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Article Title: Pioneer Pharmacist J Walter Moyer's Notes on Crawford and Fort Robinson in the 1890's

Full Citation: Betty Loudon, "Pioneer Pharmacist J Walter Moyer's Notes on Crawford and Fort Robinson in the 1890's," *Nebraska History* 58 (1977): 88-117.

URL of article: <http://www.nebraskahistory.org/publish/publicat/history/full-text/NH1977Pharmacist.pdf>

Date: 1/15/2014

Article Summary: Extracted from the extensive written recollections of early Crawford and Fort Robinson belonging to John Walter Moyer, this article presents insights into life in Dawes County during his early years there. Local customs, children's games, local crime, the shooting of "Little Bat", and the recruitment of soldiers in 1898 are just some of the items included.

Cataloging Information:

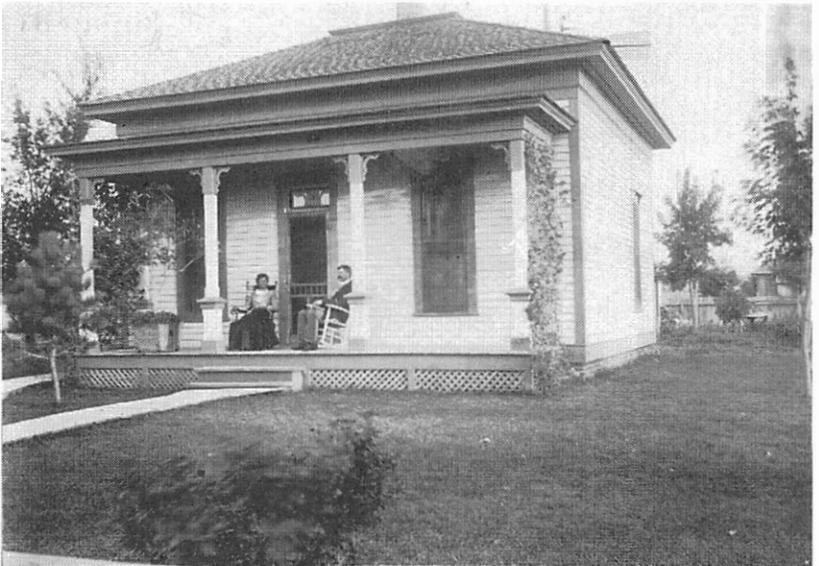
Names: John Walter Moyer, Augustus Moyer, Myra Walter Moyer, Palmer Rothemel, Albert Whipple, Miss Chase, Doctor Hartwell, Dr George A Meredith, Dr Anna M Cross, J S Murphy, Marshall Charles Spearman, Frank Wingate, Baptiste (Little Bat) Garnier, James Biddle, Sandy Tournage, Mrs Fuller, Robert Walker, Mosley sisters, T J Mason, Arthur M Bartlett, J W L Johnson, Doc (David C) Middleton, Sergeant Wallace, Argalus Garey Hennisee, Allen G Fisher, Alvin Saunders, George H Dietrich, Jim Haguewood, William N McNamara, Clarence (Gussie) Masters

Keywords: Lyon and Healy (musical instrument firm); Enderly Brothers' Drug Store [Crawford]; Adams Building, Crawford; "Moyer the Druggist"; "Golden Oil"; "hokey-pokey" [carbon disulphide used to kill prairie dogs]; Bannock Indians; Gate City Cornet Band; 9th Cavalry Band; bicycle corps; *Crawford Tribune*

Photographs / Images: The Augustus Moyer family about 1900; Myra and Augustus seated on the porch of their home, about 1900; Interior of Moyer drugstore; early Crawford schoolroom; J Walter Moyer, about 1925; picnic along the White River near Crawford about 1900; Crawford's main street, about 1900; Crawford area farm, about 1900; Baptiste (Little Bat) Garnier, 1888



The Augustus Moyer family: (from left) Augustus; J. Walter; a cousin, Clarence (Gussie) Masters; and Myra. (Below) Moyer's home in Crawford about 1900. Myra and Augustus are seated on the porch. (All photos courtesy of Jean Moyer.)



**PIONEER PHARMACIST
J. WALTER MOYER'S NOTES ON CRAWFORD
AND FORT ROBINSON IN THE 1890'S**

Edited by Betty Loudon

INTRODUCTION

John Walter Moyer was honored by the Nebraska Pharmaceutical Association in March, 1957, for over fifty years of service. His career in pharmacy began in 1904 at Crawford following his graduation from Northwestern. He also served as a pharmacist in Chadron and Lincoln, where he was a resident from 1940 until his death on December 9, 1970, at the age of 86.¹ Almost fifty years of his life were spent in Dawes County in northwestern Nebraska, and in his later years Moyer began writing his recollections of early Crawford and Fort Robinson. A voluminous amount of unorganized material was given to the Nebraska State Historical Society by Jean Moyer of Lincoln after the death of his father. This material is the basis for the following article:

I was born on a farm near Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, on February 26, 1884, the only son of Augustus and Myra Walter Moyer, and was named John Walter. I, of course, fail to remember the time, place, or any incident pertaining to my birth.

My father had attended Bucknell University at Lewisburg. I don't know in what subjects he majored, but he had an ear for

music and could detect the slightest inaccuracy in tone so after leaving Bucknell he taught music, tuned pianos and organs, and repaired musical instruments. When I was about six months old we moved west to Grand Island, Nebraska, but selling musical instruments there was not very lucrative and dad soon accepted an offer from Lyon and Healy. Lyon and Healy was a large Chicago-based musical instrument firm, perhaps the foremost builder of harps in the world, and we were sent to Norfolk, Nebraska, where dad's sales soon increased to the point where the firm established a music store there. Within a few years dad purchased the store and hired a salesman to handle it while he tuned and repaired pianos and organs, and it looked like Norfolk was to be our permanent home.

But in 1892 we moved to Crawford, Nebraska.² My cousin, Palmer Rothemel, was a pharmacy school graduate and he had written to dad concerning employment. Neither my mother nor I ever knew how dad learned of the Enderly Brothers' Drug Store which was for sale at Crawford or why he became so interested that he left by train to make further investigation. Crawford, near the west end of the Fremont, Elkhorn, and Missouri Valley Railroad then being extended west to Casper, Wyoming, was reported to be one of the fastest growing towns in northwestern Nebraska. The town originally had been organized as a trading center with wide-open laws and was now the playground for troops stationed three miles away at Fort Robinson.³ Business was booming, and with the size of the fort's payroll it looked like a place where money could be made—at that time there were from six to eight troops, sixty men to a troop, of the 9th Cavalry Colored stationed at the fort. The 9th and the 10th were the only Negro cavalry regiments in the U.S. Army, and although all of the privates and non-commissioned officers were black, almost all of the commissioned officers were white.⁴

Dad bought the entire stock of Enderly Brothers' in the Adams building on the west side of 2nd near Linn for about \$600, and since his Norfolk business was very profitable he had no trouble disposing of it. Mother hated leaving Norfolk and going to that wild country, but we packed and headed for Crawford without delay. The railroads then transported everything from household furniture to farm machinery and livestock in the immigrant cars on accommodation trains, at a cost much below the regular rate. Our two horses, buggy, and furniture which was

crated for safety from breakage were loaded on a railroad car with one end of the car partitioned for the horses. The passenger coach had the appearance of having been discarded by an eastern railroad. Just enough paint was left to distinguish the original color and above the windows on each side of the coach appeared the faded letters "Pennsylvania." In those days railroad cars, coupled with links and pins with approximately 8 or 10 inches of slack between each car, constantly bumped together and pulled apart but finally after two days of bumping and jerking we arrived at Crawford. Arrangements were made with the draymen to get extra help to unload our belongings at our new home while we secured temporary accommodations at the hotel which was only a block from the station.

The sight of a typical western town with its rough board buildings and dilapidated sidewalks was a sad disappointment to mother. Had she known then, in the spring of 1892, that she was to spend the greater part of her life at Crawford she would have been greatly depressed. Crawford and Deadwood, South Dakota, were reputed to be about the two toughest, least law-abiding towns in the Middle West and they attempted to live up to that reputation. In the early days of Crawford's history, Calamity Jane herself had come from Deadwood in search of ten dance girls for a dance hall.⁵ I don't know if she was successful in her quest, but during her stay in Crawford she had lived in a tent by the tracks where nothing but weeds and prairie grass grew.

I started school several months after we moved to Crawford. The school, a two-story-and-a-basement structure built of native brick, carried a good rating and had all grades from the first through the twelfth.⁶ Children from Fort Robinson were transported to and from the school in a covered wagon pulled by a mule team. All Army conveyances, including the colonel's buckboard, were pulled by mules.

When winter with its cold, still nights arrived, the sound of coyote howls coming from the vicinity of the buttes became much more noticeable. With coyotes constantly on the prowl and an occasional timber wolf sighted, people needed their rifles. Ammunition was expensive, however, so civilians collected the lead that was left scattered about the fort's target range and melted it in small iron pots and poured it into molds of the desired size and shape. It was also about this time that we lost our bird dog. There is one thing about bird dogs, whenever they

hear shooting, off they tear in the direction of the sound. During the day when the shooting was in progress at the target range, our dog constantly whined and tugged and pulled at his chain to get loose. One day he did get loose, and that was the last we ever saw of him.

Dad's nephew, Palmer, came to Crawford soon after dad took possession of the drug store. Pharmacy laws were very lax in the frontier country, and had Palmer not arrived, doctors could have prepared their own prescriptions with the ingredients we had. If ever there was a perfect specimen of a tenderfoot, Palmer qualified by his actions, style of clothes, and eastern dialect, but he had a likeable personality and dressed well, although this was not always to the liking of some uncouth individuals. Palmer was also a good sport, too good in fact, and this resulted in his eventual downfall and return to the place from whence he came. Palmer was with us until the fall of 1894 or early spring of 1895 but he could not refrain from the consumption of too much firewater, and it took but little effort on dad's part to persuade him that he had acquired sufficient knowledge in the ways of the west and that Pennsylvania was now a better place for him to be.

Palmer's leavetaking did not appreciably affect the sale of alcoholic beverages in Crawford since there were seven or eight saloons—one per each hundred of population—and liquor flowed like water in the White River. The main supply of whiskey came in fifty-gallon barrels, and since saloons were not at all particular about quality, they also served water from the town's rather limited water supply. Even the old timers, who were used to drinking moonshine whiskey, required a chaser and commented that moonshine went down much easier than did most saloon whiskey. Bottle whiskey (not bottled in bond either) was available for those willing to pay the price.

For a short time after Palmer's departure we were again without a prescription druggist, but by that time dad had become familiar enough with the store to handle anything which might be required and actual prescriptions were few and far between. Castor oil was a popular product with parents but was universally disliked by children. Palmer had almost eliminated our sales of plain castor oil by devising a mixture of castor oil, root beer, and other ingredients. There were numerous popular "Moyer the Druggist" preparations available for a variety of illnesses, each labeled with directions and dosages. In our line of

medications there was one of outstanding merit when used as a treatment for bad burns called "Golden Oil," but I cannot remember the formula other than that it contained raw linseed oil, lime water, and four essential oils. Of course we stocked the commonly sold items such as Tincture of Iodine, Tincture of Arnica, Tincture of Green Soap, Spirits of Camphor, Spirits of Turpentine (given on sugar for croup), and others. Tinctures sold for ten cents an ounce and customers frequently asked for a nickel's worth of this and that. Wooden cigar boxes held roots, herbs, and similar members of the vegetable family—pennyroyal, catnip, sassafras, senna, and hemlock to mention a few. People bought every kind of herb, bark, or similar medication that had a name, and we had requests for some we had never heard of.

Patent medicines without end were available, but we carried only the few which were in demand. Many patent medicines did have merit but their curative properties were greatly exaggerated. The word "cure" is not permitted on medications today, but there were then no such restrictions and patent medicines were extensively advertised as cures for cancer; kidney and liver disorders; dandruff, falling hair, and baldness; the nervous disorders of women; constipation; bruises, sprains, and sore muscles; catarrh and sore throats. But when the patent medicine wagons came to town a great number of attractive bottles containing nothing but colored water were peddled to the gullible.

Dad also sold "hokey-pokey." On the old original road, about half way between Crawford and Fort Robinson, there was a level strip of land known as "the flats" which was the site of a prairie dog town. Prairie dogs seemed to be everywhere in the 1890's and carbon disulphide, or hokey-pokey, was used as a method of extermination until its sale was later restricted.

The drug store was well stocked with tobacco. Cigars ranged in price from five cents for three stogies to fifteen cents apiece for the luxury variety. Snuff was ordered from the jobber infrequently, so we ordered in large quantities. The expiration date for freshness was stamped on the snuff box and the more observant customers frequently complained that the snuff was stale. Because most people rolled their own, few tailor-made cigarettes were sold although the reportedly potent Sweet Caporal did enjoy some popularity. We also handled a type of

cigarette called the Cubeb which was popular for the relief of asthma sufferers. (One of our tobacco products—chewing tobacco—was the source of much suffering for youngsters; if only chewing tobacco had carried an “adults only” warning, it might have deterred us from trying it until we were a little older.)

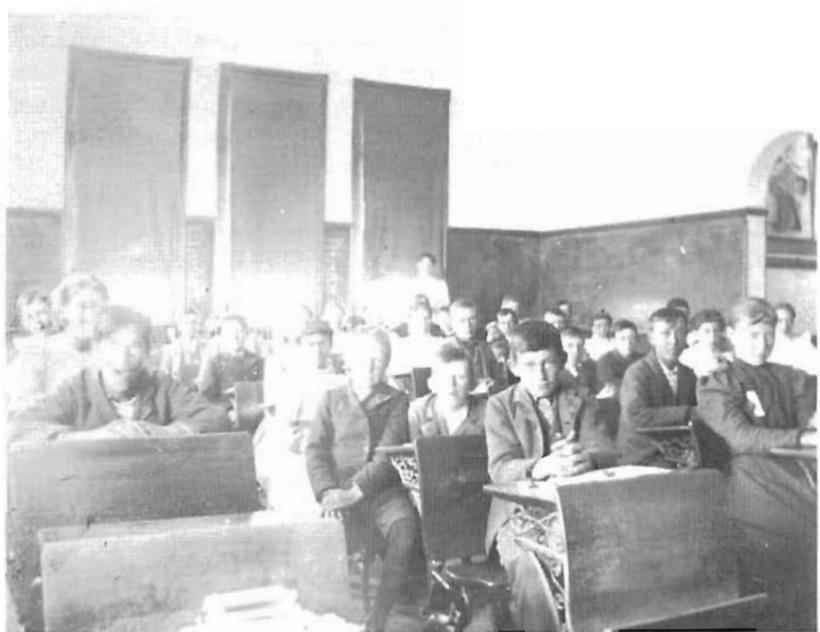
I was still too young to be of much help at the store, except for dusting, cleaning, and the like, but that was enough. The streets of Crawford were just plain dirt with a top coating of dust particles ground to a very fine powder by wagon wheels. When the wind blew, which was most of the time, the powdery dust filled the air and on extremely windy days it was difficult to see across the street. When wet, Crawford’s soil was a most aggravating combination of earth—gumbo, sand, clay, black soil, and what-have-you washed down from the erosion of the Pine Ridge and the early glaciers. It clung to the customers’ shoes and left tracks everywhere. There was some time for play and Pom-Pom-Pull-Away was preferred by children on Second Street. Half of us would line up on the sidewalk on one side of the street and the other half lined up in the middle of the street. When the kids in the street yelled “Pom-Pom-Pull-Away,” our side tried to cut through our opponents’ ranks and reach the opposite sidewalk, but the marshal eventually put a stop to using the street for such purposes. We also engaged in more dangerous sport by stuffing gun powder (which could be secured at any hardware store) and paper into tin cans which blew sky-high when the homemade fuse was ignited. This sport came to an end when a can blew up just as we were checking its delayed firing reaction. It was fortunate that no one was seriously injured.

I was in the store much of the time, and the local gossip, news, incidents, and events discussed there made a great impression on a 10-year-old boy. Two such much-discussed events occurred in a very short period of time. While the depot agents were at lunch on Saturday, April 7, 1894, the ticket offices of the B.&M. and the Elkhorn were robbed of \$9.25 and \$33.75 respectively. The stolen money, divided equally and wrapped in two handkerchiefs, was found near the buttes. The culprits, “John Doe” and “Richard Roe,” were apprehended and sentenced to thirty days in Sheriff Arthur M. Bartlett’s brick boarding establishment in Chadron.⁷

Five days later the Crawford Banking Company was robbed of \$2,400 when banker Albert Whipple was forced to lead an armed



Interior of Moyer drugstore. (From left) Augustus Moyer and J. Walter Moyer. (Below) Early Crawford schoolroom.



robber to the vault and surrender all the cash, bills, and watches kept there. Whipple, relieved of his watch, chain, and two pocketbooks, was found locked in the vault by Miss Chase, a bank employee, when she returned from an errand. Whipple offered a reward of \$200 and one-fourth of any money recovered for the arrest and conviction of the robber.⁸

We incurred no loss in this affair, but there were many who did. I do not know where dad kept receipts from the store, probably hidden somewhere. Many suspected that the robbery was a hoax promoted by Whipple, but no proof could be established supporting the suspicion.⁹ However, on December 8, Whipple suddenly left Crawford and took \$7,000 in government quartermaster's checks with him, and although his friends said he would return he didn't. Constables and lawyers swarmed into Crawford, and warrants were out for his arrest on a dozen charges.¹⁰ After he left Crawford, Whipple was traced to Marsland and Gering, but there the trail was lost until he cashed a quartermaster's check for \$460 at a St. Paul, Minnesota, bank on January 20.¹¹ I don't know if he ever was captured.

The old drug store on 2nd near Linn was furnished with chairs, two sawdust-filled cuspidors, and a pot-bellied stove, and it was a good place for old timers to gather to ponder events—both current and past. They recalled the drought of 1890-1891 when a cannon from the fort had blasted into the buttes in a vain attempt to bring the rain which supposedly follows heavy gun fire. As a means of securing cash for flour, sugar, coffee, etc., during the hard times men had cut and delivered hundreds of cords of wood for fuel to Fort Robinson for \$1.25 a cord. Pork was selling for four cents a pound, potatoes for twenty-five cents a bushel, eggs from eight to ten cents a dozen, and an entire meal cost twenty-five cents at the hotel, family style.

In reading accounts of such incidents and happenings, many cannot begin to visualize the tensions, deprivations, and hardships these early pioneers endured—constant fear of Indians, drought years during which time not enough crops were raised to replace the seeds used in planting, and the fact that there was no money with which to buy staples such as flour, sugar, and coffee. Yet most of the people stuck it out—in many cases because they didn't have, and couldn't secure, enough money to leave.

The troops at Fort Robinson had a definite impact on the town's economy. Soldiers were paid in gold, which came in

denominations of \$1.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$5.00, \$10.00, and \$20.00. (If smaller denominations than \$1.00 were required, our present system of coins was used although there were many two-cent pieces and silver dollars in circulation.) The Northwestern passenger train, then the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley, arrived in Crawford about 8:30 a.m. on payday with the pay roll. The money was transferred to a buckboard; the mule skinner who drove the buckboard was accompanied by a mounted guard.

A soldier's pay according to our version of monetary values seems insignificant—a buck private received \$12.00 a month and a second lieutenant, just out of West Point, \$100—but whiskey was then only ten cents a glass and \$100 was almost sufficient to build a home in Crawford. Commissioned officers had their own private club and the post canteen was run without reference to either Nebraska's Slocumb Law requiring a saloon license or the sentiments of town saloonists,¹² but for the many enlisted men, payday meant a night in the saloons or brothels of Crawford. Fights were frequent, and the town rooming-house (a not more than 30 ft. square jail located in back of the drug store off the 2nd Street alley) was filled to capacity at times.

The carrying of firearms was illegal and there were few shootings, but razors were used by the soldiers as well as by the doves in the dives. The soldiers usually came out of these frays second-best and sometimes required medical attention. Dr. James E. Hartwell's¹³ office was at his home at 231 Linn Street, but when a soldier was slashed, the doctor was called to come to the store which was open from 7:00 a.m. until midnight, seven days a week. For these emergencies we used a room I called "the surgical room"—it contained three chairs and a table on which was placed distilled water shipped in from Omaha, an antiseptic solution (which required distilled water in its preparation), and a special wash basin that was kept as sanitary as possible but it was by no means the stainless steel variety. The table also contained a regular wash basin, a gallon jug of well water, and medicated soap together with a few other items the doctor needed. Included in the furnishings was another small table, and with that, the place was so crowded it was necessary to go outside in order to have room to change one's mind. Sanitation was inadequate, but it was the best that could be had under the circumstances.

When a wounded soldier was brought in, he was placed on a chair and the clothing was removed from that part of his body

which was cut, usually the arm or back. Doc Hartwell then used the antiseptic solution and applied a tourniquet if the bleeding from a slashed arm was profuse. Local anesthetics as we know them today were nonexistent, and although some anesthetics were used, none were very effective. I held a coal oil lamp, our only source of light, for the doctor while he proceeded to sew the victim's cuts as he sat on the chair. Once his work was completed, Doc packed his bag and returned to his home two blocks away. Soldiers took the patient back to the fort where he could enter the post hospital if further medical attention was required.

A major fire occurred in January, 1895, which completely destroyed seven buildings. I was awakened about 3 a.m. by the sound of the fire signal (three shots fired in rapid succession) followed by the ringing of the new fire bell. After helping with the fire fighting, dad vowed that he would leave the fire trap he was in, with its canvas and lath ceiling, and in 1896 we moved into a new building constructed of native brick. There was pine flooring with very few splinters and once a week we mopped it with linseed oil to keep the dust down. The old pot-bellied stove was eliminated, the cuspidors discarded, and since the surgical room was abandoned a soldier who needed repairs went to a doctor's office instead of the drug store.

Dr. Hartwell, who had lived in Crawford since 1892, was not the only doctor in town. The original plat for Crawford, at first just a tent city alongside the tracks being laid westward, was filed June 21, 1886,¹⁴ and in the fall Dr. George A. Meredith, a Civil War veteran, arrived.¹⁵ Another doctor came to Crawford in 1896 and the local newspaper heralded the event:

Dr. Anna M. Cross has permanently located in Crawford for the practice of her profession—the first regularly graduated lady physician to settle in this section of the country. She has her certificate from the examining board of the University of New York, having graduated at the New York Eclectic Medical College, the New York Lying-In Hospital and the New York School of Clinical Medicine, and has a certificate as a graduate in pharmacy from the same board. . . . Her father . . . was . . . one of the most eminent physicians of New Jersey. . . . Dr. Cross will keep on hand a number of specifics of her own manufacture, the formulas of which she became the proprietary possessor of upon the death of her father, and as they are of undoubted efficacy for the diseases intended, a good sale of them will surely follow their introduction here.¹⁶

One of her medications was for cancer.

Our sales increased after we moved to the new store, and since by then dad knew all the officers at the fort, their patronage was

a contributory factor. The soldiers could purchase some items at cost through the commissary, but perishable food, in addition to sundry items, perfumes, ladies' wearing apparel and similar articles of clothing were purchased from Crawford merchants. We carried several types of shaving lotions since razors of that period did not leave the skin in smooth condition, and since most men grew mustaches, Buckingham's whisker and mustache dye was popular. But when the ladies' tresses turned silvery gray, they stayed that way.

We had an extensive sale on another commodity of which I am in no way proud of having a part. These were the days before narcotic laws existed so narcotics could be purchased as readily as any other commodity, and since all the prostitutes in the red light district were narcotic addicts, they usually appeared in the drug store about noon for morphine or cocaine.

Cocaine came as a very light and soluble powder, hence the name "snow." and the user sniffed the powder up the nose where it immediately penetrated the delicate membranes. In a matter of seconds it would be in the blood stream, and the recipient would feel the reaction almost as quickly as if it was used hypodermically. Crawford had no narcotic addicts other than the prostitutes, but occasionally floaters who were addicts appeared in town. One such floater, a young graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music representing his current abode as Deadwood, was addicted to the use of cocaine. He played the piano at one of the saloons which was open twenty-four hours a day to raise money with which to buy the narcotic. Usually he began at the saloon across the alley from the drug store, and at first he would pound the keys at random, producing nothing that sounded like music. Soon the hat was passed, and when enough money was collected for his sniff of cocaine, he would play fine music with unbelievable expression until the effects of the cocaine started to wear off.

Morphine, a drug gotten from opium, when taken orally required a much longer reaction time than did cocaine. It came in light, fluffy chunks of no regular form or size, yet small enough to go into three-ounce large-mouthed bottles. The bottles were wrapped in red paper and labeled "Morphine Sulfate: Poison," with the name of the packer on the red wrapper. Each bottle contained enough morphine to kill a dozen people, and in at least one instance morphine did kill. In July, 1895, the

Chadron coroner was summoned to Crawford "to hold an inquest over the remains of J. S. Murphy, city attorney of Chadron, who died at Crawford . . . from the effects of an overdose of morphine. . . . He was a young man of considerable brilliancy in his profession and had the reputation of being one of the best criminal lawyers in northwest Nebraska."¹⁷ I do not remember any addicts who used hypodermic needles, but I do remember a couple of addicts who used a medicine dropper as a substitute and they had the most dreadful looking arms.

Prostitutes were permitted on the streets of Crawford if properly attired, but they were not permitted to enter some saloons, create any disturbances, or make any ignominious displays. I witnessed one incident, however, in which all such restrictions were ignored by a razor-wielding prostitute, who shouted profanities as she marched down the street. She was literally tripped up with a rope by Marshal Charles Spearman¹⁸ and his helper and taken into custody.

When I wasn't at the drug store or at school I spent much of my spare time in the *Gazette* Printing Office with Frank Wingate. All type was set by hand and it was amazing how fast typesetters could pick out type from those little type compartments and put them in their proper places—I think it was called "sticking type." It was also interesting to hear of many happenings before they were published in the newspaper. If Crawford's newspapers ran short of news, Fort Robinson often provided some unusual event to help out. In September, 1896, the *Tribune* contained this notice of a railroad excursion which stopped over at the fort:

On Tuesday afternoon the Vanderbilt train of five magnificent palace coaches, containing a hunting party of eastern millionaires, headed by W. K. Vanderbilt and Dr. W. S. Webb, came up over the Elkhorn and went to Fort Robinson, where the party was reinforced by Lieutenant [Alfred Baur] Jackson and several other officers of the Ninth cavalry, when it returned and switched onto the Burlington and left at once for Sheridan and the Big Horn country. The party was preceded last week by a party of guides from Fort Robinson under Little Bat, in charge of Lieutenant [Guy Henry] Preston, of the Ninth.¹⁹

The Little Bat mentioned here was Baptist Garnier, a familiar figure on the streets of Crawford. An interpreter and one of the most famous Indian scouts in the U.S. Army, he was considered to be one of the best big-game hunters in the Rocky Mountain region.²⁰ Never boisterous or quarrelsome, Little Bat was a quiet

man who spoke in a low voice and never carried a gun unless he was on a hunting trip.

News concerning the fort provided great diversity. The *Crawford Tribune* notified its readers in December, 1896, that Colonel James Biddle, who had been the commanding officer at the fort for the past three years, was retiring. He was well liked by both his men and the townspeople.²¹ The newspaper also commented that "three soldiers of C troop were fined . . . by Justice Dietrich for being drunk and disorderly and fast riding on the streets on Sunday." Fines, especially the "and costs," were not particularly lenient for disorderlies, since this was one of the major sources of revenue for the school systems. Other monies came from saloon licensings and gambling fees, and although prostitution was never legal in Nebraska, possibly funds were received from either fines or illicit licensings of houses of prostitution.²²

A shooting fracas took place on Christmas Eve. A soldier named Letcher of E troop shot another soldier named Collins of C troop.²³ Letcher was jailed by Marshal Spearman and was later turned over to the military authorities at the fort. But there was a brighter side to the holiday season and "the usual Christmas festivities were on a more elaborate scale this year than ever before with all the churches of Crawford."²⁴

There was diversity in and around Crawford in those early years, but this seemed to be especially true in 1897. The year began with considerable uneasiness concerning the mild weather

*J. Walter Moyer,
about 1925.*



which delayed the cutting of ice, the only source of summer refrigeration. But by the end of January the thermometer hit the -29 degree mark, and the ice cutters went to work in earnest. A large number of sawmills operated in the area, and fortunately sawdust with which to pack the ice was plentiful. Ice, properly packed in sawdust, kept for several years with but little shrinkage. The extreme cold was accompanied by a snow storm and heavy drifts which delayed the trains.²⁵

Plans were already being made for the great Trans Mississippi Exposition to be held in Omaha in 1898. The *Omaha Bee* urged that the composer of the march for the exhibition be selected from the western side of the Missouri River, and our newspaper responded with alacrity:

The Tribune rises to suggest that we have within the confines of Nebraska, right up in this northwestern corner of the state, a gentleman whose abilities as a composer and arranger of marches have earned for him a National reputation second only to Sousa. . . . We refer to Carl Gung'l, of Fort Robinson, to whose efficiency is due the splendid renditions which have made the Ninth cavalry band one of the most famous musical organizations in the country. . . . Give Prof. Gung'l a show . . . it will give our own Nebraska the musical distinction she is entitled to for being the home of one of the foremost musicians and one of the finest military bands of the age.²⁶

In May, Sandy Tournage, an ex-soldier of the 9th employed as a livery stable driver in Crawford, was found lying dead with a bullet hole in his head in a house occupied by Mrs. Fuller, a white woman of bad repute. Robert Walker of Fort Robinson was arrested and Mrs. Fuller was held as an accessory. Both were taken as prisoners to Chadron where Mrs. Fuller "confessed" that Walker was the one who killed Tournage. Tournage was buried at the post cemetery.²⁷

Both polo and baseball were popular sports and Fort Robinson was to gain some renown for its polo teams, but 1897 seemed to support an unusual number of baseball games at Crawford, Fort Robinson, Fort Niobrara, and the surrounding area. Other more serious events were taking place, however, for early that summer an Indian scare had started in southeast Montana with the Cheyenne as hostiles. Six companies of troops were on the ground and more from Fort Robinson were expected to be called in, but things quieted down and no troops were called from the fort. Almost immediately following this scare, another uprising occurred when the Bannock Indians in Idaho threatened trouble early in July. Four troops of the 9th Cavalry were placed under marching orders and a train of passenger

coaches came from Chadron to carry them to Haley, Idaho; however the orders were countermanded, the train returned to Chadron, and the troops remained at the fort.²⁸ That was the end of the Indian trouble for awhile at least, since there were no more reports of Indian outbreaks for some time.

It was decided to have a grand and glorious Fourth of July celebration that year if Fort Robinson would participate in the festivities. Colonel David Perry, the commanding officer, was agreeable to the suggestion, and the fort and Crawford joined in hosting one of the largest celebrations ever held in northwestern Nebraska. As a precautionary measure the village board appointed two men, Joe Hand and Bud Watson, to assist the marshal in his police duties.²⁹

Both the F.E.&M.V. and Burlington railroads ran specials to Crawford for the festivities and at least 1,500 onlookers were here from out of town. The Gate City Cornet Band of which dad was the leader, the celebrated 9th Cavalry Band, and the Glee Club furnished music. A grand military parade in which the 9th Cavalry Band and 600 mounted troopers participated was at 9:30 a.m. and at 10 a.m. there was a baseball game between Crawford and Chadron. At 3 p.m. the military sports events started at the race track, and all stores were closed during most of the afternoon.

Cash prizes were awarded winners of the numerous contests.³⁰ There were usually two troopers who were contestants in the hippodrome race because the width of the track did not permit more entries. Each contestant mounted and stood erect with one foot on the bare back of each of his two horses, a rein in hand for each horse. The contestant had to keep his two horses racing at an equal speed, a demonstration of superb training and outstanding horsemanship, or he would be thrown. The timing and control the cavalymen exhibited were feats which local talent could make no pretense of duplicating. The military also engaged in wrestling while on horse back, the steeple chase, and the "rescue race" in which mounted troopers raced to rescue stranded comrades whose horses hypothetically had been killed. There was also a tug-of-war with the 9th against the field.

Local talent provided additional entertainment, and one of the most outstanding attractions was the relay race in which the invincible Mosley sisters, the daughters of a Crawford farmer, competed. A contestant in the relay would race the first of three

horses around the half-mile track, dismount, transfer the saddle to the second horse, and race around the track again. This same procedure was followed with a third horse for the final trip around the track. Another thrilling event provided by local talent was the chariot race with chariots patterned in the style of Roman chariots, each with four horses. Two chariots made one round on the half-mile track with horses racing at break-neck speed and dust flying until the chariots—their wheels decorated with “yards and yards of red, white, and blue bunting laced and interlaced through the wheel spokes for color and dash”—were barely visible.³¹

A highly exceptional Fourth of July event took place that day, but I am unable to give an intelligent description. This detailed account in the newspaper does it better:

Just before noon the bicycle corps of the Twenty-fifth infantry which had left Edgemont [South Dakota] at 4 o'clock Friday afternoon arrived here and rode through town from the Northwestern to the B.&M. depot, where they camped for dinner. The corps, which left Missoula, Montana, near the British line, on the 14th of June for St. Louis, is composed of twenty-four men, and is accompanied by Dr. Kennedy. . . . Lieutenant [James A.] Moss is in command of the outfit, and this long-distance march is made for the purpose of testing the utility of the bicycle for army use. Each man carries his gun strapped to his back and sixty rounds of ammunition, besides his blankets, cooking utensils and accoutrements. A bicycle repairer with a kit of tools is also with the expedition, and the accidents the wheels have met with so far have kept him pretty busy. . . . They [the soldiers] have had a pretty hard trip from Missoula, having found great difficulty in riding several days through the snows this side of the divide and through the gumbo country, and men and wheels look rather somewhat worn out.

Dr. Kennedy says the men have enjoyed good health from the start and . . . the experiment . . . so far has proven a success, as they had covered a distance of about 1,000 miles in twenty days, an average of fifty miles a day, probably over far the worst part of the road. It was nearly 4 o'clock when the corps started down Second street at a lively gait, Professor Gungl's Ninth cavalry band greeting them with the strains of Annie Laurie as only that band can play that piece, while the thousands of spectators who lined the sidewalks on either side of the street rent the air with the wildest cheers to speed them on their journey. On the anniversary of the Custer Massacre [June 25] the corps camped on that famous battlefield. The result of this trial trip will be watched with a great deal of interest by both the military and the civilians.³²

I had not heard of the bicycle cavalry before, nor have I heard of it since, and apparently it was not considered a success by the military or surely some comments would have been made public.³³

During July dad talked to several officers about the persistent rumor that the 9th was being removed. The men expressed the opinion that they were indeed expecting a move soon, and this caused considerable uneasiness among Crawford businessmen. The rumor spread and eventually appeared in the newspaper:

It is stated that four troops of the Sixth cavalry, in addition to the two troops now on their way here from Ft. Yellowstone, have been ordered to Ft. Robinson to take the place of the Ninth cavalry. Concerning the future movements of the famous Ninth, W. E. Annin, Washington correspondent of the Lincoln Journal, has this to say. . . . "There are rumors of an impending change of station for the Ninth cavalry, whose headquarters are at Fort Robinson in Nebraska. The regiment has been for nearly twelve years stationed in the department of the Platte and at Colorado, and is entitled to a change if one can be arranged. It is understood that its colonel is very anxious that it should be sent to the Pacific coast, and strings are now being pulled with that end in view. No decision seems to have been reached by the war department, and nothing may be done until General [Nelson A.] Miles returns from Europe. Should the regiment not go to the Pacific coast it will probably be sent to either Arizona or Texas. Wherever it goes it is not likely to be as closely concentrated as at the present time, when its regimental headquarters contains all but four troops—two of the others being stationed at Fort Washakie, in Wyoming, and two at Fort Duchesne, in Utah. During its station in the department of the Platte it has had a great deal of hard work to do, and especially distinguished itself in the Pine Ridge campaign of 1890-91. The march which Colonel [Guy] Henry made with the Ninth cavalry from Fort Robinson to Pine Ridge was one of the most remarkable of forced marches in military records. The regiment is entitled to a good station when a change is made, and its friends hope it will secure it."³⁴

But the 9th remained at Fort Robinson and eventually the rumor subsided. In September under the command of Lieutenant Colonel John Morrison Hamilton, the six troops of the Ninth did leave, but it was merely for their annual practice march to a summer encampment located near the north line of the Sioux reservation.³⁵ While enroute the troops "camped on the Flats on their way to Pine Ridge. . . . Many Chadronites visited the camp during the day and at evening to witness the impressive sunset exercises."³⁶ The newspaper reported less impressive exercises which took place in Chadron after sunset—one night at 1:30 a.m., closing time at Larkin's saloon, a soldier disappeared with \$350 placed on a gaming table:

Ed Eason grabbed a six-shooter and started in pursuit, overtaking the soldier. . . . Several shots were exchanged . . . but neither was hit. The two clinched and Ed received severe punishment on the head and face from the soldier's six-shooter. The thief dropped the bag of money and took to his heels, as by this time several others were in pursuit, armed with guns. . . . The soldier escaped into camp. . . . An attempt was made to identify him . . . but the attempt was futile. Ed Eason was pretty badly hurt, it being necessary to take twelve stiches in his head. . . .³⁷

Chadron made short shrift of another problem:

A couple of young women who were walking about the streets at unseemly hours were fined \$5 and costs, but the fine was revoked on condition that they would leave town by the first train. So they concluded to skip, and went north the next morning. They were identified to be "soiled doves."³⁸

The 9th was gone about two weeks, but two troops of the 6th garrisoned the fort during their absence.

Frontier towns were not solely dependent on soldiers for excitement, however, and during the absence of the 9th more than enough excitement was provided by the "raid" at the neighboring town of Belmont. Belmont is located about ten miles south of Crawford on the Burlington route and is famous for having the only railroad tunnel in Nebraska.³⁹ On this particular occasion the post office, located in a grocery store building, was robbed of \$38 in stamps; about \$10 in groceries was also taken and merchandise stolen from another store in town amounted to five or ten dollars.⁴⁰ I well remember the Belmont robbery, but the account which appeared in the newspaper presented the facts clearly:

T. J. Mason, who has a government contract for cordwood and has a number of men in his employ cutting wood, came to town yesterday morning and informed Marshal Spearman that two men who had been working for him . . . had been acting in a very suspicious manner lately; that they were never for a moment without their guns; and that both were gone from the wood camp the night the burglaries were committed at Belmont and the post office robbed and that his opinion was that they were the parties who did that work. . . .

Between 2 and 3 o'clock the parties suspicioned, who are traveling under the names of Dan Lewis and Dick Austin, rode into town, and Spearman at once spotted them . . . and calling Joe Hand to assist him, went up to the men and told them they were under arrest. Both men, who were armed with Colt's revolvers, objected to such proceedings, showed fight and endeavored to get out their guns. . . .

Seeing that the officer [Hand] had the drop on him, after a brief struggle he [Austin] submitted to the inevitable, and Hand got his gun from him. Lewis . . . had just succeeded in drawing his gun when Spearman shot him in the shoulder. . . . It was close range fighting now, and Lewis fired two shots from his Colt's. . . . In the meantime Charlie [Spearman] hit his man again, the bullet striking the right lower jaw . . . Lewis turned and ran . . . he struck west for the river, which he crossed and hid under a clump of willows at the river's edge.

The shooting drew a number of our citizens to the scene, and arming themselves with Winchesters and shot guns they started after the fugitive. . . . Lewis raised up [from his hiding place] saying he was wounded and would surrender. . . . He was immediately taken to Hand & Hoyt's barber shop where his wounds were dressed by Dr. Anna Cross. As to the seriousness of his shoulder wound . . . one favorable outlook would seem to be his resting comfortably last night at the hotel. . . .

[Lewis] . . . says . . . he had no idea there were so many guns in Crawford. . . . It is known that Lewis had a couple of steel drills made at a blacksmith shop in town a short time since, and when he was searched he had in the pocket of his coat a large quantity of extra fine powder, such as used in blowing safes open.⁴¹

The following week the newspaper reported the burglars had been bound over and it apparently had engaged in a little detective work:

The trial was held in the room of the hotel where Lewis was lying in bed from the wounds received by the marshal's bullets, he being unable to leave the room. . . . From questions asked of certain parties . . . and other information gleaned since the arrest of



Picnic about 1900 along the White River near Crawford. (Below) Crawford's main street, about 1900. Troops from nearby Fort Robinson are falling out after a march.



Austin by the authorities, it is pretty safe to guess that they . . . intended to blow open the canteen safe at Fort Robinson and possibly several of our merchants' safes in Crawford. . . .

(Since the above was in type it has been learned that Lewis was a member of the notorious Vic McCarthy gang of desperadoes which was such a terror for so many years to the people of South Omaha and Sarpy County, undoubtedly the worst gang of outlaws that ever infested this state.)⁴²

Marshal Spearman had received the following communication from the sheriff of Chadron dated September 17: "Friend Charles: Allow me to congratulate you on your capturing the two desperadoes you did yesterday. I am glad you did not get hurt. Yours in haste, Arthur M. Bartlett."⁴³ In November the two desperadoes were sentenced in the U.S. District Court in Lincoln. Lewis received 3 years and 4 months and was to pay \$1,500 and costs, which extended his sentence to nearly eight years. Austin got 3 years and \$1,500 and costs.⁴⁴

The 9th Cavalry Band suffered a great loss in the death of band member J. W. L. Johnson at the post hospital in December:

Mr. Johnson was an expert musician and one of the finest performers and instructors on the guitar. . . . He was a model man, and there is not an enlisted man in the garrison at Fort Robinson who had more or warmer friends. Though black in color, he possessed all the better attributes that go toward the make-up of American manhood—honor, honesty, truthfulness and sobriety. . . . He was a credit alike to his race and regiment. "Peace to his ashes."⁴⁵

Music was an important element in Crawford as well as at the fort. In addition to being the leader of Crawford's Gate City Cornet Band, dad played the cornet, the piano, and was very adept with the violin. Band practice was usually held in a downtown hall and band concerts were held on summer nights in the street. I acquired the reputation of being quite proficient at the piano, and although I made an effort at playing the clarinet and guitar, my reputation as being adept with either was never mentioned in my presence.

By the end of December, the thermometer was hitting sub-zero temperatures at regular intervals, and good ice, as always the predominant concern at this time of the year, was in the making. We were greatly disappointed in our hopes for good ice skating for along with the cold weather had come wind and snow, and as soon as a good place could be cleared for skating more wind with drifting snow arrived. Some people obviously enjoyed the weather as the following letter, printed in the *Tribune*, testifies. It was from A. S. Houseman, a cousin of Marshal Spearman's

and a newcomer to Crawford, and was written to his home-town newspaper extolling "the delightful climate and magnificent pine trees" of northwestern Nebraska:

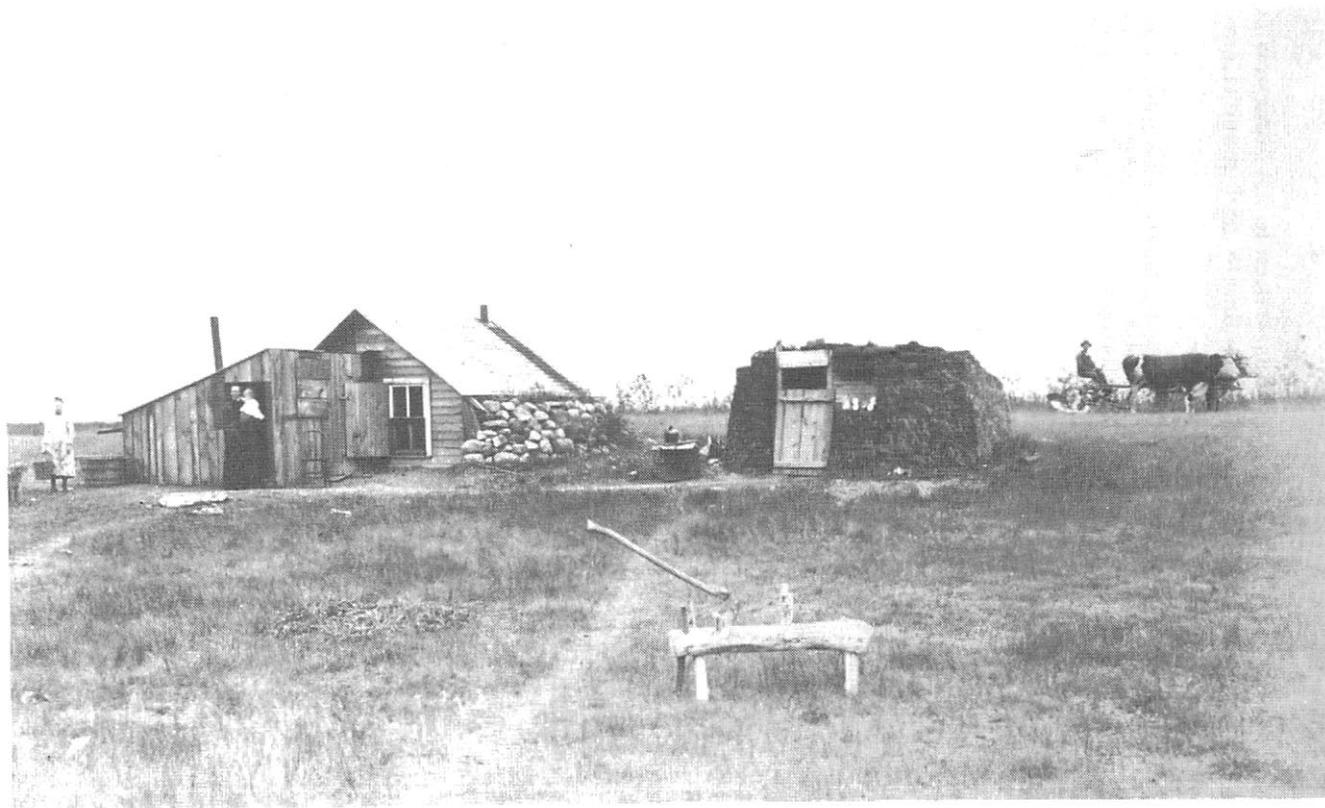
Crawford has a population of about one thousand inhabitants, well supplied with churches and schools. We have had beautiful weather . . . with the exception of three days; have had two snows—the first an inch and the last one about twelve inches in depth, which occurred about the 24th of January. We have good sleighing now, with fine weather overhead. . . . I visited the government post, Fort Robinson, with its 900 inhabitants, including 650 soldiers—8 troops of cavalry. They have fine horses, uniforms, etc., and a good cornet band. It was pay-day, and the soldiers were jubilant over getting their pay.⁴⁶

We were well into the new year, 1898, when we had one of the worst blizzards of the season. Snow drifts, fifteen feet deep, delayed the trains and men had to use shovels to free the snow plows which were sent out to clear the tracks. On the afternoon of March 22, during the bitter cold weather, a tragic fire of unknown origin broke out at Fort Robinson completely destroying a set of old quarters used as residences for families of six or seven enlisted men and non-commissioned officers. Two little girls aged two and a half and four, the daughters of Sergeant Wallace of C Troop, 9th Cavalry, were locked in their room and burned to death.⁴⁷ It was surely a sad occurrence, but there had been other sad occurrences happening elsewhere.

The *U.S.S. Maine* was sunk on the night of February 15, 1898, and on March 6 memorial services were held at the post chapel in honor of the two officers and 258 crew members who had lost their lives. The sermon was preached by the Reverend G. W. Prioleau, chaplain of the 9th, and "all patriots, old sailors and soldiers" were invited to attend.⁴⁸ Then, just before the Spanish-American War was officially declared on April 25, 1898, the *Crawford Tribune* reported that a famous visitor was in our midst:

Doc Middleton, the noted frontiersman, was a pious caller at these great moral headquarters. . . . He is now living at Ardmore [South Dakota], and expects to leave about the middle of next month for the Omaha exposition, where he has an interest in a Wild West Show outfit. Doc has his pockets filled with letters from old-time frontiersmen of his acquaintance who are anxious to have him lead a regiment to Cuba to fight the Spaniards. There will be no lack of fighting material for him to recruit from if he concludes to get up a regiment of sharpshooters.⁴⁹

It was said that Doc (David C.) Middleton looked like a mild Methodist minister,⁵⁰ but he actually was the leader of a notorious gang of horse thieves who operated in the 1870's and was credited with all the crimes of that nature committed



Crawford area farm, about 1900.

“within the radius of five hundred miles of his hideouts in the sand hills of Nebraska.”⁵¹ He was in the state penitentiary from September 29, 1879, until June 18, 1883, for horse stealing, but shortly after we came to Crawford in 1892, he “reformed” and began working in a Chadron gambling hall.⁵² I never thought much of him.

Each and every year as far back as I can remember, there had been rumors that the 9th Cavalry would be removed from Fort Robinson. At 10:50 a.m. April 20, 1898, that rumor finally became reality when 472 officers and enlisted men of the 9th and the 6th Cavalry left the post for Chickamauga Park, Georgia. With them went 440 horses, 111 mules, sixteen heavy wagons, eight escort wagons, and two ambulances:⁵³

The troops of Fort Robinson consisting of Troops A, C, E, G, H and K, of the Ninth cavalry, and Troops D and I of the Sixth cavalry, with all their accoutrements of war, horses, tents, camp equipage, rations and ammunition, and all the officers and soldiers comprising the garrison except Lieutenant Hamilton, of the Ninth, one sergeant, the quartermaster and two men from each of the above troops who remained behind to look after the troop property, left for Chickamauga over the Northwestern railway. The train was divided into five sections; the first section, consisting of 18 cars, carrying the wagons and field equipments, passed through Crawford at 6:30, the second and third sections, 36 cars, filled with the horses of both regiments, going through here at 7:30 and 9:45, the fourth section, 8 passenger coaches full of soldiers of the Ninth, at 11 o'clock, and the fifth, with the balance of the Ninth, the troops of the Eighth [actually the sixth] and the officers of both regiments, leaving here at 11:30.

The depot platform was crowded with Crawford people to witness their departure for the Cuban war and bid them God speed on their mission to whip the Spaniards. The wild cheering of soldiers and citizens as the last two sections pulled out reminded the older ones of similar scenes that were of frequent occurrence in the '60's.

The Ninth cavalry has had its headquarters at Fort Robinson ever since 1885. It has made a splendid record as a well-disciplined, fighting regiment against the Indians, and the boys are full of enthusiasm and anxious to be pitted against Spanish regulars. If given an opportunity, we believe the Ninth cavalry will make a record.

The two troops of the Sixth have only been at this post since last August. . . . A number of the families of the officers and soldiers of the Sixth and Ninth remained at the post.⁵⁴

I talked to several of the men before they left who said that they were ready to go, since they had witnessed very little excitement in recent years. Captain Argalus Garey Hennisee of the 8th Cavalry was placed in command of Fort Robinson. Troop I of the 8th had arrived at the fort from Fort Meade, South Dakota, on April 18 with three officers, 57 enlisted men, and 54 horses.⁵⁵

Captain Allen G. Fisher⁵⁶ of Company H, Nebraska National Guard, visited Crawford on April 26, and he recruited ten boys in less than two hours. When they left Crawford the following

evening after a huge banquet held in their honor, the entire town and the cornet band escorted them to the depot. Everybody was filled with enthusiasm and patriotism, and "cheer upon cheer rent the air when the train pulled out."⁵⁷ Their arrival at Camp Alvin Saunders on the state fairgrounds in Lincoln did not go unnoticed:

Company H of the Second regiment arrived Thursday night from Chadron and at once set out to enliven the camp. They had not been on the grounds thirty minutes before they had been dubbed the cowboy company by the other companies of the regiment.

The boys were rather short on equipments yesterday, owing to their having been formed in a hurry and their late arrival on the grounds. Notwithstanding their long trip, the longest made by any company at the camp, they were up bright and fresh as the great silk flag which floats before their headquarters when the early morning bugle sounded reveille yesterday.

The company has just been organized, but it is apparent that what they lack in drill is fully made up in good material and spirit. . . . their captain is A. G. Fisher, who belonged to the old company E, of Chadron and served through all the Indian troubles. . . .

Last night several of the boys escaped from their tents and made things lively in that part of the camp for a short time—dancing a war dance in their scanties until they were run into their tents by the officer on guard.

Coming down on the train it was found that there were entirely too many six shooters aboard for the safety of the general public and the captain took the weapons from the boys.

There is a purse of \$50 in this company which will be given the man who will bring in a horse that any member of the company cannot ride. They guarantee to ride anything that goes on legs and have promised some rare sport before they break up.⁵⁸

While the "boys" were cavorting in Lincoln, Marshal Spearman and others with similar patriotic fervor enlisted over twenty men at Crawford who were willing to offer their "services to the government for duty at any point—at the front, to do home-guard duty or garrison the post."⁵⁹ When their company was organized, it was thought that it would be attached to the 3rd Nebraska Regiment of the National Guard. Fifty men enrolled in the new unit, ready to be mustered into service if the President called for more troops.⁶⁰ Word concerning the Ninth was received from Chickamauga Park on April 29:

It is currently reported that the companies of the Ninth regiment now in camp here, will be sent at once to Tampa, as well as the Twenty-fourth infantry, colored. . . . The movement of troops to Tampa is believed to embrace not only the colored troops, but all the artillery stationed here as well. The shipment of the Ninth cavalry has produced a fever of excitement among the soldiers.

The war department orders to fill every regiment in camp up to its maximum strength . . . will, as far as possible, be carried into effect at once. . . . Judging from the number of applications already received it is believed that the different regiments at this point will soon be placed on a war footing. Especially is this true of the colored regiments.

The presence of these sable warriors has created the greatest excitement among the colored people at Chattanooga, and the surrounding country, and every day the commanding officers have been beseeged by men anxious to enter it.⁶¹ . . .



*Baptiste (Little Bat) Garnier,
1888*

The 9th was later sent to Cuba and then on to the Philippine Islands, and perhaps this is the point to end this story, but to tell of the men who served at Fort Robinson during the 1890's without including Little Bat would be a story half-told:

Baptiste Garnier was a quarter-breed of French and Indian descent [his mother was a full-blood Sioux and his father was of French descent], and his wife was an Ogallala [sic] Sioux.⁶² He was born in Wyoming territory near where the town of Casper is now located. He was known all over the plains as Little Bat. . . . He was appointed a scout by the United States Government in 1873, and has been stationed at Fort Robinson since 1887. He had won such a reputation as a fearless, brave, daring, and reliable scout that the government made him chief of scouts, and retained him in its service up to the time of his death, although the scouts under him were discharged several years ago. During his eventful career, he had been at almost every western post and knew every foot of territory from here to the Pacific coast, which in times of peace made his assistance eagerly sought for by army officers and government hunting expeditions. . . . and it was Little Bat who led the troops that captured Geronimo. He was General Crook's most trusted scout in all Indian campaigns and had the friendship of such civilian millionaires as Dr. Seward Webb of New York. . . . He rendered invaluable service to the government and won the admiration and encomiums from General Miles by valiant and hazardous work at Wounded Knee.⁶³

Little Bat, who saved many a soldier's life, was shot in a Crawford saloon on December 15, 1900. The shooting was one of the most atrocious, vicious, cowardly, unjustifiable cold-blooded murders ever perpetrated anywhere. I didn't hear the shots; the door to the saloon was closed. But I was standing at the window of the drug store and I saw Little Bat run from the saloon and fall

in the street. Feeling as strongly as I do, I cannot give an objective account of the affair. The newspaper recounted the proceedings in great detail:

The people of Crawford were shocked Saturday evening at a startling report that Jim Haguewood, manager of George H. Dietrich's saloon . . . had shot Baptiste Garnier . . . the result of a dispute in regard to the payment for some drinks, and that Bat would die.

It appears that Little Bat, a couple of soldiers and one or two citizens had secured drinks at the bar when Haguewood, who was behind the bar waiting on the customers, said something to Bat about paying for the drinks; that Bat made a reply of some kind when Jim said to Bat, "Why the h--I don't you settle for the drinks? That don't go with me. I've taken all that I am going to take from you, you Sioux _____, and now I'm going to fix you." What Bat said in reply none of the witnesses could tell.

Several testified that Bat put his hand to his hip or pants pocket. Haguewood at once turned around to the back bar and taking a revolver from a drawer turned again . . . and fired. . . . Bat at once partly dropped, and started for the front corner door of the saloon, Haguewood firing a second shot at him before he reached the door. The scout ran to within a few feet of the southeast corner of the crosswalks in front of the Forbes block, where he fell and lay surrounded quickly by a crowd until Dr. Meredith arrived and ordered him removed where he could give him proper medical attention. . . . This was just before 8 o'clock. . . .

Mr. Douthett went to Fort Robinson immediately after the shooting and brought Mrs. Garnier, Bat's wife, and daughter Millie, aged ten years. . . . Dr. Meredith, assisted by Dr. Anna Cross, did all that medical skill could do. . . . Bat was conscious enough to recognize Mrs. Garnier at times, and just before his death asked that Mrs. Douthett be sent for to pray for him in French. . . . About 15 minutes after 3, on Sunday morning, December 16, 1900, the famed chief of scouts breathed his last and passed out to the unexplored plains of the great beyond.⁶⁴

There were some very loud expressions made toward another elimination, and had there been a leader, another murder might have been added to that of Little Bat's. In fact, on the night that Little Bat was shot, a soldier had tried to get a gun to shoot Haguewood, but he was placed in the "calaboose" by Marshal Mooney and later released.⁶⁵

On the following Tuesday Father William L. McNamara of Chadron officiated at Little Bat's funeral, which was attended by his wife, his children, and a number of Crawford citizens, and he was buried with military honors at the post cemetery.⁶⁶ A simple marker was placed there which gave his name, the date of his death, and the word "Employee."⁶⁷ Little Bat was 52 years old at the time of his death and was the father of thirteen children, seven of whom (one son and six daughters) were living. Six of his sons were dead.

As for Haguewood, he had put on his hat and coat and surrendered to Marshal Mooney immediately after the shooting.⁶⁸ The *Crawford Tribune* made the following comments:

Mr. Haguewood has been a resident of Crawford for the past twelve years, and has borne a good reputation. He was an industrious man, attending to the interests of his employer strictly, a very thorough business man, and one who made many friends, who regret the sad occurrences that brought his present trouble upon him. He was not of a quarrelsome nature, and was naturally of a sociable disposition. It is the general impression that the defense will be that Haguewood and Bat had some trouble during the encampment eight or ten years ago, and that he was afraid of him. . . .

The citizens of Crawford are somewhat worked up over the matter, but there is a calm determination that the case must rest upon its own merits and justice be meted out.⁶⁹

Haguewood, placed in the custody of Sheriff Dargan, was taken to Chadron where the preliminary hearing was held before Judge G. T. H. Babcock, on December 20. County Attorney W. H. Fanning represented the prosecution; Captain Allen G. Fisher represented the defense. Haguewood, charged with murder in the first degree, pleaded not guilty. He was then held in jail, without bail, to await the next term of the district court.⁷⁰

The verdict—not guilty—reached by the jury was not too unexpected. On March 29, 1901, the *Chadron Journal* briefly commented on the trial:

It was the result of a deliberation of a little more than two days and two nights. . . . This case has been one of unusual interest. . . . People generally are glad that the jury found a verdict. To have them disagree would incur an expense in a new trial that would not be paid by the tax-payers with any large degree of gladness.

The verdict did not alter my opinion that justice had not been meted out. There were others who felt as I did.⁷¹ But in September, 1901, I left Crawford to attend pharmacy school and then the happenings and events at Crawford and Fort Robinson no longer were such an integral part of my life.

NOTES

1. Mrs. J. Walter (Jessie Waugh) Moyer was born in Albion, Iowa, on August 28, 1885, and died in Lincoln, March 16, 1968. The Moyers were married 61 years and were the parents of three sons, Jean (Lincoln), John B. (deceased), Hallard (Homewood, Illinois), and a daughter Viola (Freed) of Hastings.

2. In 1901 Augustus Moyer installed the first telephone in Crawford to connect the drug store and his home. Additional telephones made it necessary to install a switch-board, and in 1910 he completed the telephone building. Moyer built the first long-distance lines connecting Crawford with Fort Robinson and surrounding towns. Mr. and Mrs. Moyer are buried in Pennsylvania.

3. *Souvenir Book* Crawford, Nebraska 1886-1961, 17:2.

4. There were at least three known Negro commissioned officers who served at Fort Robinson.

5. This may be conjecture. Calamity Jane reappeared in Deadwood, South Dakota, in 1895 after a sixteen-year absence. She visited Deadwood briefly in 1896, and did not

return until 1903, the year of her death. Sollid, Roberta Beed, *Calamity Jane* (The Western Press: Historical Society of Montana, 1958), 53, 78, 105.

6. *Souvenir Book*, 139.
7. *Crawford Gazette*, April 13, 1894.
8. *Ibid.*
9. *Nebraska State Journal*, April 14, 1894.
10. *Omaha World-Herald*, December 10, 1894, *Nebraska State Journal*, December 11, 1894.
11. *Nebraska State Journal*, February 14, 1895.
12. *Chadron Signal*, May 14, 1896.
13. James Elbert Hartwell practiced at Crawford from 1892 until 1940. He also served as contract physician at Fort Robinson. "Beggars, drunkards . . . even diseased and abused animals were cared for by him when he could barely rise from the sick bed." *Souvenir Book*, 118-119.
14. *Ibid.*, 11:2.
15. Dr. Meredith practiced at Crawford until his death in 1908. *Ibid.*, 29-30.
16. *Crawford Tribune*, December 18, 1896.
17. *Nebraska State Journal*, July 16, 1895.
18. Charles S. Spearman served as Crawford's Police Chief: 1895-1898; 1911-1912. *Souvenir Book*, 52:1.
19. *Crawford Tribune*, September 18, 1896.
20. James H. Cook, *Fifty Years on the Old Frontier* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1923), 194-195.
21. *Crawford Tribune*, December 11, 18, 1896; Justice of the Peace George H. Dietrich also ran a saloon and gambling hall, letter from Vance Nelson, Curator at Fort Robinson.
22. Richard E. Dudley, "Nebraska Public School Education, 1890-1910," *Nebraska History*, 54 (Spring, 1973), 76.
23. *Crawford Tribune*, January 1, 1897.
24. *Ibid.*
25. *Ibid.*, January 29, 1897.
26. *Ibid.*, February 5, 1897.
27. *Ibid.*, May 14, 1897.
28. *Ibid.*, July 2, 1897.
29. *Ibid.*
30. It is possible that all of these events did not occur at this particular celebration.
31. *Souvenir Book*, 17:2.
32. *Crawford Tribune*, July 9, 1897.
33. An 1897 report on minor tactical maneuvers at Fort Robinson "described the mounting of Lt. M. A. Batson and two enlisted men on high wheel Columbia bicycles and the results of a rugged test of their ability to keep pace with mounted troops in the field. The bicycle-mounted men had 'great difficulty' in keeping up with cavalry in rough terrain but over rolling ground were able to outdistance the horsemen. . . . The report concluded that day in and day out the bicycle men would not be able to perform as required. . . . Lt. Batson later used another of the bicycles . . . while mapping parts of the military reservation. . . . This test foreshadowed the eventual replacement of cavalry by mechanized troops." Roger T. Grange, Jr., "Fort Robinson, Outpost on the Plains," *Nebraska History*, 39 (September, 1958), 229.
34. *Crawford Tribune*, August 6, 1897.
35. *Crawford Tribune*, September 10, 1897.
36. *Chadron Journal*, September 10, 1897.
37. *Ibid.*
38. *Ibid.*, September 17, 1897.
39. The Belmont Tunnel was finished August 28, 1889. Passenger service was discontinued on August 24, 1969, but many freight trains continue to use the line. "Out of Old Nebraska," February 7, 1973, Nebraska State Historical Society.

40. *Crawford Tribune*, September 10, 1897.
41. *Crawford Tribune*, September 17, 1897.
42. *Ibid.*, September 24, 1897.
43. *Ibid.*
44. *Ibid.*, November 12, 1897.
45. *Ibid.*, December 17, 1897.
46. *Ibid.*, February 11, 1898.
47. *Ibid.*, March 25, 1898.
48. *Ibid.*, March 4, 1898.
49. *Ibid.*, April 15, 1898.
50. Letter A. E. Sheldon to E. C. Sanderson, David C. Middleton: MS, Nebraska State Historical Society.
51. James H. Cook, "Early Days in Ogallala," *Nebraska History*, 14 (April-June, 1933), 90.
52. Sheldon to Sanderson; Doc Middleton was jailed for bootlegging at Douglas, Wyoming. He died there of erysipelas in 1913. "Note on Doc Middleton," *Nebraska History*, Vol. 10, No. 4 (October-December, 1927), 351.
53. Fort Robinson Post Returns, 1895-1906: April, 1898 (NARS RG 94) Records of the Office of the Adjutant General; Nebraska State Historical Society.
54. *Crawford Tribune*, April 22, 1898.
55. Post Returns.
56. *Crawford Tribune*, April 29, 1898.
57. Captain Fisher, an attorney, later served as a state legislator and was mayor of Chadron for several terms. He died January 4, 1937, and is buried at Chadron.
58. *Nebraska State Journal*, April 30, 1898.
59. *Crawford Tribune*, April 29, 1898.
60. *Crawford Tribune*, May 20, 1898.
61. *Nebraska State Journal*, April 29, 1898.
62. Mrs. Garnier "was the daughter of M. A. Mousseau, a French-Canadian who was one of the very early traders and trappers in the Rocky Mountain Region," Cook, *Fifty Years*, 198.
63. *Crawford Tribune*, December 21, 1900.
64. *Ibid.*
65. *Ibid.*
66. *Ibid.*
67. Cook, *Fifty Years*, 197; "All graves in the post cemetery were removed to Fort McPherson National Cemetery, Nebraska, when the Army turned the post over to the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture." Grange, "Fort Robinson," 229:40n.
68. *Chadron Journal*, December 21, 1900.
69. *Crawford Tribune*, December 21, 1900.
70. *Chadron Journal*, December 21, 1900.
71. Cook, *Fifty Years*, 194-198.