



THE YELLOWSTONE INTERPRETER

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The purpose of this publication is to provide scientific and historical data for the use of Park personnel engaged in interpretive activities..

Issues will appear bi-monthly and employees are urged to contribute articles and items of lasting interest. The Park Historian will serve as editor. Contributions or inquiries concerning published material should be addressed to him.

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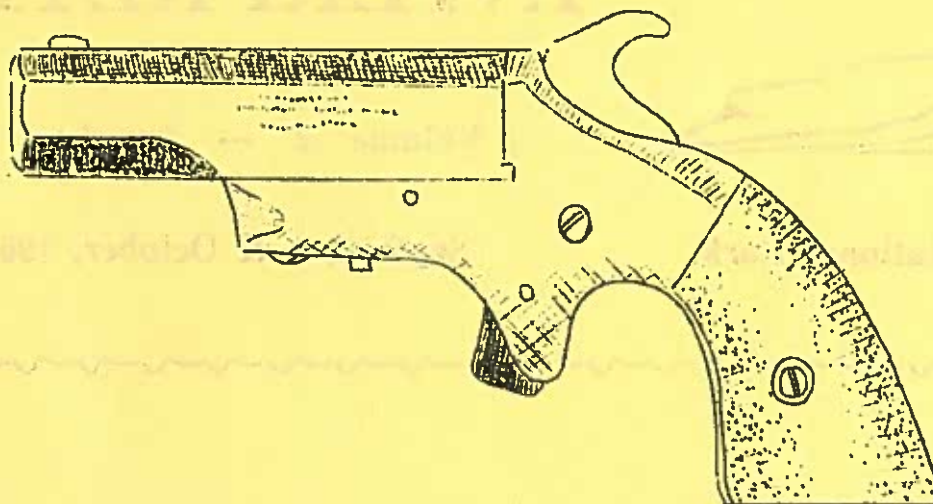
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GENERAL WASHBURN'S POCKET PISTOL



This gun was carried through the Yellowstone wilderness by Henry Dana Washburn in 1870.

It is a .42 calibre "Southerner", made by the Brown Mfg. Co. of Newburyport, Mass., and carries a Patent date of Apr. 9, 1867 (Serial No. 6152). Loading is accomplished by pivoting the barrel side-ways after releasing the locking stud under the frame. Rimfire cartridges were used. The barrel is of iron, the frame of brass and the handgrips are of hardwood.

The gun was donated by Robert Hazlett Washburn, a great nephew of General H. D. Washburn.

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Drawn by Jean Swearingen

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

WALTER WASHINGTON DELACY

Of the many colorful characters who have had a hand in making Yellowstone's history, this talented civil engineer is perhaps the least known. And yet, he was a man who accomplished much--as teacher, soldier, surveyor, miner and cartographer; a man who might have taken credit for the discovery of this outstanding region of hot springs and geysers, had he been less modest.

He was born February 22, 1819, at Petersburg, Virginia, to William and Eliza deLacy of Norfolk. Theirs was a noble Irish family which had declined on these shores, and young Walter lost both parents while yet a boy. His up-bringing was left to a pair of maiden aunts and a batchelor uncle, who did well by him. In fact, his uncle even moved to Emmetsburg, Maryland, to be near-by while the young man attended Mount Saint Mar Catholic College (where he specialized in mathematics and languages--French, Portuguese and Spanish).

Since Civil Engineering was the career he wished to follow, deLacy's uncle had previously obtained for him an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point, but that had been denied him through official chicanery. But that wrong was righted by Professor Mahon, who felt a responsibility to the boy's family. He took Walter to West Point for tutoring by himself and other officers, thus providing him with what was undoubtedly the finest education in Civil and Military Engineering available in that day--at no cost.

In the year 1839, while deLacy was working as a railroad surveyor, he was called to the City of Washington to take an examination for a commission in the regular army. With the rank of lieutenant, deLacy became an assistant teacher of French at the Military Academy; but he soon resigned that position to become an instructor in languages for the United States Navy, teaching midshipmen on board several line-of-battle-ships until 1846.

Returning to his true interest--engineering, deLacy was employed by a group of wealthy men to search for abandoned Spanish silver mines, and he was in the Southwest when war began with Mexico. He took a brave part in that conflict, gaining a captaincy, and, during the years immediately following, he was employed in the West on a number of government projects--a survey for a railroad across the Isthmus of Tehuan-

tepec, the survey of the thirty-second parallel of latitude from San Diego, California, to San Antonio, Texas, and hydrographic surveys on Puget Sound.

The latter work put him in position to play a very important role in the Indian War of 1856 in the struggling new Territory of Washington. Governor Isaac I. Stevens made deLacy his engineer officer with responsibility for planning and constructing the blockhouses and forts which protected the settlements while the volunteer forces campaigned in the Indian country east of the Cascade Mountains.

Having proven himself as a military engineer, deLacy was given employment on a favorite project of Governor Stevens--the construction of the Mullan Road. He was the man who set the grade stakes for the crews, and, at the eastern terminus, he later laid out the town of Fort Benton at the head of navigation on the Missouri River.

Apparently deLacy's experience in Mexico caused him to recognize the mineral possibilities of Idaho and Montana. He followed the succession of stampedes which opened up the northern Rocky Mountains, and it was a prospecting tour in 1863--with a party he called "the forty thieves", which took him across the southwestern corner of the present Yellowstone Park. There he found Shoshone Lake and the Lower Geyser Basin, but failure to adequately publish his discoveries prevented deLacy from having the credit his explorations merited.

But there was a valuable result. In 1864 the first Territorial Legislature of Montana commissioned deLacy to prepare an official map to be used in laying out counties, and his map, published in 1865, showed just enough of the Yellowstone region to whet the interest of Montanans (on it was the lake and falls on the Yellowstone River, and a "hot spring valley" at the head of the Madison River). The map was periodically improved during the twenty-four years it was in print, and a copy of the edition of 1870--complete with the route of the Folsom-Cook-Peterson party of the previous year and extensively corrected to accord with their observations, was carried by the Washburn party of 1870. Thus, deLacy was able to contribute greatly to the success of the definitive exploration of this land of hot springs and geysers.

Dropping back somewhat, deLacy assumed a familiar role in Montana's Sioux War of 1867, in which he was appointed Colonel of Engineers for the Territorial Volunteers. In that conflict he again displayed his usual quiet bravery by going to the relief of Federal troops beleaguered at Fort C. F. Smith on the Bozeman road. Loading a wagon train with Gallatin Valley potatoes and flour for the famishing garrison, he

pushed through with a handful of volunteers--despite warnings that the Sioux would gobble them up.

The remaining years of deLacy's life were occupied with surveying and civil engineering. He fixed the initial point and laid out the base line for the public land surveys of Montana, prepared a map for the Northern Pacific Railroad which greatly influenced the choice of a route through the Territory, and accomplished a perilous survey of the Salmon River. He was later City Engineer for Helena, Montana, and an employee in the Surveyor General's Office there. He worked to within a few weeks of his death on May 13, 1892.

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AN IMPORTANT ACCESSION

In addition to the pocket pistol shown on page 48, Mr. Robert Hazlett Washburn also donated the medical kit carried through the Yellowstone wilderness in 1870 as a part of the "outfit" of the Washburn-Langford-Doane expedition.

The following is a description of the medical kit and its contents: The case is 17 1/8 inches long, 6 1/8 inches wide and 3 inches deep, hinged to provide a lid with a depth of 1 1/4 inches. The wood appears to be cherry, except in the bottom, which is of pine. Fabrication is with brass screws, and brass corner reinforcements. An oval brass plate inlaid in the lid (outside) is marked, "U S A Hosp. Dep't."

The interior of the box is lined with purple velveteen and contains, in the lower compartment, a tourniquet (with a ponderous clamping screw); a skein of "Surgeons warranted pure silk No. 1", which is noted as "Chinese silk, genuine, Tsatlee"; a piece of Chamois holding two surgical needles--curved and triangular-bladed; a small, funnel-shaped appliance of brass; and an array of eight surgical instruments--six knives varying from a large one with 10 1/2 inch blade to a scalpel with a two-inch blade, a small saw and a hook-like device. The upper compartment, which is separated from the lower by a padded divider, contains a large bone-saw (designed similar to a hacksaw and with a replaceable blade); a pair of heavy tweezers with toothed jaws; another hook-like device (but with an eye in the end); and a pair of bone-nippers.

Altogether, this standard kit of the Civil War surgeon is better-suited to the practise of amputation than to "first-aid". No wonder Lt. Gustavus C. Doane preferred to have the opening of the felon on his thumb "elegantly done" with friend Langford's well-whetted penknife.

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THE BURNING OF HENDERSON'S RANCH

by

Aubrey L. Haines

The Nez Perce Indian War, as it swirled through the new Yellowstone National Park in the late summer of 1877, was mostly a frustrating game of military blindman's buff, but, at a few isolated points there was some fighting. Most of the encounters were mere chance collisions, but one--the attack on Henderson's ranch, is recognizable as a battle, in a small way.

It remains uncertain just when James Henderson settled on what later became Stephens Creek, about two and one-half miles west of the present town of Gardiner, Montana. However, an entry made in the diary of his brother, A. Bart Henderson, on October 7, 1872,^{1/} would indicate the site was occupied that summer (probably as a headquarters for the work the Henderson's were doing on their "Bozeman toll road"). With the subsequent transfer of that project to George James, or "Yankee Jim", James Henderson went to ranching and Bart continued his indifferent prospecting.

As things stood in the summer of 1877, the Henderson ranch was the last farmstead on the rude wagon track to the Mammoth Hot Springs. It was a place where prospectors and others came to get mail and supplies brought in from Bozeman by the twice-weekly "stage", and there the Henderson's --with their eight children, lived by primitive husbandry, their principle wealth being horses. Neighbors were few and far between: James C. McCartney at the "Springs", a few miners on Bear Creek, George Reese on the creek to which he gave his name, and "Yankee Jim" and "Uncle" Joe Brown on opposite sides of the Yellowstone River above the "second canyon".

News of the Nez Perce attacks on the Radersburg and Helena tourists reached Mammoth Hot Springs the night of

^{1/} A. Bart Henderson, "The Yellowstone Diaries...(1867-1873), Part III: Journal of Various Prospecting Trips, Stampedes, &c During the Years 1871, & 1872 [and 1873]", in The Yellowstone Interpreter, Vol. 2, No. 3 (May & June, 1964), pp. 38-39.

August 26-27, causing a partial evacuation, on the following day, as far down the Yellowstone Valley as Emigrant Gulch. Those who elected to remain were the Helena tourists--Weikert, Stone and Dietrich, with a Bozeman man by the name of Jake Stoner, and a few well-armed local men with property to protect. The latter concentrated at the Henderson ranch as the most defensible point available.

For several days nothing happened and the men at the ranch must have relaxed somewhat; anyhow, when a party of Nez Perce raiders came into sight on the morning of August 31, four of the defenders were down at the river, 300 yards away, fishing.^{2/} At the house was Henderson's nearly grown son--Sterling, and John Works, who had been taking a nap. Fortunately, the man got up and walked outside in time to see the first eight Indians as they began their charge down the open slope nearly a mile to the east. He called the boy and together they took the rifles and ammunition to the men at the river bank (James Henderson, Joe Brown, George Reese and William Davis).^{3/}

By the time the Indians were alighting at the buildings, the six defenders had reached some large boulders about one-hundred yards from the house. From there they opened fire as the raiders were attempting to drive the horses out of the corral, starting a peculiar little battle.

At the first volley, the Nez Perce horses ran out in the open, half-way to the rocks where the whites were sheltering. Left afoot, the Indians had to take cover behind the house and barn. The combatants held their positions for about two hours, firing only occasional shots until an Indian tried to reach the horses. He was quickly driven back to cover by a fusilade.

Meanwhile, ten mounted Nez Perce sat their horses on the terrace behind the ranch, watching the fight. When the whites finally gave up by crawling back to the river and crossing over in a boat, the mounted group followed them to the water's edge and fired a few parting shots. The others set fire to Henderson's house, gathered up all the horses in view and started toward Mammoth Hot Springs.

^{2/} Hugh Lenox Scott, Some Memories of a Soldier (New York: Century Company, 1928), p. 62.

^{3/} E. S. Topping, The Chronicles of the Yellowstone (St. Paul: Pioneer Press, 1883), pp. 217-218.

Actually, help was near when the engagement was broken off, for Lt. Gustavus C. Doane was just then rounding Cinnabar Mountain with 70 Crow scouts and a few cavalymen.^{4/} He put his command to the gallop when he saw the smoke billow up from the burning ranch house, and he pushed hard enough to recover nineteen horses from the fleeing raiders.

There were no casualties in that two-hour battle over a ranch house and some horses--unless we count Richard Dietrich, who was picked off the stoop of McCartney's cabin at Mammoth Hot Springs as the Nez Perce passed by. Even so, it was a tragedy for the Hendersons. James stayed with Doane's command for a time, hoping to get back some more of his horses, while the people of Bozeman subscribed one-hundred dollars for his wife and children made homeless by the burning of the ranch. As the French would say, "C'est la Guerre!"

4/ Frank D. Carpenter, Adventures In Geyserland, ed. by H. D. Guie and L. V. McWhorter (Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, 1935), pp. 193-194.

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THE BALD EAGLE IN YELLOWSTONE

For the past several summers a study of bald eagles in this area has been conducted by seasonal naturalist Joseph R. Murphy. Here are some of the results:

Nesting. Lately, there have been about ten nesting pairs of bald eagles in the Park. The majority of the nests are located in the south end, adjacent to the larger rivers and lakes. Without exception, the nests are found in large trees close to water. Most of the nests are fairly remote from areas frequented by visitors, and the eagles appear to be quite intolerant of human disturbances.

Productivity. Most commonly two eggs are laid, but often only one eaglet is brought to maturity. The productivity for recent years is an average of 1.25 per nest. During 1963, the majority of the nesting pairs were unsuccessful in raising their young.

Winter Status. On the basis of observations made by permanent personnel, it would appear that the wintering population closely approaches the nesting population in size. Thus, it may be that a rather non-migratory population of this species exists in the Yellowstone region.

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A REMINISCENCE OF WILLIAM PETERSON

(Member of the Folsom-Cook-Peterson party of 1869)

[Editorial Note: So little information is available on William Peterson that it seems advisable to present here the reminiscent account recently obtained from Mrs. Ralph Irvin, of Salmon, Idaho, through the kindness of Librarian Eunis Robertson of the Salmon Public Library. The account is undated but its abrupt ending prior to Mr. Peterson's removal to Salmon would indicate it was written before 1900.]

I was born on a farm on the Bornholm Islands, in the Baltic Sea (Denmark), on December 3, 1834. I had three sisters and three brothers. I went to school until the age of 14 years, made all grades and was confirmed [graduated] before I was 15, as the compulsory school laws of Denmark required.

I was in the town of Ruma, which is on the coast, one day and met a sea captain and asked him [if] I could get to sea, and he told me that he would let me know in a week. At the end of that time--the longest week of my life--he notified me to come. I went to Copenhagen where I signed as cabin boy on a ship which went on a trading voyage to Iceland. We were gone about three months but we finally got back to Copenhagen with our load of wool, tallow, down and furs. Iceland is a great place to get down--eider down--from the duck's nests, and they never allow any of these ducks to be killed.

I then signed for a trip on the Christiana to Messina, Sicily, still as a cabin boy, and from there back to Hamburg, Germany; and from thence to Havana, Cuba, where we loaded sugar for Hamburg, after which we went to Odessa on the Black Sea. On our trip out of the Black Sea we met the British fleet going in at the Dardanelles. This was the beginning of the Crimean War.

I left that ship when my time was up and went back to Copenhagen, where I signed to go on a Danish ship to St. Johns, New Brunswick, loaded with brick. At St. Johns I deserted that ship and went on an English vessel to Dublin, Ireland, where we got a load of passengers for New York. Here I left this ship and took a United States ship going to Santos, Brazil, and on this trip the crew all died from yellow fever. After this I took ship to Calcutta, India, and from thence home, where I met some British ships and in asking the news was informed that Sevastopol had been taken by them. I then went on to

London and from thence to New York again. I made a couple of trips down the coast to Galveston and Savannah, and several trips to the Mediterranean Sea...[and] two trips to Europe --one to Amsterdam and one to London--from New York...all on the same ship.

On one of these trips we saved some men from the wreck of the Mayflower. This ship had passed us about two days before, after which came a gale and we overtook her wrecked. She was loaded with staves so she could not sink but was pitching around in the ocean, and as soon as we sighted her we saw that she was dismasted and noticed people aboard her. We got up as close as we could and our Captain called, "All hands aft!" Said he: "Men, do you see those people aboard that wreck? I want some men to volunteer and try to save them." I was the first one to step forward and three more followed me, and that was all there was of us to man that longboat. So we started for the wreck where we took off three at a time--six altogether--consisting of [the] Captain, Second Mate, one hand, and three old people. On the poop deck there were three or four bodies in the debris and we could see them move as the ship rolled but could not reach them. The Captain's wife had been washed overboard. We took them as passengers to Southhampton, England.

When I got back to New York from my second trip to Europe, I was coming up South Street, when I met the First Mate of the ship I had made my trip to Calcutta in, and he invited me to go aboard his ship. He was then Captain of the A. B. Badger and said he wanted to talk to me. I visited him the next day and, after questioning me very closely, he said: "I need a second mate and you can have the berth if you want it." I said: "Captain, being as I don't know whether I am competent or not..." "I'll take care of that", he said. I accepted and made two trips with him, one to the Mediterranean Sea and one to Cape Good Hope, Africa. Leaving South Africa, we came back by the way of the West Indies and stopped at Crab Island and loaded sugar for New York. At New York I left that ship and took second mate on another ship, the Stampede, and sailed to Marseille and Barcelona, and loaded again at Malaga with fruit for New York. At Malaga, while in port, a Danish ship came alongside and I went aboard of her and found the Captain to be the man who was second mate of the ship on which I had left home for the first time. He told me about my people and took news of me to my folks, who afterwards wrote to me at New York.

I had several offers of jobs as second mate, but I had decided that I didn't want any of them but would go to California. So I got with John Downs and signed out on the Mary

Robinson for San Francisco as a sailor before the mast. We left New York in the fall of 1860, went by way of Cape Horn and arrived at San Francisco, after a voyage of 120 days, in the spring of 1861. I then left the ship and after a few days I heard of the gold excitement in Idaho, so I at once shipped aboard a vessel bound for Portland, Oregon, and from there by river boat to the Dalles. Portland was only a small town at that time and so muddy we could hardly get up the street, and we only stayed over night. At Walla Walla we found one store, two saloons and two companies of soldiers who were stationed at this point. The excitement was over the discovery of gold made in the Clearwater country in 1860. I was well acquainted with Captain Pierce, one of the discoverers of those famous "diggings" in and around Pierce City. He was afterwards in this country around the Spring Mountain mining section during the eighties, and I met him later in Chicago. I also knew Rhodes, another one of the discoverers of the district.

I picked up a partner on the boat by the name of Parker and we outfitted at the Dalles and started at once for Pierce City and to Orofino. On our way we heard of a new district at Elk City, so we turned and went up there. That fall, 1861, Florence was struck. As we passed Lewiston there was a house being built called the Luna House, and also a few tents. We arrived at Elk City in the early summer of 1861 and worked there all summer, part of the time for myself as Parker, my partner, and I had divided, and part of the time for another fellow, making only good wages. In the fall, with six other fellows, we left for the outside where we could winter. We took with us grub enough only to last to the Clearwater where there was a store, but when we got there the fellow had gone and, there being no store, we had to travel on 15 miles further to Cold Spring station--a log cabin--but when we got on the bar intervening we found a foot and half of snow and a storm was on. After three days we got to Cold Spring station nearly starved. I found when I arrived there that my partner had struck it rich, sold out for several thousand and had left the country without giving me my share.

I took my blankets and grub on my back and went on toward Lewiston and Walla Walla. One night my fire started up and burned my hat and almost my bed. I was able, however, to put it out with some snow. I met a fellow on my way--a Frenchman--who gave me an old coonskin cap. Between Lewiston and the Dalles and just below Tukanon there was a little stopping place where a man and woman, with their family, lived. It was named after this family and called Whetstone Springs. They wanted me to stay all winter with them so I did. My work was mostly to keep plenty of fire wood on hand for the house. Before spring the man had to go to Walla Walla for grub and while he was gone the baby died. I got a fellow who was passing by

to tell somebody up at Tukanon to come down and help me bury the baby. Two men came down and the father got home also in time for the burial. One of the men who came down was George Ives, the first man who was afterwards hung by the Vigilantes of Montana. He was reckoned a very good fellow in those days but he got in the wrong company. That was a very hard winter --some two or three feet of snow--all the way from Camas Prairies to the Dalles. Most all the stock in the country perished. Ives lost his pack train in the spring, took the two mules he had left and went to Virginia City, Montana, and got in with the road agents over there and that was where he fell down.

In the spring I went back to Florence, worked a few weeks, when there came the Buffalo Hump excitement. A bunch of us went up there and prospected all the summer of 1862, so that when we got back to Florence it had been worked out and mostly deserted. We were quite surprised as the place was a town of perhaps ten thousand people when we left it in the spring. I told the other fellows, as they were leaving, that I was going to go to work some place and, as two companies had left a few men to look after their property, I hunted up Mr. Leland, the foreman of one company, and he put me to work. Myself and three other fellows stayed in and looked after the cabins, and four prospected in a swamp nearby, drifting under ground on bedrock and rocked out the dirt making as high as ten dollars a day to the man. In the spring I worked awhile, but went to Warren at the first excitement and as soon as it was struck. But it did not amount to much, so I did not stay long, but ran a pack train for some fellows for two months between Lewiston and Boise. Freight was twenty-five and fifty cents a pound. I quit the pack train and went to work in the mines at Centerville, on Granite Creek in Boise Basin, where I stayed all the winter of 1863. I became acquainted with John Bailey and Jim Hawley there that winter.

In the spring of 1864, after working a little while, we organized a company and went over to Virginia City, but I did not stay there over a week. A party of eleven of us struck out for the British possessions in Canada and soon arrived at Wild Horse Creek, B. C., where we found good ground. About 1500 men were working and prospecting there during the summer. I carried a gold nugget that weighed \$218.25 out of that country for Enos Watson, which he had taken out of the ground [there] that season. I gave it back to him here, in Lemhi, in 1870.

I went back to Tukanon in the fall of 1864. There were a great many people came near starving to death at Wild Horse that winter, but we had a good winter at Tukanon. All I had to do was to take care of four horses. In the spring of 1865

I went back to Wild Horse and made \$2000 with a rocker in a few weeks time. I then came out into Montana and went to work at Diamond during the summer of 1865. This place was forty miles east of Helena. I worked for the Boulder Ditch Company, placer mining. That company owned and worked what was considered the richest ground in the Northwest. I worked there for five years. One winter we were drifting under ground and one day the fellows working in the drift next to where I was working said: "Boys we've struck it rich!" We went over to where they were and saw them pan two shovels of this rich dirt and they got \$1100.

In the fall of 1869, a party was organized to explore the country at the headwaters of the Yellowstone River. It had been the talk among prospectors for years at Helena, Bozeman and Virginia City, "Wonder what's at the head of the Yellowstone?" But Indians were bad, so they wanted quite a large party to explore this region. When the party was about organized, they asked for a guard of soldiers to protect them, but, being refused, they all got cold feet and refused to go. Myself and two friends--Charley Cook and D. E. Folsom, who worked for the same company at Diamond that I did--after having made a trip to Helena to join the big party and finding out that they were not going to go, decided to go ourselves. It happened this way. When we got back from Helena, Cook says, "If I could get one man to go with me, I'd go anyway." I spoke up and said, "Well, Charley, I guess I can go as far as you can," and Folsom says, "Well, I can go as far as both of ye's", and the next thing was, "Shall we go?", and then, "When shall we start?" We decided to go and started next day; went to Three Forks, and the next day, to Bozeman where we outfitted with plenty of supplies. We had a saddle horse apiece and two pack horses and a good outfit.

We did not stay close to the river, but kept pretty well in the high lands all the way up to the forks of the river. Before we got to the forks, traveling along a ridge, we noticed a band of stock running along a ridge, and without field glasses we saw that it was a band of Indian horses being run into camp. We were traveling on a ridge when we saw what it was; we turned our glasses up the country and saw two Indians on a rock watching us. Cook says to me: "What shall we do?" I says, "Well, those Indians have seen us before we saw them, so it won't do to show the white feather", so I says, "let's tighten our cinches and packs, fill our cartridge belts and go on about our business, and if the worst comes to the worst, we can sell our lives as dearly as possible." Then we started on and saw an Indian coming to head us off, and behind him, another one. Mr. Cook says, "I don't like the way they're coming." I says, "Charley, that's the way I want 'em to come if they are hostile--one or two at a time." But all they did

was beg for matches, caps, powder, etc., but we gave them nothing and showed them that we used cartridges, so had no caps or powder. I told the boys, "Just keep ago in", and the Indians followed us a half mile or so. I let the boys go ahead and dropped behind the Indians 'till they left us. I told the boys that I was not going to let 'em shoot me in the back and me know nothing about it. After we had traveled about a mile we got on a big Indian trail with a band of horses going in the same direction as we were and we followed it, but they crossed the west fork [Yellowstone River] and then on across the east fork [Lamar River], then left the river and went toward the Rosebud, so we never saw them.

We followed up the beautiful valley of the east fork for about 15 miles when we found that we were going wrong and turned westward through the hills; through what is now the Yellowstone National Park. We kept this course and got into all those natural curiosities and things that abound there, which cannot be described and are too numerous if one could. We saw the geysers [thermal areas on the Mirror Plateau] and then came to the falls of the Yellowstone. We tried to measure them and finally decided that they were about 250 feet high. We went on up the river to the next fall and calculated that they were about 100 feet high. Then we went on up the river until we came to Yellowstone Lake where we camped. Here Folsom engraved our names on a piece of lava rock, then cut a mortise in a pine tree and shoved the rock into it. The day was September, 1869; this was also cut on the rock. We turned and went back to the river and around the other side of the lake and camped at some hot springs. There we found some petrified grasshoppers. We took two bunches as curiosities. There was something new all the time. We found the big mud spring and jokingly spoke of it as "Hell". Leaving that camp we traveled westward and saw another large lake [Shoshone Lake]. It was a beautiful sheet of water and then we came to what is now Firehole Basin where there were some big springs. One of them would throw water and mud about 100 feet high--boiling hot water. We went on down the canyon and back to Three Forks without further mishap.

I left Diamond in the summer of 1870 after the summer's work was over. I came to Leesburg and Loon Creek by the way of Whitehall, which was only a stage station at that time and then came on past where Dillon now stands and stayed all night at Martin Barrett's on Horse Prairie, and as they did not charge me anything for my lodging, I gave Mrs. Barrett two gold nuggets for her cabinet. I did not stay long at either Leesburg or Loon Creek, for I heard of some cows for sale at Bannack, so I went over there to buy them; but when I got there they wouldn't sell them. Leaving Bannack I went upon

the Grasshopper and bought a bunch of fourteen cows and some yearlings from a fellow who had just come up from Utah. I brought them over to the Lemhi Valley and started into the cattle business and stayed all that winter with Challis and Blackburn on a ranch which is now known as the Spahn ranch. Next year I located on what is now the Peter Amonson ranch, and which I afterwards sold to him. I ran my cattle in the hills and used the range on a small creek which came to be called Peterson Creek. I afterwards, when I sold my Lemhi ranch to Amonson, moved my cattle to the Pasamari and Lost River country.

[Editorial note: Mr. Peterson's reminiscence ends prior to his removal to Salmon, Idaho. There, where he lived for many years, William Peterson was twice Mayor. The Petersons had two children: a girl, Jessie, who died in infancy, and a boy, Harold, who lived to the age of 14. Their graves in the cemetery at Salmon are marked by a stone which reads: "Papa's Boy, Mama's Baby". William Peterson died November 28, 1939, outliving by many years his comrades in the Yellowstone adventure.]

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NOTE ON HERON ROOKERY

The heron rookery located almost directly across the Madison River from the Forest Service campground known as "Baker's Hole" is a well-developed society of long standing. There are at least thirty nests, which, when viewed with binoculars, appear to be loosely-made of interwoven sticks and branches. Most of the nests are built on dead trees located in a marshy area. There are as many as three nests spaced at intervals from the top of the trees downward, with all nests occupied. The trees are generously splattered with offal and excreta, which serves to identify the rookery from a considerable distance.

The heron colony can easily be viewed from the high banks above the river. Birds in flight can be observed gliding to a stop on nearby trees or directly on their nests. Birds can also be seen statuesquely posed on the edges of nests, on nearby limbs and on the very tops of trees, where they remain for long periods. Only their heads move as they scan in all directions.

Herbert T. Lystrup

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