THE SALT LAKE HERALD

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1903

SECTION TWO.

THE LOG BOOK OF AN ARMY TRUMPETER

FOR twenty years there lay in an old and unused desk in the corner of a ranch house in eastern Montana an old account book, the first twenty or thirty pages of which were covered by manuscript. The book was left at the ranch by a former soldier of the Fifth infantry. The soldier was acquainted with the owner of the ranch, an old buffalo hunter of the region, and left his effects at the ranch, intending to return for them. He never came back and his belongings were gradually scattered, the book finding its way to the old desk where, in after years, the back pages were used by farm hands to keep their "time." About fifteen years ago a boy, while idly rummaging about the ranch, came across the old account book and began to read the manuscript. The story interested him at the time, but later passed from his mind. Recently he visited the old ranch, now a prosperous farm, and thought of the old account book and the story it contained. The old desk had been removed to a back room upstairs in the big farmhouse which replaced the buffalo hunter's cabin, and a search of it revealed portions of the old account book and the story.

In the book Trumpeter Brown, of Company B, Fifth infantry, kept a diary of military expeditions under General Nelson A. Miles against the Indians, in which Brown participated, during the fall and winter of 1876 and 1877. The expeditions, following soon after the famous Custer massacre, were in a measure punitive, though designed chiefly to get the troublesome Sioux Indians back on their reservations.

"ENLISTED MAN'S" STORY.

Trumpeter Brown wrote his diary in a splendid hand and was undoubtedly a man of some education. As the fragments of his story show, he was careful and observant, and at times inclined to draw conclusions from the facts he presented. His story is chiefly of interest, however, as a narrative of the campaigns from the standpoint of a man in the ranks. It has not been censored and has never before been published. Trumpeter Brown describes the exciting incidents in which he figured with becoming modesty and in a manner which leaves no room to doubt the accuracy of his story. The story will be found interesting as showing the hardships the infantry soldiers endured during the Indian fighting days, the writer mentioning in a matter of fact way that it was "40 degrees below zero," "many hands and feet were frozen," "mules died from starvation," etc., treating the occurrences as mere incidents to the march. At times he indulges in little rhetorical flights which do not add strength to his story but which will easily be forgiven in one who was a member of the valiant bands that dared and suffered so much to "win the west."

SCENES HAVE CHANGED.

A few holes in the ground are all that remain of the old cantonment now; the hills where the scouts shot buffalo for the command are covered with cattle and sheep, and the buffalo are gone; the valleys where the soldiers and Indians contended are filled with peaceful farms, and the Indians are passing away; the automobile and the bicycle move about easily where the soldiers laboriously marched; bridges span the rivers where the soldiers risked their lives on the treacherous ice and in the quicksand; the smoke from the signal fire has given way to smoke from the factory chimney; the wagon trail which wound along the Yellowstone has been supplanted by the railroad; Trumpeter Brown has been forgotten and may have joined those comrades whose "hearts are stilled forever by the missiles of death," as he writes; and only chance rescued from oblivion his simple narrative of some of the campaigns which resulted in the surrender of Sitting Bull and the breaking down forever of the domination of the Indians in the west.

The first two pages of the account book are gone, and the story begins with the third page:

PATROLLING YELLOWSTONE.

" * * * received orders to patrol the Yellowstone and place troops at various fords to prevent Indians crossing. Company H, Fifth infantry, was stationed at a ford below Powder river. They were there but a few hours when they received a visit from the Indians, who fired a few ineffective shots and left. Company B, Fifth, was stationed about six miles below the present cantonment (located at the mouth of Tongue river). During the time we were here the remainder of our regiment arrived from Kansas. We left this station and went to Buffalo Rapids, twelve miles below. We had not left our former post many hours when about four hundred Sioux crossed with their families, etc. We were detailed on escort duty with the Diamond R wagon train, which runs from Buford to Tongue river. We remained on escort about six weeks. We were then relieved by two companies of the Twenty-second infantry. We reported for duty at Tongue river and commenced to erect quarters for the winter.

WAGON TRAIN RESCUED.

"Our quarters were almost completed when a scout arrived and reported that a train was corralled about forty miles below Tongue river. We were ordered to pack our bundles, and the next morning we started early and marched all day through the burning dust and sand. We stopped at night, made a cup of coffee and once more resumed the march. We marched all night long. The next morning we laid over two hours to cook breakfast. After breakfasting we again took up line of march up Cedar creek. When we came within a few miles of where the train was supposed to be corralled we saw the scouts coming back, followed by a party of horsemen. The party following were the scouts and officers of the train. The Indians had heard of our coming and abandoned the train. Shortly afterwards the train came in view. They went in camp with us that night. Early next morning the train started for Tongue river and we in search of Sitting Bull.

MILES MEETS SITTING BULL.

"As we had come this far the general (Miles) was determined to give the redskins a chase if it was possible to find their trail. We marched all that day. Parties were sent ahead to hunt buffalo for the command. Next morning about 11 o'clock the scouts and mounted party came back and reported a large body of horsemen coming toward the command. We had stopped in a valley to rest when the Indians appeared on the ridge to our left with a white flag. They sent in a chief to General Miles asking him to come out half way and hold a council of war. The general granted the request and, with a small escort, he went out to meet the famous Sitting Bull. They held a long pow-wow, but no satisfaction could they gain from the general. He wanted them to surrender on the spot or fight. They did not know what to do. The general said he would give them ample time to form a conclusion, and if they did not form a satisfactory one he would at once open fire. One of the chiefs asked the general if he would give them till morning to hold a council among themselves, and that they would be sure to come to our camp in the morning, and wanted him to remove the troops to our last camp. The general was very lenient with 'good Injuns' and accordingly complied with their wishes, removing us to our last camp, eight miles back.

INDIANS TRY TO SNEAK.

"I suppose the general began to think the matter over and had concluded they were only playing 'possum in order to give their camp time to move. So, early next morning, we pulled out after them. Before we got to them we could see them watching us from the bluffs. They were, as the general had supposed, moving their camp. Their village could be seen moving off in the distance. The warriors all stopped back to give us a reception.

"When we came up to them Sitting Bull rode out and asked why we had come to dog his footsteps. General Miles informed him that, as they would not come and camp with him, he had come with the determination of camping with them. Sitting Bull then rode off in disgust to his warriors, who occupied the bluffs in our front. One of the Indians was seen setting the prairie on fire to our left. The general ordered one of the scouts to go and stop him. The scout rode out and, as he reached the point of the bluff, he yelled at the Indian, but fired at the same time. The Indian rolled over on the burning grass.

FOUGHT ALL DAY.

"We did not stop, but kept straight ahead for the redskins on the bluffs. The opera had commenced. Bullets whistled lively overhead, without doing much material damage. The big gun broke loose on them, which scattered them in all directions. Had it not been for the cannon, they might have done much greater damage. Only our best marksmen were able to make them bite the dust, but occasionally they were seen to throw up their hands and tumble from their ponies. All that day we fought them through fire and smoke which nearly suffocated us.

"That night we camped on five hills, with our wagons in the valley in the center. As we did not camp with Sitting Bull, we did camp where he had camped the night before. Shots were fired all night from the picket posts, for some of the most venturesome of the Indians would creep up with the intention of picking the men off at their posts, but many had made a mistake, for they were not asleep. All night long the Indians could be seen dancing and yelling in the flames like so many demons.

Views of Cheyenne Indian camp on site of old cantonment at mouth of Tongue river. It was from this post that the various military expeditions referred to in Trumpeter Brown's narrative set out. Views are from snapshots made by a member of The Herald staff on Oct. 19 1903.

"The morning dawned at last. The Indians were ahead ready to renew the contest. We had not left the hills five minutes when we received a volley from the rear, wounding two men. This was all the loss that we received on this trip, with the exception of a few horses. After this volley the Indians were seen only in the distance, noting our course and progress. We kept direct on the trail, which was very plain on the burnt grass. They would occasionally fire a shot at us, hoping to gain our attention, so that their village might gain on us, but it was of no avail. We were bound to find them if we had to follow them to the Big Horn.

"We followed them about seventeen days when we reached the Yellowstone, where they had crossed. They could not have been far head, for lodge poles, and ponies, both dead and crippled, were scattered all along their trail.

SURRENDER TO MILES.

"We stopped at the river and prepared to cross, when a few Indians were seen with a white flag on the opposite bank. They wanted to see the general. The general sent over after them, and they came across and held a long pow-wow and smoked the pipe of peace with the general. The result was that about eleven hundred of this band surrendered. Sitting Bull himself would not give up, for, with a few chosen warriors, as these Indians say, he had left this band before they reached the Yellowstone and started back towards Peck to join a large hostile band under Crazy Horse.

"General Miles took five of their chiefs as hostages that they would report to their agency. Permission was granted the remainder of the band to hunt thirty days, at the expiration of which they were to report to the agency.

"We took up the line of march for Tongue river and took in supplies for a forty days' scout. This trip, I think, was about three hundred miles. We arrived Nov. 3, laid over one day and started the 5th. As I kept no memoranda on this trip, I will give it from memory as nearly as possible.

MARCH TO FORT PECK.

"Crossed Yellowstone and marched about fifteen miles and went into camp. Wood and water.

"Nov. 6th—Marched nine miles in order to have wood and water.

"Nov. 7th—Marched all day, making thirty-two miles. No wood; burned sage brush.

"Nov. 8th—Marched about twenty-nine miles. Struck the Dry Forks and went into camp. Wood and water.

"Nov. 9th—Marched until about 10 o'clock, and then left the bank, going through canyons on the left of the Forks. Again we struck the dry bed. About noon it began to snow. Marched until dark, the snow continuing. Went into camp with wood and water. Made about twenty-nine miles.

"Nov. 10th—Marched twenty-five miles to Sand Hills. Went in camp.

"Nov. 11th—Marched about ten miles and left the river. Struck across the prairie in the direction of Fort Peck. About 2 o'clock our mounted party came in and reported Indians on the bluffs ahead. Scouts were sent out, who returned stating that it was only about two miles to Peck and that the Indians were friendly. Went in camp, making twenty-two miles. Distance from Tongue river to Peck is about 125 miles.

ON WRONG ROUTE.

"Here the command divided into two different parties. Four companies, under Captain Snyder, remained opposite Peck. The companies under Snyder were C, D, F and K. General Miles, with the remaining six companies, started up the Missouri river on the north side. We marched about two hundred miles when Company B, under Captain A. S. Bennett, left the command and struck off in a northwesterly direction. Our object was to make for a trader's post on the Missouri. Everything went smooth for the first day. The next day we started early. Our guide told the captain that he was going over the bluffs to see if he could see the river, and told the captain to keep on the table land, but, instead of following his directions, he took us to the left and kept on until we found ourselves hemmed in on both sides and in front by high bluffs. There was no way but to turn back, which was about six miles. After we got safely out of the valley we saw the guide coming back. He supposed we were all killed. As it was getting late, we went into camp. No wood. When some of the boys found a buffalo wallow we dipped our camp kettles full, and gathered dry sage bruch and cooked our coffee.

"Next morning we started toward the Crazy Woman's mountains. About noon we struck in a southerly direction until we came to the pine hills. As it was late we went into camp in the hills. No water. Melted snow to cook coffee. It was now about eight miles to the trader's post. Early next morning we started out, thinking we could make it by noon, but owing to the rough traveling through the pine bluffs it was late when we reached the river. As it was thought unsafe to cross the river on the ice in the dark, we went into camp. Next day we took our mules over first, then the empty wagons, afterwards the baggage.

FORBIDDEN TO SELL ARMS.

"We camped here two days, during which time the captain performed what duty he had to do, which, I think, was to make investigations in regard to the amount of ammunition and arms the trader had on hand, and to issue an order prohibiting him from selling the same to the Indians.

"After finishing this duty we started back toward the command of General Miles, on the south side of the Missouri river. After three days' steady marching we reached the command, which we found in camp among the pine bluffs. We took up line of march for Tongue river.

GENERAL MILES "SHIPWRECKED"

"They had a very hard time crossing the river, for the ice was floating where they crossed. They crossed on rafts. The best joke is on the general, for while he was on a raft it broke loose from the bank and away it went down the river. 'Our shipwrecked colonel,' the boys called it. The raft struck a snag and there it remained, with the general still on it, for eight hours. After a long time spent in trying to throw ropes to him, which proved fruitless, one of the boys swam out with a rope and released the general from his unpleasant situation. After a hard time they finally got everything safely on the opposite bank, with the exception of Lieutenant Baldwin, who, with Companies G, H and I, started back toward Peck, enroute for Fort Buford.

HARDSHIPS ON MARCH.

"Our command took up line of march through the bluffs until we reached Crooked creek. We left the creek and came to the Musselshell. Crossed the Musselshell and followed up Squaw creek; followed this creek nearly seventy-five miles through the most winding canyons and over rocky bluffs. For nearly two weeks we had just such traveling. The prairie then became more level.

"We found Captain Snyder's trail, which was going for Tongue river. We followed it until within three days' march of the post when our mules began to die from starvation. We sent in a scout to have them send us forage, or we would not be able to get in. After the forage arrived we stopped over a day to let the mules recruit. We reached Tongue river all right, with the exception of a few frozen feet, ears and hands.

TOO MANY INDIANS.

"Let us now follow Lieutenant Baldwin and his three companies. After he left the command he marched to Fort Peck. There he was told that Sitting Bull was camped about eight miles below on the river bank. They left their wagons and, with pack mules and five days' rations, they marched to within a few miles of the hostile camp and lay over until morning to make the attack. At daylight they came in view of the camp, which consisted of 100 lodges—equal to 500 warriors. This was more than the troops had counted on. The troops, all told, only numbered 106. The Indians had known of their coming and had prepared themselves. The Indians did not seem desirous of fighting and motioned the troops back. Lieutenant Baldwin, being a very prudent man, withdrew while he had a chance. They went back to Peck, took their wagons and took up line of march for Tongue river to inform General Miles of the rendezvzous of the Indians.

"Befort Lieutenant Baldwin reached the post he ran into a small band of Sioux, who immediately left everything and fled for the hills. The troops burned their lodges, and captured about sixty of their ponies and brought them to Tongue river.

"While the command was out Lieutenant Hargous arrived from the Crow agency with a party of Crow Indians to be kept at the post as scouts. They were camped on Tongue river on the east side of our quarters. It must be remembered that the Sioux and Crows are the most deadly enemies, and when they meet one or the other has to die.

BATTLE BETWEEN INDIANS.

"The next day after our arrival at the post a party of Sioux rode into camp under a flag of truce. They passed the Crow village and as they got past the Crows ran out and opened fire on them. The Sioux did not return the fire but took a direct line for our camp. The Crows followed and continued firing. The Sioux, seeing them closing in on them, turned and began to fire also. The officers and troops ran out, but it was no use. Before anything could be done the Crows had killed, scalped and mutilated the bodies of five Sioux. The Sioux, thinking the soldiers were also going to fire on them, also took flight. The Crows followed. The officers undertook to arrest the Crows, but they left their lodges and hid among the hills. They were afraid they would be hanged for firing on a flag of truce.

"The Sioux had killed two of the Crows' squaws when they were coming to the post, and the Crows only avenged the deaths. Perhaps people may imagine that the Indians are dealt foully with, but not so. The military in this department has offered them reasonable terms, asking them to come in peaceably and give up their arms, and stay on their reservations. But they would rather be at constant warfare with the government. Yet it is not alone the Indians who are to blame. There are white men in league with them. Look at the fate of General George A. Custer. This was the work of whites mostly."

MISSING PAGES.

(Several pages of the manuscript are missing here. The owner of the manuscript is unable to recall just what connection Trumpeter Brown figured out between the whites and the massacre of Custer's command the previous summer. Some of the missing pages tell of the start of an expedition toward the head of the Tongue and Rosebud rivers. Early in the journey the death of one of the mounted men, a man named Betty, is described. The man was shot from ambush and instantly killed, just after he had mounted his horse one morning, the bullet piercing his heart. Betty wore a heavy buffalo overcoat and was unable to reach his carbine in time to defend himself from the Indian scout who killed him. No fights of consequence occurred up to the time the story resumes, but frequent exchanges of shots took place. Trumpeter Brown's narrative continues as follows:)

TWO CLOSE CALLS.

"Several of our horses were killed. None of the men were hurt, but many of them had their clothing riddled by bullets. One of our scouts—'Liver-eating' Johnson—had a furrow cut through his long hair. He said it was 'close'

"Jan. 8th—Reveille at 4 o'clock. Prepared for a scout with pack mules. Just as we got ready to move, our scouts came running in and reported a large body of Sioux coming in the direction of our camp.

"Lieutenant Baldwin displayed great fortitude and courage. He rode along the line and cheered up the men, telling them to have courage and meet the enemy like men, for they were about to make a charge on us. In front of us was a plateau, beyond which lay a patch of thick timber, and on either side were high, ragged bluffs. The Indians appeared to our right, and distributed themselves among the rocks and along the ravines. They covered our entire flank. They poured an incessant fire upon our skirmishers, who were lined across the valley. This line was commanded by Major Dickey, Twenty-second infantry, and consisted of E and F companies, Twenty-second. They were exposed to a galling fire. Our Rodman gun and Napoleon gun had excellent range on the enemy. Companies A and C, Fifth infantry, charged a hill to the left. Captain Butler had his horse shot from under him, but this did not retard their progress, for they went gallantly up and, with the loss of two wounded, they drove the Indians from it and held the hill in triumph.

"The Indians then took the bluffs to our left and front, but were dislodged by Company E and the artillery. The firing ceased at 12 o'clock, noon, for it began to snow so that it was impossible for either of the parties to continue the combat. We went back to camp for the night.

CASUALTIES OF FIGHT.

Jan. 9th—Lay in camp on the hill. Three companies moved out in order of skirmishers up Tongue river and passed over the ground occupied by the Indians in yesterday's engagement. They found several dead ponies. They discovered where the Indians had carried off their wounded, and also where they dragged the dead through the snow with lassoes. They saw where the Indians had moved off and separated into two different parties. The loss of the Indians was estimated at fifteen killed and twenty-five wounded, but there may have been many more of which the troops had no knowledge. Our loss was one killed and seven wounded; that is, only seven were seriously wounded. There were fourteen wounded altogether.

"Our pickets held the ridge which Companies C and C had taken, for about two miles out, and withdrew, leaving a party in possession of the hill nearest to camp. Snowing and raining.

"Jan. 10th—Started on the home stretch. Marched seven miles down Tongue river. Weather very stormy and cold.

"Jan. 11th—Marched twelve miles down the river. One foot of snow on the ground on the level at the present time.

"Jan. 12th—Marched thirteen miles down river. Weather cold. Many frozen hands and feet.

"Jan. 13th—Marched about fifteen miles and camped in one of our old camps. Thermometer at 40 degrees below zero. One of the wounded men, McCann of the Twenty-second infantry, died from the effects of his wound, received on the 8th inst. The marching was very rough owing to the snow being frozen in crusts.

"Jan. 14th—Marched to our fifth camp and dug up the body of Betty and carried him home with us. A very heavy storm blew up just as we got in camp.

"Jan. 15th—Marched twenty miles and went into camp. Very cold.

"Jan. 16th—Marched to Camp No. 3. Reached it about 3 o'clock. Would have gone further but difficulties prevented.

"Jan. 17th—Marched twenty miles to Camp No. 1. Men and teams fairly worn out.

RETURN TO CANTONMENT.

"Jan. 18th—Moved out for the cantonment, which was about eight miles from us on the Yellowstone. The men were highly elated by the prospect of glowing fires, in nice, snug and warm quarters, shelter from the bleak mountain winds, well cooked meals, and a good wash.

"The advance struck out at daylight, but, owing to the worn condition of the teams, we were delayed. It was 2 o'clock before we reached the post. All hearts, save those forever stilled by the missiles of death, throbbed for very joy at sight of the dear old post, and enthusiasm knew no bounds when the ringing sound of the Fifth Infantry band greeted our ears, coming far out over the flat to break the monotonous tread of the boys in blue.

"The main difficulties on this march will be perceived by the foregoing. In the deep snow and after a thaw the rotten condition of the ice on the river allowed our teams to break through. Melting of snow in the men's shoes, causing wet feet, was the cause of many frozen feet when the march was delayed and the water froze in the shoes.

"This valley of the river, timbered as it is, affords an excellent shelter from the wind and storm.

"After reaching the post, with silent tread we wended our way over the flat to the bluffs and deposited the bodies of our comrades beneath the cold, snow-covered ground, to rest from the cares of the world, no more to resume the rough marches of the campaign.

"Thus closes the expedition up to the present time, but, when the winter has left and the beautiful spring comes in with its verdure, we may be called upon to again pursue the wily red man over the plains and again behold the scenes of bloodshed."

HOW ANIMALS PREPARE FOR WINTER

BY ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

THE month has come when those of earth's creatures which know not the use of fire must make their preparations for winter if they would survive its hardships. They are confronted with problems which, if they are not already solved, must be attended to at once. In most cases their problems are those of food and shelter; sometimes one, sometimes both. Of course, the question of protection also comes up, and, although this is always before them, in some cases at least, it requires a special answer in winter. For this reason the fur of the Canadian hare, the ermine and some other mammals, and the plumage of the white-tailed ptarmigan, change from the brown color of summer to pure white, making them practically invisible in the snow. Then, in order that they may travel more easily over snow-covered ground, the feet of many animals are subject to peculiar modifications at this season.

As we all know, horny fringes grow upon the toes of grouse, the hoofs of certain deer become broader, and the feet of rabbits become wide, hairy pads. But these latter advantages, derived from change of color, or growth peculiar to the season, are attained without any effort on the part of the creatures themselves. In order to obtain food and shelter for winter, however, some animals are obliged to make active preparation.

Perhaps the best known example of such preparation is that of the beavers, which first make a pond by damming a stream with trees, brush, stones and mud, and then, in the pond thus made, erect stanch huts, whose roofs are well above water, and whose doorways are well below it. Here they spend the winter, swimming out under the ice in search of aquatic roots, or the bark of trees and bushes growing near the water, or, when other food fails them, eating the bark of saplings carried to the bottom of the pond and stored away near their huts in the autumn. Unfortunately, few of us ever get a chance to see either these animals or their works, for not only have the beavers been almost exterminated, but those which still survive often spend their winters in holes in the banks of streams, afraid to make a dam or rear a hut lest it be the signal for a massacre.

We can, however, get some idea of the beavers' natural preparation for winter by watching the muskrats, which have somewhat similar habits. The muskrat makes no dam, but chooses for the site of his winter home a pond already in existence. Here he builds a hut or lodge on the same general plan as the beaver's, but much smaller. The material used in its construction is usually that which is easiest to obtain—sticks, leaves, moss, grass and the stems of bullrushes being amongst the materials I have seen used by this animal. As far as I know, muskrats lay up no food for the winter, but depend entirely upon what they can pick up from day to day. Like the beavers they are partial to the roots of aquatic plants, and fragments of these are often seen beneath the ice, where they have floated from the spot where some rat has been at work. Muskrats also go out into the fields through holes in the ice, to eat any winter apples they may find under the trees, or to glean corn or other grain which may have been left by the farmers. They occupy their well-built houses chiefly in the daytime.

The Little Chief Hare, or Pica, of the west is another of our provident wild creatures. This little fellow is apparently related to the rabbits on one side and to the rats on the other. Picas live on the slopes of the mountains, where, in holes and crevices amongst the rocks and boulders, they find safe retreats. They are most industrious, and spend much time in gathering mountain plants, which they pile into "haystacks" for their use in the winter.

It would probably be difficult to mention a more provident animal than the common chipmunk, which for months now has been carrying into his long, winding, underground tunnel a store of nuts, grains and seeds of different kinds, which would probably last him for two years if there should be a famine next year.

The red and the gray squirrels, too, have been busy collecting nuts for several weeks past, and many are the piles of shellbarks and butternuts hidden away in hollow trees, old woodchuck burrows and under prostrate logs in the woods. But these creatures are not nearly so dependent on their winter stores as the chipmunk is, for red and gray squirrels are abroad more or less all winter, while the little hackhee sticks to his den from fall until spring.

The woodchuck works on a different plan. He stuffs himself all spring, summer and autumn, and becomes so fat that he needs no food at all in the winter. So he digs a long, deep burrow, which usually winds about among rocks and tree roots, and near the end of it he makes a snug nest of leaves or grass. Then he plugs the entrance with soil and leaves, to keep out cold air, and goes to sleep, to awaken in February or March with a thin body and a ravenous appetite.

The flying squirrels, too, sleep away the winter, but their slumber is less sound than that of the woodchuck. They do not wake up to eat, so far as I know, but if, on a warm day in winter, one taps gently on the hollow tree where they have their nest, they will come out in one, two, three order, and sail away through the woods.