

they know what deadly weapons lay on our saddles they might have been less confident. But it would have been a dirty, mean, Indian trick to have killed me.

Jim shot a sage-cock through the head. We got to camp an hour by sun. & the wagon got in soon after. Boyd had had a circus with his corral horse. & thrashed him soundly for various things. Poker at night. & I won heavily. 14<sup>5</sup> chips.

Sunday, Oct 31.

A red letter day. Russel began the day by inflicting severe punishment on his horse Selim, for almost nothing. He put a rope around his lower jaw, then jerked him, spurred him all over, kicked him & beat him, cursing him all the time. Everybody was disgusted. & even Brown went as far as to observe sotto voce to me that that man was "a damned fool," ~~to~~ which sentiment I fully concurred.

Boyd & I went off together, & Russel & Jim. We went N-E. into the bad lands, and a mile and a half from camp I killed a splendid buck, with fine, long horns. Will save the head for my own, and take the skeleton.

We disemboweled him, left him & rode on. Halted at 1 P.M. for half an hour. I rode The Digger, who is once

more in good condition. We made a big circuit Eastward & Southward, swinging back to camp, & in the High Divide, where our wagon trail comes down we found buffalo tracks! Also horse tracks. We rode along the tracks, keeping a bright lookout down the heads of the deep ravines which centre about the high buttes at that point. We rode up a grassy slope, still ascending, and came to a point where we could see down a fearfully deep & rugged ravine. We looked down it, and 300 or 400 yds away saw - two buffalos!

"Get down! Get down!" cried Boyd in a stage whisper.

We fell on our horses necks, wheeled them instantly, and rode down out of sight of the black-coated buffalos. They saw us, plainly, but we disappeared almost instantly. Putting in our spurs we galloped nimbly around to the left for a quarter mile, rode down along-side the ravine, then jumped off and left our horses standing, & made for the top of the ravine. We came out too far down, & so had to work up higher. The wind was in our favor, & we were sure our game could not escape.

We made good ready, & crept up into view at the top of a rocky point

And it is... politicians might have...  
lest the political effect of  
(Continued on page 2, column 3)

## Natural History Museum Adds Animal Groups

### Mounted Black Bears, Timber Wolves and Beavers To Be Placed in Natural Surroundings of Startling Reality, Staff's Handiwork

By Leonard Ingalls

Visitors to the American Museum of Natural History soon will find added to the exhibits in the museum's rapidly expanding Hall of North American Mammals some showcases depicting the Florida black bear, timberwolf and beaver, startling in their reality.

The exhibits are the product of many months and in some cases years of work, and are intended to give city dwellers and others who know little about nature an accurate picture of native American wildlife in its natural surroundings.

The Hall of North American Mammals was opened to the public in 1942 after six years of preparation. It contains fifteen habitat groups, with five others under construction. The completed groups include the Rocky Mountain goat, Roosevelt elk, Alaska moose and brown bear, grizzly bear, bison and mule deer. Eventually there will be twenty-nine different groups.

Most of the animals are caught alive in their native areas by expeditions from the museum. Only

the most nearly perfect of the specimens are chosen for the exhibits. These are killed and mounted in active poses to give the illusion of life. Such ferocious animals as bears are not captured alive, but must be hunted and shot.

While some members of the museum party are trapping the animals—most times in conjunction with state conservation officers—others are busy preparing for the reconstruction of woodland settings, which are an important part of the showcases.

Typical of the field trips was the one headed by Dr. T. Donald Carter, assistant curator of mammals, into the Michigan forests in July. The quarry was the common Canadian beaver.

The beaver is found in many sections of the United States, but Michigan was chosen as the source for the museum's specimens because of its high-quality animals and the significance of the beaver in Michigan's fur industry.

The expedition passed a month near Hoister Lake in the Gladwin

Game Refuge of Michigan. Under special permit from the Michigan Conservation Department, seven beavers were returned to New York—a pair of old beavers, a pair of yearlings and three kits, or baby beavers.

Also brought to New York were whole sections of poplar trees gnawed by the beavers, sections of the beaver dam and house, flowers, dirt, branches and other growth of the area, as well as paintings and photographs of the beaver pond and surrounding landscape. In all, there was more than half a ton of express.

Usually more animals than necessary for an exhibit are caught, so the museum's hunters may choose only the finest. In the case of the beavers, the hunters turned the animal's industry against them to capture them.

Beavers work at night. While they were resting during the day, the trappers made a small hole in the beaver dam and placed their traps below the surface of the water, a few feet from the hole.

(Continued on page 2, column 4)

There stood our buffaloes on the opposite side of the awful ravine, & pretty well below us. There were two, a young cow & a yearling calf. The cow was on the left, & was mine, & Boyd took the calf.

"Are you ready?" says I.

"Yes," says Boyd.

"Here goes," says I, & fired.

My cow fell broadside instantly, & lay there.

"Mine's down!" I cried.

"Mine ain't down yet," said Boyd. As he fired the calf rushed forward, and the bank hid it from our view. I reloaded instantly, & a second later a buffalo ran up to where the cow lay kicking.

"Big Love, there's another," said I.

It looked fully as large as the cow, & I thought it had been out of sight in the bottom of the ravine. I drew a bead on him & fired (distance 100 yds), and determined to kill all that came out. He fell instantly, & never rose again, - but it was the calf, after all, & there were no others there. We had bagged all we saw very neatly. "Don't let us were happy over getting two, - 11 & 12.

The cow was shot through the backbone, & my wish has at last

been granted, viz, to drop a buffalo dead in its tracks with a single ball. This is the only one so far that has been killed by one shot.

Never did buffaloes fall in a wilder spot. The rugged, scathed bare walls of the ravine sloped steeply upward on both sides a hundred feet or more, and the rugged chasm extended up and down in similar forms. On one side (N) rose the steep side of the High Butte, 400 ft or more.

We disemboweled our 2 buffaloes, & then started to camp. It was a dark, cloudy evening, raw & cold, & was quite dark when we got to camp. Boyd went too far S. just as I told him he was.

When we got to camp we had great fun "joshing" the other two fellows, who had had no luck. It seems they passed that spot just an hour before we did, but failed to strike the buffaloes. We told them we had killed "a bull and a cow," (the calf was a bull), after a long, hard chase, etc. etc. that the bull had a "beautiful head," neither had ever been shot "before," (the cow had been shot behind once though) etc. etc. It nearly broke their hearts.

I told Brown & Mark privately all about it, & they greatly enjoyed the "joshing" we gave the other two. Poker, I would

UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM

UNDER DIRECTION OF

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Salt Lake City, Utah,  
Nov 1. 1887.

My dear Professor Goode:-

Up to date our collection of live animals includes the following specimens:

- |   |                               |                      |
|---|-------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 | Columbian Black-tail Deer, ♂. | Wash. Territory.     |
| 1 | Mule Deer, ♀                  | Idaho.               |
| 1 | White-tail Deer, ♂.           | Montana.             |
| 1 | Cinnamon Bear, ♂.             | Montana.             |
| 1 | Silver Grey Fox, ♂            | Yukon River, Alaska. |
| 2 | Red Foxes, ♂. ♂.              | Montana & Utah.      |
| 2 | Lynxes, ♂ & ♀.                | Utah.                |
| 2 | Badgers, ♂ & ♀                | Utah.                |
| 1 | Prairie Dog,                  | Montana.             |
| 1 | Golden Eagle,                 | Utah.                |
| 4 | Prairie Dogs,                 | Wyoming.             |

Monday, Nov 1<sup>st</sup>

Brown, Boyd & I took the wagon and went out to skin the 2 buff. & bring in the hides. That took us until noon. Then Boyd & I went hunting coulees about there for more buffalo. Rode 4 or 5 coulees. saw lots of signs of where old solitary bulls had been hiding in the bottoms of the deepest & most inaccessible ravines. Great expectations, but no game.

Yesterday we saw a fine buck black-tail. & did some bad shooting at him at 200 yds. He got away. It was all for the best, for had we killed him we would have missed getting these two buffalos.

The six-mule team driven by old Joe, in charge of Corporal Clafer, and guided by West, arrived about 3 P.M. Had an upset 2 miles from camp, but hurt nothing. Brought 2000 lbs oats, and lots of provisions. 4 letters from my good Wife Josephine, 1 from Cal. 1 from Fred Lucas. We had syrup & butter on our bread for supper, & it was good.

There are 3 soldiers with the outfit, & they are very good fellows, too. Clafer is a first-rate sort of a chap, anxious to do his duty in fine style. We like him.

Tuesday, Nov 2<sup>nd</sup>

Wrote a lot of letters in a great hurry. Then cut up & tied up skeletons, labeled everything, & packed 9 buffalo skins, 1 head skin, 5 buff. skeletons, (fresh) & 3 extra skulls into the wagon to go back. Also 4 bags of antelope, coyote & deer skins, & a lot of antelope skulls. A very busy day. Hard wind all day, & fearful dust. Brown helped me mightily. Don't know how I could have got through without him. Wrote 12 letters, all short except the one to Her.

Jim & West went out to shoot antelope to send in on the wagon. Russell & Boyd went out & brought in my big buck. The Digger would not carry it. He pitched, bucked, kicked, bit the antelope, pawed it, kicked it, & simply wouldn't carry it. It was a very funny sight. Russell shot an antelope, & before I knew it he had given both hams to old Joe. - a very bright proceeding.

Russell broke his branches in fine style while we were away, but in the circus the brittle fell down a buck & sprained one of his stifle joints terribly. R. has been doctoring it faithfully ever since, & it gets some better, but it will be some time before the horse can be used.

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

The six-mule wagon left early. I sent a hindquarter of the buffalo calf and a saddle of antelope to Col Cochran, a saddle of antelope to Lieut Bailey, a pair of hauss to the P. Q. M. (Lieut Long), a " " " " West's Captain, and I lean to Kirley. Boyd & Brown went down the creek after a load of wood. West, Jim & Russell went hunting, & I was in camp all day at work on specimens, & writing up this log. Another windy day. Clear and warm enough.

Jim and West came in with blood on their whiskers, and hands, and buffalo hump on their saddles. It seems they went S-E. in the morning, toward the so-called Calf Creek Butte, but which the boys have now named after me. The butte is not on Calf Creek, and has no name, so Jim proposed that it should be called Hornaday Butte.

Well, Jim & West, were on the D. High Divide, near the Dry Lake, and as they were looking south with the glasses Jim saw some buffalo muzzling, and said

"They're Buffalo, by God! And there's somebody a muzzling them."

They jumped on their horses, and made for them. Jim was on Vic, & West on the Digger. In a few hundred yards the " " was left behind, &

Jim entered on a long chase. There were 5 buffalo in that herd, four young cows, and a yearling calf.

Pretty soon Jim & West saw another horseman on a ~~grey~~ roan pony chasing the buffalo, & they all galloped after the flying herd for 8 or 10 miles, through the bad lands south of the Divide.

Well, by & by, Jim lost sight of the herd, & came to a halt, knowing they were somewhere near in a ravine. His horse was completely fagged, & trembled all over, & could hardly stand up. While Jim was watching on the high point the other fellow appeared at the top of a ridge, & waved his hand to Jim to "keep still." Jim waited and he rode up, looking mighty mad.

"Well, pardner," says he, "you've run in on my buffalo."

"Well," says Jim, "I guess I have. But I didn't know there was any body after them!"

(Which was a whopper for Jim).

"Well," says the other, "they're right down in that little draw, there."

Jim proposed that they go at them together and whack 'em,

to which the other agreed. They went around and finally slipped up to the top of a high bank where they were almost on top of the buffalo. They cut loose. The other hunter was not a very good shot, & did not hit at all the first round, even at that short distance. Well, the upshot of it was Jim killed 3 of the cows & wounded the calf, while the other fellow killed one cow. Of course according to the agreement, Jim had to give up one of his cows, which left us two, a three-year-old and one 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The calf got away, running S-E. The other hunter killed a cow close to his camp when he first started the herd. He had started out on foot after antelope, & the buffo came within a mile of the camp. This exterminated the whole bunch, excepting the calf, and made 5 cows killed, all of them young.

Next came Talang & met the strange hunter, Spurtner, Brown. They fell to and skinned our two buffaloes.

By the unnumbered law of the buffalo hunter, Jim had really no

right to attack the bunch of buffaloes that the other fellow was chasing, not until he had given up the chase. But just now necessity alters the case, to Jim's mind. He was bound to have buffalo, neck or nothing, even if he had to fight for them.

The boys came home all tired out. Russell was almost beside himself when Jim came in and told of his success. He cursed his soul, & swore that he was an S.O.A.B. if he didn't ride for buffaloes after this. He simply tore himself, he felt so riled to think that two kills have been made since his.

Jim's 2 cows are Nos. 13 & 14.

Thursday, Nov 4.

A bitter cold night, & about 2" of snow fell. When we got up & looked out of the tent flaps it was storming in fine style, a heavy bank of leaden blue clouds lay in the north, filling up the creek bottom between the hills, and the wind that tore down from the N-W cut like cold steel. We had planned to go after the lides, but it was too stormy to think of it. Jim declared it was dangerous to go into the hills while it was storming, as the oldest hand was very apt to lose his way.

About 10 o'clock it ceased snowing, the sun came out, & the boys went out for a little hunt. I made Brown take my horse (John) saddle & gun, which he did under protest. He wanted to rig himself out with odds & ends on Gordy's, & leave John for me, but I could not leave it. So he and Boyd went to look through the ravines up near the 3-pointed Butte.

I got the 2 buffalo skins into shape. Washed a lot of blood off with ice-cold water in a driving cold wind, & nearly froze my hands. Combed, cleaned & salted the hides, folded them up, then it was noon. I decided to take a hunt toward the N-W. Went out on the flat & caught old Gordy, fixed up the little Goot saddle, took the Maynard, bundled up & lit out.

Rode due N-W. in the teeth of the wind, over the bleak divide, toward those Pines. Lord, how the wind did blow, & how cold it was. But with the exception of my face & fingers I kept warm. (Boyd had my fur gloves).

Saw no game. Rode within a mile of the pines. Found a fine spring: lots of cattle, etc. Circled toward the south coming back, & got in just at sunset. For let me

all ate a plenty at supper. At night we had a grand pow-wow, & decided that since ~~was~~ the water in the water-hole was nothing but liquid mud we must move camp. Jim told us of a fine spring he & West discovered at the head of the big ravine which runs down past my butte, and also reported wood close by. We decided to move camp in the morning, without delay.

Friday, Nov 5<sup>th</sup>

Moved camp, at least one load of it. Left the oats, chest, mess-box, etc. until tomorrow. Brown drove, Jim piloted. We pulled up onto the High Divide, past the Dry Lake, crossed the old half-breed trail, then hauled off S. into the head of the big gulch. Drove down about half a mile & came to the spring, a glorious big pool of clear cold, pure water at the foot of a perpendicular ~~sand~~ bank of hardpan. How lovely that water did look, & how good it tasted after that filthy stuff. When the water went down over yarder it revealed 4 big piles of cowdung at the bottom - the flavoring of our drinking water!



We pitched our camp on a little grassy slope in the shelter of a high wall that encircled it on the N. & W. sides like a protecting arm. Before us stretched the jagged chasm, extending away southward, with my butte in the distance, say 2 miles below. We are completely walled in, sheltered on all sides, hidden completely from the outside world. It is a lovely spot. West has made a sketch of the camp in my drawing book.

We arrived at 2 P.M. & unloaded in quick time. Jim & I at a little break, butter & syrup, then I took the ~~our~~ team, Jim rode ahead & pilot, & we rattled away post haste to get those buffalo skins & get back to camp with them before dark. We drove like Jehu, & got to them, after a course like this, about 5 miles long, by 4:30 P.M. We

tumbled hides, bones & carcasses into the <sup>Buffalo</sup> wagon, & started back in quick time. Sunset found us on the Divide, & soon after dark we got to camp. Had a little trouble to find the pass to camp.

Beautiful clear sunny day, & Clear night. When we got back found the tent pitched in regulation style, & banked up. It gives us a great deal more room than we had before.

Saturday, Nov 6.

Boyd, Jim & Russell went over to the Buffalo Buttes, but saw nothing. Brown took the wagon & went alone over to the old camp to bring the load that was left. It was a plucky thing to do, but it was his own proposition. He had to carry about 1600 lbs of oats to the top of the bank & put them in the wagon & put in the mess box & outfit chest alone. It was a big job, & only a Western boy would have had the pluck to tackle it all alone. Think of how "the calf" would have "fucked it".

I stayed at camp & went at the 2 buff. skins. They were in bad shape every way, bloody, baked in the sun, etc. Worked all day on them, & then did not get them done. Skinned 2 sage coons. Helped carry wood on my back, & also buffalo chips. Helped start the dug-out for Mack, & West worked on it all day, nearly. Fine

Sunday, Nov 7.

clear day. Half an hour before sunset I saddled Baldy & rode out to meet Brown. to pilot him in. I supposed he would go & come the same way we came here, & so I rode nearly to the 3-pointed butte, but did not meet him. It was then dark, and I was within 3 mi. of the old camp. Fired 2 shots, no answer, & so made up my mind he had got belated, & gone to the STV camp.

Rode back, & then Boyd & the other boys came in, about 8 o'clock. Then it came out that Boyd had told Brown to go & come by the old half-breed trail. So I said,

"That explains it. He is now on the old trail, West of here."

Boyd saddled up again, & set out to meet him, late as it was. He had not been gone 20 minutes when we heard the rattle of wheels, & Brown drove up. Boyd had missed him just at the head of the ravine, & rode on clear to the old camp! Got in in the middle of the night, about midnight. It was very plucky of him to go.

All hands in camp all day. Russel & West finished Mack's dugout, Boyd & Jim hauled 3 loads of wood from below. I worked on skins, etc, etc. Fine clear day. Our stock grazes very nicely. Old Selim tried to scale a perpendicular wall 40 ft high. He got near the top, but had to come down. Poker at night.

Monday, Nov 8.

Jim & I rode 2, toward the Pines. I shot a fine buck antelope a mile from camp. Rode clear to the pines, then came back. Saw a big grizzly bear skull. Came back past the buck, & after skinning the head we skeletonized it & tied it on our saddles. Found a skin of a little calf buffalo, & carried it along, to use in patching up the calf we caught last spring. The other boys got nothing. Another fine day.

Tuesday, Nov 9.

~~All hands~~ Snow last night, and a very cold morning. Windy. 8° above. Jim, Brown & I went out together. rode S. to my butte, then W, then N. to the 3-pointed butte. Rode plenty, all of us, but saw nothing. Jim