

By Bennett R. Pearce

THE DAY DENVER BURIED BUFFALO BILL... IT BURIED THE OLD WEST AS WELL



THE PRESTIGE OF the American West as an historical epoch has always been an enigma.

The years between exploration and development were short. The significance of most of the people who played a role in the western panorama was relatively unimportant on the stage of American history. Most western settlers were common folks who accepted their obligations, responsibilities and then quietly plodded off to their graves.

A few of the figures who explored; exploited and settled the West caught the public imagination and grew into legends after their deaths. Perhaps the flavor of the age was reflected by these few who, above all, were rugged individualists before anything else.

Some were flamboyant and ostentatious while others were modest and retiring, but all aroused a public envy which has survived in the culture to this day through the literature, motion pictures and television.

No single moment marked the passing of what is known as "the old West." But the day Denver buried Buffalo Bill Cody, many old timers knew an era had ended

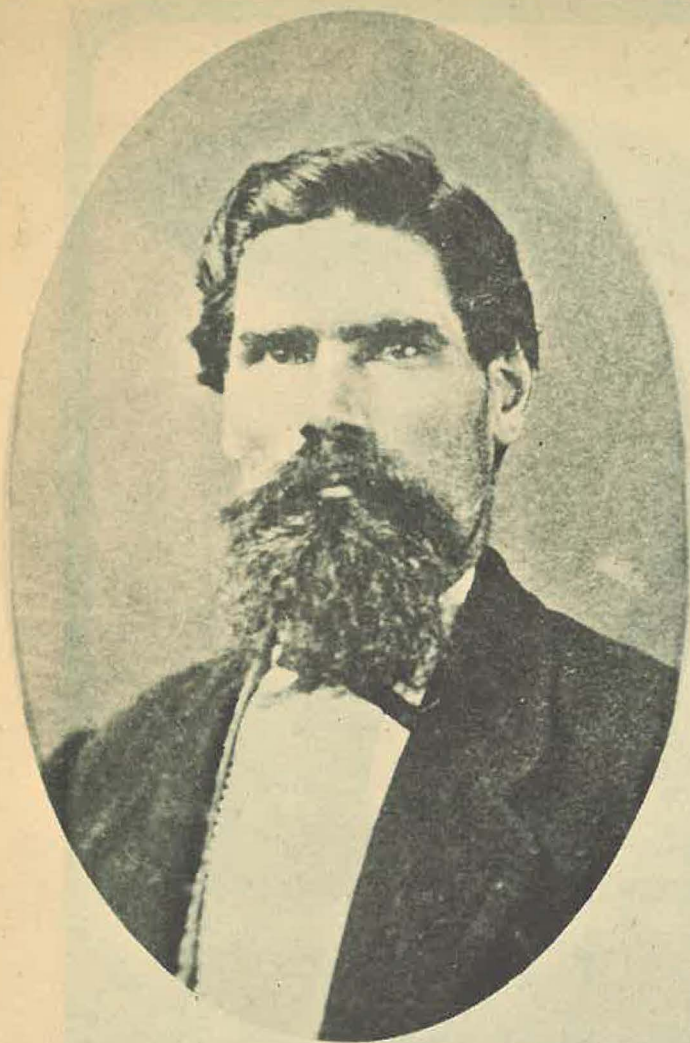
There is undoubtedly no other age in American history which has been dramatized by the entertainment medium as much as the exploration and settlement of the West. It was an age which charged the ambitions and imagination of a young nation. It was also an epoch which will not happen again in the American experience.

The end of the western frontier is undated. Like some of the other notable ages of history, it simply vanished into another time. No final conclusive date ends the era. Some historians trying to satisfy the science of pedagogy have closed the American frontier in 1890. For those hardy pioneers who lived beyond the old

West, rapid settlement, business booms, busts and changing times obscured the passing of the frontier into the pages of history.

For the rugged settlers who wrestled with the elements, buried their loved ones on the windswept prairie and carved a new civilization out of the raw land, the frontier never ended. They carried it to their graves with them. For the three generations that have followed the pioneers and who have reaped the rewards of a rich heritage, the old West is a cherished memory which has never died but lives on in wild rodeos and western pageants.

Perhaps there was a moment in the unique and progressive history of



Capt. Henry Dwyer had nothing on mind but plowing.



Magistrate Andrew C. Elliott heard extradition pleas.

at present endeavoring to descry the trail of the guilty, the dreadful tragedy remains under a cloud, and the foul fiend in the shape of a human wretch is still at large, perchance in our very midst."

Ironically, the "foul fiend" was indeed "in our very midst."

To add to the international flavor, an American lawyer, Thomas G. Murphy, arrived in Victoria. While Canadian officers had conducted the investigation in Whatcom County, W.T., and the inquest and funeral had been held in Victoria, B. C., it remained for the Washington counsel to arrest the suspects in Victoria! Acting upon information learned at the scene of the crime (never publicly stated), Murphy "disguised his dress in such a manner as not to be easily recognized," and played amateur detective.

All night, he tramped Victoria streets, searching all establishments frequented by natives. Finally, at 6:30 in the morning, while heading for breakfast in a Yates Street restaurant, the weary investigator spotted his quarry. "Kanaka" Joe, a 16-year-old of Hawaiian and Indian blood, and his Flathead Indian companion Charley greeted the disguised lawyer affably,

happily accepting his invitation to breakfast. During the meal Murphy skilfully plied the suspects with subtle questions. However, after breakfast the two became restless, nervously suggesting it was time they made their departure.

Fearing lest his suspect birds should leave, Murphy made a citizen's arrest, charging them before an interested crowd "... in the name of the people of the United States and Washington Territory" as murderers of James and Salina Dwyer. Handing them over to a constable, he wired Governor Ferry for authority to seek extradition.

Charged with being "suspicious characters," Joe, his brother Kie, Charley and a fourth man were remanded a week to allow the complicated legal matters to be sorted out and let police complete their investigation.

Weeks later Joe stood in the dock alone. Charley and the others had been released for lack of evidence. In Joe's case, however, there was evidence galore. For, unable to stand jail, he had early confessed to having been an unwilling partner in the crime, laying all blame at Charley's door.

Then, warming to his new role of man-of-the-hour, he merrily babbled "confessions" right and left. In his desire to make a clean breast, he changed his story constantly. Except on one point, on which he did not waver—Charley done it!

This was his story until July 18, when the garrulous Kanaka, having forsaken all restraint, boldly proclaimed he himself was the guilty one, even confessing to another settler's murder which had taken place the year before. By this time, not unnaturally, Victorians were "... becoming doubtful whether the lad... at all times is possessed of his proper senses."

The preliminary hearing had weathered more than conflicting evidence. There also had been the knotty problems of extradition. As the red tape was slowly eliminated, the *Olympia Courier* urged its readers to have patience. "We presume everything will be arranged in the course of a few days so that, shortly, a little judicious hanging will be in order and the world rid of one, if not more, murderous miscreants!"

This was the speedy "justice" Joe could expect across the line. He had yet to be

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DID THEY GET THE SAN JUAN KILLER?

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President Ulysses S. Grant signed the extradition order allowing Canadian officials to claim Joe.

tried by his peers in Washington Territory.

When at last the extradition order, signed by President Ulysses S. Grant, was accepted by B.C. authorities, Joe was surrendered to Sheriff Billings. Upon boarding the steamer, the befuddled youth "seemed as happy as though he were starting on a wedding tour, or was about to visit a circus, instead of upon the journey which ends in eternity.

"When accosted, he grinned; and when told by someone that he was an object of pity, he laughed outright. As the boat moved off he strained his eyes to catch a last glimpse of a friend on the wharf, nodded, grinned again, and then sat down apparently perfectly happy."

The trial was brief, Joe still confessing happily. He and Charley, he said, had murdered the Dwyers to rob them. For the atrocity they had gained two watches and fourteen dollars.

In an extraordinary last interview, the confused youth answered the questions of Sheriff J. H. Boyce and a *Colonist* reporter.

Reporter: "Joe, do you know you are going to die tomorrow?"

Joe: "Oh, yes, I know all that now. I am glad of it. I would sooner be dead than live in jail here."

Reporter: "Do you believe in God, and heaven?"

Joe: "Yes, I believe in God and heaven. I am glad of going soon. I expect to see

Fuller (he had earlier confessed to having murdered this English settler in 1872 for smashing a friend's quail traps), and Dwyer and all (had there been others?) there."

Reporter: "Have you ever been to school?"

Joe: "Yes, my father and mother sent me to school; but I did not care for it much. I wish you would see my father and mother and half-sister, and tell them I am gone now, goodbye. They live in Victoria."

Reporter: "Are you not sorry for killing Fuller and Dwyer?"

Joe: "Yes, I am sorry; but I am glad I am 'gone' now. If I lived I might kill some more. But the Indians made me do it all."

Sheriff Boyce: "Don't you think it too bad that you should be hung and the others go clear? If they are guilty?"

Joe: "Yes, I think so; but when my people know I am dead I think they will catch the Indians and shoot them."

Boyce: "Will you be afraid tomorrow, Joe? I must hang you."

Joe: "Oh, no. I hope you won't be afraid. I want to die quick. I ask you for a favor now. I hope you won't put irons on me going down to the place; I will go with you and do anything you ask me. I hope you won't put irons on me... I am not afraid to die. I don't want to be tied."

Boyce: "All right, Joe, be a good boy and I will treat you as well as I can."

Reporter: "Have you any more to say, Joe?"

Joe: "Well, I have no more now. When you go to Victoria, if you see my people, tell them Joe says goodbye. I am glad you are going over; I was afraid I would have no chance to tell my father and mother I am gone."

Sheriff Boyce: "Joe, did you make a confession before like this one?"

Joe: "I made a confession in Victoria to (here the *Colonist* omitted San Juan Islander Charles McCoy's name), but he first scared me into it, then promised to do everything for me. I wish I could see him hanging with me. I would be very glad!"

On the morning of March 6, 1874, Joe mounted the gallows at Port Townsend. To a crowd of 200, he said, "I am very sorry for what I have done; all hands, goodbye," then waved his cap. His arms were pinioned but his hands, as he had requested, were not bound.

For a moment, the pathetic figure lost composure, then, with a supreme effort, calmed himself. Seconds later, the trap was sprung. But, "the rope, being a large new one, the knot did not slip easily but slipped under the chin, leaving the strain on the back of the neck. Consequently, the neck was not broken and for a few minutes the clenching hands and convulsions of the body showed that he had suffered terribly.

Twenty minutes later, Dr. Bingham pronounced him dead. ●

BUFFALO BILL

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structure at the time of Cody's interment. The design was a neo-Greek structure with a large dome. Fortunately, the plans for the pretentious memorial building were never finished. Had the plan been followed through, the memorial would undoubtedly have adversely altered the natural beauty of the summit of Mt. Lookout and the surrounding countryside.

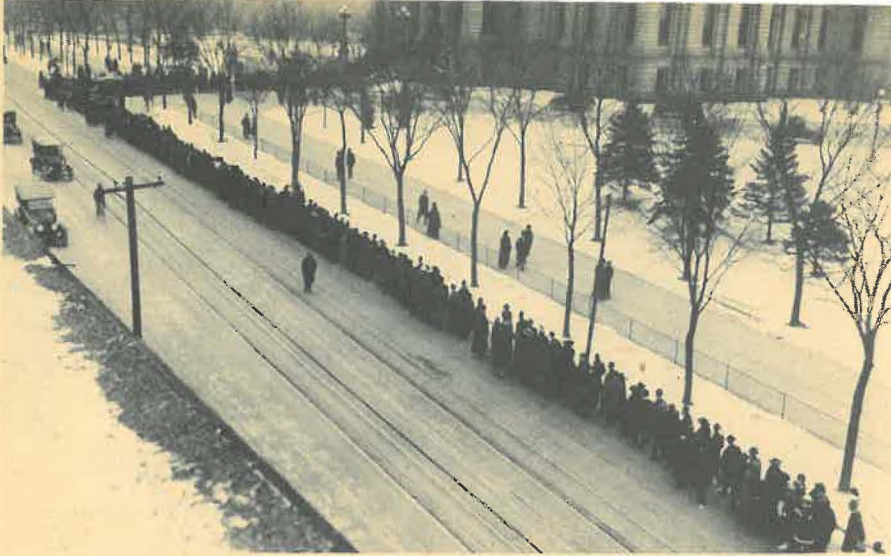
Four years after Cody's burial on Mt. Lookout, Pahaska Tepee was built and opened near the gravesite. Pahaska is an Indian word meaning long hair. Many of Cody's souvenirs and memorabilia are on permanent display in this museum along with the traditional tourist gift shop.

The little house at 2932 Lafayette Street, where Buffalo Bill died, is still standing. It passed out of the Decker family many years ago, but the decay of time has been kind to the small dwelling. The building was divided into four small apartments a number of years ago and the property has been well maintained.

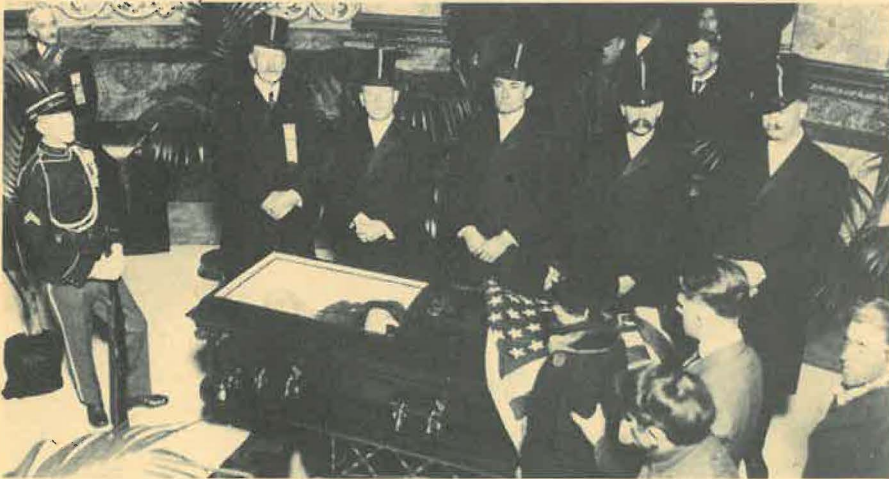
In the regal splendor of the majestic Colorado Rockies overlooking the endless majesty of the Great Plains, Buffalo Bill reposes in the everlasting sleep.

Thousands of tourists journey up the mountain every summer in their fast, air-conditioned automobiles to visit his grave. The little mountain railroad has been gone for years, but the road up the mountain is excellent and the drive is not difficult. The endless stream of summer visitors browse through the museum, buy a post card or two in the gift shop, and then follow the pine tree path up to Cody's gravesite where they stand for a moment or two in silence. They stroll along Wildcat Point, snap a few photographs, stand in quiet wonder, and view the breathtaking sight of Denver, Golden, and the flat plains extending to the east before hurrying on their way. A traveler's schedule is always busy.

Possibly the old-timers who journeyed up the mountain that June day years ago to pay their last respects to Buffalo Bill realized that the old frontier days were gone forever, and that in offering one last final tribute to Col. Cody, the legend, they were also extending their tribute to their western heritage and bidding the old West a final, nostalgic good by. ●



People patiently stand in the long line outside the Colorado State Capitol (above) on January 14, 1917 to view the remains of Buffalo Bill Cody. People file by the open casket (below) once they manage to get inside the building. Thousands came to pay their respects.



Denver, Colorado when the proud citizens of western America paused for a short time and nostalgically bid the old West a final farewell. This opportunity was extended to western folks on the sad but memorable occasion when William Frederick Cody died.

Cody was better known as Buffalo Bill.

Cody was a legend long before he passed away. His reputation was that of a frontier scout, Indian fighter, buffalo slayer and rancher. In his later years, Cody toured the world with his famous Wild West show which made his name a household word. Possibly he epitomized the image of what the old West was supposed to have been. He certainly capitalized upon the myths and legends of the frontier with his showmanship.

William Frederick Cody departed for the Happy Hunting Ground on January 10, 1917. He died at the home of his sister, Mrs. L. E.

Decker, who lived at 2932 Lafayette Street in Denver. Cody's elaborate funeral rites and the unusual interment arrangements were a public affair. Denver planned the ceremonies as a fitting tribute to the departed showman who had become a western legend in his own time. In a sense, it was western folks' farewell to the old days and the frontier past.

After his Wild West show closed for the season, Buffalo Bill returned to his ranch near Cody, Wyoming for a long overdue rest. He grew restless in Cody and decided to go south to Denver for a visit with his sister, Mrs. Decker. Shortly after he arrived in Denver, the aged showman contracted a bad cold which settled in his lower extremities. Feeling that the baths might restore his health, he left Denver on January 3rd and went over to Glenwood Springs where he intended to drink and bathe in the famous mineral water. On January 5th, the aged Indian scout's health took a turn for the worse, so

his physician hurried the sick man back to Mrs. Decker's home in Denver. Mrs. Cody was informed of her husband's condition and she and her daughter rushed to Denver to be at his bedside.

When it became obvious the aged scout and Indian fighter was sinking rapidly, it was suggested to Mrs. Cody by several of her Denver friends that arrangements should be made to have Buffalo Bill baptized as he had never received that sacrament.

Mrs. Cody, who was a Roman Catholic, called the priest. On the afternoon of January 9, 1917, Col. Cody was baptized by Rev. Christopher V. Walsh, assistant pastor of the Cathedral in Denver. Rev. Walsh was also a long time friend of the Cody family.

The sick man was informed of his approaching demise by his attending physician. The dying showman told his sister he wanted the Elks and the Masons to take charge of his funeral.

After Cody passed a very bad night, his physicians noted that the famous patient's heart was failing and the aged man's system was rapidly succumbing to uremic poisoning. The family was informed that the old scout's end was near. At 12:03 p.m. Buffalo Bill was gathered to his fathers.

As the sad news of Cody's passing spread from the little house on Lafayette Street throughout Denver, the western states, and across the nation, the public reaction was surprise and shock. Condolences poured into Mrs. Decker's home from around the country. One telegram was even received from President Woodrow Wilson. The Colorado State Legislature and the Wyoming State Legislature were both in session at the time of Cody's death. The lawmakers from both states passed memorials eulogizing the departed scout and offered condolences to the family. Western folk were saddened and felt a little older as they realized a unique figure of the frontier had passed away and another link with the old West was gone forever.

The day after Cody's death, a special committee of Elks, Masons, city, county, state and federal officials met at the Albany Hotel to plan the arrangements for the plainsman's funeral. The noted frontier scout undoubtedly would have been very proud and pleased if he could have known about

the final tributes planned for his funeral since they rivaled any production that he had ever arranged for his Wild West show.

At 9 a.m. on the morning of January 14, 1917, an honor guard arrived at the Decker home. They escorted Col. Cody's casket to Colorado's beautiful State House on Capitol hill. The casket was placed in the rotunda of the impressive building. Surrounded by an honor guard, the body lay in state until noon.

In several hours, 18,000 people from all walks of life filed through the rotunda of the Capitol and glanced at Cody's bearded face. When the doors of the State House were finally closed, there were still between 10 and 12 thousand people still waiting outside the building in the cold weather.

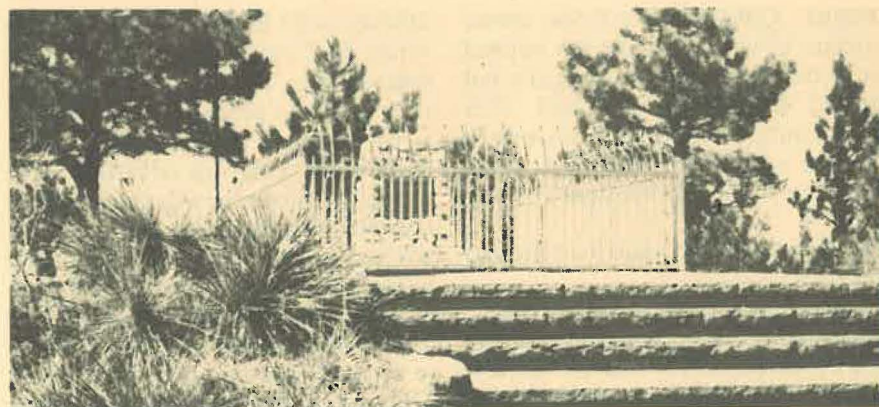
Shortly before 3 p.m., the elaborate funeral procession was formed at the Capitol. The procession was led by an honor guard carrying the colors and a military band from Fort Logan. The 1,000-pound bronze casket was removed from the rotunda of the State House and was placed upon a horse-drawn vehicle. Cody's favorite horse was led with an empty saddle on its back behind the casket. The members of the family, the active and the honorary pallbearers followed in a procession of black automobiles.

The honorary pallbearers included some of the most prominent politicians in the Rocky Mountain region — Governor Julius Gunter of Colorado, Governor Frank Houx of Wyoming, Lieut. Governor Edgar Howard of Nebraska, U.S. Senator-elect John B. Kendrick of Wyoming, the Justices of the Colorado Supreme Court, former Governor Jesse F. McDonald, Lieut. Governor James Pulliam, Secretary of State James R. Noland, Mayor Rovey Speer of Denver, Mayor R.N. LaFontaine of Cheyenne, Mayor Everett Evans of North Platte, and Mayor W.S. Owens of Cody.

Behind the automobiles marched the Elks, delegates of the Knights Templar from Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico, members of the Grand Army of the Republic, the G.A.R. Drum and Fife Corps, and members of the National Order of Cowboy Rangers, colorfully dressed with red bandanas around their necks. Following the official procession were many of Buffalo Bill's old



A policeman holds an umbrella over the open casket (above) during the burial of Buffalo Bill Cody on top of Lookout Mountain. Below: Workmen carefully place the steel, burglar-proof vault into the grave, hewn out of solid rock and lined throughout with cement.



Buffalo Bill's grave as it looks today atop Lookout Mountain. It is still a favorite of tourists and the debate as to where Cody really wanted to be buried is being argued today, more than 50 years later.

friends. They came from Cody, Cheyenne, North Platte and other western cities to pay their last respects to the departed plainsman.

When the long funeral procession arrived at the Elk's Lodge in downtown Denver at 14th and California Streets, the casket was taken into the assembly hall of the Lodge. The hall

was filled with floral tributes from all parts of the country.

A short memorial service was conducted by a delegation of the Grand Army of the Republic. This was concluded with the playing of "Taps" on a bugle.

The Elks conducted their service. A eulogy was delivered by John W.

Springer. Albert V. Mayfield, Supreme Boss of the National Order of Cowboy Rangers, then offered a few remarks in tribute to Col. Cody. Rev. Charles H. Marshall, Rector of St. Barnabas Episcopal Church, read the funeral service from the Book of Common Prayer. Rev. Marshall was the Chaplain of the Denver Elk's Lodge.

The assembly hall of the Elk's Lodge was filled with mourners and there were around 3,000 people standing outside the building. At the conclusion of the funeral service, the doors of the building were opened so that the people standing outside could file past the casket to pay their respects. The casket was then escorted to Olinger's Mortuary in North Denver where a short private service was conducted for the family.

The memorials and tributes had begun at 9 a.m. that morning and it was not until after 5 p.m. when the 1,000-pound bronze casket was finally sealed and placed into a vault for the winter. Due to the rugged terrain and the difficulties in preparing a grave on the summit of Mt. Lookout during the winter months, Cody's interment was postponed until the following spring.

It has always been a point of controversy among western folk as to just where William Frederick Cody wished to be buried. Wyoming friends of the old scout have always insisted that Buffalo Bill wanted to be buried on Rattlesnake Mountain near the town of Cody, Wyoming. In the obituary published by the Denver Post the day after Cody died, it is stated the departed plainsman had requested his remains be buried on the summit of Lookout Mountain west of Denver.

The summit of Mt. Lookout offers a splendid and spectacular view of the Great Plains which extend as far east as the eye can see and beyond. Tourists are left spellbound by the drive up the mountain and the beautiful view. The clear thin air enhanced by the high altitude tints the sky a beautiful deep blue which is immediately noticed by visitors to the area. Old Indian legends claim that the great Chief Colorow held his counsels on the summit of Lookout Mountain. There, momentous decisions were decided and wise advice was offered to his tribe.

Below the mountain to the north lies the little town of Golden, where one of the best known of the western

beers is brewed from the sparkling fresh water which flows rapidly down from the eternally snow-covered mountain peaks.

Southwest of Lookout Mountain the growing western metropolis of Denver sprawls across the landscape with its beautiful new buildings rising to meet the blue sky.

For a colorful and spectacular final resting place, Cody's choice of the summit of Mt. Lookout for his grave was indeed unsurpassed.

The following May, a gravesite was chosen just west of Wildcat Point and almost on the summit of the mountain. The grave itself was blasted and carved out of the solid granite of the mountain. When it was 12 to 14 feet deep, the grave was lined with railroad track and concrete. A border of rocks was set around the edge of the grave.

The day before the scheduled interment, a steel vault which the Denver Post described as burglar-proof, was lowered into the concrete-lined granite grave. It was said that when the vault lid was closed it locked automatically and could not be opened without the use of very strong tools and an acetylene torch.

The Denver Post also informed its readers that a guard would be stationed at the gravesite for an indefinite period of time following the burial.

On Sunday, June 3, 1917, Denver and the surrounding area experienced its first traffic jam. Some 20,000 people clogged the roads leading west from Denver to the mountains. There was a seemingly endless procession of automobiles going up the seven-and-one-half-mile road from Golden to the summit of Mt. Lookout. Due to the traffic congestion, they were unable to drive more than four miles an hour. Special buses were also chartered for the day and the old Lookout Mountain Park funicular railroad had the busiest day in its five-year history. It seemed everyone in Denver was journeying to the top of Lookout Mountain for Col. Cody's interment.

Cody's casket was transported to the summit of Lookout Mountain in Olinger's Mortuary's new, white automobile hearse. When Mrs. Cody arrived at the gravesite on the mountain top she ordered the funeral directors to open the casket.

"He belongs to the people of the West," she said.

"They should be given a chance

to see him again and remember him in death as well as in life," Mrs. Cody added.

Her instructions were followed and the casket was opened for public view. It was said the body was remarkably well preserved. A policeman obligingly shaded the open glass covered casket from the warm afternoon sun with a black umbrella. For two hours thousands of people filed past the casket for one last look at the dead plainsman's face. The funeral directors inspected the concrete lined granite grave and then sealed the casket again.

At 3:30 p.m. members of Golden's Masonic Lodge carried the bronze casket to the grave. The Golden, Colorado Lodge conducted the last rites at the request of Cody's home Lodge at North Platte, Nebraska. A poem was read and a quartet sang. When the commitment rites were concluded, members of the Lodge filed past the grave and dropped evergreen springs in. The past commander of the Colorado United Spanish American War Veterans cast a wreath of flowers into the grave.

The Masons filled the grave with earth as the ropes held back the vast crowd of onlookers. As the last spadeful of soil was cast on the grave, "Taps" was played and a salute of guns was fired by the Colorado National Guard.

"Pahaska" or Long Hair as the Indians called him, had gone to his final rest. It was four in the afternoon, the ceremonies were over, and the crowd of 20,000 slowly began the 18-mile journey down the mountain and back to Denver.

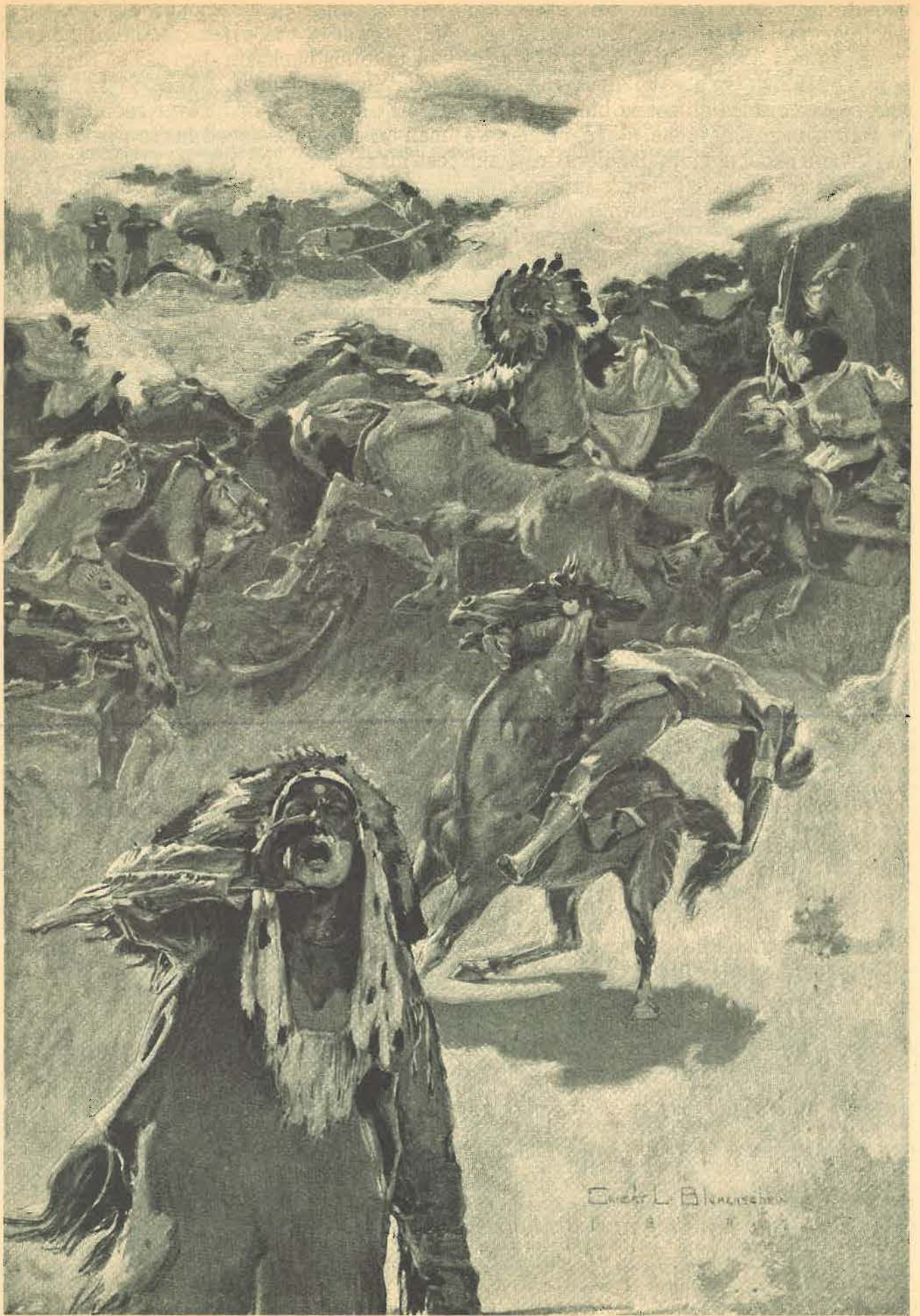
Buffalo Bill was well buried. He was baptized by a Catholic priest, read over by an Episcopalian rector, eulogized by the Elks and carried to his grave by the Masons.

Towards the end of 1921, Cody's grave was reopened so that Mrs. Cody's vault could be placed in the same grave with her husband.

At the time of Buffalo Bill's death, elaborate plans were drawn for an ostentatious temple which was to be erected over the gravesite. It was to be a memorial to W.F. Cody and to all the pioneers who explored and settled the West.

The building was to cost 250,000 dollars and was to be paid for by public subscription. The Denver Post published a drawing of the projected

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YELLOWSTONE KELLY—INDIAN FIGHTER

(Continued from page 17)

lay dead in the trail, inches from where Kelly had been seconds before! While the puma might not have planned to attack Kelly, there is little doubt but what the animal was going to at least kill the horse. Maybe Kelly!

While Kelly and some companions were hunting and trapping along the Yellowstone, word came that four white men had been killed by Indians. They decided to move into the territory and see what could be done to avenge the men, even while they were pursuing their trade.

They hunted for a few days before they ran across signs that Indians were also in the area. Kelly became extremely alert, knowing that their lives depended upon it since he was the most experienced of the hunters. When he saw a cow buffalo frightened and following an irregular path, Kelly knew he wasn't far from where the Indians were hunting. He slipped away from the area to warn his companions. That night they made a cold camp, then slipped into their blankets to keep warm before they reconnoitered the situation. It was an ideal night, dark, forbidding. Kelly led the men towards the Indian camp. Together they slipped up to where a fire burned. The Indians were preparing for bed. Kelly had briefed his companions on what to do. Each, in turn, would make animal and bird sounds false enough to alert the Indians. As they investigated, Kelly's men would be waiting for them.

Kelly made the "hoo-hoo-hah" of the owl just enough to warn the Indians. One raised up, listening. Then he picked up a

weapon and slipped almost noiselessly into the brush. Kelly's knife flashed once, ripping the brave almost in half lengthwise! He laid the Indian down, then waited. From the other side of the camp came another call. Another Indian walked towards the sound and into the arms of a Kelly man. All of the savages were killed before that night was over. The whites confiscated the furs the Indians had accumulated and the bodies were buried.

It was scant wonder that name "Yellowstone Kelly" became a byword in that vast wilderness.

Along in the Fall of 1871 Kelly headed again for the Milk River country. On the way there, he came across the hulk of the river steamboat the *Amelia Poe* which, loaded with whisky, had foundered on a sand bar. While salvage efforts had begun, most of the whisky remained in the hold. Kelly wasn't a rum pot himself, but he could appreciate the thirst of fellow hunters and lent a hand in trying to retrieve this valuable, liquid cargo. Some of the men, buff bare, dove for the casks; another was in the water with a grapnel which he used after feeling for the containers with his toes. Kelly helped in bringing some of the casks ashore; and sometimes the strong pull would tear the top from a cask and spill its contents into the river. Then all of the mountain men would swim downstream to drink up as much as possible of the whisky-river highball. It wasn't much, but the best they could do under the circumstances. Kelly fondly recalled the event many years later, his weather-beaten face crinkling into a wide smile as he related the event, unusual even for the unusual wilderness.

Yellowstone Kelly, ever restless, signed on the riverboat *Far West* as a scout and hunter; but in 1873 he hired out as a guide for a wagon train working towards Helena, Montana. Most of the trail lead through hostile Indian country and Kelly scouted and hunted as they moved. It was the life Kelly knew and loved best. With that task done, he struck off with Bill Atwood for hunting and trapping. They agreed that if they should be surprised by Indians they would grab whatever was at hand and strike out for shelter.

Kelly and Bill were in camp when they were suddenly fired on by a wandering band of Indians always ready to kill a white man or so. Kelly and Bill each grabbed something and lit out for the trees, then turned to fight the Indians whom they soon put to flight. Later they compared notes:

"Well," Bill Atwood said, "I brought a loaf of bread, but I see an Indian has shot a hole through the center of it."

Kelly looked at him, then said, "Let's see." Thereupon the sack was upended and out rolled the camp grindstone!

In the latter days of his career on the frontier, Yellowstone Kelly campaigned with General Nelson Miles. Kelly had been operating in central Montana, the Judith Basin, prior to his duty with Miles.

In typical frontier manner, Kelly was approached by an officer in Miles' command one day. Kelly untied a huge bear paw he had strung on his saddle. The claw measured over a foot long without claws!

"The General wants to see you," Captain Randall said.

Yellowstone Kelly unslipped the claw, and said, "I will send it up as my card." He was immediately made chief scout for the immense district of Yellowstone. It was the capstone of his illustrious career. ●

CHIEF BLACK HAWK

(Continued from page 19)

clubbed and shot every Indian they saw, women and children as well as braves!"

When the assault was at its height, the *Warrior* appeared and joined the attack. The Indians were in a pincers.

General Atkinson immediately capitalized on the situation. A number of Indians, seeking to escape, had swum to a nearby island for refuge. When the *Warrior* appeared Atkinson directed an attack upon the island, while the *Warrior* raked the trees with its six-pounder, loaded with canister. The *Warrior* also sent small boats to shore to transport soldiers to the island. Zach Taylor sent a detachment in the boats, and these soldiers raked the island with fire as the canister barrage knocked the Indians from the trees. The Mississippi ran red with blood. History records that but one Indian on the island survived, but doesn't explain how that happened.

An unearthly silence fell over the battlefield. There was practically no one left to kill. The Americans took 39 prisoners, all women and children. They were escorted to Jefferson Barracks by Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, who would one day become President of the Confederacy.

Of the 1,200 soldiers engaged, 17 were killed and 12 wounded. The Indian casualties were 150 killed and 150 drowned. An historical marker at the site of the battle states that 300 crossed the river, of whom 150 were killed by Sioux instigated by General Atkinson. Those who were not killed were taken prisoners. (Indian Agent Street told the Sioux that by their act they were redeemed in the eyes of the government for an earlier failure to serve the United States as warriors.)

General Winfield Scott later apologized for the killing of women and children, saying some were killed and hurt unavoidably.

The victory was complete but for one thing. Black Hawk, the principal prize, escaped. In company with ten of his warriors the Sauk chief made his way to the Winnebago village of Prairie La Crosse where the squaws made him a handsome garment of white deerskin. Resplendent in his new outfit, he surrendered to General Street at Prairie du Chien.

Said Black Hawk, "We did not expect to conquer the whites. They had too many guns, too many men. I took up the battle for my part to revenge injuries which my people could no longer endure."

Of his home he said, "Rock River was a beautiful country. I loved my towns, my cornfields, and the home of my people. I fought for it."

The Sauk's "trail of tears" which ended at Bad Axe was actually "... a rear guard action against advancing invaders which compelled the Federal Government to put an army in the field, a masterfully

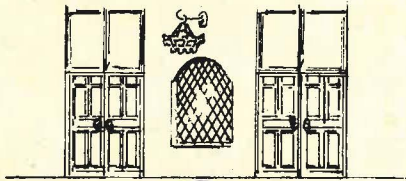


Kelly was brought up among New York State's Iroquois and was schooled in all the Indian ways.



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BUFFALO BILL

Continued from page 16

To the people of Cody, Buffalo Bill was far more than a great showman and buffalo hunter. It was Buffalo Bill, they will tell you, who persuaded the Burlington Railroad to build a branch line to Cody in 1901. And it was Buffalo Bill who not only helped to establish the town, but also began building the irrigation canal which still serves part of the area. It was Buffalo Bill who saw the need for greater water resources in the Big Horn Basin, and urged the newly organized US Reclamation Service to build a giant reservoir, later named the Buffalo Bill Dam.

By 1912, the greatest years had passed and Buffalo Bill, at 66, was a tired and often disenchanted man. His debts mounted higher and higher, and his income became less and less. While visiting his sister in Denver, the legendary showman visited Harry Tammen who, with Fred Bonfils, owned the Denver Post. Tammen loaned the aging scout \$20,000 but when it came time to repay, Cody had to sell everything he owned.

He went to work for the Sells-Floto Circus, owned by Tammen, although he could no longer ride a horse and was forced to drive a team of white horses hitched to a phaeton. In his contract Cody agreed not to take more than three drinks a day. However, he always had the whiskey served to him in over-sized beer mugs.

Finally, at the end of 1914, he broke with Tammen and talked of buying another show called Ranch 101, owned by the Miller Brothers. But his pleas for capital from those friends who once said, "If you ever need anything, just call on me," fell on deaf ears.

During the summer of 1916, in desperate need for money, he went on the road again with the 101 Ranch. His aide, Johnny Baker, had to help him on his horse. Cody would slump there, waiting for the signal. When the curtains parted, Johnny would shout, "Ready, Colonel!" Buffalo Bill

would raise his chin from his chest and straighten his back. By sheer will power he would sit erect and ride his great white horse, doffing his big Stetson and bowing while the crowd cheered.

Finally, on January 10, 1917, sick, broken and virtually friendless, Buffalo Bill died at his sister's home in Denver.

A decade earlier he had written in his will, "It is my wish and I hereby direct that my body shall be buried in some suitable plot of ground on Cedar Mountain, overlooking the town of Cody, Wyoming . . . to which, wheresoever and to whatever parts of the earth I may have wandered, I have always longed to return."

As soon as he had died, the Denver Post initiated a nationwide drive for pennies from school children to erect a monument for Buffalo Bill on Lookout Mountain, overlooking the Mile-High city. His wishes concerning his burial place were ignored, with his widow, Louisa, making the decision. Many Denverites and Cody residents still insist that Mrs. Cody was paid \$10,000 by Tammen for the privilege of selecting the burial place.

Sell and Weybright, in their book about Buffalo Bill and the Wild West, wrote that "you will hear it said in Denver that he was a pathetic old poseur who drank too much. And yet in Denver there is that rugged, sky-topped monument over his grave at Lookout Mountain that hails him as Colorado's glorious son . . . The moment he died he became immortalized as the Great American Hero. All the richness, the depth of spirit, the magnificent heroism of Buffalo Bill were suddenly remembered."

Today, although his remains lie on Lookout Mountain, the Buffalo Bill Historical Museum and the Whitney Gallery of Western Art at Cody provide a living memorial to the greatness of the man who was the Wild West. And that is as it should be — for that is where his heart is. □

in the vast Red Desert region.

Today the BLM is carrying out programs to drastically reduce the mustang population. In the Pryor Mountain area, the BLM has proposed that the estimated 200 horses in that region either be cut down to 30 or, under an alternate, would entirely eliminate all wild horses, rounding them up and selling them at auction. In a 1968 official bulletin, the BLM states that "horse numbers must be brought under control this year."

In a statement on wild horses, the BLM recognizes that "to many the wild horse is symbolic of a romantic and significant era of our national history. To these people a free roaming herd grazing across the open range has great aesthetic value. At the same time, wild horses compete with big game and domestic livestock for the limited forage produced by the arid land.

While it is still possible to search the barren backcountry of the West, in the Sand Washes of Colorado or the Red Desert of Wyoming, and find a proud stallion with his *manada* (band of mares), the search is becoming more difficult, and the number of horses fewer and fewer. The sight of two mighty stallions engaged in mortal combat for control of a herd, as described so vividly by C. J. Jones, has already been almost relegated to the pages of history. "They approach each other," he writes, "walking on their hind feet, with eyes which simulate balls of molten metal. Their great mouths are already open, exposing their sharp teeth, with which they inflict most terrible punishment. Now their keenly cutting hoofs are flying every direction, and their powerful jaws grasp neck, shoulders, or any portion they can get hold of.

"They fight with all the desperation of bulldogs, throwing their whole force against each other; consequently the weaker goes to the wall a terribly mutilated brute. If he is not equal in strength, or lacks in endurance to

withstand the awful shock of his adversary, he is at last hurled to the ground — kicked, stamped on, and torn by the teeth of his mad antagonist; and if by chance he can rise again, he rushes off, glad to escape with his life."

And gone forever will be eyewitness accounts like this by John Warrington: "On a high rise the traveler sees an equine figure silhouetted against the sky. Near him other beautiful horses graze peacefully. Suddenly the lookout stallion takes alarm, leaps from the ledge and leads his herd down a boulder-strewn slope at amazing speed. Behind a bend in the mountain the wild band disappears. But in the beholder's memory, this striking picture of these swift, keen-scented wild horses of the West remains forever."

Some attempts have been made to establish wild horse refuge areas, and it appears that this is the only hope remaining if the once-proud stallion is to survive. In 1964 the National Mustang Association was formed in Cedar City, Utah, and a privately owned area has been set aside in Tooele County for the few remaining wild horses in Utah.

A federal law has now been passed which prohibits any motorized vehicle from being used to hunt the wild horse. This law, unfortunately, is largely ineffective since officials maintain that in a legal sense all the horses running loose on the prairies today actually belong to some individual. US Attorney Robert Chaffin, called upon to prosecute horse collectors who used an airplane in their hunt, said on December 24, 1966, "the alleged wild horses still are privately owned, even if they're not branded." All charges against the accused were dropped.

The wild horse, personified by the mighty stallion, is heading for his last roundup — and some day, not too far away, the old cowboy will point to a bronze statue in the museum and say, "Son, that was once known as a Wild Horse." □



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