices were depressed. A dealer named Smith offered me \$8.00 a cord, which was a dollar less a cord than what it cost me in labor but I accepted the offer. Smith could not pay me until the end of the month but proposed to employ me meanwhile at the rate of \$2.00 a day and board. My employment most of the time during this interim consisted of chopping scattered timber on a wood ranch lying a little to the north west of Como and thus, after an absence of nine months, I again got to see that deserted town. Its desolation appeared more complete than ever and it was painful to contemplate the great amount of the labor of human hands that had there gone to waste. Every family had left it and the large hotel, a building of pretentious and respectable proportions, was in possession of a lot of woodmen. With this gang of wood choppers I secured board and lodging during the ten days that I worked on Smith's ranch. I was all alone and worked hard, but the timber was of inferior character and scattered, and consequently I did not accomplish very much. I grew tired of the job and on the afternoon of the 28th of July I shouldered my ax and walked down to Dayton – my blankets I had send down in the morning with one of the wood teams.

But my money still was not ready and ten days more had to be endured before I got away from Dayton. Waiting in Dayton, however, was not as tiresome as up on the wood ranch at Como for there was plenty to do. A young

man who was driving one of the Carpenter teams wanted to take a rest for his health and engaged me to drive for him at \$2.50 a day and board. Carpenter had a large number of teams which were engaged at hauling wood up to Virginia City and silver ore from there down to the Silver Star mill on the Carson River, a short distance above Dayton. The pay was good, sure and prompt, the associations agreeable, the work satisfactory and promised to develop into a permanent job but I resigned the situation for I was now ready to leave the country.

* * * * *

FAREWELL, NEVADA

On **Monday morning, August 6th**, Smith paid me \$251.00 in gold which with my other earnings and savings, swelled my cash in hand to near \$340.00, and I was ready to bid farewell, a long farewell to Nevada.

While teaming at Dayton I formed the acquaintance of a good natured kind hearted Irishman named Tom Gardner. He was illiterate but had seen much of the world, was an excellent judge of men and a very successful poker player. He had come to America in his youth by himself and had engaged in various occupations, having teamed for the government in Florida, in Texas and in Kansas. From Kansas he drifted across the plains by wagon and spent several years in the same region in which I had now concluded eleven months and at the same kind of work. He had cleared off his wood ranch and sold his wood and saved enough of money to make himself comfortable, in his simple inexpensive way, for the rest of his lifetime. He was in love with western Texas and its climate and decided to spend the balance of his days in that part of the country. He was about forty-five years of age and somehow – probably because of my youth – became interested in me and in speaking to or of me invariably call me his “by”. On learning that I intended to go back to the states he arranged to accompany me as far as New York, and thus this newly-found acquaintance became my traveling companion. A man named Anderson who had been hauling wood out of the hills through the summer, left Dayton that morning to go back to his home in California, and Tom and I rode on his wagon as far as Carson City. We reached Carson City during the afternoon and there waited until evening for the stage. While waiting we sauntered about the town and took a look at its prominent places and its inhabitants. From the hills, fifteen and twenty miles off, I had, during the past eleven months, often enjoyed distant views of it and at long range formed a favorable opinion of the place. Now that I was right in it it had less interest and enchantment for me...

* * * * *

ON THE STAGE COACH

The stage was a Concord coach, drawn by six well-groomed, high-spirited horses and afforded the most comfortable and expeditious way of traveling in vogue at that time in Nevada. Tom and I had not engaged our passages ahead and consequently were relegated to the hind seat on top of the coach. It was an uncomfortable and dangerous place to ride over the mountains in the night time but as it was the only seat that was left unengaged we had to take it or wait for the next stage. Piled on top of the coach and secured by stout straps was a miscellaneous mass of baggage. A large amount of baggage was also strapped to the rear end of the coach and covered over with a thick leathern apron, and in the apartment in front, called the boot, underneath the feet of the driver, was the treasure box and some silver bricks, objects for which highwaymen in days gone by had such a proverbial affection.

...The first stopping place we came to was a little town named Genoa which exhibited considerable animation. Here we tarried merely long enough to take in some silver bricks. Some passengers offered themselves but were refused as the coach had all that kind of traffic it could accommodate. The next station was Van Sickles. By the time we reached this place night was upon us and obscured all ordinary objects. Here we changed horses and when we again started we turned to the right and entered a dark kanyon, down which came dashing a mountain torrent whose spray imparted to the air an agreeable coolness while its roaring filled the depths of the gorge with fantastic echoes. The road over which we travelled was carefully constructed and kept in elegant repair. It was wide and solid and its grades as easy as it was possible to make them. We did not see them in the day time but the lights of the coach, and the light of the stars overhead, and the easy steady motion of the coach, informed us of the superb condition of the roadway.

As we advanced the hills rose higher and higher and the majestic pines on their sides and crests became more numerous, shutting out with straggling exceptions, the light of the stars. For a time it seemed as if we were being swallowed by the gorge. Our road was full of turns and elbows and now it was on one side of the stream, and then on the other. The kanyon was crossed on high bridges and in going over these we occasionally caught glimpses of falls and cascades that appeared white and foamy under the starlight. Although the gloom of the night grew thicker we realized that we were rising to a higher altitude. Our splendid team was gradually slacking to a slower pace, the air was growing cooler, and the roaring of the torrent in the gorge was receding. While our destination lay in a due westward direction we felt that we sometimes were

going in the opposite direction. We were zigzagging our way up the mountain side and at each turn of the road the noise of the torrent below grew fainter. Looking backward and downward from our seat on top of the coach an awful chasm, filled with the blackness of night, yawned as if to swallow the stage with all it contained. It was a situation that tried our nerves and an occasion that stirred our souls with serious thoughts.

Far up the mountain side was a hotel known as Rider's. Here our driver stopped and rested his team, gave them of the cool sweet mountain water to drink, and then again went on. But our horses were growing weary and their pace slower as we approached the summit. Occasionally we stopped to leave them rest and breathe and renew their strength. Some passengers got out and walked, partly to lighten the load and partly to warm themselves with the exercise. As we had the most undesirable seat on the stage no concessions were expected of us and so we clung to our seat, and peering into the gloom of the forest pictured in our imaginations the glorious views which the night hid from us. Finally we reached the summit – the first summit on our way – and halted to give the passengers who had gotten out to walk, time to come after and get in.

* * * * *

LAKE VALLEY

We now entered the valley of Lake Tahoe, commonly known as Lake Valley. We entered it with a rush for our driver gave the horses the reins and the whip and made up the time he had lost in climbing the grade east of the summit. Lake Tahoe is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world but the blessed privilege of looking into its transparent depths in the day time was not ours but we caught glimpses of its star-lit surface as we passed rapidly along, a short distance south of it. Lake Tahoe in those days was a summer resort for the aristocracy of the pacific coast and was much patronized.

Both sides of our road through Lake Valley were lined with timber and great trunks of pine and fir trees came into view as the light of the coach lamps darted out into the night, and the massive size of the trunks told us that the trees were of immense height. We were now at an elevation of over 6000 feet but all around us were lofty mountain peaks to which this elevated valley was merely the pedestal and a pedestal of only moderate height.

...At the farther side of the valley there was another summit to be ascended, one that was much higher than the first. Up this one our progress was slow and tedious. Large timber studded the mountain on both sides of our way but as elsewhere only glimpses of the immense tree trunks were caught by means of

the light of the coach lamps, while their tops were lost to our view high up in the sky. A short distance out from our road the gloom was impenetrable as if the mighty trunks formed a wall with the blackness of the night to fill up the intervening spaces. Our driver did not urge his team and they took their own time to climb up the grade. Riding on the outside of the coach over these great mountains at night was romantic and exciting to persons who experienced it for the first time but the night air was cold and we became so chilled that we lost interest in the grand and gloomy scenery through which we were passing.

On reaching the summit both driver and team waked up and began a rapid descent notwithstanding the darkness of the night. Down, down we went at a pace that even in daylight would have been terrifying. In places our road lay along the edge of deep ravines, so deep it seemed as if the mountain had been cleft in two by a mighty earthquake and the rifts had failed to close. The cold air would rise out of these ravines and strike us full in the face, chilling the very marrow in our spines with vague ideas of the awful depths of the chasms. It was along here that Horace Greeley once rode with Hank Monk for driver. Greeley told his experience in the New York "Tribune" and the story was taken up and repeated in print and verbally all over the Pacific coast with an additional shade of exaggeration with each repetition until it became a public bore and Mark Twain felt constrained to devote a chapter to it in his "Roughing It" which ridiculed it out of circulation.

* * * * *

THE GLORIES OF THE SIERRAS

The sun mounted into the cloudless California sky and revealed to us the grandeur and glories of the Sierras while they yet sparkled with the moisture which the mists of the night had deposited over them. All through the night we had seen through a glass darkly, but now we beheld the charms and majesty of this indescribable mountain scenery in the strong light of day. And chief among the interesting objects that caught and held our attention were the great monarchs of the forest, whose trunks, like mighty columns, stood upon the banks of the roaring river, hundreds of feet below the level of our road, and whose proud heads waved in the air high above us. ...

"HANGTOWN"

As we were now again going down grade we travelled rapidly and soon reached the town of Placerville, known in the early annals of California as "Hangtown" because of the many lynchings perpetrated there. "Hangtown" sounded like the

California I used to read about. By this time the hour of 8 o'clock had arrived. We here had a good breakfast and a change of teams and coaches and then took a fresh start. Beyond Placerville the country was less broken and free of timber but still down grade and everywhere it bore evidences of having been dug over and ground over in search of gold. The earth was of a reddish color and vegetation was beginning to show the effects of the *drouth*. We were now in the region of placer mining but the mines were about worked out. With the exceptions of a few Chinamen we saw no one engaged at mining, but at some places traces of ditches and the remains of sluices came into view, showing where years before placer mining had been done on an extensive scale. Bushes were growing up in abandoned mining ground and very little land was enclosed with fences, which was a pretty good sign that it was worth comparatively little for agricultural purposes. In and about settlements orchards flourished and the intensely green foliage of the apple and peach trees showed them to be in a very thrifty condition. Our road was solid but dusty and the leaves of the trees that stood by the wayside were thickly covered with the reddish dust which was the more apparent because of the deep green of the foliage. Our new team was frisky and we had not gone far when our fresh driver, to show his skill as a Jehu and probably to take the wire edge off the horses, swayed and cracked his whip and for a long stretch drove them as fast as they could put feet to the ground. It was an exciting experience and the passengers on top of the coach had to cling to their seats with the one hand and hold their hats with the other. While a little of this rapid going was enjoyable most of us were satisfied when the driver permitted the team to slacken to moderate pace. The driver's subsequent action convinced the passengers that he was sober.

After leaving Placerville the first place that we came to that enjoyed the distinction of a name was Mud Springs. It was only a small settlement, located in a placer mining district and much of the country around it had been worked over in search of nuggets and dust. Next we arrived at Shingle Springs which was a settlement of considerable size and much enterprise by reason of it being the terminus of the railroad. Here we left the stage and boarded the train that was awaiting our arrival. It was the first time in sixteen months, and in two thousand miles of travel, that I had seen railroad cars, and consequently they were a welcome sight. The cars were of *primitive* build, very ordinary in appearance, and the speed of the train slow compared with the speed of the railroad trains of to-day, yet faster than the speed of the stage coach and swift as a weaver's shuttle compared with the pace of the immigrant wagon.

The country now became more flat, settlements were sprinkled over it and a conspicuous feature of these settlements was the many young and thrifty fruit

trees and vines. The train took us through a town named Latrobe, which was passed without incident. After passing Latrobe we came to a junction from which our train backed up to a town named Folsom where everybody got out and went into a large and gaudy saloon and took a drink. Here the train halted quite a while and I could not see exactly why unless it was in the interest of the saloon. Beyond Folsom the country was flat and persons inside the car who knew informed us that we were passing over the Sacramento Plains. The sun was intolerably hot and the dust abundant but as we were in comfortable seats inside a moving railroad coach we managed to bear the discomfort and at 2 o'clock that afternoon – August 7th 1866 – the train landed us at the depot on the banks of the Sacramento River in Sacramento City. I was now in California proper, in its capital city, just seventeen months and twenty-five days after leaving my home in Pennsylvania.

SACRAMENTO

About the first new feature that thrust itself upon my notice in Sacramento was the great abundance of fruit. Apples, peaches, pears and grapes in large quantity and most tempting quality appeared upon the stands on the streets and at the depots and wharfs. To men just out of the sage brush and sands of Nevada, this was a beautiful and agreeable sight. We put up at the United States Hotel, just opposite the depot, and after we had some dinner we went out on the streets and took a stroll through the city. The Sacramento "Union" was then one of the leading California newspapers and I hunted its office and subscribed for the "Weekly Union" for one year, paying for it \$5.00 in gold. After the stroll I repaired to our room at the hotel and wrote some letters, feeling proud and satisfied in being able to date them from "Sacramento, California." In the evening we sat on the pavement in front of the hotel and rested and studied California character as the pedestrians filed by. Not having had any sleep the night before I retired early and at midnight was awakened by California mosquitoes, of which a million had gotten through a secret pass in the netting which formed a canopy over the bed. Between the mosquitoes and the heat I slept but little during the remaining part of the night and when morning came I was far from being fully rested. Some of the knowing fellows about the hotel assured us that when we got down to "Frisco" – as San Francisco was then popularly called – it would not be so hot nor would we be troubled with mosquitoes, and within the next twenty-four hours we found this to be the case.

* * * * *

WE ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO

Although it was dark and the breeze quite uncomfortable my curiosity still prompted me to occasionally go outside. But there wasn't much to be seen. Persons on the boat who knew said we were on San Pablo Bay and almost out of sight of land. Off to the north there gleamed a line of lights which, they said, was at the navy yard on Mare Island; and off to the south east, high up in the sky, loomed the dark form of Mont Diablo, but San Francisco was not yet in sight. There was nothing else to see and the strong breeze and chilly atmosphere drove me back into the cabin where I remained until someone said San Francisco was in sight. It was then 10 o'clock. Then everybody went outside and there, spread out over a gentle, sloping hillside, lay the great metropolis of the Pacific Coast. The streets rose as they extended back from the bay and the long lines of street lamps rose as they receded and consequently every light showed to advantage to persons on shipboard in the harbor and reminded the observer of torchlight processions but kept much better in line than torchlight

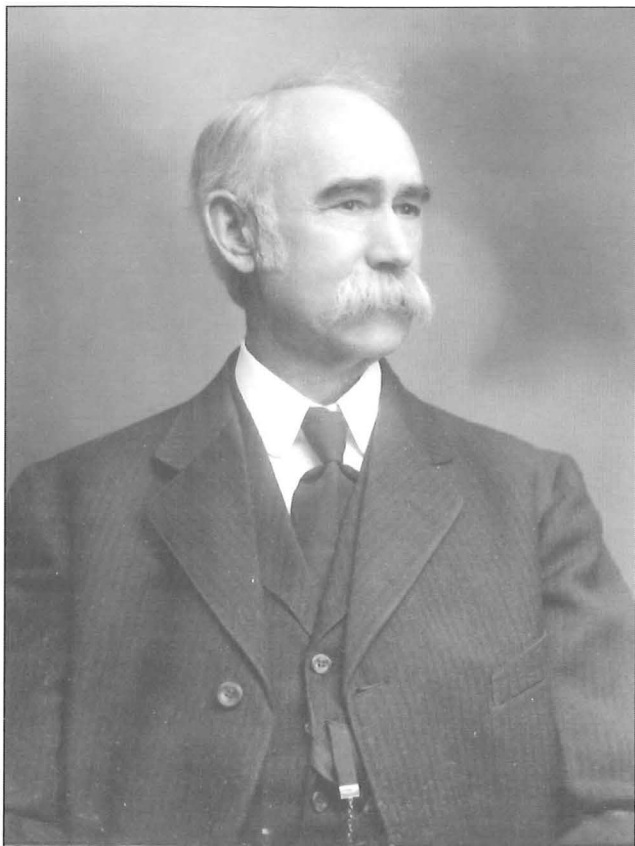


Photo of San Francisco Harbor taken about the time of Zeamer's visit there.
CCHS Photo Archives, Lantern Slide Collection, Gift of Roberts P. McCrea

processions ordinarily do. A large and turbulent crowd of hack drivers and porters were in waiting for us on the wharf and as soon as we stepped off the gang plank the entire mob began yelling the names of the hotels they represented, clamoring for checks for baggage and offering conveyances. We had surrendered ourselves into the hands of a more civil hotel representative on the boat and he conducted us across the wharf to the hotel coach into which we quickly stepped. We were then hastily driven up Jackson street to the International Hotel where my long trip Across the Plains

ENDED.

Editor's Note: The final installments of Zeamer's 1897 publication consist of updates on the lives of members of the traveling party based on correspondence between them in the intervening 30 years.



Jeremiah Zeamer circa 1896.
CCHS Photo Archives, Line Collection



American Volunteer Newspaper Building, Liberty Avenue, Carlisle, PA,
circa 1872, prior to Zeamer's purchase of the newspaper in 1878.
CCHS Photo Archives, Line Collection

Memories of Frontier Army Life

by Anna Laura Pratt*

A paper presented to the Carlisle Fortnightly Club on March 13, 1899

In these days of rapid history making, when one important event follows closely upon another, and since our country has expanded her boundaries so that we not only say “our States and Territories”, but we can add “our Colonies”, we give a little gasp as we glance backward and realize what changes a few years have wrought.

Looking at an up to date map of that vast country beyond the Mississippi River, we see it covered with a network of black lines, indicating the trend of that great civilizer, the railroad. Again we try to realize that it is not yet much more than half a century since our geographies marked that western country as the “Great American Desert.”

We will skip the rapid disillusion period regarding the unknown west and not lose sight of the fact that for this evening we look over only a small web in the weaving of a portion of history that



Photo of Anna Laura Pratt, circa 1900
CCHS Photo Archives

*Additional biographical information about Anna Laura Mason Pratt can be found at the end of the article.

entered into the life of an army officer's wife, stationed on the border of that then little known country, the great west.

Towards the close of a hot day in the month of July in the year 1867, a passenger train from the north moved slowly into the railroad station in the southern city of Memphis. Among the tired passengers was a young woman with her two-year old boy, whose eager questions, "Shall we see Papa now?" was quickly silenced by the Mother's response, "Oh no, not now." She anxiously appealed to the kind-faced conductor to direct her to the hotel, named on a card held in her hand. The reply was, "My dear woman, you cannot go to that house, as it is closed to all guests. The whole city is panic-stricken by the plague, cholera. Your best plan is to go directly to the steamer which is at the wharf; although it does not leave for two days, they can care for you there." This young woman was the army wife, starting for the frontier and whose husband had preceded her by some two months. This roundabout route by river must be made in order to reach Indian Territory, sailing down the muddy Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas, then up the crooked and equally muddy Arkansas River to Fort Smith, where the young officer could come thus far on the way to meet his wife and child. A few days of rest at the town of Fort Smith, and again the travelers faced westward. A day and night's travel by river and they were at Fort Gibson, Indian Territory.

The introduction to army life was begun, all so strange to the newcomer, who was taking her first ride in an army ambulance [Editor's note: when this account was written, the term "ambulance" was used to denote a covered vehicle on springs, used not only to transport those wounded in battle, but also for other transportation where comfort was a consideration.] Entering the Post, the first impression was of uniformity, of sameness of whatever objects were in view; the line of soldiers marching by, all dressed alike, stepping as one man; the even rows of cottages, in line and all alike.

The ambulance stops, a tall handsome officer, with dangling sword worn at his side, lifts his plumed hat with courtly grace, and cordially greets the strangers, assists the lady from the ambulance and through the doorway of one of the cottages. A cheery voice speaking like an old friend, gives this greeting: "I am so glad that you have arrived safely. We belong to the same regiment, the 10th, and I have only been here a few weeks."

Soon others joined the group and the kinship of military brotherhood was rapidly established with the new arrivals.

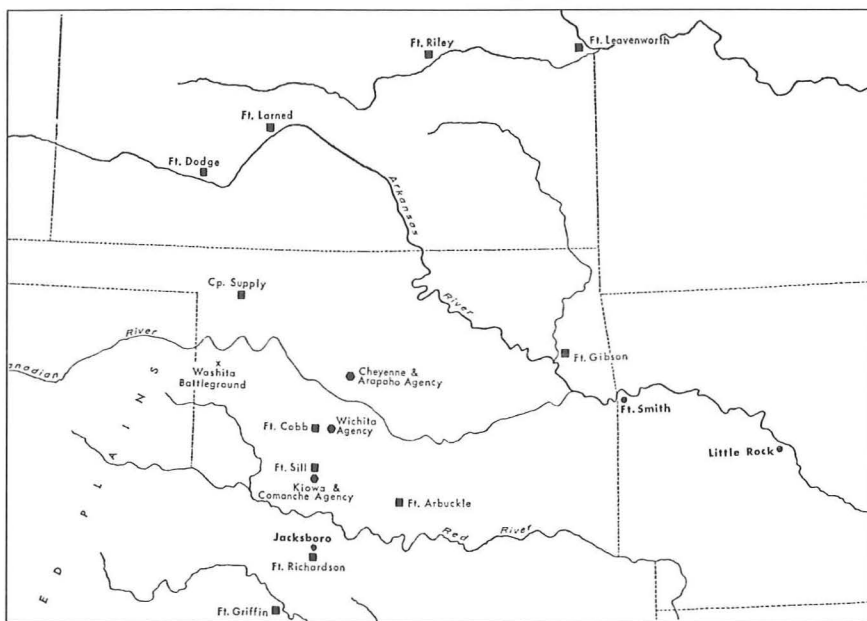
And dear sisters of the C.F.C., please allow me to pass from the third to the first pronoun, as I relate that in the day and a half that I remained at Fort Gibson, I caught the spirit of soldierly courage. No recollection comes to me

now that we discussed the merits of brave deeds, or the need of cultivating courage, but the spirit of fortitude was ever present. Scouting expeditions were talked over, the management of cholera cases considered, all with as little excitement as we here would speak of the best form of an afternoon tea. All along our route from Memphis and still at Gibson that monster, the plague, held sway, although its power had considerably lessened to one death a day at that time.

The post surgeon looking at our delicate boy, advised a cautionary measure that we hasten our departure. We still had two hundred miles of wagon travel before we could reach our station, Fort Arbuckle.

Clear and bright was the morning that a white covered ambulance drawn by four mules, awaited our pleasure before the door of our friend's cottage. Into this conveyance we packed our bags, bundles, myself and boy. While we were saying our good-byes, a mounted messenger rode up, dismounted, respectfully saluted the adjutant who was talking with my husband, and gave him a letter which proved to be from the adjutant of Fort Arbuckle, conveying the sad intelligence of the death of the commandant's wife, the only lady to be at Arbuckle to welcome me when we should arrive. Another victim of the cholera.

A soldier's life must be one of obedience, so it matters not if it be bullets or pestilence to face. There can be no turning back when the order is Forward! And so there was no delay for even our little party.



Map showing the Pratts' postings in present day Arkansas and Oklahoma.

From *"Battlefield and Classroom"* by Richard Henry Pratt

CCHS Library

Fort Gibson was soon in the background and I was interested in the appearance of our small command. During the ten years of frontier army experience, I traveled with several large commands, yet none seemed quite so important as that small cavalcade of fifteen mounted men, my husband riding at the head, my ambulance and two white wagons following containing our household and camp equipments. To a novice, the first day's march and the first night's camp are great events. My experience was rendered more particularly so because our little boy became very ill with every symptom of Asiatic cholera. A bed upon the ground, the camp fire before the open tent, the discordant braying of the mules, the wildness, the weirdness, added to the dreariness as we watched and cared for our little patient. All combined to make the night one not to be blotted out of memory's page.

The surgeon at Gibson had been very particular in his instructions to us should we be overtaken with the plague, and laid great stress upon the importance of making short stops. Our safety depended on our moving on, even though we might be very ill. Acting upon this advice we were again on the march an hour before sunrise and by ten o'clock our little boy had passed the crisis and showed signs of a speedy recovery.

Preceding the time of our journey by about two weeks, two companies of infantry had passed over the same route. The cholera was with them. They remained in one camp and out of one hundred and twelve men, there were twenty-eight deaths. We passed their graves the third day of our journey.

But we will turn to more cheering scenes, for Dame Nature endeavored to dispel all gloom. The landscape presented to us a most charming diversity of scenery, woodlands, watercourses, and rolling prairie lands, with mountains in the distance, all combining to produce most beautiful effects. The country seemed only waiting for civilized man to occupy it with homes. Alas, for the few who did venture at that early time to settle upon the cleared and fertile land. The hostile Indians were everywhere, without being anywhere, and woe unto the trespasser who ventured to settle upon the attractive places of their hunting grounds.

The last of this six day's journey brought us to the Washita River and two miles further on was Arbuckle. During the trip I had been initiated into the difficulties of crossing bridgeless streams where the embankments were steep and the bed of the stream treacherous. We halted upon the banks of the Washita and looked with grave apprehension upon its deep, swift, and muddy waters. Cross we must, so our loads were lightened, I crouched with my feet upon the seat, my arms around my boy and our team plunged down into the waters. The mounted men with my husband rode at each side to rescue in case our wagon

should topple over. At one time I did feel the ambulance sway. A large wooden bucket at my driver's feet floated off down the stream, but the mules got their footing and we were soon climbing up the opposite bank.

In another hour I was standing upon the broad piazza of my first army home. Dear old Arbuckle! How the memories gather, so vivid is the picture of our eighteen month's home in that picturesque country.

As there is much to tell of other homes, I will try not to dwell too long upon memory's page of Fort Arbuckle. Our quarters, built of hewn logs, were neither handsome nor convenient, but the clear dry air and beautiful scenery were alluring. There were plenty of horses to ride. All that was needed was courage to mount those cavalry horses. The courage was summoned, braced up by the consuming desire to fall into line and go with the crowd. Those horseback rides up the mountains were delightful experiences. No bridle paths to keep us to prescribed routes, many a time my husband rode ahead, spurring his horse up frightfully steep places, and I would follow. Seated on a sure-footed animal we rode over fallen trees, loose rocks and tangled undergrowth; reaching a clearing at the top of a mountain, we would halt and gaze upon the scene, grand and beautiful, more than repaying us for the venturesome climb and the perilous descent. It was great fun to gallop through the wild, weird, dry canons, our horses' hoofs resounding up and down the narrow way lasting, I have no doubt, long after we were out on the level plain racing toward home and our evening dinner.

We were not unmindful of the hostile visitors who sometimes came our way. The cartridge belt with its ugly army revolver attached, was always worn by the officers in our party, and sometimes when we wished to be more venturesome, a few soldiers were taken along well armed.

Now and then our mail carrier failed to report, and scouting parties were sent out to reconnoiter, revealing to us the need for more caution, as one mail carrier had been killed and scalped.

One grows accustomed to even dangerous surroundings and the fact that loaded arms were always near one's bed and that at night alert guards walked their beats within a stone's throw of our quarters while we slept, quieted our fears.

We were awakened each morning by the booming of cannon. The morning gun, fired at sunrise, followed by the lively notes of the bugle and the martial drum and fife which, mingling in a cheerful strain, tells the soldier the day is begun. With the firing of the morning gun, the stars and stripes are raised to the top of the flagstaff in the center of the parade ground. At nine o'clock we gather on our piazza to witness guard mounting. The men assigned to guard

duty are closely inspected, the very neatest one chosen to be the Commandant's orderly for the day. The columns march in review while the band plays, if we have one (which we did not the first two years!) but the trumpeters and drummers did their best to enliven the occasion. At sunset the fife and drum with merry bugle sounds the evening call, the men fall into line, answer roll call, the evening gun is fired, the flag is lowered amid the encircling smoke, and the day is done. At nine o'clock, the soldier's bed-time, again the bugle sounds, this time in plaintive notes suggestive of solitude, as it lingeringly plays "Lights Out." Beautiful and suitable is the custom of playing this mournful refrain over a soldier's grave.

In the mellow month of October, 1868, a little daughter came to add brightness to our army home. More cheer was needed for the coming winter months were filled with anxiety. Scouting expeditions were ordered. General Sheridan, with a large command, had marched into the Territory for the purpose of forcing the Indians to come under agency rule. The Kansas border settlers had suffered greatly from the warlike tribes and terror of all Indians was felt throughout that country.

Fort Arbuckle was not sufficiently central for troops to operate from in holding the hostile Indians in check. A new post was to be selected in the very locality most frequently used as retreats by the turbulent tribes. After the site had been chosen to build the new post, about eighty-five miles northwest of Arbuckle, and the command settled down with well-arranged tents and the routine of Garrison life established, it looked feasible to our "heads of households" that we, the families, might soon go to the new home. The distance, we declared, was just a nice carriage drive, when the suggestion of the move was brought to our consideration. A young officer was sent down to Arbuckle to get the old disabled mules that had been left at the post to recuperate, and now was our chance to move. Each family was so fortunate as to own an ambulance that for comfort and appearance out-shone the army ambulance kept by the quartermaster for officers' use. And it seemed proper that we use the mules which were destined to make the trip.

One bright February day we started. How happy we were as we finished the first march, a short one of ten miles, a merry party as we gathered around our evening camp fire – five ladies, three babies, two four-year old boys, a little girl the same age as the boys, and nurse girls who were also our cooks, thus representing five families. Soldiers were both drivers and guards. A small weak escort to travel through a wild country with, but we had planned to camp the next night at a mail station where were half a dozen more soldiers. And the third day we expected to meet our husbands and the additional escort that was advisable in that locality.

The second morning dawned bright and warm, so warm that we exchanged pleasantries regarding our favorable summer weather. Had we been less happy and buoyant we would have noticed an ominous quiet in the atmosphere, but we were not only happy-hearted, we were novices regarding the weather signs on a western prairie. We journeyed on until, I remember not the hour, but the recollection of experiences on that day is still most vivid. We were startled by a sound like the roar of the ocean, a gust of wind almost blinded us with dust. The terror of our driver's voice as he exclaimed, "There comes a norther!" Hastily we lowered our carriage curtains, quickly we bundled ourselves in the warm wraps, adding buffalo robes as the cold increased to a bitterness that is indescribable. Soon a snow storm like fine white sand is whirling all about us. Our poor mules would have dropped had not our brave and determined drivers run by their sides, beating them vigorously, declaring it was better to do so than that they stop and we perish. A mule falls to the ground in the team just ahead of mine and from the ambulance my friend cries, "We are lost!" She well knew that should her mules give out, mine could not carry added weight and her family numbered just the same as mine, so while our two drivers pulled up the fallen mule, I shouted "We will keep together, I will never leave you in this storm." Side by side we struggled on, as we could thus keep together better than if one rode in the rear.

The other teams had passed out of sight and time only counted with us as age. Darkness was upon us, when we saw a gleam of light ahead and heard the shouts of welcome from the other families who had reached the "dug-out," called the mail station, long before we reached that desired haven. Thankfully we noted there was no family missing. The next question was, "How will we keep alive until the storm passes?", as the wagons with our camp chests and tents were not in appearance. Soon, however, one wagon pulls into camp and with it the drivers and mules of the others who had been obliged to leave their wagons on the road in order to save themselves. This gave us only one tent for the whole party. Well, one tent was better than none. Sixteen of us, counting the babies, filled this one which, with great difficulty, was pitched in the shelter of a grove of scrub oaks. Our guard built a fire nearby and they had enough work that night to keep themselves from freezing and from sleep, as our tent blew down three times and caught fire twice.

Morning came and although the fierceness of the wind had somewhat abated it was still so bitter cold we were compelled to remain in camp; deep snowdrifts were all about us and growing deeper as the wind tossed the dry, hard snow about. The same wagon that had given us one tent gave us one camp chest of provisions, but the amount of provender was scant for our large party. The

soldiers' rations and supplies for the other families were far back in the wagons left on the road. The guard at the station had been expecting a relief and their monthly rations were nearly gone. But we were army women, and made good our record for overcoming difficulties. The second morning's dawn showed as a cloudless sky, the air less cold, and our wagons had been hauled into camp during the night before. We breakfasted sumptuously on hot, strong coffee, with plenty of hot biscuits made from flour which could not, fortunately, be frozen.

Our mules had been sheltered within a circle made by our ambulances, and this morning were given plenty of oats, and were almost frisky as we drove away from the grove of sheltering oaks. Several miles out we were greeted by the sight of an advancing party whom we well knew to be our husbands with the expected escorts. They too, had been storm-bound. All past hardships seemed far behind as we journeyed on towards our new home.



Wichita Agency pictured at the time the Pratts were assigned there.

CCHS Photo Archives

Another day and my ambulance was conveying me into a little white city, it seemed, for there were rows and rows of white tents, all so systematically arranged. Uniformity of order is army's first law. As our ambulance was a mile ahead of the others, I had the proud distinction of being the first army officer's wife to enter Camp Wichita, which afterwards became the established post of Fort Sill. On our way before entering the camp, my husband had proudly related to me how he had built me a new house, only one other like it in the garrison, "so much more comfortable than a tent." Our ambulance stopped and I am introduced to my new residence, not exactly a brown-stone front, although it was brown. It was built of logs, the bark on. The spaces between the

logs were filled with mud; a mud roof covered with canvas, and a snug warm house was the result. Soon I began the work of interior decorations. Having noticed the possibilities of unbleached muslin for artistic effects – please bear in mind this was before the days of the cheesecloth fad – I purchased at our sutler’s store a few bolts of this muslin, sewed it into proper widths and lengths, and behold, - we soon had a lovely ceiling and sidewalls, and pleasing background for our few pictures and hanging bookshelves. Our windows were of one sash only, opened by swinging on a pivot; striped flannel made admirable long curtains, as its folds hung in soft lines and were in harmony with the covering of the walls.

Other matters besides harmonious decorations absorbed our attention. Most engrossing of all were the Indians. They swarmed all about and through the garrison. As the Indian agency was adjoining this new post about two miles away, the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Comanches, and Kiowas, also a band of Apaches, drew rations at this nearby agency. Although the Indians had been driven in and placed at their agencies, they were still restless and defiant. Many an episode, the description of which would make quite a manuscript if written out, occurred that spring.

The anxieties we experienced while at Arbuckle were nothing when compared with those of this eventful spring. So stealthily could the Indians approach the guards who walked their lonely beats on the outskirts of the post, thereby cutting off the means of warning the garrison of threatened danger, that a system known throughout the army was enforced, that of the guards calling out the hours after dark. The first sentry starting with Post No. 1, ten o’clock, and “all is well”; then post No. 2 followed in like manner, until the circuit has been made, the last sentry calling repeats it; if still no response, he fires his carbine, which brings help from the guard station. Sometimes the shots would be followed by the drum with its ominous long beat, accompanied by the clear, quick note of the bugle, calling “To arms!” We are now on our feet assisting in the preparations of our soldier husbands, to make a hasty response. Soon we are alone, peeping from the window and watching the dark shadows of officers and men as they hurry across the grounds; so much action, no unnecessary noise, all commands given in low tones, and in a wonderfully short time all is quiet again. A tap at my door, and I see a well-armed soldier who, respectfully touching his cap, tells me, “The Captain says I am to remain near your door until morning.”

Not always by bugle and drum did the summons come for quick action. We could be quickly aroused, for we had learned to sleep with our sense of hearing on the alert – a step at our door, the clink of a loose saber, and we knew the

message even before the words came. "The Commanding Officer's compliments to Lieutenant Pratt, and desires him to report at once to his office with twenty men from Company "D", each with five days rations."

In the pockets of my husband's knapsack I would store little muslin bags, in one of these would be a good supply of tea as this would make a quick refreshment and took but small space. The other bags contained bacon, bread, and any other delicacies the time or thought suggested. Five days absence from our beloved does not seem unbearable to one when living within the reach of not only the daily mails, the telegraph, and now our indispensable telephone, but separation under the conditions of which I write, have a significance that brings depression and when the chase for Indians lengthened into weeks, and even longer periods as was the case many times during the years we lived five hundred miles from a railroad, it is an experience not easily described.

Despite the fact that we became familiar with Indian atrocities that were too horrible to relate, we realized that they were untutored savages, and in many respects like ourselves except that we were civilized. My husband had unusual advantages from the beginning to learn the Indian character, as the second day after he reported at Fort Gibson in June 1867, he was placed in command of the Indian scouts and had them on one of his first trips to Fort Arbuckle. When we reached that post, he was at once put in command of the Indian Scouts. At the same time he was made adjutant and attended to all the Indian business at that post. From that time until now his army duties have been almost exclusively such as the army had performed in connection with the Indians. Consequently through all this period, we received many social visits from Mr. "Lo" and his numerous family, coming much too often to suit my convenience and pleasure, and yet, in such ugly disguise we many times "entertained angels unawares", for I received many lessons from them that were, and have been helpful.

One bright spring morning I had just dressed our fair girl-baby in her first short dress, then carefully placing her upon the bed, stood back mother-like to admire. The outer door was wide open and I saw approaching what seemed then, the most miserable looking squaw yet seen. Most revolting was her appearance as she stood in the doorway. Her hair was cut short and hung over her forehead; her eyes, her face, neck and breast were painted in narrow stripes of many colors. About her waist was fastened a short skirt made of a part of a buffalo robe. She saw the baby and before her intentions were known she had her in her arms. I sprang forward, saying, "You horrid, dirty thing!" and took the baby into my own arms. The poor, miserable woman looked at me in a most pitiful manner, then gathering up the corner of her blanket, she held it in her arms as one would hold a sick infant, and at the same time making a mournful

cry, she made a sign that her baby had died. To show how great her grief, she held up her hand showing she had cut off her little finger at the second joint, which is one of the extreme mourning customs of the Kiowas. She also pointed to the deep cuts or gashes on her breast and arms. Tears ran down her cheeks and my sympathies were so moved that almost unconsciously I placed my baby in her arms. Tenderly and carefully she handled her as she passed her hands over the plump little limbs. After some moments she handed her back with a grateful look; and with a hearty handshake she departed. In a week she came again and bringing a peck of wild plums that ripen there in the spring. The plums had been freshly washed and were carried in a new piece of pink calico. Again she held the baby and this time with signs, asked permission and was granted the request, to kiss the child; for this sorrowing mother was no longer disgusting. When departing she gave signs of great gratitude. In another week she came again, this time bringing two buffalo tongues. She would take no gift in return. All she wanted was the pleasure of holding baby. This was her third visit and her last. She came and went alone.

Time passed and a hot sickly summer was upon us. Building a stockade house was new business for our officers. If they had been more experienced, I would have had a well-pounded smooth and hard earth floor instead of the soft one prepared, of sand covered with corn sacks over which was my best carpet. This in three months time mildewed away and furnished enough malaria for all the family. Hot weather and malaria were not calculated to stimulate or revive our former enjoyment of canned fruits and vegetables, accompanied by dessicated potatoes. We could not have a post garden that year, as our soldiers, who were always the gardeners, were kept busy watching the Indians. The pile of tin cans that made a small mountain below the garrison right in sight of our favorite drive, caused us to choose another route. What wonder, then, that our thoughts turned toward the east, with a desire to sit once more at mother's table. Possibly, we were home-sick. At any rate, were tired of mud roofs, the intrusion of snakes, centipedes and scorpions.

The building of a new post also meant the making of new roads, that would give a more direct route to the nearest railroad station, from which the large amount of commissary and quartermaster supplies could be brought to us. An engineer officer was ordered to survey a special road from Fort Sill to Flasket, Kansas, on the Union Pacific Railroad. This route through the Indian Territory and well into Kansas via the now flourishing city of Wichita, was at that time a section of country known only to the Indians and the buffalo. There were no stages within our reach; the mails were brought to us by cavalry men and Indian scouts. Thus, in order to avail ourselves of a proposed "leave of Absence", we

welcomed the opportunity of having the protection of the escort, which was necessary for the making of the new road.

Again we are travelers of the plains, two families and several added members of other families who, like ourselves, were turning towards the East. An escort of twenty-five soldiers and ten Indian scouts, with an interpreter. A string of wagons followed in our rear, which were to return to the command filled with the commissary stores they expected to find waiting at the railroad station for our people at Fort Sill.

As we journeyed, we truly lived upon the "fat of the land"; wild game of great variety fell before the aim of good marksmen in our party. Deer, prairie chicken, quail, and ducks were the choicest; buffalo steaks, too were greatly relished.

We traveled for days, never losing sight of large herds of buffalo. I remember well the first day we came in sight of those 'monsters of the plains'. My husband declared he must kill a buffalo. Mounting a fresh horse and with plenty of ammunition, he boldly galloped off towards the object of his ambition. The whole herd had been startled by our approach and were rapidly leaving. But my husband had his eye on one that looked to be the "king of the herd", but the creature at first eluded his pursuer, who had thought it an easy matter to sally forth and make him his prey. As a dodger, the buffalo could only be surpassed by the Indian; both were difficult to overtake.

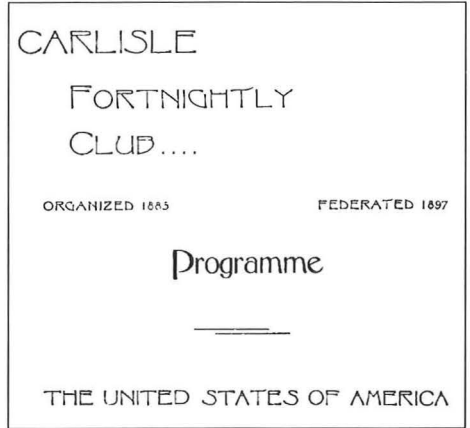
As we watched the chase from our line of march and comprehended it would be a matter of time, we concluded to go into camp, as luckily we just then came to a stream of water. Long after our tents were up and arranged for one night's comfort, and from our camp-fire the fragrant odor of venison and coffee gave warning that our evening meal was nearly ready, our attention was called by much halloing, and we saw the now happy man tossing his cavalry hat in the air and otherwise making lively demonstration, to call us to him. Of course we went to the conqueror to take part in the rejoicing and also to satisfy our own curiosity. The creature was a splendid big fellow. We bared our arms and dove our hands down into the mass of thick hair between the horns of the magnificent head, the hair reaching to our elbows, before we had gone the full depth. But we were satisfied.

No hostile Indians interfered with our journey, but we encountered a prairie fire, and the sight was both beautiful and fearful. The blaze showed a long line of fire which licked up the dry grass and cracked like the reports of a thousand pistols, as the flames ran along with the wind. Our men worked at a lively rate beating out the burning grass with corn sacks. We hugged the banks of a small river nearby ready to jump in should there be no alternative, but our fate was neither to be burned nor drowned.

On the 15th day of our journey we were greeted with a sight that dimmed our eyes. Nothing more than a new rail fence, a man ploughing in the field, a new frame house, with real civilized smoke curling up from the chimney. A pair of quizzical eyes looked at me, as the tears ran down my cheeks, and I hear the question, "What are you crying about?" I only answer, "I cannot explain," yet we both knew. This budding civilization was on the very site of what became in twenty years a flourishing city with its college, churches, business houses and fine residences, surpassing many an older city in their elegance and up-to-date comfort, the city of Wichita, Kansas.



Cover of the Carlisle Fortnightly Club program booklet for 1898-1899. *Papers of the Carlisle Fortnightly Club, CCHS Archives*



Title page of the Carlisle Fortnightly Club program booklet for 1898-1899. *Papers of the Carlisle Fortnightly Club, CCHS Archives*

CLUB CALENDAR	
1898-1899	
Government	October 3
OUR DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS	MARY M. HENCH
	October 17
PRINCIPLES OF TAXATION	MARTHA BEETHAM
	October 31
THE DEVELOPMENT OF POLITICAL PARTIES OF THE PRESENT CENTURY	KATHERINE PRINCE
History	November 14
PREHISTORIC AMERICANS AND INDIAN MYTHOLOGY AND LEGENDS	NANA PRATT
	November 28
THE VARIOUS ENLARGEMENTS OF OUR NATIONAL DOMAIN	ALICE GRAHAM

CLUB CALENDAR	
CONTINUED	
	December 2
MEMORIES OF FRONTIER ARMY LIFE	LAURA PRATT
	December 26
THE WARS OF THE REPUBLIC SINCE 1787	MARY C. GRAHAM
	January 2
THE STORY OF UTAH	MARY G. HILTON
Education	January 16
OUR UNIVERSITIES COMPARED WITH FOREIGN UNIVERSITIES	MARTHA P. SELLERS
	January 30
THE STUDY OF CHILD MIND	MARY C. MORGAN
Art	February 13
AMERICAN OLD MASTERS	HMMA L. SUPER

Carlisle Fortnightly Club calendar for 1898-1899, with listing for Laura Pratt's paper. Pratt's daughter Nana was also a Fortnightly member. *Papers of the Carlisle Fortnightly Club, CCHS Archives*

Three days more and our attention is divided between the morning paper and the sights from our car window, as we speed on towards our Eastern home.

EDITORIAL NOTE

Anna Laura Mason Pratt (1844-1927) came to Cumberland County in 1879 with her husband, Richard, the first superintendent of the Carlisle Indian School. In the spring of 1892, Mrs. Pratt was invited to join the Carlisle Fortnightly Club, a women's literary group founded six years earlier in 1886. The club, which continues to this day in essentially the same form, stated its object as "the pursuit of study as a means of mutual improvement and culture," and members were required to research, write, and present a paper before the membership. Mrs. Pratt, known as Laura, read her first paper to the club in the spring of 1893, and by 1896 was serving a term as club president. During her thirteen years in Fortnightly, Laura Pratt presented a total of nine papers.

In the Fortnightly Club's yearly program booklet for 1898-1899, Mrs. Pratt is listed as being slated to read "Memories of Frontier Army Life" at the December 2, 1898 meeting. However, a check of the club records, kept in the CCHS archives, reveals that the order of presenters was changed during the year, and the work above was actually read to the club on March 13, 1899, before an audience of seventeen members and two guests.

Richard Pratt was replaced as the head of the Indian School in 1904; receipt of Laura Pratt's letter of resignation from the Carlisle Fortnightly Club is recorded in the minutes of the May 1, 1905 meeting.

- Barbara Houston

“The Slate” Reports: Student Culture at Shippensburg State College, 1960–1969

by *Paul R. Kurzawa*

*Come mothers and fathers
Throughout the land
And don't criticize
What you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command
Your old road is / Rapidly agin'.
Please get out of the new one
If you can't lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin'.¹*

Bob Dylan's words defined a generation. Violence, politics, and societal changes characterized the turbulent 1960s in the United States. American culture evolved drastically during this decade, and these changes appeared most dramatically on college campuses throughout the nation. Today, when anyone mentions students and the 1960s, they tend to think of student protests against the Vietnam War. However, the majority of schools and students did not participate whole-heartedly in the anti-war movement despite the impression given by the popular media. There were other issues of concern to students besides this divisive conflict. Advocating for less restrictive rules governing female students was one of the topics being debated at Shippensburg State College (SSC). This paper is not proposing that these more prominent national issues that garnered attention at other campuses, such as Berkeley or Pennsylvania State University, did not occur at Shippensburg, but there was not the consistent protesting and clashes with the school's administration. However, Shippensburg students reflected the changes occurring in student culture at campuses nationwide in their desire for student's rights and their discussion of national issues like race and the Vietnam War.



Shippensburg State College campus, circa 1960
Postcard Collection, CCHS Photo Archives

This paper offers a new view of student culture at American schools in the 1960's, because it looks at a small state school in Pennsylvania rather than the larger and better-known schools such as Penn State or elite schools such as Harvard. Regional institutions similar to Shippensburg dot Pennsylvania and the rest of the country, but do not enjoy the status among scholars that schools such as Berkeley or Columbia do. Institutions such as SSC enrolled a relatively small student body and were usually located in areas far from urban centers. However, they may well be more representative of the country and student culture at the time. Further investigation into other schools like Shippensburg could produce evidence to support this hypothesis, but the scope of this paper is limited to a discussion of student culture at SSC rather than a more representative view of national student culture.²

To present this new look at American schools, a variety of sources will be utilized to analyze student culture at SSC. The school newspaper, *The Slate*, will provide the bulk of this paper's information for various reasons. The stories, articles, and editorials comment on the weekly and daily happenings on SSC's campus as a whole. *The Slate's* material was written by its student staff, as well as by other Shippensburg students, and thus these stories illustrated the important issues affecting the student body as a group and on an individual basis.



Slate newspapers, courtesy of Shippensburg University Archives
Photo by Paul Kurzawa

Despite *The Slate's* usefulness, it poses a number of interpretive problems as a source. First, there was no background information given on the writers who authored the articles and other pieces in the paper; thus, political, socioeconomic, and educational sympathies were not known. This limited the interpretation of the feelings and motives of the writers. It would be impractical to try to trace the personal information of *The Slate's* writers so many years later. Secondly, the newspaper gives no explanation as to why some campus issues were reported in the paper while others were not. Editors never gave explanations for including a column or an editorial. They also failed to indicate how many editorials were submitted to the newspaper's staff. Finally, *The Slate* at the time emphasized the coverage of on-campus events, with very little attention paid to national news. By the end of the decade, *The Slate* devoted more space to the discussion of national news.

The scholarship of Troy Zimmer, professor of Sociology at California State University, Fullerton, offers important interpretive insights into utilizing student newspapers as primary sources. Though he conducted his study in 1973, Zimmer's findings correlate effectively to those revealed in *The Slate* of the 1960s.

College newspapers helped connect the faculty, students, and administration by reporting on the college's events. The majority of college newspaper editors were male students. These editors felt compelled to cover all topics revolving around students' opinions, students' rights, and student government. Zimmer also noted that editors who were politically conservative reported less on politics and world events compared to politically liberal editors. This political characterization is evident in the reporting of *The Slate* during the 1960s. These editors also "assigned higher priority for campus newspapers to be watchdogs of students' rights."³ Since administrators supported the role that campus newspapers played in promoting a sense of satisfaction within the student body, they acquiesced to the editors' choices of articles and stories and did not interfere with the newspaper.⁴

Unforeseen changes occurred to educational institutions and students attending college after World War II. Postwar booms in education came about due to the country's economic growth as an after-effect of wartime industry and international distinction as war victors. Passage of the GI Bill created a sudden surge of enrollment in colleges and universities among returning veterans. With so many new students, colleges constructed numerous new classroom buildings and dormitories to accommodate the post-war student populations. Prior to World War II, schools such as Shippensburg State College (formerly Shippensburg State Teacher's College and prior to that Cumberland Valley State Normal School) had a student population comprised mostly of women, as teaching was one of the few career choices completely open to women; however, the GI Bill "masculinize[d] the postwar campus," both numerically and in terms of curriculum.⁵ Conflicting issues raised tensions regarding the role of the federal government in educational institutions across the country. Politics played an increasingly visible role on campuses as a result of increased federal funding and due to the political atmosphere created by the efforts of Senator Joseph McCarthy and the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC). Due to the fear of communism, the committee investigated professors with "leftist tendencies...and institutions of higher learning were accordingly singled out for close surveillance."⁶ School administrations required that faculties take loyalty oaths to avoid these investigations on their campuses. Cold War issues contributed to the manner in which funding was granted for scientific research and development on campuses around the country from sources such as the Department of Defense (DOD) and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA).⁷

Students' attitudes thus reflected the conservative political climate occurring in part from national events such as the fear of communist takeover or nuclear

attack. During the 1950s, students were labeled the “silent generation.”⁸ American society expected male college students to acquire a college degree and enter the workforce immediately thereafter. There was little time for politics or social issues. After graduating high school, college bound students of the 1950s generally enrolled in college, finished their program, and then started a family. The new breed of post-war students created by economic prosperity, educational aspirations and a demographic boom was initially hidden from societal and administrative view.⁹ Old assumptions would lead to clashes between students and administrators on many issues during the 1960s.

As Helen Horowitz, author of *Campus Life: Undergraduate Cultures from the End of the Eighteenth Century to the Present* has pointed out, “media coverage greatly exaggerated both the degree of radicalism and the extent of the engagement” during the 1960s.¹⁰ Still, student culture in the 1960s demonstrated both mobilization and action. Instead of being pushed out of school with a degree and a job, students wished to reform the system. They did not want their education to simply be preparation to enter the workforce. To battle this, students “demanded intellectual challenge, flexibility and the recognition of individuality.”¹¹ For example, students wanted more classes geared to their interests, and the relaxing of dress code regulations. Also gaining momentum at the time was the African-American Civil Rights Movement. This movement motivated those student activists who witnessed the African-American struggle to improve their situation. By becoming activists in support of a broad spectrum of societal issues, students generally challenged conformity, acquired birth control, listened to new forms of music, drank alcohol and took drugs. These actions conflicted with the values held by past generations.¹²

The Port Huron Statement issued by the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), a well organized and influential political action group, initiated the student protest movement in 1962. “The statement called on American students to break through their privatism and political apathy to imagine a better world and to articulate the political means to bring it into being.”¹³ Prior to this statement, scholar Janet Kelley, who was a professor of Education at the City College of New York in 1958, wrote prophetically that the time would come when students would stake claim to policy formation governing their lives. She further noted the surprising nature of student apathy and lack of activism on campuses regarding sociopolitical issues and student affairs. However, at the time colleges did not have any avenues for students to become politically active on campus. Administrators had historically excluded students from defining or altering regulations, but student activism and petitioning led them to begin allowing students to form and manage associations and other groups.¹⁴

Other issues such as the Vietnam conflict and the women's movement influenced national student culture. The escalating Vietnam War deeply divided American society throughout the 1960s and into the 1970s. Young men between the ages of 18-21 felt an increasing amount of apprehension, especially due to the institution of the draft. Changes in college draft deferments (rules determining eligibility for the draft) triggered an increasing amount of anger and distrust on the part of the youth on American campuses. Violent protests increasingly occurred around the nation as the prolonged conflict continued. Tangentially to the Civil Rights Movement, the Women's Movement and Feminism rose during this decade. It was a time for women to question norms, to empower themselves, and to attempt to achieve equal footing with men, especially in employment. However, it is not apparent that SSC women saw a connection to the broader feminist movement triggered by Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique* or the efforts of the National Organization for Women (NOW).¹⁵

Before discussing specific issues of student culture at Shippensburg State College, it is important to describe the campus of the 1960s. As a town,



Ralph E. Heiges, College President

Dr. Ralph E. Heiges, President
of Shippensburg State College.
1961 Cumberland
(Shippensburg State College yearbook)
CCHS Yearbook Collection

Shippensburg remained extremely rural and conservative in terms of social values. The town contained many churches and limited industry. Shippensburg State College existed outside the town's inclusive bubble and the tension caused by this separation increased during the 1960s. "The rural working class population...opposed both to numerical and to sociological changes in their community," felt apprehensive about the steady increase of students in the area.¹⁶ Nevertheless, student population grew quite rapidly over these next ten years. With a significant increase in students, the college attempted to control many facets of student life to relieve town and college uneasiness. By 1960, President Ralph Eby Heiges had al-

ready served the college for four years. A difficult task lay before Dr. Heiges; he had to work to prevent strife between the town and school, accommodate a growing student population, and make changes to the collegiate curriculum. Throughout the decade and before, the concept of *in loco parentis* had guided the manner in which the college administration governed students. *In loco parentis* was an unwritten policy that held that college administrators should take the place of the parents of underage students.¹⁷ Shippensburg State College students pursued changes to numerous regulations that conformed to this philosophy in the 1960s. Constant debate and changes of rules occurred up until President Heiges resigned on January 1st, 1970.¹⁸

Student political awareness at SSC included all of the issues being debated on the national level and attention to those issues grew rapidly during the 1960s. *The Slate* contained very few articles about national events in the decade's first few years. The newspaper reported news such as dances taking place on campus, including the freshman dance and the junior prom. Only during the presidential election in 1960 did *The Slate* incorporate national news. On the newspaper's banner was an illustration of a donkey and an elephant labeled with the words "Jack" and "Dick." Students on campus met to discuss the election in the Young Democratic and Young Republican political organizations.¹⁹

Just as these students were beginning to become politically active, a letter to the editor in *The Slate* called upon the college to organize a student-run government. Ronald Keener called on student leaders to press this issue of student government to help benefit future SSC students. The existing government was not elected by the students and therefore could ignore their wishes. Beginning in 1961 more students urged the campus to rethink the current government body on campus. The students' only course of action for change at this time was with the President's Council, which had no students sitting on the committee. The Slate asked, with students enrolling in SSC from high schools that had student governments, "Why then cannot people of college age and intelligence govern themselves?"²⁰

Continually during these years, students voiced the urgent desire to have a student government on campus. A student criticized those apathetic students who complained about everything, but never took the time to assist when others pursued action on their concerns, noting that without student support, no changes would occur on campus. Another student angrily pointed out that other area schools had student governments, while SSC still had the president of the school as the government's head, un-elected by the student body. The student continued, "If we are to be treated as adults, then we should be permit-

ted to elect our own student-body president in a similar manner that we choose our prom queens.” Throughout 1960 and 1961, students urged the administration to consider creating a student government. The administration ignored these students’ proposals. Significantly, the changes being sought by the students finally came to fruition during the process of reaccreditation by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Schools (MSA).²¹

In 1961, the MSA conducted an inquiry at SSC as part of the accreditation process. This report would forever alter student life. The report issued in early October “recommended the abolition of the [president’s] council and the creation of a student association” on campus to tackle student grievances and other problems.²² It urged the administration to reconsider its organization to cope with a rising student population. A larger student body would make it difficult to facilitate better relations between the administration and students.

Three months later, the President’s Council called a meeting for all students to attend and discuss the reorganization of student government at SSC. This new group would consist of “four class presidents, the presidents of the Day Women’s and Day Men’s and Resident Women’s and Resident Men’s Associations, [and] the four officers of the organization,” all chosen by a student-body election.²³

By April, student candidates started to run their campaigns for the Student Association (SA). With officers elected, student Wayne Burg in May 1962 put to rest the notion of students being part of the Silent Generation. He realized that the primarily conservative student body at SSC rarely questioned admin-



Members of President's Council include: Row 1—B. Ammerman, B. Spealman, A. Book, Vice President; Dr. R. E. Heiges, President; N. Shafran, Secretary; M. Sheaffer, P. Schuck, B. Moberg, J. Shindler. Row 2—B. King, J. Sanderson, R. Mills, C. Mellott, P. Eurich, R. Hoover, J. Allison, R. McCormick, P. Rejser, D. Kann, T. Woods, R. Knol, B. Woodall, Professor M. Hubley, Advisor.

Members of President's Council, 1961.
1961 Cumberland (Shippensburg State College yearbook)
CCHS Yearbook Collection

istrative policies, effectively equating it with the Silent Generation. In a Slate article, Burg summarized the changes occurring at Shippensburg, putting them in a context that related them to events occurring on campuses nationwide. With the rise of student activism in politics, he symbolized SSC's departure from the previous generation and its progression toward activism. SSC student culture had become representative of the changing trends in students nationally during the 1960s. As Helen Horowitz stated when describing the national student culture, Shippensburg students mirrored this expectation to be treated as a distinctive group with complete "flexibility" in respect to decisions and actions.²⁴

Shippensburg's form of student government in the past was called **Presidents' Council**. This council was composed of the president or elected representative of the larger campus organizations and chaired by the President of the College. Its duties were to budget the activity fund, which is composed of the activity fees and profits from the Raider

Room, Book Store, and the vending machines. The council also determined matters of general policy concerning extra-curricular life at the college and brought to the attention of the President the students' needs and opinions. This year a new method of student government has been adopted and will be enforced next fall.

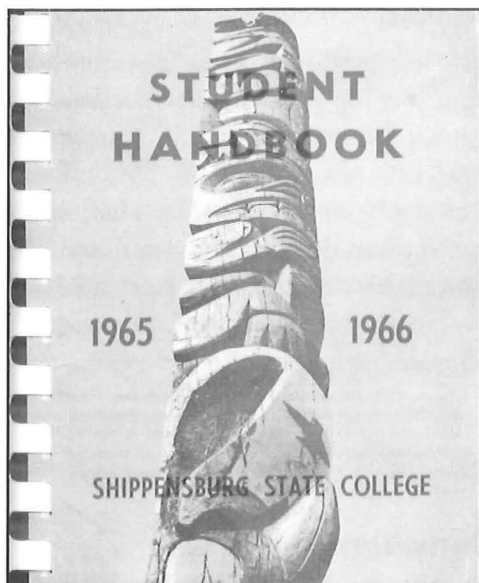
Campus Student Government Is Revised

The guardian of the funds received from Activity Fees, Snack Bar and Book Store profits, and other methods of revenue is the **Student Cooperative Association**. The entire membership of the college is included in this organization. Each year, by a campus-wide election, a president and a secretary are elected and the amount of the activity fee for the next college year is determined. The college Business Manager serves as Treasurer and advisor of this organization, which in cooperation with Presidents' Council determines the policies and budgeting of funds for extra-curricular activities.



Presidents' Council is the student governmental body of SSC. Row 1: C. Small, M. Palmer, C. Crasby, C. Runk, J. Palmer, J. Shindler. Row 2: Mr. Jacoby, Assistant Business Manager, L. Eberly, secretary; L. Gibble, secretary; Dr. Heiges, President; Miss Morgan, Assistant Dean of Women; K. Smith, Mr. Gill, Business Manager. Row 3: R. Montgomery, B. Groninger, B. Hart, P. Eurich, S. Kirkpatrick, D. Semic, T. High, D. Patterson, D. Pavlos, J. Owens.

Revised student government, 1962.
 1962 *Cumberland* (Shippensburg State College yearbook)
 CCHS Yearbook Collection



Cover of Shippensburg State College Student Handbook.
Courtesy of Shippensburg University Archives

The students, with the assistance of the MSA report, petitioned for a more representative college government and asserted political involvement in their campus social lives. As soon as the Student Association (SA) and Student Senate commenced, students voiced opposition to outdated institutional rules arising from *in loco parentis* policies. These policies included regulations concerning dress codes and female curfews.

Altering societal norms governing women's lives became a hotly debated topic in the 1960s, and never was it more obvious than in the battles waged on college campuses. In the prior decade, colleges had maintained traditional conservative norms and mores toward female students, exert-

ing a protective environment around young women students by the rules campuses enforced. Regulations limited the activities of women more than those of men due to the fear of sexual activity, which could lead to pregnancy, and to protect their physical well-being. Although sexual issues were never directly mentioned in *The Slate*, students at SSC challenged the conservative and often restrictive rules instituted by SSC's administration.²⁵

To fully understand the reasons behind the push for liberalizing rules governing women, it is helpful to look at student handbooks of the era, which included all campus regulations. On average, the section dealing with the rules for women was nearly three times longer than the men's section, averaging fifteen pages to the men's five. Off Campus Privileges and Penalties were sections that only pertained to women; men had no such punishments or rules. Girls could rarely

College History	10
Constitution (Student Ass'n.)	85
Daily Schedule	22
Day Men's Association	80
Day Women's Association	79
Dining Hall	44
Dormitory Regulations	
General	58
Women's	60
Men's	75
Dramatics	115
Extracurricular Activities	107
Faculty Advisers	29
Faculty Roster	31
Football Schedule	141
Foreword	2
Freshman Customs	21
Government	81

Student Handbook table of contents showing Dormitory Regulations in 1965.

Courtesy of Shippensburg University Archives

- E. In returning from campus or town, quiet and orderly conduct shall be maintained in the stairwells and corridors of the dorms.
- F. Light shall be turned out when students leave their rooms.
- G. Socializing after dinner or at any other time should be conducted in the Student Lounge or the dormitory lounges. Do not use the classrooms or stairwells for this purpose.
- H. Students should conduct themselves in accordance with the position they plan to maintain throughout life.
- I. Rooms
 1. Keep neat and orderly.
 2. Do not place extension cords where they will be walked on.
 3. No obstacles shall be placed in the hallway and nothing placed on the outside of the door but a name card.
- J. Card playing will be permitted in the lounges any day except Sunday.
- K. Dancing in the corridors and lounges is prohibited.
- L. For pinnings, girls must sign a sheet of paper provided by the receptionist. When they return, the girls must have their names crossed off the lists.
- M. Men will be permitted in the main lounges of the women's dormitories

S. College women are not permitted to spend the night in apartments, motels, or hotels in the town or vicinity of Shippensburg at any time unless there is some extenuating circumstance and then only after permission is granted from the Dean of Women's office.

U. If a woman student attends a late social function on campus after which she expects to leave for her home, a letter must be sent from her parents directly to the head resident giving her permission to do so.

The hours for use of the pianos shall be left to the discretion of the individual dormitory.

Incoming telephone calls may be accepted until 11:00 p.m. on weekdays and 12:00 midnight on weekends. Outgoing calls may be placed until 12:00 midnight on weekdays and 1:00 a.m. on weekends. Phone calls will be accepted after hours only if they are long distance or of an emergency nature.

II. Apparel

A. Dormitory

1. Shoes or slippers must be worn at all times.

beverages, and smoking are prohibited in this area.

12. No cooking is allowed in the dormitory after 11:00 p.m.
13. Fire drills will be held monthly.
14. Students must return room keys to the respective Head Residents at the close of each year or their money will be forfeited.

RESIDENT WOMEN

So that women students may live together advantageously, each woman should do her part to develop a spirit of cooperation, to cultivate courtesy, to consider the rights of others, and to maintain high standards. By assuming such responsibility, each woman student will grow in character and in power, and the best interests of the college and society in general will be promoted.

I. General Regulations

- A. Drinking intoxicating beverages is prohibited. Women found guilty of breaking this rule will be referred to the Dean of Women.
- B. Flame-proof drapes must be used in Resident Halls.
- C. Walking on the athletic field, behind Shearer Hall, and the Laboratory School is prohibited after 8:00 p.m.
- D. Women are not permitted to cross Eckels Field or to use the cinder path after 8:00 p.m.

beginning at 5:00 p.m. during the week and 10:00 a.m. on Saturday and Sunday, and in the recreation room of McCune, Friday night 7-11 p.m. And in Harley Hall from 1:00 p.m. until the closing hour.

- N. It is any girl's privilege to attend W.R.A. Council meetings and Dormitory Board meetings provided her intentions for attendance are given in advance to the president of the organization.
- O. Only the main door of each residence hall is to be used after 8:00 p.m. Any woman violating this rule will be referred to the W.R.A. Judiciary Council.
- P. Fathers, and only fathers, are permitted to carry luggage to and from dormitory rooms.
- Q. The hours for use of the showers shall be left to the discretion of the individual dormitory.
- R. Sunbathing shall be confined to the area in the rear of Horton Hall after class hours and in the Shakespearean theater at any time. The girls in McCune Hall shall confine their sunbathing to the area directly behind that dormitory. At no time are men and women to sunbathe in mixed groups.

when walking through or lounging in the main lounges of each dormitory. Housecoats or robes may be worn in any other lounge.

B. Dining Hall

1. For the evening meals and Sunday dinner, women are expected to dress up; this excludes sneakers and socks.
2. Bermudas, slacks, and culottes and kilts are not to be worn at any time.

C. Bermudas and Slacks:

May be worn:

1. In the dormitory except for specific restrictions
2. In the Raider Room
3. In the Student Lounge of Old Main and the basement of Stewart Hall after 6:00 p.m.
4. On campus with the understanding that the high standard of dress traditional at Shippensburg will continue to be observed.

May not be worn:

1. In the classrooms, laboratories, and library.
2. In the Administrative and Faculty Offices.
3. In the hallway of the first floor of Old Main except after 6:00 p.m.
4. In the Dining Hall.

1965 Student Handbook
with fifteen pages of rules for resident women,
and only five for men.

*Courtesy of
Shippensburg University Archives*

spend the night off campus; they needed to sign out or have written permission from their parents if they were not returning to the dormitory for the evening.

There were other extremely protective rules, such as not being allowed to walk alone outdoors after 8 P.M. Rules infractions subjected women to demerits and punishments called “campuses,” a fancy term for being ‘grounded’ in the dormitory, with no guests or visitation allowed after 7:00 P.M. Men’s rules did not include demerits. Female students disliked the strict rules prohibiting women from staying out past certain hours. Class standing rather than age determined when a female student had to be back in her dorm or off campus residence: freshmen were required to be in at 9 P.M.; sophomores had to be in at 10 P.M.; juniors could be out until 11 P.M. three nights a give week; and seniors could be out until 11 P.M. Curfew restrictions received consistent criticism from the student body at SSC in the mid-1960s and student activism directed at the administration attempted to adjust the archaic rules.²⁶

With the Student Association in session, no issue became more important to the student body than women’s rights. Sixty resident women contributed to a letter to the editor of *The Slate* insisting that campus regulations inhibited the “intellectual and social growth” inherent in a college experience, and noted that if the rules did not change, then the women would leave “no more mature and no stronger than when they entered college.”²⁷ Roughly 200 girls participated in a sit-out protest in front of Old Main on March 30th, 1965 to demonstrate against the rules and regulations.

When the group refused to permit staff to leave the building, the girls were arrested and taken to jail. The administration did not allow the girls to make statements to the press. Others took the opportunity to distance themselves from such outspoken girls and wrote praising the administration and their conservative policies:

Girls Demonstrate For Equal Rights

Two hundred SSC Equal Rights volunteers staged a sit out yesterday in front of Old Main. The irate girls, who were protesting the gross injustice committed in setting aside special “privileges” and rules for women, cut classes for the entire day.

The demonstration started the few bleary-eyed students who passed it before breakfast, but as the campus woke up, the general attitude seemed to be one of acceptance and lack of enthusiasm.

The girls stood their ground, except for the pickets who marched around Old Main chanting, “We will overcome some day,” but the opposition was stiff and refused to give in.

At noon word came telling the girls to report immediately to Kriner’s or doors would be closed. The girls, deciding to sacrifice, ate by shifts in the Raider Room.

When the girls refused to permit the administration to leave the building at 4:30, the local police were called in. The protesting girls were hauled away in police wagons to the local jail. Although school officials refused to allow the girls to give statements to the press, one cute coed did manage to whisper, “We didn’t sign out.”

At midnight strains of “We have overcome today,” were heard emanating from the slightly crowded jail.

1965 *Slate* article
regarding student protest.
*Courtesy of Shippensburg
University Archives*

Let us discontinue our efforts at individualism and be as we are told to be. Let us not question the decisions of our leader; they are on much too high a level to be questioned, but strive to gain their wisdom. Let us discontinue this free flow of thought, this abiding by our own codes, and this immoral grasp at individuality, but remain silent and give thanks.²⁸

Unlike the sixty resident women, this senior expressed subservience and respect for the opportunity to study at Shippensburg and the opinion that female students should be grateful and not question the administration. Her choice of the word “silent” demonstrates her adherence to in the 1950’s tradition of the Silent Generation. The sixty resident women were not advocating disrespect or detrimental behavior towards the administration. They simply asked for more freedom from the administration because they felt mature and intellectually responsible enough to govern their own lives while at SSC. Despite this single senior’s disapproval of women speaking out, the new freshman class in 1965 would pursue changes adamantly.

Student activism, as measured by the number of letters and editorials about women’s rights, increased in the latter half of 1965. Even male students showed support by calling upon girls who did not like the current rules to do something. Terry Scout, a vocal male student, urged activism rather than complaining.

Scout mentioned participation in Women’s Residence Council (WRC) meetings and voting for officers in the Women’s Residence Association (WRA). The WRA received suggestions from students and passed recommendations along to the administration, but the administration, ultimately, had final say in all rule changes. By the end of the semester, the WRC forwarded numerous proposals to the administration recommending that they alter women’s hours restrictions on campus. These new recommendations came out of suggestions made by girls, who made the case that the present hours system prohibited them from fully utilizing library hours, visiting other cities for social activities, and studying with girls in other dorms. Female students made a point of advocating more lenient hours in order to pursue schoolwork and studying; the proposals avoided the subject of visiting male students, but social activities would involve them. The administration eventually accepted the new suggestions for women’s hours, but the struggle for more freedom for women would not end.²⁹

A candidate running for the Student Association presidency in March 1966 uttered empowering statements for women’s rights in his campaign speech. Jim Dickson felt that SSC girls received “unrealistic and puritanical” treatment.³⁰ His discovery that other nearby campuses permitted female students to stay out

Campus Improvement Committee: Seated: Terrence Scout, Chairman; Linda Knipple. Row 2: Nora Forbes, Bill Minsker, Joyce Franzen.



Campus Improvement Committee, 1966. Terry Scout is seated in the center.
1966 Cumberland (Shippensburg State College yearbook)
CCHS Yearbook Collection

later than Shippensburg women angered him. Dickson declared that the administration appeared to believe that girls magically mature at twenty-two when they graduate, rather than achieving that growth in the four years at college. He continually raised the issue of women's rights during his tenure as SA President. Dickson's ideas received some administrative support when faculty association president Dr. Edward Sponseller agreed that the situation of women students at SSC was in a "B.C. position."³¹ Dickson's rallies inspired girls and *The Slate* to question these rules and argue for change.

Other students began voicing opinions on the subject. Jeri Schneider failed to understand why as a nineteen year-old girl she had such a restrictive curfew. She sensed an improvement in her social life would come about by a relaxation of the old-fashioned women's rules. *Slate* editorials commended the WRA's achievement in exciting the female students about becoming active participants in meetings and polls that would change rules on campus. By the end of October, the administration had agreed to allow female students to be out until 1 A.M. on weekends. However, the administration noted that extended hours burdened the school financially because they had to pay dormitory desk assistants more for longer hours.³²

Crusading for women's rights through campus discussion continued even into 1967. During a "President's Hour" meeting, students expressed hope that President Heiges would clarify his feelings upon the matter. SA President Jim Dickson and Dr. Sponseller further promoted "more liberalization at Shippensburg."³³

Adele Kells, a female student and WRA member, wrote an article voicing dissatisfaction with the WRA and its role in affecting changes for women, especially those who were twenty-one but still having to adhere to campus regulations.

Dickson, in his last "The President Speaks" column, hinted that changes still needed to occur for women, and hoped that students would continue to pursue action with the administration. By the beginning of the next semester, the new freshmen once again asked for clarification on the rules governing them. *The Slate* reported that rules and regulations came from three sources, "the WRA, the administration, and campus norms," and usually conflicted with each other.³⁴ It explicitly stated the need to homogenize the rules so that contradictions did not occur. As administrative actions failed to receive student support, a group of girls tensely and tersely invoked the demands of the WRA as the collective voice of dissatisfied students on campus and pressured the administration to enact changes more quickly.³⁵

During the last two years of the 1960s, students continued to call on the administration to be more lenient towards women and acknowledge that students have the "maturity and responsibility to regulate [their] lives."³⁶ They became disgruntled at the administration's slowness at approving new measures. Harvey Berg called for student action because he was particularly sick of hearing the words, "We're working on it" from the administration.³⁷ Later in December 1968, two female students, Becky Dickson and Micki McCarthy, reminded *Slate* readers that the student body had not forgotten about women's hours, but the administration hindered the changes that students advocated and deemed necessary. By 1969, women's issues lacked any real reporting; other ideas such as completely discarding women's hours became an issue right before the end of the year, but it appeared that the efforts of the students in prior years helped the new students for the next decade with a less restrictive campus, especially for women. Through the decade, the female students never asked to be on equal planes with the male students. They just wanted to have more control over their decisions, and this could only come from relaxing hour's regulations.³⁸

In respect to women's rights, Shippensburg activism reflected national student culture. The students proceeded through established communication lines and organizations to request regulatory changes. They participated in a mature, orderly, and civil manner by never violently protesting or occupying adminis-

trative buildings to further their desires; they did not participate in the types of events that would scar the public's view of students as radical or subversive. Horowitz points to the fact that students in the 1960s wanted more decision-making authority in their lives and less administrative control. At SSC this was illustrated by the students tackling an issue such as women's rights and challenging the administration's rigid regulations. They questioned the system in order to change it, but did so in an orderly manner, and not an antagonistic fashion.³⁹

The Vietnam conflict played a crucial role in shaping student culture on campuses in the 1960s. National news reports documented numerous instances of sit-ins, demonstrations, and, later in the anti-war movement, violent protests. Many scholars have tackled the subject of college students and the anti-war movement. Todd Gitlin, author of *The Sixties: Years of Hope, Days of Rage*, discusses the anti-war movement in relation to the schools that national media focused on. He served as president of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) while at Harvard. Gitlin's participant observation of the movement allowed for an impressive study, but provided a noticeable bias, especially to the role of elite schools such as Berkeley and Columbia in the movement. Gitlin dismisses state schools when he says, "Kent State was a heartland school, far from elite."⁴⁰ Gitlin's attention to elite schools and the anti-war movement produced difficulties for this writer when attempting to compare them to the events at SSC because his work does not fully encompass student culture nationally.

Kenneth Heineman's *Campus Wars* presents a more representative study, detailing the anti-war movement at schools more similar to SSC. Heineman meticulously researched and analyzed the anti-war movements at four schools in relatively close geographic proximity: The Pennsylvania State University (PSU), Kent State University (KSU), Michigan State University (MSU), and the State University of New York at Buffalo (SUNY-Buffalo). Heineman, like this writer, utilized the schools' newspapers to further his narrative. He succeeded in showing these schools' participation in the movement and stated these groups were "far more culturally, as well as ideologically, representative of the nation" than elite schools such as Harvard.⁴¹ Furthermore, state university activists were "simply trying to gain the right to be politically active" and not trying to gain national recognition.⁴² Unlike these schools, Shippensburg State College did not have a pronounced anti-war group that demonstrated or protested. *The Slate* reported on issues such as the draft, and published student letters responding to the conflict. It is the lack of scholarship regarding schools such as SSC that fails to fully convey the effects of the Vietnam War on national student culture.

To better understand the attitude of SSC students regarding Vietnam, Heineman's book suggests a useful methodology for comparing SSC to larger state schools. He separated his discussion into three parts when detailing the movement: 1965-1967, 1968-1969, and 1970. It is hard to even attempt to discuss SSC and the Vietnam War because it received so little attention in *The Slate*. No real mention of the war occurred until 1966, when an active and adamant student, Kim Kohnlein, suggested that students protest more despite the administration's intention to quell student unrest. She stated the "administration has stamped upon even the possibility of slight effectiveness" of any protest "so aptly that no actual gain has been achieved."⁴³ Later, in that same issue of *The Slate*, an article discussed the Vietnam Veteran's Club, newly formed to bolster the spirits of returning soldiers and to also be a social organization on par with others on campus. Student Leonard Jones, contributed a column in March 1966 entitled "The Open Mind," and became the first student to angrily attack U.S. policy in Vietnam in a *Slate* article. He criticized the national government's fear of communism and its efforts to contain the ideology's spread. In his conclusion, he attacked the war's advocates by saying, "Americans who support this policy are deluded and complacent – and the majority pitifully lacking in information."⁴⁴ Even this open declaration of dissent toward the war did not instigate further discussion or even consistent reporting on the conflict at SSC. The only other articles dealing with Vietnam in 1966 came when a sorority started a project to send items to soldiers serving there, and when General Maxwell Taylor spoke at SSC regarding the conflict. The vocal Kim Kohnlein offered a different opinion of the conflict than Gen. Taylor when she included a letter from a soldier in Vietnam in her editorial. According to the soldier, there was no progress in the war, costing many men their lives on behalf of the Vietnamese people who did not care for outside help.⁴⁵

Only in the years 1968–1969 did *The Slate* include more reports on the war, both for and against the conflict. The January 10th, 1968 issue of *The Slate* featured a declaration by local fraternities supporting President Johnson and U.S. military actions in Vietnam. Heineman also noted that fraternities at Penn State University also supported Vietnam efforts. More students began writing letters to the editor offering their viewpoints on the continuing conflict. Philip G. Cunio supported the troops, but not the aggressive military policy being conducted in Vietnam.

Even with some speaking out on the war, *The Slate* exhibited a pro-war leaning by publishing two letters, one from General W.C. Westmoreland, and one from a gratified mother. General Westmoreland was commander of U.S. troops

in Vietnam from 1964 through 1968, and “strongly advocated the expansion of the American role in Vietnam...to full combat operations in 1965.”⁴⁶ These letters thanked students for traveling to Washington, D.C to offer a declaration in support of the conflict. Interestingly, *The Slate* decided to poll the student body on the Vietnam conflict. Only about 140 students responded to the questionnaire, but the results illustrated the divide in opinion on the subject. Sixty-three students favored the war, while seventy-three were against it. Seventy-two wished to escalate the conflict, and sixty wanted to gradually discontinue it. The editorial staff sarcastically noted that only 143 individuals took the time to answer the questions out of roughly 3,000 students, but still were pleased that some responded. Only a few weeks later, *The Slate* finally published an article reporting on the anti-war movement on other campuses. At the end of April 1968, the SDS called for all campuses to strike and participate in rallies in cities across the nation.⁴⁷

By 1969, there appeared to be an increase in discussion on the Vietnam War at Shippensburg. An optimistic student, John Boyer, urged students to become more active politically, even in campus associations, in order to better understand national politics. He advocated discussion rather than criticism.

Despite Boyer’s call for campus exchanges, the rest of the spring semester saw no more *Slate* coverage of Vietnam. Not until the next fall did *The Slate* and SSC students reactivate their discussion of the war. An editorial appealed to all students and faculty to participate in the Vietnam Moratorium on October 15, 1969. The purpose of the Moratorium was to demonstrate the nation’s collective dissent against President Nixon and the continued conflict in Vietnam. *The Slate’s* staff hoped to show an outpouring of concern for the men and women who were over in Vietnam fighting. Others urged students to avoid the demonstration because it would be detrimental to the soldiers’ morale when they saw reports of war protesters. *The Slate* published a letter that was sent to President Richard Nixon, in which a member of the group Women Strike For Peace wrote that she feared for America’s children and the rest of the country as they witnessed the death of fellow Americans. She wished for the President to end the war. The Vietnam Moratorium on Shippensburg’s campus proved to be a minimal success with about eighty students participating. It was a solemn experience with speeches by Father Bob Pawelski of the local Catholic Church, Vietnam veterans, and others. The moratorium coincided with other national events protesting the war including those happening on other college campuses. “Millions decided not to do business-as-usual, but took part in...local demonstrations, vigils, church services, [and] petitions drives...with respectable speechmakers and sympathetic media fanfare” to discuss the conflict.⁴⁸

Obviously, the prevailing student culture at SSC kept Vietnam on the periphery of issues. It motivated some, but few students consistently voiced opinions, and *The Slate* lacked any solid reporting on the conflict. Despite Heineman's insistence that state schools had an equally important voice on the Vietnam War and the anti-war movement, Shippensburg student culture differed completely, especially in terms of the total number of students at the institutions. SSC, according to *The Slate's* reporting, never had an actual anti-war group that conducted sit-ins or violent protests. President Ralph Heiges, in his autobiography stated, "We felt the tension at Shippensburg but there was no great outbreak."⁴⁹ However, when the campus came together to discuss the war, they did so in an orderly fashion. Yet, there are many reasons why SSC did not have the type of protests that occurred at some other schools. First, its relatively small student population prevented its protests from receiving national attention. Second, the town's size, conservative background, and suspected antipathy towards college students prevented any attempts to garner community support for an antiwar movement, therefore limiting its effectiveness. Finally, the evidence of *The Slate's* reporting indicates that Shippensburg students did not consistently or adamantly protest the war. *The Slate* reveals instances of genuine discussion, but Shippensburg students could not organize on a larger scale because they had no larger anti-war campus to collaborate with and none close enough to include them.

The African-American Civil Rights Movement rose in the mid-1950s following the United States Supreme Court decision in *Brown v. Board of Education*. Schools, mainly in the South, remained segregated until this decision, and now the federal government mandated integration. The next year, Rosa Parks' decision not to give up her bus seat to a white individual sparked the Montgomery bus boycott, and led to the rise of Martin Luther King, Jr. as the voice of the African-American people. Over the course of thirteen years, King became a spokesperson and organizer of non-violent protest until his assassination in 1968. As stated earlier, scholars such as Helen Horowitz felt that the Civil Rights Movement influenced students and caused a rise in activism.⁵⁰

However, the Civil Rights Movement and racism received little or no attention in the *Slate* until Martin Luther King's assassination in 1968. In March 1968, *The Slate* reported on student activism at Howard University, a predominantly black school. There, the students raided administration buildings protesting charges against a number of classmates. After King's assassination, a *Slate* editorial interviewed African-American students about their feelings about the event. Demonstrations and class cancellations occurred around the nation, but not at Shippensburg. The Student Association President, Terry Scout, wrote

a letter to the administration questioning the low numbers of African-American students at SSC and the absence of courses on such subjects as African-American history, music, and literature. He noted that surrounding cities such as “Harrisburg, Steelton, Carlisle, [and] Chambersburg” had large black populations but few enrolled at SSC.⁵¹ Also, he argued that not all Education graduates would be teaching in white classrooms, but might instead teach in schools with large populations of African-American students. These future teachers would benefit from classes exploring “the problems and methods of teaching in the urban ghetto schools.”⁵²

Only after King’s assassination did students in letters to the editor question the negative connotations of the words, ‘black’ and ‘negro.’ Nan Wagaman, a white student, wrote that the negative connotations of the word “black” had to do with its perceived meaning. She said, “Black is filthy, black is disgusting,” and proceeded to say, “Change the word [black] first – and then maybe we can change the image it creates.”⁵³ Immediately, two African-American female students responded to Wagaman. One of them, Joyce Hawkins, quipped that Wagaman should meet with her to discuss such topics. Hawkins agreed that the word black connotes negativity, but that it also means much more to African-Americans: “Black is now beautiful and so is the black man.”⁵⁴ Another African-American student, Linda Lawson, stated that it is not the word that demeans blacks, but “the attitudes and misconceptions” people attach to it.⁵⁵ And finally, Berkeley Laite posed the question, “If ‘black’ is such a horrible word, why did the Negro himself in America coin such a phrase as ‘Black Power?’”⁵⁶ In spite of this heated and open exchange on race at Shippensburg, the subject faded from the forefront of debate in the school newspaper over the course of the decade.

Discussion of racial issues resurfaced in *The Slate* a year later in 1969. *The Slate* reported on the administration’s campus-wide moratorium to discuss varying issues in regard to Shippensburg State College including race issues and the lack of African-American professors and students at SSC. Students pointed out that the town of Shippensburg practiced racism by making it difficult for black students to obtain housing, therefore creating an enrollment issue for the campus when insufficient dormitory space was available for all students. Discussions held during the moratorium led to the suggestion that groups of black and white students visit local high schools to attempt to boost African-American student enrollment at SSC. Following these events, SSC began to offer new courses including African-American literature, geography, and history by the end of the decade. Initiated by student demand, these new classes attempted to incorporate other social and racial groups into SSC students’ education.⁵⁷

Fifteen years after *Brown v. Board of Education*, Pennsylvania proposed a plan to the federal government to desegregate state institutions of higher education. The plan stated that white students made up ninety-six percent of undergraduate enrollments at state schools in Pennsylvania. Students voiced strong opinions about the out-of-balance enrollment. An unidentified individual in a reprinted editorial felt that Shippensburg had been included in a school grouping that misunderstood the area's ability to increase black student enrollment. The writer stated that numerically SSC did give the appearance of being segregated, with only sixteen black students out of a student body of 3,700. Since SSC was not considered elite like Harvard or Princeton, said the writer, "it cannot compete with the drawing powers of these colleges...seeking 'minority' students."⁵⁸ Another editorial voiced similar opinions regarding the negative view outsiders would have of Shippensburg if the new federal plan for desegregation was implemented. However, this student felt a lack of African-American courses and housing discrimination towards black students by Shippensburg residents directly affected the enrollment of black undergraduates at SSC. The individual also wondered whether black students avoided white schools, preferring black institutions such as Howard University or Cheyney State College.⁵⁹

It took Shippensburg State College the better part of the decade of the 1960s to begin to address racial issues on campus. The preliminary discussions arose only after the assassination of Martin Luther King. Despite Horowitz's contention that the Civil Rights Movement motivated college students, it appears that this movement was felt more dramatically at big prestigious schools, such as Howard, Harvard, Yale, or schools in the American South. With a tiny black population, any articles or editorial responses at SSC tensely tiptoed around the topic. SSC's coverage of racial issues including the Civil Rights Movement would seem to confirm Horowitz's assertion about white campuses around the country holding "varying degrees of sympathy, indifference, and hostility" towards black students.⁶⁰

Student culture changed rapidly over the course of the 1960s. Despite being overlooked by other scholars, Shippensburg State College can be linked to Helen Horowitz's discussion of national student culture in this dynamic decade. SSC's students pursued campus and local issues, including the rights of female students and student government, more than national issues. Shippensburg student culture revolved around school issues until outside events transpired that would affect the students more than campus events. Awareness of the conflict in Vietnam increased as the war escalated. Because Shippensburg consisted predominantly of white students, race was barely discussed, although after Dr. King's death, students began to ask questions about society and racial justice.

Slate

Row 1: Debbie Brown, Carol Brindle, Sandy Gordon, Joanne Jenkins, Nona Harper. Row 2: Jurgen Kreckel, Janie Fecker, Sandee Pritko, Lin Wilk, Carel Martin, Carolyn Witt, C. Molly Finucane, Debbie Kammerer, Sharon Gasper, Cathy Fowwalt. Row 3: Linda Rager, Dick March, Frank Bixler, Dann Noonan, Sherry Schonberger, Nancy Kirk, Joan Keller, Nancy Pye, Sherri Ritz, Lynn Guyer, Pam Kirk, Kerry Griest, Bob Large, Connie Henderson, Paul Politis.



Staff of *The Slate*.
1969 *Cumberland* (Shippensburg State College yearbook)
CCHS Yearbook Collection

There was also no escaping the changes in women's issues during the 1960s, even at Shippensburg. With the help of the SA and the WRA, students challenged the restrictive rules placed on women. These students' social awakening allowed them to gain more freedom by activism that included petitioning the administration and writing to *The Slate*. Student culture at Shippensburg State College, at a small state school, illustrated the trends occurring around the country by its controlled discussions and participation in avenues that did not include violence or destruction.

Endnotes

- 1 Bob Dylan, "The Times They Are A-Changin'," *The Essential Bob Dylan: Disc 1*, Sony Music Entertainment, Inc., 2000.
- 2 There are difficulties when discussing a school such as Shippensburg State College and student culture. Scholars such as Christopher Lucas, who wrote *American Higher Education: A History*, 2nd ed. (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2006) and John Thelin, who authored *A History of American Higher Education* (Baltimore & London: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 2004) discuss the entire span of university and college history for the United States. They consider state colleges and the creation of these institutions. However, when they reach the 1960s, the discussions deal with the larger and more notable schools around the nation. Other scholars as well only look at the larger institutions, and disregard small schools like Shippensburg. All attempts at locating scholarly research has proven to be disappointing, and therefore all conclusions on Shippensburg and student culture are comparisons to other schools written about by the larger body of scholars.

- 3 Troy A. Zimmer, "The Views of College Newspaper Editors on their Readers, Newspapers, and News Priorities," *The Journal of Higher Education* 46, no. 4 (July-Aug 1975): 451-452, 454, 456-457.
- 4 Louis Edward Ingéhart, *Student Publications: Legalities, Governance, and Operation* (Ames: Iowa State University Press, 1993), 109.
- 5 Thelin, *A History of American Higher Education*, 260-261, 265, 267.
- 6 Thelin, 274-275; Lucas, *American Higher Education*, 245.
- 7 Thelin, *A History of American Higher Education*, 297, 298.
- 8 Alan E. Bayer and Jeffrey E. Dutton, "Trends in Attitudes on Political, Social, and Collegiate Issues among College Students: Mid 1960s to Mid 1970s," *The Journal of Higher Education* 47, no. 2 (March/April 1976): 159.
- 9 Thelin, *A History of American Higher Education*, 297, 298.
- 10 Helen Horowitz, *Campus Life: Undergraduate Cultures from the End of the Eighteenth Century to the Present* (Chicago & London: The University of Chicago Press, 1987), 223.
- 11 *Ibid.*, 224-225.
- 12 *Ibid.*, 226, 228.
- 13 *Ibid.*, 229.
- 14 Janet A. Kelley, "Varying Mores in School and College Cultures," *Journal of Educational Sociology* 31, no. 7 (March 1958): 249; Horowitz, *Campus Life*, 232.
- 15 Horowitz, *Campus Life*, 233, 242.
- 16 James G. Coolsen, *Shippensburg: State College to University 1960-1996* (Shippensburg, PA: Shippensburg University Press, 1998), 3-5.
- 17 *Ibid.*, 7, 22.
- 18 *Ibid.*, 23; "Board of Trustees Seeks Presidential Possibilities," *The Slate*, 19 March 1969, 1.
- 19 "Oriental Atmosphere to Pervade at Freshman Dance Saturday Night," *The Slate*, 2 March 1960, 1; "'Fantasy of Love' Theme of Prom; Charley Lochard Orchestra to Play," *The Slate*, 6 April 1960, 1; Illustrations on front page of October 26, 1960 issue.; Bev Blouse, "Students Organize, Support Favorites; Political Sentiments Keenly Expressed," *The Slate*, 26 October 1960, 2.
- 20 Ronald E. Keener, "SSC Government, Allocation System Need Revision" (letter to the editor), *The Slate*, 11 May 1960, 2; "By the People," *The Slate*, 11 January 1961, 2.
- 21 "Prevalent Attitude," *The Slate*, 31 October 1961, 2; "Our Need..." (letter to the editor), *The Slate*, 14 November 1961, 2.
- 22 Coolsen, *Shippensburg: State College to University*, 11-13.
- 23 Office of the President, The Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, "Report on the Evaluation of Shippensburg State College," 1961, 5, 6-7; "Government Committee to Propose New Student Constitution Tomorrow," *The Slate*, 17 January 1962, 1.

- 24 "Campaigning Begins For Hopeful Student Association Office Seekers," *The Slate*, 4 April 1962, 1; Wayne N. Burg, "Twilight for Silent Generation" (letter to the editor), *The Slate*, 16 May 1962, 2; Horowitz, *Campus Life*, 225.
- 25 Wini Breines, "Of This Generation': The New Left and the Student Movement," in *Long Time Gone: Sixties America Then and Now*, ed. Alexander Bloom (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2001), 25; William H. Chafe, "The Road to Equality: 1962-Today," in *No Small Courage: A History of Women in the United States*, ed. Nancy F. Cott (Oxford University Press, 2000), 556; Beth Bailey, "Sexual Revolution(s)," in *The Sixties: From Memory to History*, ed. David Farber (New York: Columbia University Press, 2001), 241; See Beth Bailey's *Sex in the Heartland* for changes in sexuality at the University of Kansas in the 1960s.
- 26 *The Shippensburg State College Student Handbook, 1961-1962*, Resident Women, Sec. II. Off Campus Privileges, clause A & B, 61; *The Shippensburg State College Student Handbook, 1968-1969*, Resident Women, Sec. X. Penalties & Sec. XII. Campuses, 69-74; *The Shippensburg State College Student Handbook, 1963-1964*, Resident Women, Sec. IX. Signing Out and Off Campus Privileges, clause B, sub-clauses 2-5, 71-72.
- 27 "What is a Woman? (letter to the editor)," *The Slate*, 3 February 1965, 2.
- 28 "Girls Demonstrate For Equal Rights," *The Slate*, 31 March 1965, 1; Joan Hutchinson, "Letter From A Senior (letter to the editor)," *The Slate*, 14 April 1965, 2.
- 29 Terry Scout, "Do Something Girls (letter to the editor)," *The Slate*, 29 September 1965, 2; Sue Romesberg, "Goes to Administration: WRC Unanimously Accepts Report Changing Women's Hours," *The Slate*, 15 December 1965, 1; Dottie Brubaker, "Administration Gives Nod to Most Rule Revisions," *The Slate*, 12 January 1966, 1.
- 30 Jim Dickson, "Dickson's Campaign Speech," *The Slate*, 30 March 1966, 2.
- 31 "President Dickson Gives 'State of Association' Talk," *The Slate*, 21 September 1966, 1.
- 32 Jeri Schneider, "Asks Modern Hours (letter to the editor)," *The Slate*, 28 September 1966, 2; "WRA Success," *The Slate*, 12 October 1966, 2; "Extended Raider Room Hours Possible: 1 o'Clock With Specials Effective This Weekend," *The Slate*, 26 October 1966, 1.
- 33 "Heiges, Sponseller, Dickson Featured: 3 Presidents Answer Students Questions," *The Slate*, 15 February 1967, 1.
- 34 Adele Kells, "Student Asks WRA To Consider Changes," *The Slate*, 22 March 1967, 2; Jim Dickson, "The President Speaks," *The Slate*, 10 May 1967, 1; "Rules: Making & Breaking," *The Slate*, 4 October 1967, 2.
- 35 "An Open Letter," *The Slate*, 25 October 1967, 2.
- 36 Sandy Pritko, "Hours, Approved Housing Head Social Issues At Student Rally," *The Slate*, 6 November 1968, 1.
- 37 Harvey Bear Berg, "Women's Hours? What Happened to Them!?" (letter to the editor), *The Slate*, 11 December 1968, 2.
- 38 Becky Dickson and Micki McCarthy, "Concerning Women's Hours" (letter to the editor), *The Slate*, 18 December 1968, 2; Karen Engle, "Coeds Dissatisfied With Present Way; Discuss Abolishment of Hours," *The Slate*, 10 December 1969, 1.

- 39 Horowitz, *Campus Life*, 225; The student body never organized or participated in any protests similar to the female student sit-in that occurred in 1965 at SSC.
- 40 Todd Gitlin, *The Sixties: Years of Hope, Days of Rage* (New York: Bantam Books, 1989), 89-97, 104-105, 410.
- 41 Kenneth J. Heineman, *Campus Wars: The Peace Movement at American State Universities in the Vietnam Era* (New York & London: New York University Press, 1993), 2-4, 82.
- 42 Ibid., 5.
- 43 Kim Kohnlein, "Here's for a Better SSC," *The Slate*, 16 February 1966, 2.
- 44 "Ex-Servicemen Organize Veteran's Club On Campus," *The Slate*, 16 February 1966, 3; Leonard Jones, "Vietnam Policy – 'Monstrous Depravity'," *The Slate*, 23 March 1966, 2.
- 45 "Alpha Sigma Sorority to Collect Dry Goods for GI's in Vietnam," *The Slate*, 4 May 1966, 2; "General Taylor Lectures Twice to SSC Audiences: 'We're on the Right Course in Vietnam,' Taylor Says," *The Slate*, 16 November 1966, 2; Kohnlein, "Farce of a War" (letter to the editor), *The Slate*, 16 November 1966, 2.
- 46 "Support Given Men: Fraternities Represent IFC Declaration On Vietnam Conflict," *The Slate*, 10 January 1968, 1; "Campus Men Show Support; IFC To Sponsor Declaration," *The Slate*, 10 January 1968, 2; Heineman, 151; Philip G. Cunio, "Anti-War – Pro-Life" (letter to the editor), *The Slate*, 17 January 1968, 2; General W.C. Westmoreland, "A Welcome Demonstration," *The Slate*, 14 February 1968, 2; Mrs. Gerda Shockley, "A Mother's Thank You," *The Slate*, 14 February 1968, 2; David Farber and Beth Bailey with contributors, *The Columbia Guide to America in the 1960s* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2001), 255.
- 47 "Not Exactly Gallup, But..." *The Slate*, 27 March 1968, 2.
- 48 John H. Boyer, "Better Times in 1969?" (letter to the editor), *The Slate*, 22 January 1969, 2; "Give Peace A Chance," *The Slate*, 1 October 1969, 2; Raymond Joseph Cachara, "Anti-Demonstration" (letter to the editor), 15 October 1969, 2; Mrs. Diane Sollee, "Children of the War" (reprinted letter), *The Slate*, 15 October 1969, 2; Cindy Rock, "Views on War Compared, Contrasted in Last Week's Vietnam Moratorium," *The Slate*, 22 October 1969, 3; Gitlin, *The Sixties*, 379.
- 49 Ralph Eby Heiges, *Born in "Old Main": An Autobiography*, unpublished manuscript, 1980, 32.
- 50 David Steigerwald, *The Sixties and the End of Modern America* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1995), 39-44, 67-68.
- 51 "Howard Students Protest Hearings," *The Slate*, 27 March 1968, 2; Walter Grant, "Students React to King's Death," *The Slate*, 10 April 1968, 2; Terry Scout, "The President Speaks: Open Letter to the Administration," *The Slate*, 24 April 1968, 2.
- 52 Scout, "The President Speaks: Open Letter to the Administration," *The Slate*, 24 April 1968, 2.

- 53 Nan Wagaman, "To Change the Image" (letter to the editor), *The Slate*, 24 April 1968, 2.
- 54 Joyce Hawkins, "Black is Black" (letter to the editor), *The Slate*, 1 May 1968, 2.
- 55 Linda Lawson, "A Good Attempt" (letter to the editor), *The Slate*, 1 May 1968, 2.
- 56 Berkeley Laite, "A Coined Phrase" (letter to the editor), *The Slate*, 1 May 1968, 2.
- 57 "Moratorium – 'Sell-Out Event': Race Relations," *The Slate*, 16 April 1969, 2; Jean Rossi, "Two Afro-American Courses Offered With Fall Schedule," *The Slate*, 23 April 1969, 5; "Afro-American History Offered," *The Slate*, 30 April 1969, 3.
- 58 "Desegregation Proposal Receives Federal Approval," *The Slate*, 10 September 1969, 3; "A Bum Rap" (reprinted editorial), *The Slate*, 17 September 1969, 2.
- 59 "What Will It Solve?," *The Slate*, 24 September 1969, 2.
- 60 Horowitz, *Campus Life*, 242.

Notable Acquisitions, Hamilton Library – 2006

- Collection of brochures and booklets pertaining to Carlisle business and industry, churches, and other organizations. Donated by Dickinson College Archives.
- Minute books of the Todd Hospital, 1895-1916; also, records of the various Auxiliaries of Carlisle Hospital. Gift of Carlisle Area Regional Medical Center.
- Deeds and 19th century business records pertaining to the Oyler family, Newville, Mifflin and Newton Townships. Gift of Fred Oyler.
- Map of Pine Grove Estate, South Mountain Mining & Iron Company, 1877. Gift of Andre Weltman.
- Large collection of Carlisle Indian Industrial School information and publications, including numerous issues of *The Red Man*. Gift of Natalie Derrick.
- Records of the “Project 61” Carlisle downtown beautification project, 1960s. Gift of Jimmie C. George.
- Information about the career of William Wagner, Carlisle magician, and the International Brotherhood of Magicians. Gift of George Daily.
- Collection of items related to the Jared Bucher family and the Bucher Mansion in Boiling Springs, including its use in 1961 for a scene in the television show “Route 66.” Gift of Vilma Bucher.
- Publications by and about Carlisle public schools and their history, donated by Lewis Gobrecht.
- Various records of the Carlisle Branch of the American Association of University Women, 1926-2005. Donated by Pat Grabey on behalf of the AAUW.
- Records from the one-room schools of the Big Spring/Newville area, including Locust Point, McClure’s, Logan, Mt. Pleasant, Fairview, Possum Hill, Stout’s, Mt. Zion, Gillespie, Stone Church, Bloserville, and Waterloo Schools. Donated by the Big Spring School District; transfer facilitated by Sammi Lehman. Finding aid by CCHS interns Stephen Brann and Stephen Bachmann.
- Framed certificate appointing Isaiah Graham to judgeship in Cumberland County, 1819. Gift of Duncan Steck.
- Sadler family documents and genealogical information. Donated by Kathy Heinze.
- Genealogy files with information concerning more than 290 Cumberland County families. Compiled and donated by Merri Lou Schaumann.
- Three pocket diaries covering the period 1865-1867; kept by Shippensburg teenager John Altick Fleming. Society purchase.

Original 1864 Civil War diary of Cumberland County resident Levi Bowen, including account of his time at Andersonville Prison. Gift of Evelyn Thumma and Thelma Widder, Bowen's granddaughters.

Records of the Carlisle Area Science Advisory Committee (CASAC), from its inception in 1957 through 1995. Donated by C. Edward Owens, for CASAC.

Research documenting illegitimate births in Cumberland County, 1754-1825, from information in the County "Fornication & Bastardy" records maintained by the Overseers of the Poor. Records transcribed and work donated by Merri Lou Schaumann.

Annotated bibliography of CCHS sources documenting Cumberland County mills. Produced and donated by intern Mary Schoedel.

Photocopies of "Sketch of the Proposed North Front of Dickinson College" with signature of architect Benjamin Henry Latrobe, 1803. Gift of Jack Mullen.

Collection of Carlisle Indian School publications and an 1866 business ledger from Eberly's Mill. Gift of William Thomas.

Architectural plans, Kitzmiller Apartments, Carlisle, 1941. Gift of Barbara Hunsberger.

Yearbooks and programs, 1953-1989; Cumberland County Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR). Donated by Marguerite Harnish.

Local horse show programs from the 1950s, including events at Carlisle Fair Grounds, Bonny Brook, and Mechanicsburg Horse and Pony Club. Gift of Jeannette Brown.

The Secret War at Home: the Pine Grove Furnace Prisoner of War Interrogation Camp, written by John P. Bland, and published by CCHS.

Slaves and Slaveholders in Cumberland County. Research from original 1780 slave registration book and tax records in CCHS collection, by staff member Peggy Huffman.

World War II V-Mail correspondence from Albert G. Brindle and H. F. "Shorty" Brymesser, to Mr. and Mrs. John F. Brymesser, 1943 and 1944. Gift of Margie Butts.

Architectural and electrical blueprints: Carlisle Hospital, 246 Parker Street. Gift of John H. Griffith.

The Carlisle Band: An Ornament to the Community, by Susan Eyster Meehan. Gift of George and Elizabeth Gardner.

Additional volumes in the *First Families of Cumberland County* series. Published in 2006:

Vol. 4 – Walnut Bottom Quadrangle

Vol. 5 – Plainfield

Vol. 6 – Andersonville (Doubling Gap) and Landisburg (McClure's Gap)

Vol. 7 – Dickinson and Arendtsville

Barbara Houston
Library Cataloger

Publications In Print

THE COUNTY HERITAGE SERIES

- The Bitter Fruits: The Civil War Comes to a Small Town in Pennsylvania* (1998).
David G. Colwell \$10.00
- In Pursuit of Pleasure: Leisure in Nineteenth Century Cumberland County* (1997).
Clarke Garrett \$10.00
- Past Receipts, Present Recipes* (1996).
Members and Friends of the Cumberland County Historical Society. \$10.00
- The Indian Industrial School, 1879–1918* (2000 paperback edition).
Linda F. Witmer \$24.95
- “...Drive the Road and Bridge the Ford...”: Highway Bridges of Nineteenth Century
Cumberland County* (1992). Paul E. Gill \$24.95
- Twentieth Century Thoughts. Carlisle: The Past Hundred Years* (2001).
Ann Kramer Hoffer \$29.95

Other Books

- Secret War at Home: The Pine Grove Furnace Prisoner of War Interrogation Camp.*
John Paul Bland \$22.00
- The New Way: Greeks Come to Carlisle, Pennsylvania* (2003).
Susan Eyster Meehan \$22.95
- First Families of Cumberland County 18th Century Connected Draft Map and Surname
Index:*
- Vol. I – Shippensburg (includes land in Cumberland & Franklin Counties) \$15.00
- Vol. II – Newburg (includes land in Cumberland & Franklin Counties) \$15.00
- Vol. III – Newville \$15.00
- Vol. IV – Walnut Bottom Quadrangle \$15.00
- Vol. V – Plainfield \$15.00
- Vol. VI – Andersonville (Doubling Gap) & Landisburg (McClure’s Gap) \$15.00
- Vol. VII – Dickinson & Arendtsville \$15.00

PA residents add 6% sales tax and \$4 for postage and handling of above titles.

Booklets and Pamphlets

- Three Cumberland County Woodcarvers.* Milton E. Flower (1986) \$5.00
- Made in Cumberland County: The First One Hundred Years, 1750–1850.* (1991) \$5.00
- Cumberland County History.* Single issues, as available \$7.00
- Walking Guide to Historic Carlisle, PA* (2001) \$5.00
- Cemeteries of Cumberland County.* Bob Davidson (2003) \$15.00
- History of Pine Grove Furnace.* Lenore E. Flower (revised reprint 2003) \$7.00

PA residents add 6% sales tax and \$2 for postage and handling of above booklets and pamphlets.

A complete list of Society publications in print is available on request.