

**Historic Tales of Fort Benton**  
Notes to [www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-tales](http://www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-tales).

**5. For saving the historic Fort Benton Blockhouse, see [www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-tales](http://www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-tales).**

**Old Fort Benton's "Tottering Tower" of 1890, Proudly Stands Today:  
A Great Preservation Success Story**

By Ken Robison

*This week, the Montana National Society Daughters of the American Revolution (D.A.R.) gather in Fort Benton, Montana's oldest Euro-American settlement, to commemorate their role in preserving Montana's most historic building—the original Blockhouse at Old Fort Benton. This is their story and the fascinating saga of Montana first and greatest historic preservation success.*

One century ago, the *Flathead Courier* paid tribute to the historic Blockhouse at Old Fort Benton, writing:

“The strip of river bank at Fort Benton . . . forms one of the most historic water fronts in America, for along its length during the quarter of a century between 1860 and 1885 the beautiful river steamers from St. Louis unloaded yearly vast stores of merchandise for the upper Missouri country and the gold camps of Montana, while millions upon millions of dollars in gold dust were taken aboard here for the trip down the river to the mints. Along this strip of river frontage stepped ashore many of the pioneers who later became makers of Montana history, and it was here that the ill-fated General Thomas Francis Meagher fell from the deck of a steamer tied to the bank and was drowned one night . . . Today not a single trace of its old levee remains. The square tower near a grove of trees—far up the bank is the remaining bastion of old Fort Benton, most famous of the historic outposts of the northwestern frontier.” [Flathead Courier, June 19, 1919, p. 9]

So, just how was that “square tower” saved when all the rest of the “bastion of old Fort Benton” crumbled, lost to the elements and posterity? What events led to the preservation of the northwest Blockhouse at Old Fort Benton, the most historic structure in the important trading post in the Northwest, built at the zenith of the bison fur/robe trade in Blackfoot country on the upper Missouri in 1846/47? [It was at Christmas 1850 that the fort was christened “Fort Benton” in honor of Thomas H. Benton, Missouri's powerful senator—delete.]

The original log structures including the Blockhouse were converted to adobe brick construction during the 1850s. Over the next two decades, as the bison robe trade peaked, first the American Fur Company of Pierre Chouteau, Jr. & Company, and then the North West Fur Company, kept the buildings whitewashed and care for. After a short period of occupancy by the frontier Army, the old post was abandoned to the elements, and the wind, rain, snow and ice began taking their toll. By the end of the 1880s, the River Press mildly reported on the deterioration and hinted that preservation was needed, “The old adobe fort . . . a structure of 1846, stands yet, but it is slowly crumbling away. It has seen its best days, certainly its worst. It invariably occurs to a visitor that it should not be allowed to entirely disappear. With it will vanish every reminder of the perils and trials of the northern Montana pioneer. [River Press, June 19, 1889, p. 3]

Ironically, the press dialogue that eventually stimulated preservation began when the Spokane *Spokesman-Review* editorialized in February 1895, “Old Fort Benton is the only historic ruin in Montana. Its erection was commenced in 1846 and it was completed in 1850, but today only one

bastion of the old fort is standing. The history of the fort would fill a volume. A movement is now on foot to preserve the bastion, and the old residents of that section are taking an active interest in the matter, and a bill will be presented in the present legislature asking for an appropriation.”

Months later in April 1895 a new publication, *Montana Illustrated*, brought a sparkling account by Jeremiah Collins, a pioneer journalist, about the importance of Old Fort Benton. Collins wrote:

“If I were asked to point out Montana's one particular historic spot, I would not hesitate to lead the inquirer to the ruins of old Fort Benton. Unique in its frontier record of nearly half a century. Here was the headquarters of the American Fur company for 20 years. and afterward. as the town and then city of Fort Benton, the principal settlement of the northern frontier, head of navigation on the Missouri river, and *entrepot* and distributing point for this new northwest. It is the oldest permanent establishment of the white man in what is now Montana.

“Fort Benton is the only one of the ‘forts’ of the fur traders established on the Missouri river and its tributaries that is more than a memory today. Fort Union, Fort McKenzie, Fort Kipp, Fort Brule. Fort Chardon, Fort Lewis, Fort Hawley, and scores of others, what of them? The actual location of some is in doubt, and not one of them has an existence save on the old maps.”

Collins then provided a history of Old Fort Benton, and concluded that after the fur/robe trade era, “Decay and ruin soon marked it as their own, and today but little more than a mass of *debris* indicates the site of the historic fur trading establishment, the first permanent white settlement in Montana.”

The following year, in 1896 the influential *Anaconda Standard* chimed in with a headline “CRUMBLING TO DUST”:

“Age Has Reduced the Old Benton Adobe Fort to Pulp.  
IT IS A HISTORICAL RELIC

The One Tottering Tower Should Be Preserved . . .

Great Falls, Jan. 12.-While at Benton a few days ago, a *Standard* representative visited the site of the old adobe fort erected at the head of navigation on the Missouri river, nearly a century ago [sic]. It was a stately structure in its time . . .

The huge walls have crumbled to dust, and there is left but the wreck of one tower to indicate the location of what was once the greatest fort and the heaviest trading post in the Northwest. Efforts should be made to preserve what is left of the notable old structure. It is a tottering relic of the past, but its historical associations are rich and invaluable.”

Two more years passed when in May 1898, the *River Press* for the first time reported that there was a movement afoot in Fort Benton to preserve the Blockhouse by fencing it off and protecting its exposed areas “to prolong its existence as an interesting relic of early day history.” [River Press, May 18, 1898, p. 5]

Finally, in August 1899 T. C. Power & Bro. (John Power), at their own expense, took action in response to wide-spread sentiment in favor of its preservation. Their workers build a substantial wainscot all around the outside base of the old Blockhouse. [River Press, August 9, 1899, p. 6]

More years passed and as planning for the 1904 St. Louis World’s Fair proceeded, I. G. Baker, pioneer merchant at Fort Benton, suggested that the building of the Montana exhibit be in the shape of the old fort at Fort Benton. His idea was to reproduce the fort as it stood in the old days. Baker had plans for building the fort and estimated the cost at about \$10,000. He argued that the

fort would be “something unique, something peculiar,” as “one of the great landmarks of the state and would be known to all residents and visitors.” [River Press, June 24, 1903, p. 5]

I G Baker’s suggestion was not adopted but it brought more visibility around the state, keeping alive the importance of Old Fort Benton and the urgent need for preservation of the remaining bastion.

In late 1905, Mrs. Laura E. Howey, of the Montana Historical Society, promoted a movement for the preservation of Montana’s historic sites, among them Forts Benton and Owen and the Big Hole battlefield. Mrs. Howey revealed a letter she had received from T. C. Power & Bro. stating that they were going to use their best efforts to preserve old Fort Benton. They advised also that the people of Fort Benton intended to secure a site for a park and preserve the old fort.

Enter the Montana D.A.R. on the scene. Their members began to discuss taking action to preserve important parts of Montana history, focusing on Old Fort Benton and the Lewis and Clark trail. Among the D.A.R. leaders, Antoinette Van Hook Browne, wife of influential Fort Benton banker David G. Browne, went to work to induce the Montana legislature to appropriate money to “restore and maintain” Old Fort Benton. As the 1907 legislature convened in Helena, Representative Tom A. Cummings, of Chouteau County, introduced House Bill No. 194 “An Act appropriating money for the restoration and maintenance of Old Fort Benton and providing for the appointment of a Board of Trustees for the management thereof.”

Newspapers throughout Montana lent their support. The Butte Evening News editorialized: “To Preserve the Old Fort.

Among the commendable measures introduced at this session of the legislature is that by Representative Cummings, of Chouteau county, for the preservation of the historic relic of old Fort Benton.

Since the days when Fort Benton, as the head of navigation of the Missouri river, was the gateway for the commerce of the northwest and every pioneer and adventurer who came this land of gold to meet fortune or failure looked on it with pride or wonder, the little city has been a factor in the development the state.

There is primarily a sentimental interest in the plan to keep the ruins of the adobe fort from destruction. Unfortunately much of it is already beyond repair. Tom Cummings, Judge Tattan and Jere Sullivan and other Bentonites remember it when it was a pretty pretentious institution, the frontiersman's epitome of armed resistance.

But those days are gone; the old levee will never again be piled for acres along with buffalo pelts; the lucky miner from Last Chance and Alder Gulch, enroute to "the states," no more makes the welkin ring at the bar of the Overland hotel: the scene has changed, and all that remains is a corner of the old fort.

Let us save it from the industrial vandal and the devastating hand of time. Montana's old landmarks are few and far between. Let us preserve one of the earliest and one of the most picturesque.” [River Press, February 13, 1907, p. 5]

House Bill No. 194 passed the legislature and was signed by Governor Joseph Toole. The Act provided for:

“An Act appropriating money for the restoration and maintenance of Old Fort Benton and providing for the appointment of a Board of Trustees for the management thereof.”

*Be it Enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Montana:*

Section 1.

That the sum of Eight Hundred Dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary be, and the same is hereby appropriated from any funds in the State Treasury not otherwise appropriated, for

the purpose of aiding in the restoration and maintenance of the old Fort located in the Town of Fort Benton, County of Chouteau, Montana; provided, however, that before any of the said sums hereby appropriated is expended the town council of the town of Fort Benton shall by ordinance, provide for the setting apart and dedication as a public place or park of the ground or square upon the said building stands, with suitable approaches thereto and for the protection of the said ground and building.

Section 2.

The Governor of the State of Montana is hereby directed and empowered too appoint aa Board to be known as the Board of Trustees of old Fort Benton, consisting of three members. Each member of the said Board shall be an actual resident of the State of Montana and a member of the organization known as the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The members of said Board shall hold office for the term of two years, and until their successors are appointed and qualified, and in case of a vacancy in said Board from death, resignation or otherwise, the Governor shall fill such vacancy by appointment.

The Board may organize by the election of one of its members as President, and some suitable person as Secretary and may make all rules and regulations for its own government. The members shall receive no compensation for the performance of any services hereunder.

Section 3.

The Board of Trustees shall have power and it shall be their duty to expend the sums of money hereby appropriated and all other sums which they many hereafter receive from any source in the restoration of the old Fort to its original condition, and in the maintenance of the same, as a public place.

The said Board shall have power to receive, hold and expend any and all sums of money which may be donated to it or left it by Will of private individuals for the purposes for which it is hereby created.

Section 4.

It is the duty of the Board to audit all bills for expenses incurred in the restoration and maintenance of said building under the provisions of this Act, and when drawn against the fund hereby appropriated, to certify the same to the State Auditor, who shall present the same too the State Board of Examiners, and when approved by said Board the State Auditor shall draw a warrant on the State Treasurer in favor of the person or persons entitled to the said several sums payable out of the fund created by this appropriation.

Section 5.

The Board must made aa report in writing to the Governor on or before the 20<sup>th</sup> day of December in each year preceding the meeting of the Legislative Assembly of the State of Montana, which said report must give aa statement of the transactions of the Board so far as regards the appropriations made therefor by the State.

Section 6.

The Board of Trustees shall have power to make such rules and regulations for the preservation of the said buildings and grounds and their use by the public as they may deem fit, not inconsistent with law or the ordinance of the town of Fort Benton.

Section 7.

This Act shall be in full force and effect from and after its passage and approval.

Approved March 7, 1907.

[Laws, Resolutions and Memorials of the State of Montana Passed at the TENTH REGULAR SESSION of the Legislative Assembly Held at Helena, the Seat of Government of said State, Commencing January 7<sup>th</sup>, 1907, and Ending March 7<sup>th</sup>, 1907. Helena: State Publishing Company, 1907. p. 563]

By the end of April, Gov. Toole appointed the members of the Board of Trustees of Old Fort Benton for the term of two years: Antoinette Van Hook Browne (Mrs. David G. Browne) of Fort Benton, Ella Lydia Arnold Renisch (Mrs. E. H. Remisch) of Butte, and Eliza A. Sturtevant Condon (Mrs. Randall J. Condon) of Helena. The new Board of Trustees had the power to make such rules and regulations for the preservation of the buildings and grounds and their use by the public, consistent with the ordinances of the town of Fort Benton. The Trustees had the \$800 [\$21,799.40 in 2019 dollars] for the restoration and maintenance of old Fort Benton. [River Press, May 1, 1907, p. 5]

The Trustees worked closely with Fort Benton residents and city government, and under Mrs. Browne's leadership, the women of the town formed a Ladies' Improvement Association of Old Fort Benton. The Trustees worked with energy, securing the title to a tract of land surrounding the fort. This was fenced off and lawn and trees were planted. Repairs were made on the walls of the Engage House still standing. Through Fort Benton U.S. Congressman Charles Pray, Congress was petitioned for assistance in having the banks of the Missouri River ripped and otherwise protected from erosion by spring floods.

More money was raised by D.A.R. chapters in Helena (\$325) and Butte (\$100), and by the Old Fort Benton Ladies' Improvement Association (\$200) through local dances and other social events. . A park bench has been donated to the society by Mrs. J. V. Carroll, a large flag by Mrs. D. G. Browne, a flag staff by W. R. Early, and a number of ash trees by M. E. Milner.

**Fort Benton's city government turned over certain lands, supplied water for the park, had the ground surveyed.**

With the money given them the Daughters have cleared the site of debris, have braced up the old blockhouse with adobe bricks, cleaned the place off smoothly and enclosed it with a fence. The efforts of the Daughters are now directed in securing money with which to erect an arch at the entrance to the park, for park it is.

Work done during the summers of 1908 and 1909 through the combined efforts of the city, the Board of Trustees and the improvement Society included: the grounds were surveyed, inclosed and leveled preparing to make a lawn on portions oof it, a flag pole was erected The foundations of the ends of the Engage Quarters and the Blockhouse were strengthened by concrete. The Blockhouse was reinforced and braced both within and without by timbers and rods. This work was completed just in time to keep the old Blockhouse from collapsing. To protect the exterior of the Blockhouse it was inclosed with lath and plaster leaving port holes and windows

Plans were even begun for the reconstruction of the entire fort.  
[Great Falls Tribune, May 10, 1908; Anaconda Standard, October 4, 1909  
have braced up the old blockhouse with adobe bricks, cleaned the place off smoothly and enclosed it with a fence. The efforts of the Daughters are now directed in securing money with which to erect an arch at the entrance to the park, for park it is.

**Fort Benton's City Council took prompt action in the summer of 1908 to create Old Fort Benton public park as required by the legislature:**

ORDINANCE NO. 2I--A. An Ordinance Setting Apart Tract of Land for Park and Dedicating Same to Public Use, and for the Care, Protection and Maintenance Thereof.

Be It ordained by the council of the city of Fort Benton:

Section 1. In accordance with an act of the legislative assembly of the state of Montana, entitled "An Act Appropriating Money for the Restoration and Maintenance of Old Fort Benton and Providing for a Board of Trustees for the Management thereof approved March 7, 1907, the following described tract of land, upon which said old fort is situated, is hereby dedicated and set apart to and for the sole and exclusive purpose of a public park, to-wit: beginning at the northerly corner of block B, at the intersection of Main and Second streets, thence southwesterly along the southerly line of Main street, 500 feet thence southerly, parallel with the easterly line of block C, to the Missouri river; thence northeasterly along the bank of the Missouri river to a point on line with the easterly line of block B, and thence along said latter line northwesterly to the place of beginning.

Section 2. For the protection and maintenance of said park grounds, and the buildings thereon, the care and custody of the same is hereby given and grunted to the board of trustees of old Fort Benton, appointed by the governor of the state of Montana under the provisions of said act (House bill No. 194,) and its successors in office.

Section 3. This ordinance shall be in full force and effect from and after its passage and approval.

Passed and approved this 1st day of June, 1908.

F. E. Stranahan, Mayor

Attest:

John F. Murphy, Clerk.

In 1958, Bill Johnstone led an effort to improve the interior of the Old Blockhouse, install lighting, and open it to the public. Through the leadership of John Lepley during the 1990s the long dreamed of reconstruction of Old Fort Benton began.

Today, as you visit Montana's oldest Anglo-American settlement and tour reconstructed Old Fort Benton, spend time in the original Blockhouse, Montana's oldest structure and first great preservation success story—and quietly say thanks to the Montana D.A.R. who played the key role in saving that old “tottering tower.”

**34. For more about Madame Dumont's death and virtues, see [www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-tales](http://www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-tales).**

**The Butte *Miner* brought the news of Eleanore Dumont's death to Montanans in September, 1879 and reminded of her many good qualities, just a decade after she departed from Fort Benton for the Black Hills.**

**A Character of Earlier Montana.**

The Bodie (Cal.) *Free Press* thus alludes to the death of a character well known in Montana.

The inquest on the body of Eleanore Dumont ("Madame Mustache") took place this afternoon at 3 o'clock—too late for publication in this issue. The drug used by the unfortunate woman, in taking her life, was morphine. Dr. Roe analyzed the contents of the bottle found by her side, and it proved to be a mixture of claret wine and the above narcotic.

Those who remember the Madame will agree that she commanded a degree of respect very rarely accorded to one of her class, respect due to traits of character which may be inferred from the following incident:

At the discovery of the Kootenai mines in British Columbia the Madame joined the throng flocking to the scene of the new gold excitement, and was among the first to arrive at the new camp, where the very flattering appearance of the diggings led her not only to invest all her spare cash but also to run deeply in debt in erecting a large building to be used as a gambling saloon and dance hall. But the camp failed to realize the expectations of its discoverers; the Kootenai mines fell into disfavor with the fickle prospectors who were led south in droves by the fabulous reports from Carpenter's bar, Montana, so that the Madame soon found herself in the most dismal of all places, a half deserted mining camp. Nothing daunted, the courageous little woman packed up what little personal property she had left and took passage by mule train for fortune's new dwelling place in the great West Side camp of Montana. Here she prospered and made money fast. A year later the Elk creek strike sent her to the mushroom town of Reynolds City and while there she met the contractors who had built her Kootenai saloon and to whom she was still indebted. Having been contracted in a foreign country the debt was of course beyond the reach of what little law there was at that time in Montana . . . while the contractors, working there for day's wages, would probably have laughed at the idea of presenting their bill. But nevertheless, as soon as the Madame learned they were there, she voluntarily sought them out, ascertained the full amount of her indebtedness and paid it in bankable gold dust to the last dollar. Truthful and honest, whatever other faults she might have had, always smiling, never forgetting the politeness of her native France, and her purse ever open at the appeal of sickness or suffering, "Madame Mustache" leaves friends in almost every class of Western society to regret the sad closing act of her life's drama.

[FN: *Butte Miner*, September 20, 1879.]

**Chic, French Accented, Reticent Damsel Stepping Off Coach Into Gold Camp, Kept Miners Guessing Until She Rented Quarters and Introduced Game of Vingt-et-Un  
TAUGHT CALAMITY JANE THE ART OF DEALING  
Reached Height of Fame in Gambling Circles At Bannack, Virginia City and Last Chance;  
When Big Stakes Were Risked, She Personally Sat in the Game; Became Known as Madam Mustache.**

**By WALTER ED TAYLOR**

There were two kinds of women who came west in gold rush days— good women and bad. The good ones usually came in the company of fathers, brothers or husbands. The bad came alone, and so when a lone, beautiful young woman stepped from the stage coach at Nevada City, Calif., one day in 1854, people drew their own conclusions, j Without a word to anyone the lady went to a hotel and for a week she kept the gold camp guessing.

She revealed that her name was Madame Eleonore Dumont, but where Monseur Dumont might be she did not j say. She avoided people of the underworld and she dressed elegantly. She spoke with a French accent. No one had ever seen her before and none knew whence she had come nor what she had come for. The people of Nevada City were bursting with curiosity until the day when Madame Dumont rented quarters and opened a game of vingt-et-un. A lady gambler!

And what a gambler she was. During ensuing years she was to win and lose a dozen fortunes in as many gold camps throughout the west. She was to reach the height of her fame as a noted character in the gambling circles of Bannack, Virginia City and Last Chance gulch in Montana.

Those who knew Madame Dumont declared her to be the most charming woman who ever came west. It was a pleasure to lose money over her gaming table. She was an immediate success in Nevada City. Soon she had a large establishment with many tables in play and in a semi-private rear room, Madame herself, magnificently gowned and wearing exotic jewels, held court and played with those who wanted to risk large stakes. Hers was not an ordinary frontier gambling establishment; for there was very little drinking, and the place was operated in an orderly way. Within a year Madame Dumont, just 25 years old, had gleaned a sizable fortune from her tables. She had come to Nevada City just in time. At the end of a year the big rush there was over and the better gamblers were leaving for fresher, lusher fields.

Certainly Madame Dumont was one of the better gamblers and so she also moved. It was the beginning of a long trek from gold camp to gold camp. She crossed to Nevada and set up business in Virginia City in the fabulous Comstock Lode country. Here she repeated her successes of Nevada City although competition was stiff. Her amusing and always discreet repartee lured a high class clientele to her tables and she often exchanged quips with Samuel Clemens, who was yet to make his mark in the world as “Mark Twain,” king of humorists.

From Virginia City, Madame Dumont moved her equipment to other towns of the Lode country and thence north to the gold camps of Idaho. Sometimes she was successful; sometimes she was not, but whenever her fortunes waned there was someone to stake her anew. However, as the years went by her olive-skinned beauty began to fade, and she became less careful in her choice of companions, sinking slowly to the level of her associates. Her once petite figure became somewhat buxom and upon her lip there grew a slight line of hair.

In communities where such nicknames as Clubfoot George, Cockeyed Annie and Faro Nell were common, it was natural that the citizens invent a nickname for the gambling Madame Dumont. She came to be called “Madame Mustache,” because of her darkening upper lip. But none dared call her this to her face for she was not the kind of person to be safely meddled with. She was a woman of action who once subdued notorious Boone Helm with a tongue lashing after he had attempted gun-play in her place. Helm was more permanently subdued by the Vigilantes at a later date.

In 1864 Madame Dumont, by that time known far and wide as Madame Mustache, was in Bannack, Montana’s first capital. There she held forth in a long log house which is still remembered by a few pioneers. When the crowd moved to Virginia City Madame Mustache moved along. It is said that it was she who taught the 15-year-old Martha Jane Canary how to deal poker. Martha Jane Canary later became world-famous as Calamity Jane.



Madame Mustache was ever on the move. From Virginia City she went to Helena, then to Cheyenne, where she was well known in the seventies. Her trail next led to the Black Hills country. When fortune smiled Madame Mustache was gay and in her day she gave thousands of dollars to charity. When a man lost his poke in her house he was allowed to eat there until he made another stake—if it didn't take him too long. When luck was against her, Madame Mustache could "take it."

An interesting note on the life of Madame Mustache appeared in a national magazine in 1934 when a Californian who had known her asked to hear from anyone who remembered her. A letter was received from Daniel Harvey of Buffalo, N. Y., then 87, who wrote: "I knew her well, when I was a soldier in the 13th United States Infantry; I often played faro and 21 with her. She was a dainty, small French woman with short curly hair parted on one side. She looked like a boy. Twenty-one was her favorite game. She was married to **Clubfoot Kelly**, a gambler.

There are two stories regarding Madame Mustache's later years. In his book on "Lady Wildcats" of the West, Duncan Aikman tells that Madame Mustache went broke and committed suicide at Bodie, Calif. According to Aikman's account, she was found dead two miles from the camp with a poison bottle in her hand. There was no apparent reason for her act, for she had been broke many times before. Aikman ventures the guess that perhaps some one had called her "Madame Mustache" to her face. Another account of Madame Mustache's last years tells that when the west began to get civilized and tame she transferred operations to Panama, later returning to California where she purchased a substantial house and spent her last years in comfortable retirement. One likes to believe the second story true.

**[Dillon Examiner, September 30, 1936, p. 8]**

**35. Lieutenant James Bradley, writing as “Cavalier,” recorded the story of Little Dog’s lost treasure—see [www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-tales](http://www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-tales).**

**True Tales of Montana. By Cavalier [aka Lieutenant James Bradley].**

### **I. The Cached Treasure.**

Once upon a time there was a chief of the Piegan Indians, known to the whites by the name of Little Dog. He was a great brave, and though at peace with the employees of the American Fur Company, was accustomed to lead his warriors on far distant forays into the country of the many Indian enemies of the Blackfeet, and sometimes against parties of white traders, trappers, and hunters, or travelers not connected with the trading-post of Fort Benton. In one of these hostile excursions, probably about the year 1845, after penetrating the territories of several hostile tribes, he found himself with his band well down on the waters of Snake River, on the trail to Oregon by way of Fort Hall. Tales had come to him in his own land, of the numerous trains of pale faced emigrants who far to the southward were incessantly wending their way across the continent to the Pacific Coast; and he had undertaken this long and hazardous journey expressly to measure weapons with these famed wayfarers, who possessed such a store of goods: and so many wagons and cattle.

Disposing his warriors in a situation favorable for attack, Little Dog awaited with impatience the coming of a train. At last, far over the prairie, the white tops of the wagons are seen creeping slowly forward. On they come; the cattle jog lazily; the drivers straggle listlessly, rousing up now and then to discharge a volley of yells at the easy-going beasts, and cut the air with their huge whips; the monstrous boxes move nearer on their slowly turning wheels; and at last the caravan, all unsuspecting of the lurking foe, is in the midst of the ambush. A rattle of musketry, a terrific yell from the up-springing savages, a rush by the painted host, and Little Dog is victorious—not a man is left to tell the tale of the butchery.

Doubtless in the general sack of the wagons that followed, much was found that delighted the hearts of the merciless victors. Tradition, however, is silent upon this point, and deigns to preserve the recollection of but one small box found by Little Dog bestowed with extraordinary care in one of the wagons. This box was found to be well filled with what Little Dog pronounced to be brass buttons without eyes Brass buttons complete would have been regarded a very desirable acquisition by Little Dog and his savage followers; they often bought them at the fort on the Missouri, and paid good prices for them too; but without eyes what could they do with them? They were very heavy, and how should they carry them to their villages since they could not be strung on sinew like the ordinary button? Alas! handsome and glittering as they were, they must be left behind. But though deciding thus, Little Dog would not have them thrown away as entirely valueless, and they were consequently cached with much care in the rocks overlooking Snake River, at a point where a rocky promontory juts into the valley close to the foaming waters.

Perhaps, in after years, Little Dog's thoughts sometimes reverted to the hidden buttons, but he did not esteem them of sufficient value to warrant the hazards and fatigues of returning for them; and so there they remained for twenty years without exciting any particular interest. But at last population flowed by the thousand into Montana, and gold coin, unknown to the fur trade at its remote posts, began to circulate in the Territory. Little Dog saw the gold, saw how the white men prized it, how a small piece would buy pound upon pound of sugar, coffee, or tobacco, and wonder grew within him at the discovery that a brass button without eyes possessed such mighty power. Then he remembered his box of such buttons buried far away on the banks of Snake River, and bewailed his folly. Oh, that he had that box now! How wealthy it would make him;

what dignity he could maintain; what treasures he could buy; it would lift him to a height of grandeur such as had never been dreamed of. He could think of nothing else but those marvelous buttons, could do nothing but lament the fatuity that had induced him to let such a treasure slip through his fingers.

He told the story at Fort Benton, and pronounced various gold coins exhibited to him to be exactly like the brass buttons; and, like Captain Kidd's hidden treasure, it caused many a man to burn with eager desire to possess himself of the buried wealth. Little Dog believed that he could still find the locality, and often was he entreated to lead the way thither. At last the urgent solicitations of Mr. Dawson—then the American Fur Company's agent at Fort Benton—backed by the promise of a large reward, induced him to engage to do so, although his medicine had ever been adverse to the enterprise. He started, but conscience stricken at his sin, halted after proceeding a short distance, and could never after be persuaded to renew the attempt.

Little Dog is now dead, and still the brass buttons without eyes repose in concealment upon the banks of Snake River, whose waters rush with boisterous laughter to the sea, bearing their story of a hidden treasure, to swell the mighty list already in the records of the water-spirits who keep the tally of man's unwilling contributions to the coffers of the deep.

**[Benton Record, March 1, 1875, p. 1]**

**36. See [www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-ales](http://www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-ales) for articles on Little Dog, the Mullan Road, the Experimental Farm and the Sun River Stampede.**

**Little Dog and the Mullan Road.**

During the winter of 1959/60 at Cantonment Jordan [in western Montana, near today's De Borgia], as the wagon road building expedition, Lieutenant John Mullan, worried about real and imagined obstacles standing in his way between Fort Walla Walla, Washington Territory and Fort Benton. His intelligence sources were telling him that the Blackfoot planned to raid the Expedition once they entered Blackfoot Country east of the Rocky Mountains. Mullan knew that he needed to establish direct contact with the Blackfeet. So, he sent his interpreter Gustav Sohon to Fort Benton to summon the Blackfeet, and by mid-April Sohon returned, accompanied by a delegation led by their principal chief Little Dog who sought assurance of "the true objects" of Mullan's mission.

According to one of Mullan's men, John Strachan:

We are now in the Pikani, or Black Feet Indian country. We were informed by some of the Flat Head Indians that the Black Feet were opposed to our passing through their country; the Chief was at once summoned and arrived several weeks after with eight of his principal men. The Chief, whose name is Little Dog, was well dressed in black cloth and Beaver hat. This suit he received as a present from the Indian Agent. The rest of the party were decked out in all their finery, feathers and flowing ribbons, ornamented leggings and sashes. Their feet were covered with moccasins richly ornamented with beads and red cloth, and the usual worked tobacco and pipe pouch. The latter is shaped like a lady's reticule, and is generally prettily worked with beads. The simple bag does not, however, give sufficient scope for ornament, and usually it has several long tails to it, which are worked with silk of gaudy colors. The party were all mounted on fine horses, and the Chief at their head had a fine American flag floating in the breeze as an emblem of peace. Lewis and Clark, when in that country, presented an American flag calling it a flag of peace"—Lewis exchanged bullets with the Blackfeet, not an American Flag in their only contact—the incident on the Two Medicine River.

After having a hearty shake of the hands, a custom which all Indians through this country strictly adhere to, they dismounted, had supper, and in the evening a council took place. Most of the Indians spoke, and the Chief made an able speech, which through three interpreters of different languages at last came in English. He was willing that we should pass through their country, but was opposed to the whites killing their game. He was unwilling to go to war with the whites and kill them off, as he was depending on them for guns, powder, paint, beads &c. Lieut. Mullan told them his object in their country, and in conclusion asked them if they would promise not to go to war with any of the different tribes around them. He [Little Dog] was willing not to fight with any but the Snake; as it was a powerful tribe and always committing depredations upon their tribe, they had to fight. This Chief was the most intelligent looking Indian I had seen. He presided over more Indians than any other Chief in the Territories, by some estimated at twenty thousand. After following us three days they left.

[FN: *The Mullan Road, Carving a Passage through the Frontier Northwest.*

### **The Sun River Government Experimental Farm.**

#### **Blackfeet Indian Government Experimental Farm**

Located one-half mile north of Sun River Crossing, at one time there were 180 acres under cultivation and good crops were produced. The contract for the Farm houses were given September 10, 1858. D. M. Frost agreed to build and erect the following improvements or buildings in the manner specified: 1 Dwelling House 30 x 20 feet; 1 storehouse 40 x 20 feet; four houses each 18 x 15 feet, all to be ten feet high. All measurements are interior. The storehouses and dwelling to form one end of an area 72 wide and 92 long and four rooms to join the side of the storehouse and each other, and extend them in a line at right angles to the side of the said storehouse, forming one side of the area of space mentioned. The large dwelling to have three windows, one door, one chimney and a fireplace, the storehouse to have two windows and three doors, and room to have one window and one door, and one chimney with a fireplace each. The whole to be floored and roofed in a substantial manner. The timber to be of the best quality afforded at the point selected and the best material practicable. The whole to be enclosed by a picketing of rough logs 15 feet high, with a gat 10 feet wide and 10 feet high. The house to be built of unhewn logs and the whole buildings or improvements to be erected on the site selected by the said A.J. Vaughan, for the farm for the Blackfeet Indians. Completed by December 15 on the next ensuing year (Acts of Gods accepted). Sum of \$1,350 payable at office of Supt. Of Indian Affairs at St. Louis, Missouri, on account of fulfilling treaty stipulations with Blackfeet Indians.” **Alfred J. Vaughan, Indian Agent (seal)**

**D.M. Frost and Co. (seal)**

### **Government Established First Indian farm in Early Fifties**

In the late fifties the government appropriated money and established what was known as the Blackfeet farm upon the Sun river, up the valley west of Great Falls.

The farm flourished in the early sixties and at one time 180 acres were under fence and cultivation. Proposals were made in 1860 that \$10,000 be appropriated for the purchase of cattle to be run in connection with the farm. These, however, were never acquired.

Subsequent changes of Indian agents and reservation farmers, and the hostile attitude of the younger Indians resulted in the deterioration of the farm, theft by Indians of the stock and Implements, and finally in an attack during which the farm buildings were burned and one of the caretakers killed. After that the farm was allowed to go back to sod.

Records of the bureau of Indian affairs of the sixties tell an interesting story of the operations of the farm, opening with the report of Indian Agent Alfred J. Vaughn, dated at Blackfeet Farm, Aug. 31, 1860, as follows:

“It affords me unfeigned pleasure to inform the department of the complete success of the Blackfeet farm this year, which places the matter regarding the fertility and productiveness of the soil beyond all cavil and doubt forever. Providence has bountifully supplied it with genial showers this season, and I am now cutting as fine wheat, I think, as ever was raised in any state, samples of which, both fall and spring, I will forward to the patent office. The best of Indian corn and vegetables of all kinds and varieties grow in profusion, which the Indians are very fond of, especially corn and potatoes.

“I would further state that men of integrity, residing in the Bitter Root valley, informed me that none of their crops can compare, in anything planted or sown; and one, of the gentlemen who traveled all over the farm with me said there was more raised in the aggregate than in the whole Bitter Root valley.

“I have the main chief of the nation [**Little Dog**] residing on the farm. He is quite intelligent and he sees the importance of his people working the soil for a subsistence, or starving in a few years ... I would respectfully suggest to the department an appropriation of \$10,000 to be applied to the purchase of cattle, the Sun river valley being unsurpassed as a grazing country.”

On the same date, Daniel P. Paris, who had been appointed farmer after the departure of the former farmer, Thomas Mack, wrote:

“I have found 180 acres of land well fenced and under cultivation. I am now cutting as fine wheat as I ever saw. The Indian corn is nearly ready to gather. Vegetables of all kinds abound in profusion in the gardens, and the only drawback that I should ever entertain of a crop would be severe drouth, which could easily be obviated by irrigation. Regarding the fertility of the soil, it is equal to any.”

From 1860 to 1865 but little appears in the reports relating to the Blackfeet farm, but on Oct. 2, 1865, Gad E. Upson, Indian agent, reported to the commissioner of Indian affairs from Blackfeet agency, Fort Benton, as follows:

“In my former report I gave a full statement of the government farm, and when I left here in October, last, but one man, William Gay, was on the farm in the government employ, and he was there to protect the property, and, if possible, to cultivate enough land to pay the expenses he incurred; there being enough seed on hand to raise a fair crop if sown.

“Mr. Gay was instructed to sow this seed in the spring, and hire help for that purpose, only, if he needed it. This he did, and quite a field of wheat, oats barley and potatoes, together with other vegetables, was sown, but as the fates or some other evil spirit has never failed to visit this farm yearly, this year was not to prove an exception to the rule.

“About May 10 a party of 25 Blood Indians came to the farm early in the morning and secreted themselves, and as the stock was let out of the corral., (where it was kept every night for, safety), made a rush and ran off with every horse and mule belonging to the farm, together with several belonging to other parties that had been placed in the corral for safe keeping. Not satisfied with this, they met the only yoke of oxen belonging to the farm, killed one and ran away with the other, at the same time telling Mr. Gay and Mr. Paul who pursued them, to come on if they wanted to lose their hair (meaning their scalps).

“These Indians have all the farm stock yet, consisting of two horses, four mules, besides numerous little farm implements, such as axes, carpenter tools, and hand tools, which they pilfered! from time to time on their visits to the farm; in fact they have taken everything they

could lay their hands on and carry away with them, and threatened to come back and burn the buildings and clean out the whites.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Gay, acting under the advice of nearly everyone at Fort Benton, left the farm June 15 and moved everything of value. The crop was left to take care of itself, and the wheat, oats, and barley looked and bid fair to do well; but some evil-disposed person, while camping there with his train for the night, tore down the fences, let in his stock, and they completely destroyed everything. Since my arrival here I have discharged Mr. Gay, repaired fences, nailed up the houses and am now holding the property subject to the order of the department. I recommend that it be sold at public or private sale at an early date, believing from practical experience that farming for the Indians in this country is effectively played out under the present system.”

The finale of the Blackfeet farm was written July 25, 1866, in the report of Hiram D. Upham, deputy agent for the Blackfeet Indians. It follows:

“In April a large party of Indians (supposed to be North Piegans) headed by a chief named Bull’s Head, attacked the buildings of the government farm on Sun river. At the time there were two men in the house, Cass Huff and Nicholas Shannon. Huff was killed while going from the house to the river after water. The Indians then set fire to the buildings, which being perfectly dry, burned like tinder. Shannon remained in the house until the heat became so intense that it fired off the loaded guns in the house. There were in the house at the time two boxes of shells for a 12-pound Howitzer. Shannon remained until the flames reached these and then jumped from the window on the opposite side of the house from where the Indians were. He had gone about 20 yards from the house when the ammunition exploded, filling the air with logs and timbers and completely demolishing the house. After traveling three days and nights Shannon reached the ranch of one Paul Vermet on Dearborn creek. The Indians killed seven head of oxen at the farm.

“From here they proceeded to the mission of the Jesuit Fathers, near the junction of Sun river with the Missouri. Here they killed one John Fitzgerald almost in sight of the house and finished up by killing 10 head of cattle.

“From here they went to the ranch of Paul Vermet on the Dearborn. At this place they killed Charles Carson in sight of the house and drove off a band of horses.”

**[FN: Flathead Courier, May 14, 1936, p. 7]**

### **Little Dog Sun River Saviour.**

During the winter of 1865-66, hundreds of miners stampeded to the Sun River valley pursuing false reports of placer gold strikes. Many of the stampederes rushed to the valley in warm early winter weather without adequate preparations for heavy winter clothing or provisions. The mild temperatures of early January dropped suddenly, and a furious blizzard dropped twenty inches of snow on the level. Sharp winds swept down from the North sending temperatures plunging down to forty degrees below zero.

Some fortunate stampederes returned to Helena ahead of the blizzard, reporting scarce wood and water on the trail and predicted that the many remaining miners would suffer severely from the cold weather.

Many stampederes were scattered along the valley, far from the tiny settlement at Sun River Crossing. Robert Vaughn was told many years later by a Mr. Thomas Moran, one of the stampederes, that at least seven hundred camped one night in a bend of the Missouri River near the St. Peter’s Mission with the thermometer registering forty degrees below zero. Other reports give no figures but mention a large number so encamped.

Hungry and suffering from the cold, these stranded men pulled into every protected place they could find along the road. Some reached Wolf Creek.' Others made camp fires in the woods and huddled beside them. The Fathers at St. Peters Mission took care of as many as they possibly could. Father Ravalli's medical skill saved both life and limb of a number of the storm's victims.'® But the blizzard had curtailed the Mission's supply of fresh meat. X. Biedler told Lieutenant Bradley that many of the snow bound prospectors were kept in food by the Indian **Chief, Little Dog**, who would make daily trips to the bluffs in search of antelope when no one else was willing to stir abroad.

[FN: Erickson Grace Vance. "The Sun River Stampede." **The Montana Magazine of History, Vol. 3, No. 1, April, 1953, 75-76**]

**118. For more about Riel's role in the 1885 Red River Rebellion, see [www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-tales](http://www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-tales).**

### **March 1882:**

#### **Louis Riel was a herder for Henry MacDonald**

On a pleasant morning in March, Henry was busy in the home corral when he heard the sound of wheels laboriously turning and squeaking as they turned. He stepped outside the shed and saw, bumping and lumbering toward him a two-wheeled cart evidently of Indian construction. It was being driven in the typical job-along fashion Indians used in traveling. The wheels were high and tied with buffalo rawhide. Mac recognized the contraption immediately as one of the carts peculiar to the Red River half-breeds and, along with the bullboat, distinctive along the Upper Missouri.

A man sprang lightly from the wagon. He came forward elaborately sweeping his broad-brimmed black hat before him and bowing deeply from the waist in the manner of the old French courtiers.

“Good day, M'sieur,” was his greeting.

His modulated, resonant voice surprised Mac, for the fellow was obviously wilderness-born; a man above medium height, slim and sinewy as a panther. Shaggy locks of reddish-brown hair clipped just above the shoulders, framed his bearded face. His eyes shone with a wild brilliance but, because his glance shifted constantly, it was impossible to tell whether they were born or very dark blue. His nose was strongly aquiline and his skin was tanned. However, nothing about his features suggested the Indian, except his high cheekbones. He wore the black clothing and red sash characteristic of the Red River breeds. With a feeling that he had seen this man before, Henry answered his greeting reservedly.

“M'sieur,” said the newcomer. “My name is Riel—Louis David Riel. I do not flatter myself that to a busy man like you the poor name means anything.”

It did mean something. Mac recalled now who he was, and a little of his history. He went over it rapidly in his mind while the half-breed stood before him, smiling ingratiatingly.

He was about five years Henry's senior, probably close to forty. Fifteen years before he had led a party of Manitoban half-breeds, descendants of the French-Canadian voyageurs, in an armed protest, upon the transfer of the Hudson Bay Company's territory to the newly established Dominion of Canada. The Metis, or half-breeds, felt their own interests had been entirely disregarded.

Riel and his followers seized Fort Garry (later Winnipeg), headquarters of the company at that junction of the Assiniboine and Red rivers. They set up a provisional government, turned back the surveyors and settlers, and even the governor sent out by the authorities at Ottawa. They adopted a flag of their own, composed of fleur-de-lis and Fenian shamrocks, the latter a symbol of their defiance to the encroachment of the Orangemen from the eastern provinces. The uprising was promptly crushed. Riel, exiled for five years, fled to Dakota.

In his youth Riel had been educated for the priesthood. Some lapse had put an end to this intention, but he possessed an education far surpassing that of his followers. Upon his return to Canada after his exile, he was committed to an insane asylum for almost two years. After his release, he came to Montana Territory.

Henry sensed his volatile and mystical qualities, but also a personal charm that could endow him with leadership. He remembered, now, that it was in Fort Benton he had seen Riel before, curing the elections of the previous fall, when Louis had made an attempt to have his half-breeds,



hunting along the Missouri River, vote for the Republican candidate. The authorities of Chouteau County refused to allow these votes, justly contending that the Metis were British subjects.

“You’re mistaken, Riel,” Mac answered him. “I have seen you in Benton I heard a little of your story there.”

“Then you are aware that though a humble man, I have been chosen for a holy mission.”

“I don’t know anything about your mission. What was it you wanted of me?”

“You know little of me—that is natural—but have heard of you and your grand success as the master of many flocks, M’sieur,” Riel answered with a courtly bow/

It has become necessary for me to see employment, M’sieur. My woman and I have come to ask,” he went on with exaggerated flattery, “if you, in your prosperity could find a place for so humble a person as myself.”

“I thought you and your people followed the buffalo.”

Louis extended his open palms and shrugged his shoulders like a Frenchman. “The buffalo!—Where are the buffalo, M’sieur? My people still hunt along the Marias and the Missouri but my woman and I—we seek quiet for a time. I must have a period of contemplation—to burnish myself like a mirror to receive heavenly messages. It is upon the hills, guarding flocks like the psalmist, David, I feel the Good God will speak to me. I write psalms too, M’sieur. I have chosen ‘David’ for my name.” y dark

Henry ran his eyes over the half-breed, skeptically, then glanced toward his “woman.” She sat passive and squawlike in the cart, seemingly without the slightest interest in the conversation. Unlike Riel, who apparently inherited his features from his French and not his aboriginal forebears, Mrs. Riel was very dark Her skin was not red like an Indians but as truly black as any negro’s. Her black dress and the somber three-cornered kerchief she wore over her head heightened this swarthy typical of the Red River breeds.

“Where can I use such a fellow as Riel? Though Mac. But the woman gave promise. “I’ll tell you what, Riel,” he said, “my wife has a very young baby and is not well if your woman will help her in the house and cook and wash for the men living on the ranch, I’ll find a job for you,” Without consulting his wife, Riel bowed deeply, swept his hat toward his heart, and replied, “Your offer is acceptable, M’sieur.”

Mrs. Riel assumed her duties stolidly. She worked well though slowly and in contrast to her voluble mate, talked little She took a great deal of pleasure in the baby. From what the MacDonalds could make out for her few understandable remarks, she had children of her own that were being cared for by relatives. Her hands were never idle. During periods of rest, she sat silently beading buckskin bags and moccasins. She even crocheted a few things for the baby, always in blue yarn of the shad that had been most popular for beads the Indians had selected at the early trading posts

For a while Mac kept Riel to help him on the home ranch so that he might study him. Louis spent many evenings, together with his wife, in the cabin. His talk was apt to be flighty but he was interesting and intelligent. Sooner or later his conversation got around to his experiences in Canada. He wrote poems about them, which he carried with him. Some of the he read aloud, translating from the French as he read. One that he had written since coming to the ranch contained a reference to Square Butte. He compared a priest of his acquaintance to it,

Priest you remind me of Square Butte

Which I can see from where I stand,

Rising along at the edge of the mountains,

A towering beacon to guide the traveler. [FN Wandersong, 254]

Many of his verses were political; mostly invectives against Sir John MacDonald, the Canadian Prime Minister who, when negotiating the transfer of what had been the Rupert's Land of the Hudson Bay Company to the Dominion had run into unexpected trouble with the Metis. Riel was unreasonably vindictive toward Sir John to whom Loius probably meant nothing more than an annoying episode.

"It is a pity "M'sier," Riel said to Henry "that so noble a person as yourself should bear the same name as such a monster."

While an exile in Dakota he wrote a long effusion entitled, A Sir John A. Macdonald. . . . [p. 256]

Louis was anxious to go out on the range but Henry hesitated to let him out of his sight. A too-contemplative shepherd is not good for sheep, However, when a herder who had been unsuccessfully fighting asthma asked to be relieved, Mac took Riel out to replace him.

Many times his wife's faithfulness was all that kep Louis on his job he felt very little responsibility for the sheep. Your true herder early develops an instinct that warns him when something is wrong. He feels when the sheep are restless and knows, almost without counting, if any of them have strayed. Riel lost several sheep for Henry, who watched him closely. Each time he visited Louis he ran his eyes over the black counters mingling through the bands.

On one occasion, he cried out in consternation, "Two black sheep are missing. When did you last count them?"

"I could not tell you exactly, M'sieur—perhaps yesterday."

"Were they all there?"

"I think so, Riel answered with a shrug. "Who knows?"

"Louis," Mac shouted with exasperation "do you realize that two missing black sheep means that at least two hundred other sheep have strayed?—They and their increase represent thousands of dollars worth of wool."

"Two hundred sheep, M'sieur? It does not seem possible—but, perhaps it is so. I have been blessed with visions, as I had hoped."

Henry gasped.

"It is so God gives his command to me," raved Riel, "I, David, am ordained to lead my people, Israel, out of tyranny."

"You've got mixed up with Moses," Mac snorted.

"Your job here is to see sheep and not visions. Go lead your Israelites I won't trust you with my ewes."

Inside a few days, Henry found his two hundred ewes—and a new herder.

Within a year, Riel was persuaded to lead the Metis again in an uprising, this time in Saskatchewan. This affair, known as Riel's Rebellion, was quashed. Louis after being tried for treason, was hanged at Regina His submissive wife died shortly thereafter, rumor had it that she had broken down by a great fear.

[Banks, Eleanor. *Wandersong*. Caldwell, ID: Caxton Printers, 1950, 250-257]

**16 October 1882:**

**16 Oct AN OPEN LETTER. Letter from Louis Riel dated 16 Oct Benton THE PROMINENT FRENCH HALFBREED LOUIS RIEL, COMMUNICATES WITH MAGINNIS. He states Reasons for Opposing the Major and Tendering his Support to Botkin.**

Benton, October 16.—*Hon. M. Maginnis:*

SIR:--I appreciate the honor of having an interview with you. Some of your good friends and supporters have had the idea that I might vote for you, with a number of half-breed voters, if I had once a conversation with you. But I doubt very much that such will be the case for the following reasons:

First. Up to the present time the Democratic press of the territory seem to have never thought that they had any justice or fairness to observe in regard to American half-breed citizens.

Second. The contempt for their interests is so general among the Democrats of the Territory that even the officials of the county have taken advantage of it, year after year, to pillage them in the most open and scandalous manner.

Third. The half-breed American citizens of Meagher, Dawson and Choteau counties have had during the last three years more than 250 horses stolen from them by the British Indians. No protection has been afforded them. Their complaints have been disregarded.

Fourth. The Yanktons, of Poplar river, have stolen, in the same length of time, more than 300 horses from those people. The Agent was in complicity with his Indians, and up to date only fifteen horses were recovered. A great deal of credit is due to the commanding officer of Fort Maginnis for aiding those people to recover that much of their property. As the Democratic party is in power in Montana, they ought to have done at least something to show good will towards those injured people.

I know what are Broadwater & Co.'s feelings and opinions about half-breeds. The influence of that firm in army circles is simply immense. I am sure they have mis-represented those people in Washington, and I have good reason to believe that you have also endorsed those interested and false opinions.

As to Mr. Botkin, I think that he is disposed and willing to protect the best interests of every American citizen, regardless of race or color, and, therefore, I have offered him my support, and he shall have it.

**LOUIS RIEL.**

[FBRPW 25 Oct 1882] [p. 3] [HWH 20 Oct 1882]

[Martin Maginnis was the Territory of Montana's delegate to Congress from 1872 to 1884. He was also editor of the *Helena Independent*, a Democratic newspaper.]

**December 7, 1882:**

**A Letter From Louis Riel. The Good Cause Espoused by Himself and Other Citizen Americans. His Slandrous Traducers Treated to a Manly Rebuke.**

**On the Prairie, Montana,**

**December 7<sup>th</sup>, 1882.**

To the Editor of the Herald:

It is my duty to thank you openly for the impartial and unprejudiced articles of your paper about the Half-breeds. You defend a good cause when you advocate the equality of rights to all citizens, and it becomes the HERALD to uphold such a cause.

Sir, allow me to state publicly through your columns that I am not a rebel, and that those who give me that name are greatly mistaken. In 1869, the Ottawa government had no jurisdiction of any kind over Manitoba. Notwithstanding that fact they sought to annex that country to their dominion by the force of arms and without the imperial authority. I was the leader of the political movement which was organized by the people to resist that tyranny; and in opposing the Ottawa government as we did, we merely opposed a daring invader. American public opinion was on our side. The glorious Republican Administration at Washington favored our struggle. As a leader I

have compelled the Dominion to respect my native and. My platform was the rights of nations, and I am the founder-in-chief of a free province in North British America. Am I a rebel, or am I not?

Because I have abandoned the British, some call me a renegade. I do not hesitate to acknowledge that I have had the honor to be banished for the sake of my native country. My banishment began the 25<sup>th</sup> of April, 1875, and lasted just five years, when I was at liberty to go back to Manitoba. Notwithstanding the invitations of my friends and even some of my former enemies, I have freely determined not to re-enter my Province, because the British rule does not suit me, and I have chosen this country as my adopted land.

The one who starts from those facts to call me a renegade, does not pay attention to the grand circumstance that a hundred years ago the American people also abandoned Great Britain, and that they separated themselves from their mother county by the force of arms. Is it to be inferred that they are a people of renegades?

Another thing: It has been insinuated that I have voted the Republican ticket for money considerations. My vote is not for sale. Besides, the Republican party have never offered me any money. They have acted with me honorably, and I have voted for them honestly. At first I thought I would not vote any county ticket, having explained before to the Republican Club of Choteau county my reasons and how I was unwilling to vote for candidates who, perhaps, immediately after their election would abuse their authority and ignore the Half-breeds. The club answered in adopted a resolution wherein the member pledged themselves to use their influence in favor of American Half-breeds whenever they saw them in danger of being treated unjustly and to help them fairly to get justice as any other citizen. That resolution won me, and I voted the Republican ticket. It is not so. The only thing I did was to convey to them the resolution and the pledge of the Republican Club. They received it with great pleasure. They voted thanks to the club.

And considering how certain Democratic officials had abused them as a class, and how indifferent and apathetic the bulk of that party had been as regards their interests, even when they had a good opportunity to be otherwise, the half-breed American citizens around Carroll, by their own free will, chose to vote the Republican ticket. It is not possible for any court in the Territory to prove that I cause British subjects to vote at Carroll, because I did nothing of the kind. And I would like to see an investigation.

The Benton *Record* misinforms the public when it goes on to say how the Half-breed voters were sworn at Carroll. I interpret their oath, which was as follows:

“You do swear before the Almighty God and on the Constitution of the United States that you are an American citizen and that you have a right to vote.”

None of them voted without well understanding the oath and without having been first duly sworn. Mr. Murphy, one of the judges, was very particular, and Mr. Martin Oliver and Mr. Wm. Davis, sr., the two other judges, did their duty in a manner which Mr. Rogers, of Rocky Point, would do well to imitate, if he is destined to ever be judge again in any future election.

I am also accused of being a turbulent man. Such slurs give me the opportunity to say that I entered public life at the age of 24 years. The principal means of my struggles on the northern side of the lines is *honesty in public affairs*. My record as a public man throughout the Dominion of Canada shows that I am a man of character. Shrewd politicians have more than once tried to compromise with me. And because I have always refused to give up my moral strength and my public influence for their thousands of dollars they have taken their revenge in calling me a rebel, a perturbator of public peace. And I see those men have brothers in Montana. Since I have

denounced to the authorities a company of suttlers for their wild trade; since I have chosen to vote for the Republican candidates, although, in one case, I am altogether on the side of the law against law-beakers, and although, in the other case, I am exercising my rights as a citizen in a constitutional and legitimate manner, there are some who, more anxious to speak than to speak well, come out and say: "See what a perturbator is that man! How turbulent he is!" The Benton *Record* says that I *am the protege of Botkin*. I acknowledge the compliment. The official position of Mr. Botkin is to protect good citizens against rogues, and if I am one of his proteges, and acknowledged as such even by the Benton paper, it shows well enough that I count not amongst desperadoes, as several are trying to class me. But where is it that Mr. Botkin has protected me at the loss of any one? When had he favored me in any way partial or detrimental to others? He does not deserve your slurs.

Mr. Janneaux has also incurred the vengeance of the Democratic press. Had he not the boldness to vote for Mr. Botkin? It is said that Mr. Power dictated to him how to vote. Mr. Janneaux is a man who understands public affairs well enough to judge and make a choice of his own in any circumstance. He is a man of principle. He is influential in his locality. He was opposed to Mr. Maginnis. He had confidence in Mr. Botkin, and that is what determined his choice. Before the day of election he had exerted himself, of course, in favor of the Republican candidate for Congress. But when he sat as a judge at the poll he acted impartially. He acted as he ought to, and if many judges of election on the Yellowstone had fulfilled their duty as conscientiously as Mr. Janneau did, the railroad sham voters would never have silenced the legal expression of the free will of the people of Montana on the 7<sup>th</sup> day of November last.

I have sir, the nor to be your servant.

LOUIS RIEL.

[**Helena Weekly Herald, December 21, 1882, p. 2**]

**February 5, 1925:**

**"Louis Riel, Leader of Indians and French Canadian Half-Breeds in Famous Riel Rebellion Once Lived in Montana. By Martha Edgerton Plassmann.**

[Photo: "A Group of Rebel Leaders--Mounted on the horse in the foreground is Louis Riel. In the right-hand corner, tomahawk in hand, is the Indian leader, White Cap. Talking with him is Gabriel Dumont, Riel's half-breed chief-of-staff. In the left-hand corner are the two Indian chiefs, Beardy, leaning on the rifle, and Big Bear, sitting. This is a reproduction of an old etching which appeared in the Grain Growers' Guide the issue of December 3, 1924."]

["Cree Indians in Camp, a Rare Picture of the Early Days. Because of the Depredations of These and Other Indians, the Government Built Several Forts in Northern Montana. It is Said of the Crees of Today That Many of them are Descendants of French Nobility. The Crees Participated in the Riel Uprisings."]

"One evening at sunset in the summer of 1883, some one knocked at the door of our house in Fort Benton, situated on the hill above town, and near the stage road. I opened the door to find a man standing there dressed like a hunter, or possibly a rancher. He inquired if my husband was at home. I told him 'No, but I expect him any minute,' and added 'Will you come in and wait for him?' He accepted the invitation, and entered the house.

As there was no hat rack, I offered to take his cap, which he had removed on entering; an act of courtesy uncommon on the part of frontiersmen in those days, who seemed to feel that a roof was not adequate protection for the head. The man hesitatingly extended his cap to me,

remarking as he did so, 'Ah, Madam, it is too poor.' At this I looked at him more intently, thinking as I did no, 'This man is well bred.'

I saw that he was of medium height, light complexioned, with half of a reddish color, according to my recollection--many years have passed since then--blue eyes. His nose was his most pronounced feature, being of good length, and aquiline—the nose of the leader.

He was scarcely seated before Mr. Rolfe arrived, and at once introduced the stranger as 'Louis Riel.' The name meant nothing to me, except that it had a foreign sound, and I thought him to be a Frenchman. He was in some difficulty with the authorities at Fort Benton, and Mr. Rolfe acted as his attorney. After discussion of business, the conversation turned to other subjects, and for a couple of hours, Riel held us spellbound by the narration of his experiences in Montana. He had a wonderful voice for speaking, strong, and with a resonance I never heard equalized. He, like Leon Trotsky, evidently had the ability to make himself heard at a great distance in the open air.

At one town where he and his people were encamped, one of the county officials, without the slightest show of legality, charged into their midst and drove off their finest horses to add to his own large band. His people were helpless; it was useless for them to appeal to the authorities; they were 'Breeds,' with no rights a white man was bound to respect. All they could do was to submit in silence to the outrage. This was but one of the many stories he narrated, that led me to see how such treatment will react on a sensitive nature, such as Louis Riel possessed from his Gallic inheritance, if not from his Irish forebears, who were undoubtedly as quick to resent an injury, as were his Indian ancestors.

Louis Riel, who was born near Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, in 1844, was the son of Louis Riel and Julie de Lagamaundiere, and had very little Indian blood. It has been said that the Crees of today, are many of them descendants of the noblest families in France. The prefix to his mother's name, would indicate that she, who was but part Indian, was one of these.

The elder Louis Riel, known as the 'Miller of the Seine,' was undoubtedly a man of considerable force of character, and a recognized leader. Once, when trouble had arisen between the French and Half-breed settlers and the authorities, the elder Riel was called upon to lead the opposition and was victorious.

Louis Riel the Second must, from his earliest years, have gained recognition as being more than ordinarily intelligent, as he became an archbishop's protegee, who gave him a college education, to fit him for the priesthood. The first so-called, 'Rebellion,' in which he took part, occurred when the Hudson's Bay company sold their lands in Manitoba to the new Dominion Government, without the consent of the settlers, who, according to Catholic writers, were at least half of them French Half-breeds.

The rising was not intended as a rebellion, but as an organized protest against the action of the government, which they held was illegal. these people had laid their grievances before the Ottawa officials with no result. Their petitions proving ineffective they tried what virtue there was in bullets. They turned back the Dominion Governor at the American boundary line, and held the country for ten months, Colonel, later General Wolsely, was sent with a body of troops to put down the insurrection. It could not pass through the United States, as it was a military expedition, and therefore had to make its way through the unbroken forests north of the Boundary, which was an additional grievance to be laid to the charge of the rebels.

During the rising, an Orangeman, named Scott, who expressed his opposition to some of the leader's acts, was arrested and shot. I can find no evidence that Riel was his executor, although he is charged with this so-called murder, which was committed after Scott's trial by

court martial and the death sentence pronounced against him. However that may be, the leaders, and those who took part in the rising were rigorously dealt with at the time of its suppression. Riel was outlawed, and money offered by the Ottawa government for his apprehension. His defeat, and his efforts to elude his pursuers, resulted in his becoming temporarily insane, when he was confined in various asylums. On his recovery--if he ever fully recovered--he gave valuable aid to the government during the Fenian agitation, that won for him the commendation of the Lieutenant-Governor.

Riel was twice elected to the Dominion Parliament. The first time he did not appear to take his seat, and on the second occasion he was debarred from doing so.

Being, in effect, exiled from Canada, he became a citizen of the United States, and was living in Montana when summoned to lead the Cree Rebellion.

After the Red River Rebellion, many of the Metis, or Half-breeds who had taken part in it, moved farther west, and settled on the Saskatchewan. White settlers followed them, and began to trespass on their rights as they had done in the Red river country. In an article by Reg. Beatty, an old Hudson's Bay company man, that was published in the Grain Growers' Guide of December, 1924, some of the reasons are cited for this second rebellion. Mr. Beatty says:

'The West, especially Saskatchewan, was greatly neglected in these days by the authorities at Ottawa. Many petitions were sent down only to be pigeon-holed. All appointments were filled from the East, very often by unfit men. Finally when surveyors began to lay out new lines on the old homesteads of the French Half-breeds (who like their forebears in Red river, had all located on river claims with a narrow frontage and running back two miles), the previous agitation culminated in rebellion, and they found a fitting leader in Louis Riel, who was living in Montana at the time.'

It has been surmised that white business men had something to do with inciting the rising, as they thought it might terminate, like that at Red river, with the organization of a new province.

Three Metis were sent to Montana, the leaders being Gabriel Dumont and James Isbister, to urge Riel to lead the rebellion. He readily consented, and returning with the delegation, began to hold meetings, in which, at first, his tone was pacific, but he gradually became more violent, until one of his followers, James Isbister, according to Beatty, came to the latter, with the request that he see Riel, and try to 'turn his views from rebellion to a loyal agitation.' But Beatty refused to do so, doubtless knowing it would be useless, and an extremely dangerous mission.

Of Riel at this time, Harper's Weekly notes, 'He is a man of strong natural parts, has been educated for the priesthood, and is imbued with a sense of what he believes the wrongs suffered by the Half-breeds,' and concluded, 'His past career shows him to be capable of leadership, and full of determination, and his suppression threatens to be no easy task.'

It was the purpose of one of Riel's Indian adherents--Black Bear--to unite the tribes of the Northwest against the whites. If he had succeeded, one may imagine what would have been the fate of the settlers in Montana near the border line. The Dominion government feared some such action, on the part of the insurgents, and dispatched agents to the Blackfeet and the Crow nations to insure their remaining at peace. It was Black Bear who instigated the massacre at Frog lake, and who later attacked Fort Pitt.

This fort was commanded by Captain Francis Dickens--son of the novelist. He refused to give up the stores and ammunition the fort contained, having destroyed both, escaped down the river in an old scow, which the narrator says was more dangerous than the Indians.

Riel was finally defeated, and having been taken prisoner, was tried by the civil court, found guilty, and sentenced to death. He was hanged at Regina, November 16, 1885, and so

ended his eventful career. His death was resented by the inhabitants of Quebec, and it came near overturning the conservative government, as it aroused strong racial and religious feeling among the French and the Catholics. These believed that Riel was insane, and should not have been hanged, and they had sufficient grounds for this conviction.

Toward the end of the rebellion, Riel refused to be influenced by the clergy, claiming that he had been divinely appointed president, to liberate his people, and styled himself 'Liberator.'

Mr. Beatty states that it was fortunate for Saskatchewan settlers that Riel and not Dumont, was chosen as leader. Dumont would have carried on a guerilla warfare that would have required much longer to quell, and proved more disastrous.

Mr. Beatty concludes his article with these words:

'Looking back, the pit of it all is that as a rebellion it was quite uncalled for. Early in the agitation, grievances could have been readdressed by prompt action on the part of the authorities. But Ottawa is far away, and western appeals are too often neglected. Canada may yet have bitter cause to remember the facts.'

**The benefits resulting from the rebellion were that the attempt of the world was called to the resources of the Saskatchewan country, and the Mounted Police came west."**  
[MNA 2 Feb 1925 Conrad Independent-Observer, February 5, 1925, p. 7.]



123. See [www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-ales](http://www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-ales) for a complete listing for Fort Benton residents in the 1870 U.S. Census.

**Table 1:**

**Native Americans in Fort Benton in the 1870 US Census**

Family	M/F	Age	1870	Born	OCC	
[Arancio, James	M	37	White	LA	LABORER]	
Tatahua	F	20	Indian	MT	Wife	
Certes	M	3	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Cecelia	F	1	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
[Arnoux, James	M	25	White	NY	KEEPS BOARDING HOUSE]	
Susan	F	19	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Ella	F	1	¼ Indian	MT	Daughter	
[*Arnoux, James M.	M	30	White	NY	CLERK MERCHANT	
\$2,000]						
Susan	F	22	Indian	MT	Wife	
Susan	F	2/12	¼ Indian	MT	Daughter	
[Billedeaux,	M	43	White	Canada	LABORER	\$200]
Frank	M	14	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Xavier	M	12	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Maggie	F	9	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Willie	M	7	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Jenny	F	1	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
[Blivens, Daniel	M	32	White	NY	LABORER]	
Susan	F	18	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
George	M	2	½ Indian	MT	Son	
[Brown, James	M	28	White	NY	WAGONER]	
Mary	F	18	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
George	M	1	¼ Indian	MT	Son	
Cadotte, Louis	M	45	½ Indian	MT	INTERPRETER	
Cadotte, Peter	M	30	½ Indian	MT	INTERPRETER	\$500
[*Chouquette, Charles	M	50	White	Canada	BLACKSMITH	\$500]
Valerie	F	42	Indian	MT	Wife	
Charles	M	13	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Augusta	F	11	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Theresa	F	9	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Mary	F	6	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Jacques	M	3	½ Indian	MT	Son	
[Croff, George	M	27	White	MO	LABORER	\$500]
Susan	F	22	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
John	M	2	¼ Indian	MT	Son	
[Culbertson, Alex	M	61	White	PA	TRADER	\$15,000 \$10,000]
Natawista	F	45	Indian	MT	KEEPS HOUSE	\$ 5,000
Fanny	F	20	½ Indian	MT		
Joseph	M	12	½ Indian	IL		

Robert	M	27	White	PA	CLERK	\$2,500
[Curoscio, W.	M	33	White	MS	LABORER]	
Caroline	F	20	Indian	MT	Wife	
Laura	F	2	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
[*DeRoche, Benjamin	M	43	White	MO	TRADER	\$2,000]
Margaret	F	43	Indian	MT	Wife	
Julia	F	13	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Mary	F	9	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Benjamin	M	6	½ Indian	MT	Son	
[Douglas, Theodore	M	32	White	Canada	LABORER]	
Mary	F	20	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Peter	M	1	¼ Indian	MT	Son	
Keiser, Maggie	F	14	¼ Indian	MT	In Douglas Household	
[Duvall, Charles	M	27	White	GA	LABORER]	
Sarah	F	18	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
[Gladstone, William	M	48	White	Canada	CARPENTER	\$250]
Maria	F	15	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
William	M	13	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Jane	F	11	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Thomas A.	M	8	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Louise	F	5	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
John	M	3	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Maggie	F	1	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
[Gobert, Rock	M	34	White	Switz	BREWER	\$2,000]
Gobert, Mary	F	23	½ Indian	MT	Head of Household	
Celina	F	7	¼ Indian	MT	Daughter	
John S.	M	3	¼ Indian	MT	Son	
[Gray, James	M	29	White	PA	TEAMSTER]	
Maria	F	20	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Tinta	F	8	¼ Indian	MT	Daughter	
[Guortesie, W.	M	39	White	Canada	TRADER]	
Wachita	F	32	Indian	MT	Wife	
Cecelia	F	8	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Imota	F	5	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Susan	F	2	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
[Hamblin, P.D.	M	48	White	VA	BLACKSMITH]	
Kate	F	31	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Baptiste	M	11	¼ Indian	MT	Son	
[Harris, Joseph	M	30	White	Mexico	LABORER	\$200]
Wahtampka	F	18	Indian	MT	Wife	
Joanna	F	1	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Howard, James	M	33	½ Indian	MT	LABORER	\$500
Louisa	F	23	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Catherine	F	3	¾ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Mary	F	1	¾ Indian	MT	Daughter	
[Juneau, Edward	M	37	White	Canada	LABORER]	

Nastilla	F	20	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
[Kanouse, Ezekiel	M	24	White	IL	LABORER]	
Runxy	F	18	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
[Kennedy, H.A.	M	33	White	MO	UNEMPLOYED	\$400]
Susan	F	18	Indian	MT	Wife	
Cath	F	2	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Norie	F	6	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Kipp, Joseph	M	23	½ Indian	MT	INTERPRETER	
[Langevine, M.	M	36	White		Canada BREWER	\$1,000]
Langevine, Circe	F	20	½ Indian	MT	In Household of Mary Gobert	
Langley, Josephin	F	40	Indian	MT	KEEPING HOUSE	
Julia	F	14	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Hannah	F	20	Indian	MT	At Home; Whose Daughter	
Enofet	M	17	½ Indian	MT	At Home; Whose Daughter	
Whitily	M	10	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Lucy	F	1	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
[*Laurion, Joseph	M	38	White	Canada	CARPENTER]	
Theresa	F	22	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Julia	F	1	¼ Indian	MT	Daughter	
[Lukin, Phil A.	M	35	White		Canada CLERK]	
Susan	F	24	Indian	MT	Wife	
Celin	F	4	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
[Lutzen, Hector	M	38	White	Canada	LABORER	\$300]
Mary	F	30	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Maggie	F	6	¼ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Macow, Charles	M	32	½ Indian	MT	TRADER	
Celeste	F	27	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
John M.	M	2	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Macow, Kio	M	28	½ Indian	MT	TRADER	
Sosoor	F	20	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Murat	M	4	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Masin, Baptist	M	24	½ Indian	MT	LABORER	
[*Mercure, Vincent	M	40	White	Canada	CARPENTER	\$4,000]
Mary	F	19	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Narcisse	M	2	¼ Indian	MT	Son	
[*Mills, Henry	M	62	<b>Black</b>	KY	LABORER]	
Phillys	F	37	Indian	MT	Wife	
Mary	F	17	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
[Morgan, M.L.	M	27	White	IA	LABORER]	
Ray, William	M	11	½ Indian	MT	In Household M.L. Morgan; School	
[Nicholson, M.	M	33	White		OH TRADER]	
Jena	F	20	Indian	MT	Wife	
[Perkins, S.J.	M	32	White	CT	AUCTIONEER	
\$1,000]						
[Katy	F	28	White	Canada	Wife]	
[Katy	F	2/12	White	MT	Daughter]	

Morgan, Henry	M	6	½ Indian	MT	In Household of Perkins	
[Perrine, George	M	34	White	IL	TRADER]	
Maoniah	F	32	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
James	M	1	¼ Indian	MT	Son	
Charles	M	8	¼ Indian	MT	Son	
Potts, Jerry	M	29	½ Indian	PA	HUNTER [1840-1896]	
Father Andrew R. Potts, Scot, and <i>Namo-pisi</i> (Crooked Back) Black Elks Band, Kainai. Born near Ft. McKenzie about 1840.						
Mary	F	22	Indian	MT	Wife [Mary Crow Woman]	
[William]	M	1	¾ Indian	MT	Son [Census "Mitchell" 1869-1886]	
Racine, Ben Baptiste	M	25	½ Indian	MO	LABORER [Alphonse Baptiste]	
Julia Tall Eagle	F	26	Piegan	MT	Wife	
Jacob	M	10	¾ Indian	MT	Son	
Alley	F	7	¾ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Alex	M	2	¾ Indian	MT	Son	
[Robinson, Henry	M	55	White	MO	LABORER \$600]	
Mary	F	48	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Henry W.	M	25	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Rock, John	M	16	Indian	MT	LABORER	
[Sample, Asa	M	28	White	KY	UNEMPLOYED \$1,200]	
Eliza	F	22	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Angelica (Eiza) Armell, daughter of Augustus and Helen [full Piegan] Armell						
William	M	2	1/4 Indian	MT	Son	
[Scott, G.W.	M	39	White	MD	BLACKSMITH]	
Lucin	F	21	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
[Speores, Joseph	M	37	White	Canada	TRADER]	
Mary T.	F	35	Indian	MT	Wife	
Frank	M	12	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Alex	M	10	½ Indian	MT	Son	
John	M	14	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Maggie	F	8	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
[Tromley, Edward	M	38	White	Canada	CARPENTER \$1,000]	
Joseph	M	11	½ Indian	MT	Son of James & Isabelle Mercier Boutier	
Mary	F	7	½ Indian	MT	Daughter of	
Louise	F	5	½ Indian	MT	Daughter of	
Maria	F	3	½ Indian	MT	Daughter of	
Edward	M	1	½ Indian	MT	Son of	
[Sample, Asa	M	28	White	KY	UNEMPLOYED \$1,200]	
Eliza	F	22	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Angelica (Eiza) Armell, daughter of Augustus and Helen [full Piegan] Armell						
William	M	2	1/4 Indian	MT	Son	
[Scott, G.W.	M	39	White	MD	BLACKSMITH]	
Lucin	F	21	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
[Speores, Joseph	M	37	White	Canada	TRADER]	
Mary T.	F	35	Indian	MT	Wife	

Frank	M	12	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Alex	M	10	½ Indian	MT	Son	
John	M	14	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Maggie	F	8	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
[Tromley, Edward	M	38	White	Canada	CARPENTER	\$1,000]
Joseph	M	11	½ Indian	MT	Son of James & Isabelle Mercier Boutier	
Mary	F	7	½ Indian	MT	Daughter of	
Louise	F	5	½ Indian	MT	Daughter of	
Maria	F	3	½ Indian	MT	Daughter of	
Edward	M	1	½ Indian	MT	Son of	
Weipert, Papenion	M	22	½ Indian	MT	HERDER	
[Wetzel, W.S.	M	24	White	PA	SALOON KEEPER]	
Mary	F	18	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
[Wren, John	M	45	White	Canada	LABORER]	
Lucinda	F	24	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Charles	M	2	¼ Indian	MT	Son	
[Wright, Devillo	M	32	White	MI	LABORER	\$1,000]
Wright, Kate	F	20	½ Indian	MT	KEEPING HOUSE	

**27 July 1870 Fort Benton Wm F. Wheeler US Census MT Terr.**

<b>Family</b>	<b>M/F</b>	<b>Age</b>	<b>1870</b>	<b>Born</b>	<b>OCC</b>	
Albinos, Edwin		M	28	White	France	SALOON KEEPER \$500
Alexander, John	M	32	White	KY	LABORER	
Anderson, A.	M	31	White	PA	BLACKSMITH	\$500
Arancio, James	M	37	White	LA	LABORER	
Tatahua	F	20	Indian	MT	Wife	
Certes	M	3	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Cecelia	F	1	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Armelle, Ed	M	29	White	MT	LABORER	
Stephen	M	26	White	Canada	LABORER	
Arnot, Eary	M	28	White	Canada	STAGE DRIVER	
Arnot, Stephen	M	23	White	Canada	LABORER	
Arnoux, James	M	25	White	NY	KEEPS BOARDING HOUSE	
Susan	F	19	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Ella	F	1	¼ Indian	MT	Daughter	
*Arnoux, James M.	M	30	White	NY	CLERK MERCHANT	\$2,000
Susan	F	22	Indian	MT	Wife	
Susan	F	2/12	¼ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Baker, George A.	M	40	White	CT	MERCHANT TRADER	\$15,000

Baker, Isaac Gilbert	M	50	White	CT	MERCHANT TRADER	\$30,000
Baker, Samuel	M	41	White	CT	LABORER	
Barker, Benjamin	M	36	White	Canada	TRADER	
Barry, Richard D.	M	23	White	NY	WOOD CHOPPER	
Barry, William	M	26	White	NY	WOOD CHOPPER	\$500
Basecamp, John	M	31	White	Canada	LABORER	
Bell, James	M	26	White	KY	LABORER	
Berry, Maria	F	38	Black	TN	DOMESTIC SERVANT	
Billedeaux,	M	43	White	Canada	LABORER	\$200
Frank	M	14	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Xavier	M	12	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Maggie	F	9	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Willie	M	7	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Jenny	F	1	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Blivens, Daniel	M	32	White	NY	LABORER	
Susan	F	18	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
George	M	2	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Bogg, T.J.	M	24	White	MO	CLERK	
Bond, H.E.	M	41	White	NY	BAKER	
*Bostwick, Henry	M	29	White	MD	LABORER	\$500
Boyd, Ed M.	M	29	White	NY	TRADER	\$500
Boykin, David	M	26	White	Ireland	LABORER	\$100
Brachman, H.	M	30	White	Prussia	LABORER	
Brown, James	M	28	White	NY	WAGONER	
Mary	F	18	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
George	M	1	¼ Indian	MT	Son	
Brown, James	M	27	White	MA	LABORER	
Brown, John	M	28	White	NC	WOOD CHOPPER	
Brown, Joseph	M	25	White	IN	TRADER	
Buiskin, William	M	30	White	Canada	LABORER	
Busick, Ed	M	32	White	GA	HAULS WATER	
Cadotte, Louis	M	45	½ Indian	MT	INTERPRETER	
Cadotte, Peter	M	30	½ Indian	MT	INTERPRETER	\$500
*Carroll, Mathew	M	35	White	Ireland	MERCHANT	\$27,000
Carson, Louis N.	M	28	White	PA	TEAMSTER	
Cassaday, James F.	M	32	White	MD	WOOD CHOPPER	
*Champagne, Michael	M	30	White	Canada	LABORER	
Chang, Hao	M	40	Chinese	China	WASHERMAN	
*Chouquette, Charles	M	50	White	Canada	BLACKSMITH	\$500
Valerie	F	42	Indian	MT	Wife	
Charles	M	13	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Augusta	F	11	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Theresa	F	9	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Mary	F	6	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Jacques	M	3	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Clark, Alex	M	21	Mulatto	MO	BARBER	

Clark, George	M	21	White	IL	LABORER		
Clary, Thomas	M	28	White	NY	TEAMSTER	\$1,000	
Cohen, Aron	M	22	White	Prussia	Merchant		
Connolly, C.F.	M	36	White	Canada	LABORER		
Conrad, Charles E.	M	20	White	VA	Clerk in Store		
Conrad, William G.	M	22	White	VA	Clerk in Store	\$500	
Conroy, William	M	25	White	IL	WOOD CHOPPER		
Conty, Charles	M	21	White	KY	SERVANT		
Conty, Henry	M	23	White	MO	SERVANT		
*Cournoya, Charles	M	29	White	Canada	LABORER	\$3,000	
Courtney, William	M	31	White	England	WOOD DEALER		
Croff, George	M	27	White	MO	LABORER	\$500	
Susan	F	22	½ Indian	MT	Wife		
John	M	2	¼ Indian	MT	Son		
Culbertson, Alex	M	61	White	PA	TRADER	\$15,000	\$10,000
Natawista	F	45	Indian	MT	KEEPS HOUSE		\$ 5,000
Fanny	F	20	½ Indian	MT			
Joseph	M	12	½ Indian	IL			
Robert	M	27	White	PA	CLERK		\$2,500
Curoscio, W.	M	33	White	MS	LABORER		
Caroline	F	20	Indian	MT	Wife		
Laura	F	2	½ Indian	MT	Daughter		
Davis, D.W.	M	24	White	VT	KEEPS BILLARD SALOON		
Davis, John	M	29	Black	MO	LABORER		
[Pease, W.B. Agent]	M	27	White	CT	1 <sup>st</sup> Lieut and Blackfoot Indian		
Davis, Julia	F	25	Black	MO	DOMESTIC SERVANT in Pease		
HH							
Day, Joseph	M	25	White	MO	WOOD CHOPPER		
Delaney, Charles A.	M	24	White	England	SALOON KEEPER	\$500	
Dennis, M.	M	25	Black	MO	COOK		
*DeRoche, Benjamin	M	43	White	MO	TRADER	\$2,000	
Margaret	F	43	Indian	MT	Wife		
Julia	F	13	½ Indian	MT	Daughter		
Mary	F	9	½ Indian	MT	Daughter		
Benjamin	M	6	½ Indian	MT	Son		
Derouin, Charles	M	32	White	Canada	CARPENTER		
Dexter, W.O.	M	28	White	NY	WOOD CHOPPER		
Dolbec, David H.	M	62	Black	LA	DOMESTIC SERVANT		
Douglas, James M.	M	44	White	VA	GAMBLER		
Douglas, Theodore	M	32	White	Canada	LABORER		
Mary	F	20	½ Indian	MT	Wife		
Peter	M	1	¼ Indian	MT	Son		
Duvall, Charles	M	27	White	GA	LABORER		
Sarah	F	18	½ Indian	MT	Wife		
Eason, Louis	M	30	White	Canada	LABORER		

Eastman, F.H.	M	40	White	NH	MERCHANT	
Sarah E.	M	28	White	OH	Wife	
Clevenger	M	4	White	MT	Son	
Elmore, William	M	27	White	MN	SALOON KEEPER	\$100
Faller, Adolphe	M	30	White	Canada	LABORER	
Farwell, Abe	M	36	White	NY	TRADER	\$500
Fitzpatrick, D.	M	28	White	NY	LABORER	\$200
Flanagan, M.A.	M	29	White	IA	BOOK KEEPER	\$2,000
Foyle, Sophye	M	28	White	Switz	BUTCHER	
Hardy, Charles	M	30	White	NY	LABORER	\$400
Hill, James S.	M	27	White	FL	BOOK KEEPER	\$2,500
Gallogher, John	M	24	White	PA	LABORER	
Gladstone, William	M	48	White	Canada	CARPENTER	\$250
Maria	F	15	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
William	M	13	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Jane	F	11	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Thomas A.	M	8	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Louise	F	5	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
John	M	3	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Maggie	F	1	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Gobert, Rock	M	34	White	Switz	BREWER	\$2,000
Gobert, Mary	F	23	½ Indian	MT	Head of Household	
Celina	F	7	¼ Indian	MT	Daughter	
John S.	M	3	¼ Indian	MT	Son	
Gordon, Robert	M	21	White	NY	LABORER	\$500
Gray, James	M	29	White	PA	TEAMSTER	
Maria	F	20	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Tinta	F	8	¼ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Guortesie, W.	M	39	White	Canada	TRADER	
Wachita	F	32	Indian	MT	Wife	
Cecelia	F	8	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Imota	F	5	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Susan	F	2	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Hamblin, P.D.	M	48	White	VA	BLACKSMITH	
Kate	F	31	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Baptiste	M	11	¼ Indian	MT	Son	
Hammond, George	M	26	White	Canada	WOOD CHOPPER	
Hank, George	M	27	White	IA	LABORER	
Hanson, A.K.	M	28	White	VA	LABORER	
Hardy, Charles	M	30	White	NY	LABORER	\$400
Harnois, Leon	M	35	White	Canada	TRADER	\$1,000
Harris, Joseph	M	30	White	Mexico	LABORER	\$200
Wahtampka	F	18	Indian	MT	Wife	
Joanna	F	1	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Hart, William	M	28	White	IN	LABORER	
Hawkins, William B.	M	30	Black	MO	COOK	\$250



Heineken, John	M	26	White	Bavaria	BLACKSMITH	
Hendri, Daniel	M	33	White	GA	WOOD CHOPPER	\$1,000
Hinchey, D.	M	29	White	NY	LABORER	
Hobson, Ben	M	42	White	MA	LABORER	\$1,000
Hobson, Samuel F.	M	27	White	NY	LABORER	
Howard, James	M	33	½ Indian	MT	LABORER	\$500
Louisa	F	23	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Catherine	F	3	¾ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Mary	F	1	¾ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Hughes, John	M	33	Black	KY	TEAMSTER	
Hughes, Joseph	M	25	White	NC	WOOD CHOPPER	
Hunter, William	M	28	White	NY	LABORER	\$200
Huntsberger, John	M	28	White	PA	HOTEL CLERK	\$1,000
Hutson, A.R.	M	37	White	IN	CARPENTER	
Jenkinson, William	M	40	White	ME	WOOD CHOPPER	
Joe, John	M	40	White	NJ	WOOD CHOPPER	
Johnson, George	M	31	Black	MO	SERVANT	
Johnson, Isaac	M	35	White	PA	TRAPPER	
Jones, John	M	25	White	OH	LABORER	*INSANE
Juneau, Edward	M	37	White	Canada	LABORER	
Nastilla	F	20	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Juneaux, Antoine M.	M	26	White	Canada	TRADER	\$500
Juneaux, Ed	M	29	White	Canada	TRADER	\$400
Kanouse, Ezekiel	M	24	White	IL	LABORER	
Runxy	F	18	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Kanouse, H.A.	M	28	White	IL	DEPUTY SHERIFF	\$500
Keiser, Maggie	F	14	¼ Indian	MT	In Douglas Household;	
Daughter of ?						
Keller, John	M	39	White	NY	LABORER	\$800
Keyser, Lee	M	26	White	Prussia	LABORER	
Kelly, Edward	M	23	White	Canada	COOK	
Kelly, John	M	25	Black	MO	LABORER	
Kennedy, H.A.	M	33	White	MO	UNEMPLOYED	\$400
Susan	F	18	Indian	MT	Wife	
Cath	F	2	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Norie	F	6	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
King, Charles E.	M	22	White	Canada	TELEGRAPH OPERATOR	
King, Darrell	M	30	White	AR	LABORER	
Kipp, Joseph	M	23	½ Indian	MT	INTERPRETER	
Koontz, Henry	M	23	White	Hesse-Kassel	WOOD CHOPPER	
Kumey, Danie	M	31	White	PA	WOOD CHOPPER	
Kumey, Edwin	M	35	White	PA	LABORER	
Lamb, Richard	M	27	Mulatto	IN	BARBER	\$450
Lambru, Antoine	M	38	White	France	Saloon Keeper	
Langevine, M.	M	36	White	Canada	BREWER	\$1,000
Langevine, Circe	F	20	½ Indian	MT	In Household of Mary Gobert	

Langley, Josephin	F	40	Indian	MT	KEEPING HOUSE	
Julia	F	14	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Hannah	F	20	Indian	MT	At Home; Whose Daughter	
Enofet	M	17	½ Indian	MT	At Home; Whose Daughter	
Whitily		M	10 ½ Indian	MT	Son	
Lucy	F	1	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Laughlin, L.	M	35	White	IL	LABORER	\$100
*Laurion, Joseph	M	38	White	Canada	CARPENTER	
Theresa	F	22	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Julia	F	1	¼ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Leamer, Davis	M	40	Black	LA	DOMESTIC SERVANT	
Lee, Wong	M	28	Chinese	China	WASHERMAN	
Lowry, M.P.	M	26	White	PA	ATTORNEY; COUNTY	
ASSESSOR						
Lukin, Phil A.	M	35	White	Canada	CLERK	
Susan	F	24	Indian	MT	Wife	
Celin	F	4	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Lutzen, Hector	M	38	White	Canada	LABORER	\$300
Mary	F	30	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Maggie	F	6	¼ Indian	MT	Daughter	
Lynch, Thomas	M	24	White	Ireland	SALOON KEEPER	\$500
Macow, Charles	M	32	½ Indian	MT	TRADER	
Celeste	F	27	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
John M.	M	2	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Macow, Kio	M	28	½ Indian	MT	TRADER	
Sosoor	F	20	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Murat	M	4	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Maine, Dan	M	32	White	NY	WOOD CHOPPER	
Marchal, John	M	36	White	MO	LABORER	
Marchal, L.T.	M	42	White	MO	BREWER	\$5,000
Masin, Baptist	M	24	½ Indian	MT	LABORER	
McCune, John	M	28	White	CA	LABORER	
McIntyre, W.H.	M	29	White	NY	WOOD DEALER	\$1,500
McKimm, John		M	32 White	Canada	TRADER	
McKnight, J.H.		M	26 White	IA	TRADER	\$2,000
McLean, John	M	32	White	Ireland	WOOD CHOPPER	
McMahan, Ben	M	28	White	NY	LABORER	
McMahon, E.J.		M	26 White	Ireland	WOOD CHOPPER	
*Mercure, Vincent	M	40	White	Canada	CARPENTER	\$4,000
Mary	F	19	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Narcisse	M	2	¼ Indian	MT	Son	
Meisberger, Adolph	M	28	White	Saxony	WORKS IN BREWERY	
Merchant, Fred K.	M	32	White	England	LABORER	
Miller, A.	M	35	White	Mass	LABORER	
*Mills, Henry	M	62	Black	KY	LABORER	
Phillys	F	37	Indian	MT	Wife	

Mary	F	17	½ Indian/Black	MT	Daughter		
Mills, William	M	41	White	Scot	COOK	\$540	
Mills, Robert	M	28	White	PA	HOTEL KEEPER		\$500
Monk, G.W.	M	23	White	MD	LABORER		
Montgomery, Nellie	F	27	White	MD	KEEPING HOUSE		
Moran, Thomas	M	35	White	PA	BROKER		
Morgan, Henry	M	6	½ Indian	MT	In Household of Perkins		
Morgan, M.L.	M	27	White	IA	LABORER		
Morris, John	M	23	White	MO	WOOD CHOPPER		
Morris, William	M	30	White	NY	LABORER		
Morrison, A.	M	22	White	PA	LABORER		
Mosier, Henry	M	23	White	PA	WOOD CHOPPER		
Murphy, William M.	M	22	White	ME	WOOD CHOPPER		
Murry, Jerry	M	28	White	NH	KEEPS BILLARD SALOON	\$100	
*Neubert, John	M	26	White	Canada	TRADER	\$1,000	
Nicholson, M.	M	33	White	OH	TRADER		
Jena	F	20	Indian	MT	Wife		
Ogle, David	M	46	White	NY	LABORER		
Pease, W.B.	M	27	White	CT	1stSGTUSA Agent of Blackfeet		
Pennel, William J.	M	38	White	PA	CARPENTER	\$100	
Perkins, S.J.	M	32	White	CT	AUCTIONEER		\$1,000
Katy	F	28	White	Canada	Wife		
Katy	F	2/12	White	MT	Daughter		
Perrine, George	M	34	White	IL	TRADER		
Maoniah	F	32	½ Indian	MT	Wife		
James	M	1	¼ Indian	MT	Son		
Charles	M	8	¼ Indian	MT	Son		
Perrow, David	M	45	White	MO	PORTER		
Perry, Charles H.	M	26	White	VA	TRADER	\$500	
Peterson, Andrew	M	26	White	Sweden	BLACKSMITH		
Phebuck, Charles	M	23	White	Prussia	LABORER		
Pickett, James	M	26	White	MO	TEAMSTER	\$500	
Potts, Jerry	M	29	½ Indian	PA	HUNTER [1840-1896]		

Father Andrew R. Potts, Scot, and *Namo-pisi* (Crooked Back) Black Elks Band, Kainai. Born near Ft. McKenzie about 1840.

Mary	F	22	Indian	MT	Wife [Mary Crow Woman]		
[William]	M	1	¾ Indian	MT	Son [Census "Mitchell" 1869-1886]		
Power, T.C.	M	31	White	IA	TRADER	\$10,000	\$40,000
Mary G.	F	25	White	IA	Wife		
Charles B.	M	3	White	IA	Son		
John	M	28	White	IA	CLERK IN STORE	\$3,000	
Price, E.G.	M	34	White	NY	LABORER	\$500	
Racine, Ben Baptiste	M	25	½ Indian	MO	LABORER [Alphonse Baptiste]		
Julia Tall Eagle	F	26	Piegan	MT	Wife		
Jacob	M	10	¾ Indian	MT	Son		
Alley	F	7	¾ Indian	MT	Daughter		

Alex	M	2	¾ Indian	MT	Son	
Ray, William	M	11	½ Indian	MT	In Household M.L. Morgan; School	
Reedy, Lewis	M	66	White	MO	LABORER	
Riplinger, John	M	30	White		Prussia	TRADER
Robie, Oliver S.	M	33	White	MI	TEAMSTER	\$1,000
Robinson, Henry	M	55	White	MO	LABORER	\$600
Mary	F	48	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Henry W.	M	25	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Rock, John	M	16	Indian	MT	LABORER	
Rodgers, John H.	M	26	White	PA	WOOD CHOPPER	
Ross, John	M	36	Mulatto	SC	Barber	\$1,000
Rowe, Charles	M	25	White	IL	COUNTY CLERK	\$1,000
Rowles, Robert M.	M	21	White	MO	TEAMSTER	
Sam, Loy	M	32	Chinese	China	WASHERMAN	\$1,000
Sample, Asa	M	28	White	KY	UNEMPLOYED	\$1,200
Eliza	F	22	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Angelica (Eiza) Armell, daughter of Augustus and Helen [full Piegan] Armell						
William	M	2	1/4 Indian	MT	Son	
Sample, Daniel	M	23	White	KY	SALOON KEEPER	\$100
Sanborn, J.	M	32	White	NY	LABORER	
Sanborn, Judd	M	23	White	NY	LABORER	
Schmidt, Henry	M	51	White	Switz	LABORER	
Scott, G.W.	M	39	White	MD	BLACKSMITH	
Lucin	F	21	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Scott, James R.	M	29	White	VA	CLERK	
Scott, William	M	27	White	LA	LABORER	
Short, Benjamin	M	30	White	OH	TEAMSTER	\$500
Simons, John	M	24	White	Prussia	SHOEMAKER	\$200
Sims, E.W.	M	35	White	NY	LABORER	
Smith, James	M	28	White	MI	LABORER	
Smith, James	M	37	White	NY	WOOD DEALER	\$2,500
Smith, John P.	M	27	White	IL	TEAMSTER	\$2,000
Smith, William F.	M	27	White	IA	LABORER	
Speores, Joseph	M	37	White	Canada	TRADER	
Mary T.	F	35	Indian	MT	Wife	
Frank	M	12	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Alex	M	10	½ Indian	MT	Son	
John	M	14	½ Indian	MT	Son	
Maggie	F	8	½ Indian	MT	Daughter	
St. Arnaud, Francis	M	31	White	Canada	LABORER	
St. Arno	M	44	White	Canada	SERVANT	
Stocking, W.S.	M	33	White		MI	BUTCHER \$7,000
Margaret	F	32	White	KY	Wife	
Louisa	F	8	White	CO	Daughter	
John	M	6	White	ID	Son	
Sullivan, William	M	29	White	NY	LABORER	

*Teasdale, William	M	36	White	MO	LABORER [aka Col. Spike]	
Thomas, Charles	M	27	White	MO	LABORER	
Trainor, Peter C.	M	28	White	OH	LABORER	
Tromley, Edward	M	38	White	Canada	CARPENTER	\$1,000
Joseph	M	11	½ Indian	MT	Son of James & Isabelle Mercier Boutier	
Mary	F	7	½ Indian	MT	Daughter of	
Louise	F	5	½ Indian	MT	Daughter of	
Maria	F	3	½ Indian	MT	Daughter of	
Edward	M	1	½ Indian	MT	Son of	
Tuttle, H.E.	M	30	White	NY	LABORER	
*Vanlitburg, James	M	55	Black	VA	DOMESTIC SERVANT	
Venable, George	M	37	White	MA	LABORER	
Veoux, Narcissa	M	37	White	Canada	TRADER	
Lucine	F	26	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Monnie	F	14	½ Indian	MT	At Home Relates?	
Wachter, Frank	M	40	White	Prussia	SALOON KEEPER	\$1,000
Walker, John	M	25	Black	MO	SERVANT	
Warrick, Sol	M	52	Black	VA	BARBER	\$200
Weatherwax, J.D.	M	40	White	NY	SHERIFF	\$1,000
Weipert, Papenion	M	22	½ Indian	MT	HERDER	
Weis, Joseph	M	28	White	Prussia	BUTCHER	\$500
Wetzel, John M.	M	30	White	PA	PROBATE JUDGE	\$3,500
Wetzel, W.S.	M	24	White	PA	SALOON KEEPER	
Mary	F	18	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Wilson, H.M.	M	32	White	NY	SALOON KEEPER	
Wilson, John	M	20	White	NY	BARTENDER	
Wren, John	M	45	White	Canada	LABORER	
Lucinda	F	24	½ Indian	MT	Wife	
Charles	M	2	¼ Indian	MT	Son	
Wright, Devillo	M	32	White	MI	LABORER	\$1,000
Wright, Kate	F	20	½ Indian	MT	KEEPING HOUSE	
Wright, W.C.	M	28	White	OH	BUTCHER	\$2,000
Young, Alex	M	31	White	Canada	WOOD CHOPPER	

\*= Listed in Winter 1862-63 Fort Benton List [13 there in 1870 Census]

#### 1870 US Census:

No of dwellings:

No of families:

No of White Males: 210

No of White Females: 6

No Colored Males: 12

No Colored Females: 6

No Indian Females: 12

No Indian Males

No ½ Indian Females: 62  
 No ½ Indian Males: 36  
 No ¼ Indian Females: 1  
 No ¼ Indian Males: 12  
 TOTAL NATIVE AMERICANS: 123 35%  
 TOTAL NON WHITE: 134 38%  
 No Chinese: 3  
 No Males foreign born: 72 21%  
 Total Dwellings: 137  
 Total Families: 114  
 Total Residents: 349

**White Females: 6**

Nellie Montgomery 27  
 Katy Perkins 28  
 Katy Perkins 2 months  
 Mary G. Power 25  
 Margaret Stocking 32  
 Louisa Stocking 8

**White Male Boys: 3**

**Clevenger Eastman 4**  
**Charles B. Power 3**  
**John Stocking 6**

**Colored Females: 3**

**Maria Berry 38**  
**Julia Davis 25**  
**Mary Mills 17 [1/2 Indian+1/2 Black]**

Fort Benton Residents 1870

**Garrison 2 Aug 1870**

142/119	Bellow, Samuel	M/W	29	NY	Soldier
	<b>Mary</b>	<b>F/W</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>Eng</b>	<b>Keeping House</b>
	<b>Mary L.</b>	<b>F/W</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>UT</b>	<b>At Home</b>
143/120	Kavanaugh, James	M/W	23	IR	Soldier
	Hoban, Thomas	M/W	33	IR	Soldier
	<b>Hoban, Anne</b>	<b>F/W</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>IR</b>	<b>Laundress</b>
	Abraham, R	M/W	38	IR	Soldier
	<b>Abraham, Rebecca</b>	<b>F/W</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>FL</b>	<b>Laundress</b>
144/121	Alley, Ross	M/W	28	DE	Soldier
	Fallon, Pat	M/W	26	IR	Soldier
	<b>Fallon, Mary</b>	<b>F/W</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>IR</b>	<b>Laundress</b>
	Fallon, Mitchel	M/W	42	IR	Soldier
	<b>Fallon, Anna</b>	<b>F/W</b>	<b>37</b>	<b>IR</b>	<b>Laundress</b>

7/7 Families 31 WMales 6 WFemales 17 ForeignBornMales 4 ForeignBornFemales  
 28 WMales 15 ForeignBornMales  
 Total Garrison 59 WMales 6 WFemales 32 ForeignBornMales 4 ForeignBornFemales

Mo River 1 Dwelling/1 Family/38 WM/0 WF/2 MCol/0 FCol/Total Inhabitants: 40

SunRiverVal 15 Dwelling/14 Families/34 MW/4 FW Total Inhabitants: 42  
 1 MInd/1 FInd/0 M1/2Ind/1 F1/2Ind/1 M1/4Ind/0 F1/4Ind/16 MForeign/1 FForeign

Benton City 144 Dwelling/121 Families/272 MW/13 FW/14 MCol/4 FCol/3 ChinM/0 ChinF  
 0 MInd/15 FInd/36 M1/2Ind/62 F1/2Ind/12 M1/4Ind/4 F1/4Ind/97 MForeign/4 FForeign  
 Women: 98 White: 13 Indians: 81 Colored: 4 Total Inhabitants: 435  
 Men: 337 White: 272 Indians: 48 Colored: 14 Chinese: 3  
 Total: 435 White: 285 Indians: 129 Colored: 18 Chinese: 3  
 65.5% 30% 4% .68%

Overall 1870 Census  
 160 Dwellings  
 136 Families  
 344 White Males

**Table 2:**  
**African Americans in Fort Benton in the 1870 US Census**

Family	M/F	Age	1870	Born	OCC
Berry, Maria	F	38	Black	TN	DOMESTIC SERVANT
Clark, Alex	M	21	Mulatto	MO	BARBER
Davis, John	M	29	Black	MO	LABORER
Davis, Julia	F	25	Black	MO	DOMESTIC SERVANT
Davis, Leamer	M	40	Black	LA	DOMESTIC SERVANT
Dennis, M.	M	25	Black	MO	COOK
Dolbec, David H.	M	62	Black	LA	DOMESTIC SERVANT
Hawkins, William B.	M	30	Black	MO	COOK \$250
Hughes, John	M	33	Black	KY	TEAMSTER
Johnson, George	M	31	Black	MO	SERVANT
Kelly, John	M	25	Black	MO	LABORER
Lamb, Richard	M	27	Mulatto	IN	BARBER \$450
*Mills, Henry	M	62	Black	KY	LABORER
[Phillys	F	37	Indian	MT	Wife]
[Mary	F	17	½ Indian	MT	Daughter]
Morris, Emma	F	32	Black	VA	HOUSE SERVANT
Ross, John	M	36	Mulatto	SC	Barber \$1,000
*Vanlitburg, James	M	55	Black	VA	DOMESTIC SERVANT
Walker, John	M	25	Black	MO	SERVANT
Warrick, Sol	M	52	Black	VA	BARBER \$200

\*= Listed in Winter 1862-63 present at Fort Benton [13 there in 1870 Census]

**Table 3:**

**Chinese in Fort Benton in the 1870 US Census**

Chang, Hao	M	40	Chinese	China	WASHERMAN	
Lee, Wong	M	28	Chinese	China	WASHERMAN	
Sam, Loy	M	32	Chinese	China	WASHERMAN	\$1,000

**Table 4:**

**White Women: Four Adults and Two Children in Fort Benton in the 1870 US Census:**

<b>Family</b>	<b>M/F</b>	<b>Age</b>	<b>1870</b>	<b>Born</b>	<b>OCC</b>
Montgomery, Nellie	F	27	Maryland		Keeping House
Perkins, Katy	F	28	Canada	Wife	
Perkins, Katy	F	2 mos.	Montana		Daughter
Power, Mary G.	F	25	Iowa		Wife
Stocking, Margaret	F	32	Kentucky		Wife
Stocking, Louisa	F	8	Colorado		Daughter

**White Women In Fort Benton Garrison in Fort Benton in the 1870 US Census:**

Abraham, Rebecca	F	24	Florida		Laundress
Bellow, Mary	F	24	England		Keeping House
Bellow, Mary L.	F	1	Utah		At Home
Fallon, Anna	F	37	Ireland		Laundress
Fallon, Mary	F	30	Ireland		Laundress
Hoban, Anne	F	22	Ireland		Laundress

47 White-Native families in Fort Benton in 1870

1 Black-Native family in Fort Benton in 1870



125. For tales of Chinese in Fort Benton, see [www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-tales](http://www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-tales).

**The Celestial Kingdom on the Upper Missouri: The Chinese of Chouteau County—Part I**  
**By Ken Robison**

Among the most remarkable stories of early Fort Benton is the growth of a multi-cultural society in the town. By the 1850s many unions had been formed by early American Fur Company and opposition traders with Native American women. By the late 1860s many of these mixed race families remained in Fort Benton while others had moved on to join Blackfoot or other Indian nations. Adding to this melting pot were Black Americans and Chinese who found conditions right in Fort Benton during the booming years of steamboating and overland freighting to open small businesses and find jobs in service industries.

Fort Benton of the 1860s was a rough frontier town with “the bloodiest block in the West.” The Vigilante hanging of Bill Hynson from a temporary tripod gallows at Fort Benton on August 24, 1868 had a Chinese connection. Hynson, a tall, handsome Missourian, age about 28 years old, allegedly had strangled a Chinese woman to death in Helena for her poke of \$1,000 worth of gold dust. Frontier justice caught up to him in Fort Benton.

The first Chinese resident of Fort Benton is not known, but the early Chinese in the town included 32 year-old Sam Loy who operated a laundry in 1870 with Chang Haw, age 40, and Lee Wang, age 28, working as washermen. During the 1870s some of the younger Chinese worked as houseboys and cooks in local homes. The earliest Chinese clustered on Main Street, the site of a laundry for many years. In April 1877 the Benton Record reported that Arthur Sling Bang, a Chinese laundryman planted “a fine bed of asparagus seeds, and proposes to furnish the Benton market with this delicious esculent during the coming season.” Chinese gardening activities centered on a block or so above the Grand Union, long known as the Chinaman’s gardens for the vegetable gardens they kept there [later the site of the Missouri River Lumber Company].

By 1880 eighteen Chinese were present in Choteau County and their number continued to grow throughout the 1880s. The census of June 1880 showed Ah Wan cooking at Fort Belknap, and George W. “Taylor” cooking for farmer Isaac Taylor on the Upper Teton River. Seven of Fort Benton’s sixteen Chinese worked as cooks while eight operated or worked in laundries. Of the cooks Kung Chung and Ma Kay worked for Robert S. Culbertson at his Pacific Hotel. No occupation was listed for Charles Chow although he was head of household with three other Chinese living with him so he apparently maintained a small boarding house. Three of the eighteen Chinese in the county were married, although no wives were listed. At this time all were born in China.

In the words of historian Joel F. Overholser, “Bentonites in general regarded [the Chinese] with more curiosity than wrath, an 1881 funeral for Quong Chong drew a lengthy account in the Benton Record.” This fascinating article provides insight into Chinese culture:

“Although there was an evident disposition on the part of the Chinese, friends of the deceased Quong Chong, to conceal from our people the hour for the funeral services, a large and curious crowd was drawn to the grave yard last Saturday afternoon. However common Chinese burials are to other communities this one was the first that ever occurred to Benton, and hardly

any of the spectators had ever had an opportunity to see the curious ceremonies of such an occasion.

It would be interesting to know the significance of the various rites and we have made several efforts to obtain the information; but the Chinese are very reticent and are not all willing to communicate what we were anxious to find out. It must suffice, then, to say that the body—completely dressed in a white costume, such as Chinamen wear indoors, wearing shoes and hat—was placed in the coffin. Four packs of cards, with four silver half-dollars, were also placed inside. The coffin was then put in the hearse together with the bedding, clothes, and other personal property of the dead man. One Chinaman who acted as chief mourner rode beside the driver; at intervals of a few yards along the route of the procession this man threw out small scraps of paper.

On arriving at the cemetery the body was summarily placed in the ground and covered up. As soon as this had been done, a bonfire was made of all the dead man's effects which formed as odd a collection as can be imagined. After the fire was well under way the chief mourner, after having first poured out a libation of whisky, burned, with great care to have every fragment of it consumed, a brown paper book supposed to contain the accounts of the deceased. This done, there was arranged about the foot of the grave a bowl of cooked rice with two chop-sticks stuck therein, a bar of soap, two whisky bottles, three cups and some burning tapers and papers and decorated candles. In turn each Chinaman approached, and after having bowed three times, knelt and poured whisky into the middle one of the three cups from which some of the liquor was distributed to the other two and some poured on the ground. Then he bowed low again three times and made way for the next man. A board was placed at the foot of the grave instead of at the head; it was covered with hieroglyphics and one half of it was buried. The rice, whisky, candles, &c., were allowed to remain at the grave. One Chinaman carefully gathered up a handful of earth from the mound and wrapped it in paper and the obsequies were concluded. The body will be in the ground for two years and will then be disinterred and sent back to China."

One Chinese custom drew disapproval from residents and the Benton press—opium dens. In 1881 a Benton Record reporter visited an opium den and wrote a detailed report about the "Raid on an Opium Den Winding Up of an Infamous Business":

"The Sheriff, Thursday night, made a descent on an opium dive, on Front st., nearly opposite Murphy, Neel & Co.'s store, and captured four Chinamen, one in the act of smoking, two lying in a drunken stupor, and the fourth, the owner of the house, raided.

The fact is a notorious one that all the Chinese laundries about town do a little business on the side, in letting out opium pipes to smokers at fifty cents a smoke. Before the enactment of the opium law, last winter, the dealers in the drug were able to carry on their frightful trade without any possibility of molestation by the authorities, all attacks upon the business through the nuisance act, since there was no specific law to govern the case, having met with failure. No one, who has not looked into the matter, can have any idea of the magnitude of the traffic here. The patrons of the various houses have been, it is true, for the most part Chinese, but many of the white trash about town are frequenters of the little rooms at the rear of the laundries, where curled up on the bunks they, can, under the influence of a few whiffs of smoke escape for a time from their beastly selves. Besides, this kind of a drunk has to them the merit of cheapness.

The traffic has been more secretly conducted since the opium law went into effect last winter, and consequently it has been more difficult to take offenders red-handed, so to speak. One den in particular has been under surveillance for the last three nights, and our reporter

accompanied the sheriff last evening as he went to station himself where, through an uncurtained window, he could watch the movements of the occupants of the room. After a few moments of waiting, one Chinaman was seen to take up a pipe and lie down on one of the bunks. This was the chance sought; the door was quickly opened and the sheriff and our reporter entered the room. On the bed, a pipe between them, lay two Chinamen, their staring eyes and the set expression on their faces telling the story of their indulgence. They were declared under arrest.

In another bed was found a Chinaman so sound asleep that it was with great difficulty that he was aroused. After the drunken men became aware of the situation a string of extremely lucid and plausible pigeon-English explanations followed—none of them smoked, one had too sore a finger, another had sworn off and had smashed his pipe, the fragments of which he produced; the third said ‘he smoke alle time; he know law, he don’t gib dam; he Slan Flanciso man; hell!’

The owner of the house, Ah Gee, was put under arrest. What seemed to concern him most was the Sheriff’s taking away his pipes, lamps and a stock of opium on hand. A few small bottles were scattered about on the table and these and a single pipe were declared to be everything connected with the business about the place. He is an accomplished liar. A movement to break some locked drawers showed him the jig was up, and he took a key from his pocket and, unlocking the drawers, gave up two large tin boxes of the drug, each weighing about a pound, a glass jar containing about as much more, and several small bottles, all full. Under the bed and concealed in various places were found in all about a dozen pipe bowls, all thoroughly saturated with the stuff, three stems, lamps, weigh scales, and other tools of the trade, besides a cigar box full of cinders which are apparently saved for the purpose of extracting the unconsumed opium therein. The latter is the best evidence of the amount of the drug consumed in this single den.

The Chinamen were all broke up over the closing of the house. They could not do justice to the subject in their broken English, but poured forth their indignation in pure Chinese all the way to the jail, and as the doors closed they were driving the prisoners inside mad with their pitiful story. We predict that these arrests will end the nefarious business for a long time in Benton.

The sequel to the capture resulted, this afternoon, in the Chinamen being brought into Court before Judge Tattan, who fined “Charley” \$5.00 and costs; Ah Sing \$5.00 and costs; Quong Lee \$5.00 and costs; Ah Lee \$50.00 and costs, or to stand committed to jail for two months. Most of the fines were promptly paid.”

Despite occasional raids, opium dens continued operations for many years.

The Chinese in Benton were at all times objects of curiosity and amusement, and the press took full advantage of every opportunity to capture the humor of their cultural activities. In February 1880 the Benton Record correspondent reported that the Chinese celebrated their New Year and warned “Extreme vigilance is in order at present. Marshal Frank is exhausting himself in the discharge of his duties and can be found on hand at any time, ready to use up a cane on the chinaman who should possess the temerity of exploding a firecrackers. To-day being the [Chinese] New Years the ladies were visible who visited the China quarter to satisfy curiosity. How many opium dens those ladies graced with their presence, I am unable to say, but presume that their curiosity was satisfied to the fullest extent.”

Chinese New Year brought special fascination by the Benton community. In February 1882 the

Record reported “Persons sweetly slumbering this morning in the vicinity of Chinese wash-houses must have thought ‘Gehenna broke loose’ when at six o’clock the Chinamen ushered in their New Year with fire-crackers, and the noise all Celestials so dearly love. The holiday season will last for three days, and during that time we may expect our clothing to be badly mixed, or else not come home from the wash at all. The Chinamen were running around to-day exchanging calls, ‘all same Melican man.’ Their cards were of red paper folded several times. In all the laundries an entertainment, consisting of cake, wine or whiskey, cigars and Chinese dried fruit, or confectionery, was provided and the white callers were treated with marked consideration. It is with them the year 8, but what that means is ‘something no fellah can find out.’”

The Benton Record often made fun of the Chinese use of the English language. In February 1880, the Record reported, “One of the Chinese laundresses of Benton says, ‘Bilness no muchee good. Melican man ‘wellie shultee too long, wellie shultee so long make chinaman sickee to washee.’

Life in Benton’s “Bloodiest block in the West” often featured humorous reporting on the latest incident in the Chinese quarters located there. In March 1880, the Record reported, “A shooting scrape took place among the disciples of Confucius in the Chinese quarters last Monday. No Asiatic soul was sent to the Flowery Kingdom; but the heathen who attempted to convert a live Celestial into a corpse was curtailed by Judge [John J.] Donnelly to the extent of \$100 fine and costs of court. It was a heavy toll on all.”

In Fort Benton’s multicultural society, Chinese interaction with the many Black Americans sometimes led to moments of tension. In August 1881 the Record reported “There was a bit of excitement up town night before last. It appears from the tale told us by [a] Mongolian, that a number of colored men were playing cards in the Eagle Bird Saloon and, if the Chinaman is correct, a job was put up among several of the dusky gamblers to rob him of his oriental ducats. Tumbling to the racket, however, before the advantage was taken of him, John Chinaman grabbed his money and prepared to make a lively exit when, with his usual free and easy manner of handling deadly weapons, the proprietor [Black American William Foster] leveled a pistol at him and ordered him to stay. But John knew they cared more for his money than his company, so he forthwith dropped his checks like hot cakes and took French leave of the assemblage. If this story be true, and we have no reason to doubt it, the parties to the affair should be arrested and punished.”

Benton’s Chinese interacted also with resident and visiting Native Americans. More than one Chinese bartender was arrested for serving “fire-water” to Indians. In June 1883 the Benton Record reported with disgust, “The public sale to a Chinaman of a squaw in our very midst, for the trifling compensation of two sacks of flour, will horrify and alarms our readers. Does slavery exist amongst us in this year of universal enlightenment? Are human beings to be bought and sold upon our public streets, and at so small a price as that mentioned? Are Chinamen not only to pauperize our working classes, but enslave the original owners of this splendid continent. Why, where will they stop? If they will buy a squaw for four sacks, and so on until they will have us all in a condition of servitude. Some of our citizens should inform that squaw how her aboriginal honor has been degraded, and advise her to take her glittering scalping-knife in the solemn watches of the night and remove the capillaries of the daring oriental.”

Photos:

- (1) Chinese gardener in Fort Benton
- (2) Chinese burial site at unidentified location in Montana
- (3) Early 1900s humor in the Anaconda Standard depicting “a Chinaman”
  
- (4) Chinese section of Fort Benton in the early 1880s centered on the alley between Main and Front Streets and on the north side of St. Johns across the alley from the Pacific Hotel

## **“Aliens Alive and Aliens Dead”: The Celestial Kingdom on the Upper Missouri:**

### **Part II**

**By Ken Robison**

In April, Henry [Macdonald] brought out a Chinese from Fort Benton to help Julia with the heaviest of her housework and to look for the hired men. Chinese help operated on an unchanging schedule. They arrived at the ranch in spring, left early in the fall, completely vanished all winter, to present themselves again without warning in April.

Usually the same Chinese returned, season after season. But twice upon inspection, this proved not to be so. [p. 222] “You’re not the John who was with us last year,” observed Henry.

“No, No. Me John’s cousin. He send me.”

“What’s your name?”

“John.”

Protesting and dodging, Mac had to submit, to a greater extent than he thought essential, to Julia’s rigid regime of clean clothes and regular baths. It seemed to him the washtubs were overworked. They were constantly filled by one Macdonald or another or their apparel.

Once a week the fumes of laundry soap filled the kitchen. Julia and John Chinaman appropriated the empty five-gallon coal oil cans, scattered about the place, as containers in which to heat water. Clothes floated like banners from long rows of rope lines. . . [**Wandersong by Eleanor Banks, Caxton 1950**]

This continues the story of the Chinese in historic Choteau County and Fort Benton. Despite the derision of “Chinamen,” “Mongolians,” and “Heathen Chinese,” the Benton Chinese were tolerated, owned businesses, gave testimony in courts, and maintained their distinct cultural identity within the community—often to the delight, and sometimes to the disgust, of other Bentonites. In March 1881 Ah Sing operated the Benton Wash House at Main and St. John, where the Hagen block is today. Two years later, the Record reported on another laundry, “The house used by Mr. Culbertson as a dining hall during the time he was building his new hotel--and which is on St. John street on the opposite side of the street from the Pacific Hotel, has been rented by a Chinaman said to be Quong Lee, for a laundry, and he is making a sewer on the edge of the sidewalk from his laundry to the Missouri river, running along the sidewalk past Miller’s saloon, which he expects to have completed to-day or to-morrow.”

In August and September 1882 advertisements appeared in the Benton Record for the “Oriental Saloon Bakery and Restaurant with Choice Wines and Liquors Constantly on Hand Open Day and Night, Hop Lee, Proprietor.” In February 1883 Chung Kee opened another Saloon Bakery

and Restaurant. The Benton Record noted in April 1883 “Chinamen seem to be the best, or at least the most successful vegetable gardeners in this vicinity. One of those industrious pig-tails is already hawking young onions and spinach, and had a good stock of celery as late as the first of February. They are not very modest in charging for their produce, however.”

In June 1883 five Chinese arrived in Benton by the Helena stagecoach intending to start a Chinese store in William Foster’s old Phoenix Exchange saloon building on Main Street—Foster, himself, an African American hustler, was well remembered for skipping town and leaving lots of unpaid bills. The Benton Record reported their arrival and playfully added, “They are reported to be plentifully supplied with the condign, and will probably carry a good stock. This has long been a great want in Benton. No place can hope to flourish unless it contains a store where you can purchase fans painted with hump-backed Chinamen and impossible swans, or blue vases with green lizards crawling over them, and other things to suggest the horrible possibility that you’ve got ‘em again.”

The Chinese in Montana in the 1880s were a mobile population ranging out from the larger Chinese centers in Helena and Butte to outlying areas such as Fort Benton, Sun River, and Fort Assinaboine. In addition, the Montana Chinese traveled to and from San Francisco and even to and from China with surprising frequency. Perhaps the best insight into this mobility comes from a report in October 1882 in the Benton Record, headlined “A Celestial Returning to the Flowery Kingdom:

“Ah Too leaves to-morrow morning for China. He and Char Lee in partnership carry on the laundry opposite Murphy, Neel & Co. on Front Street [today’s site of the Grand Union]. Ah Too has been a resident of this country for a little over eighteen years, more than two years of which he has lived in Benton, and the remainder of the time in San Francisco.

“During the time he has sojourned in this country he has returned to China four times and he is now going back for the fifth, and is uncertain whether he will ever return again to this country or not, but will be governed by circumstances in that respect after he returns from China. He expects to go direct from Benton to San Francisco, and there take one of the ocean steamers to Hong Kong and from thence to Canton, and there he will embark on one of the boats peculiar to that country and go up the Canton river about 500 miles to his native place, Wam Boo, a town of about 3,000 inhabitants, immediately upon the river, and in the Province of Canton, and where he expects to arrive about the tenth of next November.”

The next week, October 12, 1882, Sim Sing, who had just arrived in Benton a few weeks previously to form a partnership with Hop Lee at the Oriental Saloon, presented the editor of the Benton Record with “a newspaper printed in the celestial kingdom, at Canton, as a token of acknowledgment of the obligations which he is under to us for noticing the departure this morning for China of his friend Ah Too. He assured us that the paper contained news of the highest importance and interest, and everyone connected with the establishment examined it until they almost become cross-eyed, and attempts at deciphering it will have to be suspended until a more fitting opportunity.”

The Benton Chinese followed events closely in other communities in Montana. In March 1882 the Record reported from Fort Assinaboine that “Ah Wan, a Chinaman who has been working for one of the officers of this post was found this morning in a cellar of the house hanging dead

from a beam, having committed suicide. The cause of the act was that John could not rest easy knowing that his father had killed another Chinaman. The Chinamen at the post say the Devil came after him . . . The body of Ah Wan, the Chinaman who committed suicide by hanging at Assinaboine the other day, has been sent to Helena for burial.”

The Benton Record, always fascinated by the Chinese, became more harshly racist in its later years, writing in 1883 “The Chinese must go. Ah Hay, or Gee Whiz, or some other euphoniously titled Celestial, left by the Helena stage this morning to make his home hereafter among his Mongolian brethren at the Capital.” In June 1883, the Record reported with horror and alarm on “The public sale to a Chinaman of a squaw in our very midst, for the trifling compensation of two sacks of flour. Does slavery exist amongst us in this year of universal enlightenment? Are human beings to be bought and sold upon our public streets, and at so small a price as that mentioned? Are Chinamen not only to pauperize our working classes, but enslave the original owners of this splendid continent. Why, where will they stop? If they would buy a squaw for two sacks of flour soon they will not hesitate to buy a white woman for four sacks, and so on until they will have us all in a condition of servitude.”

Most Chinese in Fort Benton were unmarried, and few Chinese women lived there. In April 1884 the more tolerant Fort Benton River Press reported on the marriage of Ah Son, of Benton, and his bride Ah Hou, of Bozeman in Helena at the Mount Helena House. The couple was married “melican fashion” by Judge Sterling. The Press continued, “Mr. Ah Son and wife, formerly the handsome and charming Miss Ah Hou, of Bozeman, who were recently married at Helena, arrived in the city on yesterday’s coach, and have now quietly settled down to the enjoyment of domestic affairs.”

A party of hungry travelers on Montana’s Benton Road arrived at the 28-Mile Springs stage stop late one evening in September 1884. Asking proprietor Colonel Andrew Jackson Vance if they could get anything to eat, he replied, “I don’t know; it depends on the Chinaman. If you can get him up, all right.” The travelers went to the Chinese man’s room, awakened him, and were informed they could get nothing at that time of night. The group reported back to Vance, but he kept deferring to the party to find a means to get the cook up. Finally, a traveler told Vance, “Well, you are the boss.” Vance replied, “You bet I am,” and proceeded to the room, roused the sleeping Chinaman, and raised him by the hair. “Throw him out of the window,” shouted the travelers. So “John” was thrown out into the night. The unhappy Chinese cook went into the kitchen, and the guests had a good supper. But, “the Chinaman got even by giving them in the morning the most execrable breakfast they ever sat down to.” [Sketch of Chinaman]

In February 1885 the River Press reported that an unusual event occurred at McDevitt & William’s saloon when a prize fight was arranged in the morning and the fight occurred in the afternoon between “Nosey, the Kid” and “Chung Lung, a Chinaman, under the rules of the London prize ring.” Later that month the Chinese residents of Fort Benton “commenced celebrating their New Year to-day in good style with the firing of immense fire crackers and other harmless but noisy amusements. The crackers made as much noise as a mountain howitzer, and caused many of our citizens to think the reservation bill had passed.” The next week on a typically wild evening in Benton “a shooting scrape took place in the Chinese saloon on Main street, during which John Lloyd, who is well known here, was shot through the hand and in the

leg, shattering that member above the knee, by a Chinaman, known as Arthur.” Meanwhile, in January 1886 Lee Gee opened the Enterprise House in the new Cummings Building.

By the mid 1880s attitudes toward Chinese in some communities in Montana were hardening. From its founding in 1884, workingmen in Great Falls, with support of town leaders, had established a “don’t let the sun set on you in our town” Chinese exclusion policy. That harsh policy prevailed in Great Falls prohibiting settlement of any Chinese in the city until the mid-1930s.

Some years later Worden P. Wren, the agent for Murphy-Maclay & Company in the village of Great Falls, recalled the incident with the first Chinese in Great Falls:

“Chinese were good laundrymen, but did collars and cuffs so poorly that Mr. Wren sent his to Troy, New York to be laundered while he was in Fort Benton and even after he came into the Falls. In 1884 and 1885 other laundry was sent from the Falls to Fort Benton or Sun River, but early in 1885 an intrepid young Chinaman came from Sun River to start a laundry. Soon after he hung his shingle, several boys with a strong antipathy for the yellow race tried to persuade him to leave town. Pat Hughes led the crowd. He refused to comply with their request. They told him they were going to hang him with a long rope they had with them. He was led to the river, placed in a skiff with two men at the oars, and started for the opposite shore. The crowd on the bank yelled ‘Hang him’ ‘Hang him!’ It was getting dark; the Chinaman was so frightened he jumped overboard in the middle of the stream. The men at the oars and on the bank feared he had been drowned and the next morning they were not to be found. The streets were deserted. The Chinaman however, reached shore, went to the Townsite office, knocked on the door, and was admitted by Jim Matkin who gave him dry clothes to wear until his had dried sufficiently to put on again. The next day he left secretly for Sun River. The news was well circulated around the country, and Great Falls was visited by no more Chinese. Whenever one came to town, he carefully avoided the hotel, and spent the night locked in Murphy-Maclay’s store until Mr. Wren let him out the next morning. This was the first labor trouble in Great Falls.”

In January 1886 the River Press brought news to the Benton Chinese that “the Chinamen at Maiden received notice to quit the camp and not having complied with the same were last week escorted out of town by a band of masked men and instructed to keep right on going. They went.”

Anti-Chinese sentiment throughout the United States was building with the first Chinese Exclusion Act in 1882. In February 1886 the River Press reported that Howell Harris had returned from Oregon with news that “there is great excitement over the Chinese question and the recent troubles in Seattle. There is a general feeling against the Chinese, who are controlled by the companies in San Francisco, although Mr. Harris is of the opinion that the habits of the Celestials in that section has probably more to do with the determination to rid the country of them than anything else. The citizens have tried every peaceable means to rid themselves of Chinese, but without avail, and it has been the general belief that agitation or legislation would bring no relief, and the people took summary measures to compel them to go, feeling sure that



this would be the only means of calling public attention to the evil. That something must be done, and that speedily, is evident.”

One year later, in 1887, a Chinese man was held up and robbed in Benton. Zack Larsen and Rube Houser were arrested on the strength of damaging circumstantial evidence. The two were examined before Judge Crane and bound over to await action by the grand jury. More White-Chinese violence, almost unheard of in earlier years in Montana, occurred later that year when the River Press reported, “Chinaman Hong, who assaulted a man the other day with deadly weapons, two beer bottles and a tack hammer, was bound over by Judge Luke in the sum of \$500 to appear before the grand jury. Hong is congratulating himself over the fact that in his excitement he did not make the fatal mistake of hitting his man with two bottles of Benton China whiskey. If this had occurred he is satisfied he would have gone to jail without benefit of bail, on a charge of murder in the first degree. As it is Hong furnished bail and is holding just as good hands as ever in the great American game of poker.”

In 1905 The Great Falls Leader carried a humorous story about the “Resignation of Chinese Cook” in 1887. The Leader wrote, “As one of the souvenirs of the old army post at Fort Shaw, which was abandoned by the war department for such purposes a number of years ago, Mr. F. Geo. Heldt, who during the days of that post was situated there as a member of the J. H. McKnight company and was in charge of its business at that place, retains a letter which was written by a Chinese cook employed by the company in its restaurant at the post. The latter complains of the methods by which the man in charge of the restaurant, Mr. Ferg, conducted the place. The cook was able to read and write in English, but the letter which he addressed to Mr. McKnight was so peculiarly constructed that it is evident the writer made use of a dictionary and employed words far beyond his grasp to express himself. The letter [which may drive you batty] follows:

‘November 10<sup>th</sup>, 1887, Fort Shaw, Montana.  
Messrs. McKnight.

Dear Sir

I am very gratefully to you and every gentlemen and ladies, so kindness, and so nice place to work for. I am very glad to have it, but Mr. Ferg so grudge and manifest at frequently make me very hard to stay, the only trouble he is, but I tend to the place never had any not well of it and did to try how I possible, to do all boarders satisfy and rejoice. just work at every things take what they want whole day I never say a word and continually the meals in time and the morning he get up at 7 o'clock or half past 7 and take his breakfast then he way out and I wait on the table, some day in afternoon he went out to supper time nor come back and I wait on also, never speak a word to him. I suppose probably was a dutition, and some times may be I feel not well, he will say I get made and since in last Sunday morning make some cocoa for breakfast to boil over sat on the stove keep warm, then he take a cup put some cool milk on it and put little cocoa to it mix up and he say what is so cold, and I say the cool milk make so if put some ice on it more cold too and he just so fierce and he say G\_\_\_ d\_\_\_ wish to hold a log wood to lick me, so bottom and speak so many nonsense. I could not stay with and so for I refuse my place in 15<sup>th</sup> this month. If he was a good man I will stay a long time and when I go will send a good man to take my place before I way, but he was such circumstances I

prefer not to stay. I am very sorry to say. I use to explication what do I be, and he was so  
highton and so lazy. on to do any work then. So and so I let to know

Yours respectfully servant

AH WAI'

At the bottom of the letter was the notation of Mr. McKnight, made before sending the letter back to Mr. Heldt at Fort Shaw, which read as follows: "What is the matter with the Chinaman?—if Ferg is not attending to his business better stir him up."

Worden P. Wren recalled another incident involving Chinese burial bones in early Great Falls, and his story was written in *Great Falls Yesterday*.

"Murphy-Maclay and Co. were agents for the stage line to Lewistown and had a quantity of bedding and other things in the basement awaiting shipment elsewhere. Some of it got wet, so Mr. Wren had the store porter take a coal oil lamp to the cellar, sort out the packages, and throw in the river any that were badly damaged. The porter asked what should be done with one box he found. Mr. Wren told him to open it up and see if it was of any value. In the box were Chinese papers, incense, Chinese candies, paper covered with Chinese writing, and at the bottom, a skull. The articles were returned to the box, and Joe McKnight of Fort Shaw brought a Chinaman to the store to interpret the writing. A Chinese had been murdered at Lewistown--knocked in the head with an axe--and the remains were to go to China via San Francisco, for burial. Mr. Wren wrote Chinese headquarters in San Francisco telling them a box was held here awaiting money for express from Lewistown to China, but no reply was ever received to the letter so the box was taken to the warehouse and put on the crossbeams where it stayed for five years. Some boys found it, took it down, and no one knows what eventually became of the poor Chinaman's remains."

The absence of the 1890 U. S. Census [long ago destroyed by fire] precludes detailed analysis of the Chinese in Choteau County at that time. Some insight into the Chinese community in Fort Benton in the late 1880s comes from licenses paid and issued by the Choteau County treasurer during 1889. Wun Ling held both gaming and saloon licenses, while Hop Ling and Chin Hin held gaming licenses. King Faun held licenses to operate both saloon and gaming. Wah Soo operated a laundry, and Wah Sing held both saloon and gaming licenses. Sing Lee owned both a laundry and a restaurant. Wong Quot bought the Enterprise Restaurant from Sing Lee, while Sam Lun ran the White Elephant on Front Street.

The Three Chinamen arrested Friday night in the opium joint on Main street had a hearing before Justice Crane Saturday. City Marshal Lee and Jailer Buckley appeared as witnesses for the state and W. R. Nelson as counsel for defendants. "Skinny" was bound over for the next term of court for keeping a "joint" and Chin Wong was discharged. The decision in the case of Quong Chung is held in abeyance. [p. 6] [GFLD 9 Sep 1890]

The River Press made clear the sentiment of much of the Benton community in April 1891, editorializing "We understand that a Chinese resurrection will take place here next Saturday. The remains of a Chinaman, who died here several years ago, will be exhumed, his bones carefully secured and polished up--even to the smallest bone in the body--when they will be carefully

packed, in the smallest square box that will hold them, and sent back to China. These people--the Chinese-- will not allow even their bones to rest in American soil. They are aliens alive and aliens dead, and have nothing in common with our people. It would be better for them and better for our people if every one of them could be sent back within the next twelve months to their own land.”

Photos:

(1) Chinese Laundryman on the Streets of Fort Benton

(2) Chinese Temple in Virginia City, Montana

(3) At 28-Mile Springs Proprietor Vance raised his “Chinaman” by his hair. Sketch in 1901 Anaconda Standard.

(4) Chinese Section of Fort Benton in 1888 Sanborn Fire Map

**The Benton Chinese Persevered and Worked On: The Celestial Kingdom on the Upper  
Missouri—Part III  
By Ken Robison**

Throughout the 1890s the Chinese in Fort Benton and Choteau County grew in numbers and persevered. In June 1891 an unusual marriage license was issued in Fort Benton for Lee Pack Foet, “formerly of China, and Miss Long Hair, a native American, one of the first families of the Gros Ventre reservation.” The bride, Miss Longhair, 19 year-old daughter of Gros Ventres parents Bad Dog and Nice Woman, married 22 year-old Lee Pack Foet, son of Lee Foet. The wedding took place in Chinook, then part of Choteau County, with Justice of the Peace William T. Richey officiating and his wife, Fannie Richey, and Chinese Sum Land witnessing the ceremony. Lee Pack Foet lived at Fort Belknap at the time.

While sentiment was hardening against the Chinese statewide, their number in Fort Benton and the new towns of Havre and Chinook was increasing. This was due in part to active use of the old Whoop-Up Trail for smuggling operations. On the 5<sup>th</sup> of August 1891, lightning struck and killed freighter Gus Brede during a violent storm. The first report reaching Fort Benton was that Brede was hit by lightning while sitting on a wagon between two Chinese, who were unhurt. The River Press editorialized “It seems a great deal like discrimination for a streak of lightning to dodge nine Chinamen in order that it may get a whack at a smuggler. It may be, however, that of the ten evils it chose the lesser.” The Press went on to headline “He’ll Smuggle No More. Chinese Contrabands Will Have to Find Another Pilot [than August Brede] Across the British Line.”

Contrary to the Press’ rumor, the county coroner found that Brede was alone on the wagon seat with nine Chinese concealed in the wagon bed, being smuggled from Fort Macleod to Fort Benton. Eight of these men were captured and deported to China via San Francisco. The men were held in jail in Fort Benton for ten days, the mandatory time allowed in which to make an

appeal. The ninth man, Sing Lee, proved that he was a legal U. S. resident formerly residing in Fort Benton and Fort Assinaboine, and consequently was discharged. Sing no doubt had been along to select locations to distribute his contraband countrymen. Brede clearly had a racket going for some time, smuggling whisky into Canada and returning with smuggled Chinese. Earlier he had been fined \$1,000 by the North West Mounted Police for smuggling whisky into Canada, and his outfit had been confiscated for smuggling Chinese into the United States by customs collector Jere Sullivan in Fort Benton.

The Great Falls Leader provided insight into these smuggling operations when it reported, "It has been common talk on this frontier for some time that the Chinese were coming into the British possessions to the north of us and were securing entry into the United States through Montana teams. The Celestials being well provided with money were able to pay handsomely for their overland trip and it is reported that \$75 per head [the price was elsewhere reported as \$15] is what it is worth to a teamster and guide who will undertake to pilot the Chinamen past the custom officers and deliver them at some point on the line of the railroad traversing the central portions of the state."

Testimony at the coroner's inquest provided further insight from Chinese witnesses. Brede with his human cargo hidden in the covered wagon had left Lethbridge five days before his death and reached a point just south of the Teton Bridge. When Brede was struck by the lightning, the Chinese panicked. Farmer Sam Heron, then stock inspector for Choteau County, arrived on the scene and discovered the tragedy. The Chinese had not yet recovered from their panic, and their superstitions were so great that Heron had trouble getting help to load Brede's body in the wagon.

In the aftermath of the Brede smuggling episode, Jere Sullivan, Collector of Customs for Montana and Idaho, asked for the right to appoint a force to patrol the Canadian line to prevent the influx of Chinese from Canada. Sullivan planned to establish a system similar to the mounted police of Canada with twelve to fifteen armed men. Sullivan argued "With all its force of mounted police Canada is unable to totally suppress all whisky smugglers who attempt to enter that territory, and much less can one man, with a couple of deputies, stay the host of Chinese who are constantly streaming across the border into Montana and Idaho. Once these Mongolians succeed in getting into this state it is next to impossible to prove that they are illegally here, or, in fact, to even find them." Sullivan's plan for Montana's Mounted Police did not happen.

By the dawn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, the attitude in Fort Benton toward the Chinese was mixed with some advocates and many detractors. An insightful report by a special correspondent of the Great Falls Tribune is fascinating, "The ministers of Great Falls are losing a whole lot of good material by the dictum of the labor unions excluding Chinese. The Benton Chinese have begun to take kindly to the gospel and both the Episcopal and Methodist churches have flourishing China Sunday school classes. It is our custom to name Chinese servants after the man they work for and one can imagine a stranger's feelings hearing 'Charley Duer' or 'Doc Fields' or 'Tom Cummings' or some other prominent citizen instructed in the elementary principles of the sermon on the mount, etc."

The Chinese Exclusion Act, passed by Congress in the 1880s, restricted immigration and froze the Chinese community in place, preventing it from growing and assimilating into U.S. society. Another federal law, passed in 1891 required all Chinese to register and be photographed, and by early 1894 Fort Benton's photographer Dan Dutro recorded photographing 21 Chinese in Fort Benton, 18 at Fort Assiniboine, 14 at Havre, and 9 in Chinook. In February 1894 29 Chinese registered in Fort Benton and about 50 overall in the county.

Despite the setbacks, the Chinese in Benton worked on. Those running the laundry on St. John Street in Fort Benton opened a branch washhouse in Havre with two of their number moving to the railroad town to run the operation. The Press noted, "The gentle Mongolian has not only adopted the American customs, but is getting onto the 'branch' business." Lee Gee bought the popular Enterprise Restaurant from Sing Lee and continued the business "at the old stand." Lee Gee went back to China in October 1891 to visit relatives. By the following June, he was back in San Francisco, returning to Fort Benton in late July. In an 1892 ad in the River Press, Lee Gee & Company, proprietors of the Enterprise Restaurant, charged 50 cents for meals and 50 cents for lodging with board six dollars per week. His ad emphasized that the "popular restaurant" had fresh oysters in season. Later that year the Chinese laundry on St. John was gutted by fire although a week later Joseph Milligan was repairing the building owned by G. F. Deletraz.

Poor construction and deterioration of the wooden buildings occupied by several Chinese businesses seemed to plague them. In March 1894 the Press reported, "The 'devil' of which the superstitious Chinese complained so bitterly seems to have followed them to their new quarters. The Chinese left the Deletraz building two weeks ago, giving as their reason that the 'devil had set it on fire twice, and they moved into the Huston brick [building], corner St. John and Main [probably the first part of the Hagen block], where they again started a laundry. At about one o'clock Tuesday morning the large frame wash room adjoining the brick was noticed to be in flames, as was also the log house used as sleeping apartments by the Chinese. The flames quickly communicated to the main building, but were gotten under control by the hose company before much damage was done to the brick structure. The wooden buildings were a total loss."

In April 1895 the Chinese community went out to the cemetery one morning and left a supply of cigars, candles and other luxuries on the graves of their departed countrymen. The Press reported "Some irreverent American small boys will probably appropriate the mementoes before the resurrection of the dead, this being the result of such proceedings for some years past." That same year the Press reported, "One of the meanest jokes we have heard of was recently played in this city upon a Chinese cook who is also running a chicken ranch. A party made nightly raids on the Chinaman's hen roost, and then turned the plunder over to the heathen to be dressed and cooked, and up to date has eluded detection."

Only a few letters have been found from or to the Chinese in north central Montana. When Fred C. Campbell became Superintendent of the Fort Shaw Indian Industrial School in 1898, he brought along Joe Ling to cook in his household. Although the Campbells departed Fort Shaw in 1908, Joe Ling stayed on with new Superintendent John B. Brown. In 1910 F. C. Campbell sent a remarkable letter to his long-time Chinese cook, "Dear Joe," urging him to come cook for Campbell at the Fort Peck Agency, and concluding "A great many of your friends down this way have been inquiring if you are coming. I feel sure you will like the work and the people."

Overall, the letter read like correspondence between two friends, perhaps not surprising since F. C. Campbell proved over several decades to be a strong advocate for Native Americans in Montana.

Another fun and fascinating letter was sent by the smuggler Sing Lee at Fort Leavenworth October 28, 1898, to Charles E. Conrad. The letter reads, “Dear Sir I have send Hung letter to him nearly a months ago but still have no answer come to me yet. I want to know that you have hear from him yet? If you can not find him and if you want a good cook I will get you one. I left Montana about five years I did not make enough of any thing. I am hardly could make my living here if there is any things that I could do to make living there please let me know? Yours truly [signed Sing Lee]” Perhaps this letter explains why Sing Lee was augmenting his income by helping smuggle his fellow countrymen into Montana—he needed the money.

It is interesting also to note that African American J. P. Ball photographed Tu Hang, C. E. Conrad’s Chinese cook in the late 1890s. Perhaps the same man, Charlie Hung, also cooked on ranches in the area at this time.

The Chinese presence in Fort Benton continued and in June 1899 Wing Lung & Company opened a new laundry on Front Street next to the Owl Barber Shop. The next February a couple of Chinese opened a restaurant in the Magnolia Saloon building, next to Thielbar Brothers. By June 1900, 39 Chinese resided in the Fort Benton, and were operating washhouses, restaurants, the ever-present opium dens, and were in demand as gardeners and as cooks on area ranches. Ling Wock cooked at the Culbertson House, and Gee Ak and Lee Sam were partners in a laundry employing six other Chinese. Aum Lum cooked for Thomas Clary, while Frank Lee Hung operated as a silk and tea merchant. Gee Lee with brothers Lung Lee and Him Lee and partner Poy Lee operated a restaurant in the Culbertson Block employing young Sing Lee who had apparently returned to Montana by then. Laundryman You Louie employed five other Chinese in his business.

Overall, Choteau County had 86 Chinese in 1900 with Havre having 25, Chinook 13, Big Sandy 4, Harlem 1, and Fort Benton 39. The new Teton County, by then split away from Choteau, had 16 Chinese residents. Great Falls still had no Chinese, strictly enforcing its self imposed exclusion policy although within Cascade County there were Chinese residing in Sun River and Belt.

Ranchers in the Sun River valley and Fort Benton areas sought the services of Chinese cooks as status symbols in the community. Four successful ranchers in the Shonkin range had Chinese cooks. John Woodcock employed young California-born 23 year-old John Charles as cook on his ranch. Charlie Hung, born in China in 1863, immigrated to the U.S. in 1879, and cooked for James Patterson. Ah Jim, born in China in 1863, immigrated to the U.S. in 1875, and cooked for W. P. Sullivan. Ah Ling cooked for Charles Lepley. Ah Ling was born in China in 1857 and immigrated to the U. S. as a boy of ten. In addition from photographs held in the Overholser Historical Research Center we know that Joseph A. Baker had Chinese cooks “Jim” and “Toy” at various times, and that “China Boy” cooked at the Milner-Sullivan Ranch at Square Butte. Years later, Frances Ameilia Babcock recalled, “So many people in Fort Benton had Chinese cooks in those days. Mrs. Joe Baker, who was one of the Conrad girls, had a marvelous one, who used to send to China for their Christmas candy, nuts, fruit, and sauces.”

Fort Benton historian Jack Lepley recalls stories his mother Margaret told him about her childhood on the George and Louise Patterson ranch in the household with a Chinese cook. Their cook Charlie Hung would often laugh and tell young Margaret, born 1894, “when I go back to China, I take you with me.” They would all join in the laughter and treat his comment with the sense of humor believed intended. This went on for several years until Margaret was about seven years old and Charlie Hung decided to return to his home in China. One day Hung announced that he was ready to take Margaret with him. It began to dawn on Mrs. Patterson and Margaret that Charlie seriously wanted to “buy” Margaret and take her back to China with him. He was not at all happy when his offer was turned down, but Margaret Patterson remained on the ranch and later married Charles Lepley.

One studio photograph of a Chinese man in the collection of our Overholser Research Center has fascinating insight written on the back. The image taken by photographer John G. Showell shows “Lum,” no doubt Lum Crum, cook for Sheriff Thomas and Mary Clary. Also written is “Lum was one of about 5 Chinese taught English by Mrs. Buzzell, wife of Methodist minister. According to her daughter Esther Buzzell Turner, Lum and the others came to the Buzzell home in Fort Benton 1 or 2 evenings a week to learn to read and write English about 1900.” One can only imagine that this related to earlier reports that by this time some Chinese were attending church services in Fort Benton. Imagine Chinese Sunday School in the Methodist Church on Sunday mornings and English lessons at night at the home of the Methodist minister.

In March 1901 Joe Yu, a Chinese who had cooked for a number of parties in the Benton area during the previous ten years, died of pulmonary oedema. The funeral was held from Wolff’s undertaking rooms with “the local celestials turning out in force.” Joe Yu was about 50 years of age and had lived in the United States for over 25 years.

In October 1901 Lee Gee, who had owned the Enterprise restaurant most of the time for the past fifteen years, sold out to Lee Hing and left for China along with a party of other Benton Chinese including Gee’s two brothers. The Great Falls Leader covered their departure, “Speaking of the Chinese party that left Fort Benton last week for China, an old-timer who is well informed on such matters said that the three Lee brothers had been thrifty almost beyond belief. ‘They came here only six or seven years ago,’ said he, ‘and two of them ran a little restaurant while the other farmed a small truck patch, and yet I know that they took \$31,00 [sic apparently \$31,000] to China with them, and they made it here too, every cent of it. That is what I call thrift.’” The Leader concluded, “Lee Gee, the eldest of the trio, said that they intended to return to their native province in China, build houses and live the rest of their years in ease and plenty.”

That same month, October 1901, Mar Joe, a Chinese who had been in Fort Benton just a month was arrested by Customs Inspector E. A. Ringwald for violating the Chinese exclusion act. The U. S. Commissioner granted him ten days to prepare his defense. While Mar Joe remained in jail, it was discovered that he was wanted by Canadian authorities at Fernie, British Columbia, and they offered a \$500 reward for his arrest, although the nature of the crime was not known. After a ten-day delay, Mar Joe was escorted west by Inspector Ringwald and Deputy Marshal Wall for deportation to Canada.

More troubles arose from the Chinese exclusion act for a man in Fort Benton in January 1902, when Louis Kim, alias Ung Toy, was arrested. One evening Henry Hagen noticed smoke coming from under the sidewalk in front of the old Magnolia saloon building on Front Street, recently vacated by the St. Paul restaurant. Hagen could not locate any fire and despite a thorough wetting with a hose, the volume of smoke did not diminish. He then got Marshal Sneath, who finally located a trap door in a lean-to kitchen at the rear of the building. On raising it a Chinese man was found in the cellar, and a fire he had made on the floor accounted for the smoke. Kim had been working at Tong Chong's restaurant for about six months and was evidently prepared for quite a stay, as he had bedding with him in his cellar dwelling. Louis Kim was lodged in jail for ten days while Inspector Ringwald investigated. The finding was that Kim's paper had been issued in Buffalo, Wyoming in April 1893, but had not been re-registered that November when a new exclusion law as passed. Louis Kim was released and allowed to remain in the country, but he was fined \$8.50 for the bonfire. Louis Kim died in Fort Benton just five months later.

Sam Lee's laundry at the corner of Main and St. John's was closed for quarantine most of the month of February 1902 when clothing from Mrs. William Morrow's home had been taken there. The board of health discovered that young Harry Morrow had come down with a mild case of varioloid, smallpox in a previously vaccinated patent. By the end of the month all the clothing at the laundry had been fumigated and the quarantine lifted much to the relief of the hard-pressed laundry.

Photos:

- (1) Identification Cards Similar to This One Issued in San Francisco Were Issued to Chinese in the United States during the 1890s. (Ken Robison Collection)
- (2) Chinese in Choteau County Were Photographed during the 1890s. Lum Crum, cook for Sheriff Thomas Clary was photographed by John G. Showell. (Courtesy of OHRC)
- (3) Charles E. Conrad's Chinese cook Tu Hang photographed by Famed Black Photographer J. P. Ball in Helena. (Courtesy of Thomas Minckler Collection)
- (4) Chinese Gardens Area on the 1902 Sanborn Fire Insurance Map (Ken Robison Collection)

## **The End of the Fort Benton Chinese: The Celestial Kingdom on the Upper Missouri—Part IV**

**By Ken Robison**

In one of the few positive articles on the Chinese ever to appear in the *Great Falls Tribune*, the January 4, 1893 edition carried this editorial:

“The Chinese have a beautiful custom which they religiously observe on New Year day-- that of paying promptly every cent they owe. Perhaps the custom would be quite as beautiful for Caucasians as Chinese and a few days after New Year better than never.”

Meanwhile, the Great Northern Depot in Great Falls bore a sign that read, “Chinaman don't let the sun set on you here.” On occasion the racist *Great Falls Tribune* even tried to stir up trouble for Chinese in Fort Benton. In March 1902 the *Tribune* was not only urging exclusion of Chinese from Great Falls but also headlining, “Chinks Must Go. Citizens of Fort Benton Will Establish a Steam Laundry and Force Them Out . . . A movement is on foot here to put in a steam laundry at



an early date. Investigations which have been made by a number of business men who are heading the movement show that the Chinese laundries here take in about \$1,000 per month, if anything a little over that sum. This is sufficient to make a steam laundry pay from the start, if its work is good and the charges reasonable . . . Chas. H. Green has been placed in charge of the canvas of the town, and hopes to be able to report definite results in 10 days.”

The local Fort Benton “exclusion” operation drew a headline in the *River Press* “To Banish The Chinese” adding that the two Chinese laundries in Benton employed 15 to 18 men at different times of the year and urged “the manifest benefit to the town from having white labor employed in place of Chinese is patent to everyone.” Apparently nothing came of this scheme for the press quietly dropped the matter, and the Chinese laundries of Fort Benton continued for many more years.

Despite the growing anti-Chinese mood in the country, life for Chinese in Choteau County went on. The first Chinese marriage to occur in the county was solemnized at Havre when Mr. Y. P. Yup, a resident of Havre, and Miss Low Dey Gum, of Portland, Oregon were married April 7, 1902, by Reverend Stringfellow in the Presbyterian Church.

Benton law enforcement and courts played a relatively even hand with the Chinese in town during this period. Cornelius Manning assaulted a waiter in a Chinese restaurant and was arrested. Judge Sullivan ordered Manning held to await the outcome of the Chinese man’s injuries since it appeared possible that Manning had fractured the man’s skull by a blow with a pitcher. In early May 1902, Marshal Sneath reacted to an altercation between the Chinese manager of Lee Hing restaurant and a white customer over the price of a meal. The customer drew a six-shooter, “giving him the best of the argument until the marshal appeared. Judge Sullivan imposed a fine of \$25. Later that same day Marshal Sneath was attracted to a shack next to the Sam Lee laundry “by weird and awesome howls which indicated murder, at the least. But after forcing the door he was greeted with the bland assurance: ‘Dat all right. China boy got bellerake.’”

Ah Fong, resident of Fort Benton for almost 25 years, died in May 1902 with the *River Press* covering his funeral. “The funeral of Ah Fong took place this afternoon, interment being in Riverside cemetery for the present. Deceased has been a resident of this city most of the time for nearly a quarter of a century, but at one time had a restaurant at Havre. He was able to read and write English and was quite well off some years ago, owning some real estate here but during his sickness for two years past has been supported by his countrymen.”

After the turn of the century and perhaps in reaction to the increased anti-Chinese sentiment in the community, news coverage about Fort Benton’s small Chinatown and Chinese decreased in the *River Press*. Except for occasional arrests for registration lapses and rare incidents with the law, the Chinese became almost invisible in Fort Benton society. Even Chinese New Years passed with scant mention in the press.

In early February 1903, the *River Press* reported simply that Chinese New Year was being celebrated with “considerable enthusiasm by the Mongolian race. Besides witnessing their display of fireworks, all who pass their places of business are invited to partake of Chinese nuts, candy, and a cigar.”

Ung Wing, the cook at the Overland hotel was arraigned before Judge Sullivan during the afternoon of February 10, 1903, on a charge of assault with intent to kill. The case was set for 2 o’clock but J. E. Stranahan, attorney for the defendant, asked for a postponement of 24 hours to prepare the case, which was granted on the receipt of a \$50 cash bond. The *River Press* reported, “It appears that orders (at the Overland) got mixed, which is done occasionally at the best

regulated hotels, and as raw eggs and coffee cups accompanied by plates seemed to be the principal articles of the order that was mixed this morning, the cook and waiter made targets of each other with the order. The cook served the first of the order, this being a raw egg followed closely by a coffee cup, and the waiter returned a volley of cups and dishes, after which the cook took to the alley and left the order as it was. Judge Sullivan will rehash the served order tomorrow.” The feuding parties came to court the next day. Ung Wing, the defendant charged with assault, was fined \$20. Luther Bain, who took the “poke” at the Chinaman, was fined \$7.

Fire was a constant threat in frontier towns. Fort Benton had wisely positioned water wells along Front Street (marked now by brick circles) and consequently had few fires there. Main Street and other parts of town were not so fortunate. In March 1903, the Chinese laundry building near the sawmill at Fort Assiniboine burned down and about \$1,000 worth of soldier’s laundry was destroyed.

Chinese New Year in Fort Benton in 1904 was celebrated February 17 with the usual festivities. In China the “years” number from the beginning of the reign of each emperor, and the present monarch, Quong Sue, was crowned about thirty years ago. One week later, in Havre an unidentified man was arrested for making a murderous assault upon a Chinaman. The man had been eating at a Chinese restaurant, and when asked to pay up he drew a knife and inflicted a wound on the Chinaman’s head that required surgical attention.

Lee Sing was taken into custody in late February 1904, because he could not produce his residence permit. He was taken to Helena March 2 by a deputy United States marshal to have a hearing before the federal authorities. In April eight Chinese were arrested at Fort Assiniboine because they could not produce the necessary residence papers. They were to have hearings before U. S. Commissioner McIntyre, and probably were deported.

James Soo, a Chinese patient, died of consumption in mid August 1904, at St. Clare hospital. Soo was formerly a resident of Harlem. In September 1905, fire destroyed a Chinese log cabin on the corner of St. John and Main Streets.

In a sobering report in the *Great Falls Tribune* in November 1905 under the headline, “Back to China to Die. ‘Many people have a mistaken idea about Chinamen,’ said Deputy United States Marshal Young, who passed through Great Falls last night, en route from Helena to Port Townsend, Wash., where he will deport one of the yellow race.

“The impression generally prevails that the average Chink has plenty of money, or, at least, is seldom ‘broke.’ That is a mistake. It has fallen to me to arrest scores of Chinamen, principally upon the charge of living in this country without the proper credentials, in violation of the exclusion act. I have found, in a majority of cases, that they were short of money and frequently in destitute circumstances.’

“In company with Emil Schmidt, a Helena saloonkeeper, Deputy Marshal Young was on his way to Havre, where a Chinaman named Wah Lee was arrested several days ago, charged with not having papers in his possession to show that he was entitled to remain in Uncle Sam’s domain.

“Wah Lee was on his way to the coast from Minot, N. D. Upon reaching Havre, a federal inspector ordered the almond-eyed traveler detained until such time as the case could be investigated. Lee appeared to be sick, and has since been able to sit up only at intervals.

“It is believed that Lee was taken ill at Minot and decided to return to his old home in the Flowery kingdom, probably to die. Deputy Marshal Young thinks that the Chinaman will be fortunate if he crosses the Pacific Ocean alive.”

On May 29, 1907, Jim Charlie, proprietor of the O. K. restaurant in Havre, was assaulted in his kitchen early Sunday morning by Charles Woods, a Black American, and badly beaten up. The Chinaman was rendered unconscious and Woods then rifled a trunk, stealing about \$35, and made his getaway. There were two assailants, one from whom watched the dining room while the other went back into the kitchen. Woods was captured a short time later by Chief Bickle. No money could be found on him.

Lee Sing had escaped deportation in 1904, and was now a gardener, when he was arrested and required to pay a small fine for selling the ever present opium in 1907.

Across the Medicine Line in Canada, riots occurred in Lethbridge against the Chinese in December 1907. A dispatch from Lethbridge reported: "Because they believed that a prominent citizen had been murdered in a Chinese restaurant, 1,500 men raided the Oriental quarter late Christmas night and left a wreck behind.

"Restaurants and laundries were smashed; doors and windows and entire fronts of buildings were reduced to splinters.

"The regular police of the town were powerless and a brigade of mounted police had to be called out to quell the riot.

"It was just after 9 o'clock that the mob began to form.

"The story had got abroad that Harry Smith, one of the best known ranchers of the cattle district of which the city is the center, had been fatally wounded in a restaurant.

"Curiously enough, neither Smith nor anyone else had been hurt, but even the police were misled by the tale, and two Orientals were placed under arrest and charged with his murder.

"An indignant mob gathered opposite the eating house and there was talk of lynching.

"Suddenly some one threw a rock that smashed a front window. In a moment the crowd was beyond control.

"Bricks and stones were hurled and when the doors had been broken the tables and chairs and dishes inside were smashed.

"The Columbia and Alberta restaurants were literally wrecked. What could not be conveniently smashed by the few who could get inside was passed out to the street to the howling mob in waiting and there demolished.

"At 10 o'clock a detachment of the mounted police appeared and the crowd scattered. Hundreds of the rioters merely shifted the scene of the pillage. Three blocks away, opposite the Arlington hotel, they cleaned out another Chinese restaurant and mishandled two Orientals who were captured within.

"Mayor Galbraith and Magistrate Townsend both addressed the mob and urged it to disperse, and as all possible damage had been done, it obeyed."

In late 1908 the Enterprise Restaurant was still operating under a succession of proprietors, Lee Gee in October, Lee Shone & Brother in November, and Lee Hong & Company in December.

In late January 1909, the *River Press* barely mention Chinese New Year saying only, "The Chinese residents of this locality are celebrating their New Year today, the festivities being of the usual kind."

Later that year the *Press* reported, "A Chinese cook, who was known by the name Charlie Kong and who has been employed by various residents of this vicinity, was found dead in his room this morning by one of his fellow countrymen. The deceased had been on the sick list the past three weeks, and death is supposed to have resulted from pneumonia."

The old time Chinese were dying off. In December 1909, Ah Que, the Chinese who has made his home in Armington for so many years, died Tuesday night, December 7th. He was an old

timer in this part of the country having lived in Fort Benton, Neihart and Armington for the last 30 years. The remains were taken to Helena by John Gray where burial will be made.

By 1910 the Chinese presence in Chouteau County had decreased to 40 with just 12 in Fort Benton, 18 in Havre, 2 in Chinook, 6 at Harlem, 1 on the lower Teton, and 1 on Eagle Creek. Dick Lee, a 49 year-old single man born in China and in the U.S. since 1876 served as cook on a ranch near Eagle Creek, probably the McMillan Ranch. Lewis Luna, a 63 year-old man born in China and in the U.S. since 1865 worked as cook on the sheep ranch where Charles Schwandt was manager.

In September 1910, the *River Press* headlined, "Attempted to Commit Murder. A man who gives his name as John Smith, and who has been employed in the Grand Union hotel kitchen as dishwasher, was arrested by the city marshal Sunday morning on a charge of attempting to commit murder. The prisoner is alleged to have assaulted a Chinese cook, generally known by the name of Toy, apparently without provocation. "The victim of the assault was struck several times with a cleaver, one of the blows fracturing the skull and causing a wound that may have serious results. He is under the care of a physician, and in the event of death the prisoner will face a charge of murder."

In mid November, the jury term of the district court opened, with the first criminal case of the term being that of John Smith, the defendant charged with assault with intent to kill. The alleged assault took place in this city in September, the victim being a Chinese cook named Lee Chung."

The trial progressed as reported in the *Press*, "The trial of John Smith, accused of a murderous assault upon a Chinese cook employed at the Grand Union hotel was in progress in the district court today, William Toy, of Helena, acting as interpreter during part of the testimony. The latter was to the effect that there had been no trouble between the men, and that the assault was without provocation. The defendant, in testifying on his own behalf, declared he had no knowledge of striking the Chinaman with a cleaver, his mind being a complete blank as to the incident. The case was given to the jury at a late hour this afternoon." The jury in the case of John Smith returned a verdict of guilty, and sentence was pronounced: "John Smith, convicted of assault in the first degree, was given a sentence of eight years." Despite the trend toward increased violent against the Chinese, they continued to receive even-handed justice in Chouteau County courts.

Chinese New Year January 1911 was ushered in at midnight by the usual firing of firecrackers, and for two days the Celestials kept open house, entertaining their friends with various kinds of Chinese delicacies.

For the first time since the passage of the bankruptcy law in 1910, a Montana Chinese took advantage of its provisions. In December 1911, Charlie Wang Luk, proprietor of the Chicago cafe at Havre, filed a petition for bankruptcy in the federal court at Helena. The Chinaman gives his liabilities at \$589.50 and his assets at \$1,280, the greater part of which, however, are of doubtful value.

The local Chinese residents celebrated their New Year February 1912 in the usual quaint style Saturday, this celebration probably being the last of a series that dates back hundreds of years. It has been the custom in China to regulate their calendar by the changes of the moon, making 360 days in the year, but under the new form of government recently adopted it is believed this will be changed to the Julian calendar."

Lee Kim, a Chinaman against whom the county attorney had filed a charge of assault in the first degree, and who has been held in jail about six months, was allowed to plead guilty to assault in the third degree. In view of his long confinement in jail the court fined the defendant

\$150, which was paid.

In 1917 the *River Press* carried advertisements for The Enterprise Restaurant, which was still in business on Front Street with Quan Shol, Proprietor. Jack Lepley remembers hearing that as a boy George Veilleux and other boys “explored” the basement of this building to find a series of upper and lower bunks arranged for opium smokers in this very old opium den. Today, this is today’s R J’s Toggery.

In January 1919, the Great Falls Tribune reported, “Noted Bar Goes to Chinese Firm. Old Havre Saloon’s taxidermy specimens to Be Retained; Cafe Changes Hands.

“The Mint saloon building, owned by C. W. Young, has been leased until February 15, 1924, by Wong Kim, Wong Sam and William W. Lee, a firm of Chinese residents of Havre who now operate the California cafe, and they will take possession on or about February 15. It is their intention to remodel entirely the interior, but retain the present fancy decorations and famous specimens of taxidermy of which Mr. Young was always very proud. In Havre’s palmy days the Mint was considered the finest bar in the city and the new proprietors are to pay a monthly rental of \$225 for the building.”

Even the new town of Geraldine had a Chinese resident. Lou Wong came to Geraldine from Lewistown to open a laundry. In November 1919, Lou Wong died in his laundry in Geraldine. His body was taken back to Lewistown where a funeral was held. His short obituary reported that Wong was an old man who was well known in both Montana and Utah.

Montana attitudes toward the Chinese ranged from total exclusion in Great Falls to toleration in Helena, Butte, and Fort Benton. The prevailing feeling in Fort Benton seemed most influenced by economic conditions and by 1920 Chouteau County homesteads were suffering hard times. By then the Chinese population in Fort Benton had declined to six, although they were still in demand as cooks. In that year young 27-year-old China-born Owen G. Fat owned and operated a restaurant on Front Street with Lew Shu as cook. This restaurant was located in the Culbertson House block, between Black American Peter Burnett’s shoe repair shop and Japanese-American Tommy Matsumoto’s restaurant. Matsumoto, born in Japan in 1874, had come to the U. S. in 1900, and operated the Club Café on Front Street for about twenty years before moving to Great Falls to open the popular Club Cafeteria on Central Avenue.

Two other Chinese residents in Fort Benton in 1920 were Chow Heery, who operated a restaurant on Front Street and elderly 75-year-old Tom Mun, who served as cook at Jere Sullivan’s popular Choteau House hotel. The final two Chinese resident in Fort Benton were young American-born Chinese, Wong G. Ham and Young Yen, who were the cooks at Charles Lepley’s Grand Union Hotel.

In January 1922, a fire that was caused by hot ashes dumped near a wooden fence would have developed into serious proportions had it not been for prompt action by Henry Hagen about 3:00 o’clock Tuesday morning. The blaze was discovered by one of the tenants of the Hagen block who gave the alarm, and when Mr. Hagen reached the scene of trouble in the rear of the Chinese restaurant, the flames were creeping toward a block of frame buildings that it would have been difficult to save.

The last Chinese in Fort Benton operated the Quan Café until February 1923, when cook Wong Ming hung himself. As reported in the *River Press*:

“Wong Ming Hangs Self. Wong Ming, cook at the Quan Café hung himself sometime during Tuesday night or early Wednesday morning. Upon opening up Wednesday morning, the proprietor, Tom Mum, noted Wong’s absence from his accustomed job and went upstairs to call him and upon opening the door found him, hanging from the door casing. Wong had driven a

nail into the casing and used a small rope to carry out his purpose. No cause is known to exist for his act, more than that he was of a morose disposition and was given to times of despondency. He came here from Butte about two years ago and was 23 years of age. The body will be taken to Butte Thursday for burial, relatives of the Chinaboy living there.

“Tom Mum, who has conducted the Quan Café during the past few years, came here about eight years ago. He has decided to close the restaurant for the present at least and will go to Butte where he will secure employment. Mr. Mum is well liked and will be greatly missed by his patrons.”

Another perspective on this incident came from the *Great Falls Tribune* under the headline, “Cook Scolds Helper For Absence From Tasks But He Only Shivers In Answer; He Talks to Dead Man.

“Wong Ming, cook’s helper at the Quam restaurant here, was not on hand to help prepare breakfast Wednesday morning. The cook stormed around a while, did some of the odd jobs Wong was supposed to do, then went to Wong’s room fully determined to give the late sleeper a large fragment of his mind.

“Wong was standing just inside his room when the cook opened the door. He appeared to be shivering violently, a fact which the cook credited to the cold weather. All the cook said may not be translated here, but in substance his remarks were to the effect that Wong could warm himself by getting down into the kitchen and rustling about a fit.

“Wong made no reply, but kept on shivering. Thoroughly exasperated, the cook attempted to grab him by the arm. With the touch, Wong floated away from him a little ways and seemed to sort of stay suspended in the air. The cook was conscious of a prickling feeling along his spine, but he needed help in the kitchen. With a silent appeal to his ancestors, he tip-toed closer to Wong and this time took a grip on Wong’s arm that no shiver could break.

“Wong tumbled in a heap at the cook’s feet. Sometime during the night he had mounted a chair, driven a nail into the casing above the door, attached one end of a small rope to the nail and the other to his neck, kicked the chair away. He had been suspended, his feet just off the floor, when the cook opened the door and set the body to “shivering.” The cook did not notice the rope until the body fell.

“Employes of the restaurant say that Wong was in a cheerful mood when he finished up his work the night before and retired. His father and brother live in Butte, and it is expected that the body will be taken there for burial.”

Speculation at the time indicated that Wong Ming was hanged to scare-off the remaining Chinese in the town. Although never proven, the incident led Manager Tom Mun and staff to close the café the same day and leave for Butte. This sadly ended the era of the Celestial Kingdom in Fort Benton.

Despite the ending of the Chinese presence in Fort Benton in 1923, that was not the last word. The real ending appears to be the return of a Chinese man to the town about four years later, in 1927. Wally Morger, who was four years old at that time and the only son of the Fort Benton Town Marshal Earl Morger, remembers that a Chinese man named Chow Hoy approached Marshal Morger and asked if he would be interested in buying his home. The house had been built in 1912 in the Delatraz addition, and Chow Hoy had bought it in 1917. Chow Hoy wanted \$500 for the house and four 35 ft. by 120 ft. lots. He indicated that the ethnic situation in town directed against the Chinese had fomented threats against him, a sentiment not unique to Fort Benton.

Marshal Morger approached his two uncles, Ed and Henry Davis, merchants in town, and managed to secure the money to seal the deal. Although the house was a small one bedroom, one bath home, it was well built and remains in the family today. Randy Morger purchased the home, at 1810 Franklin Street, three years ago. Wally concluded his story by saying, "The home holds many special memories for the Morger family." To which we might add, the early Chinese on the Upper Missouri left many memorable stories we can all enjoy.

[Sources for all four parts: U.S. Census; Great Falls Yesterday, p. 12; Benton Record Weekly 20 Sep 1978; BRW 13 February 1880; BRW 27 February 1880; BRW 19 March 1880; BRW 2 Jun 1881; BRW 16 Jun 1881; BRW 18 August 1881; BRW 23 February 1882; BRW 16 March 1882; BRW 23 March 1882; BRW 17 August – 14 September 1882; BRW 5 October 1882; BRW 12 October 1882; BRW 2 June 1883; BRW 25 August 1883; Fort Benton River Press Weekly 2 April 1884; FBRPW 3 September 1884; FBRPW 4 February 1885; Great Falls Tribune Weekly 26 Dec 1885; FBRPW 20 Jan 1886; FBRPW 24 Feb 1886; FBRPW 15 January 1887; FBRPW 16 Nov 1887; FBRPW 8 April 1890; FBRPW 8 April 1891; FBRPW 24 Jun 1891; Great Falls Leader Daily 6 August 1891; FBRPW 10 Feb 1892; FBRPW 20 Jul 1892; FBRPW 12 August 1891; FBRPW 26 August 1891; FBRPW 29 June 1892; GFTD 4 Jan 1893; FBRPW 21 Feb 1894; FBRPW 6 March 1894; FBRPW 3 April 1895; FBRPW 28 August 1895; FBRPW 4 Feb 1900; FBRPW 27 Feb 1900; FBRPW 20 Mar 1901; FBRPW 2 Oct 1901; FBRPW 16 Oct 1901; Great Falls Leader Daily 24 Oct 1901; FBRPW 29 Jan 1902; FBRPW 5 Feb 1902; FBRPW 26 Feb 1902; GFTD 29 March 1902; FBRPW 2 Apr 1902; GFTD 7 Apr 1902; FBRPW 9 Apr 1902; FBRPW 30 Apr 1902; FBRPW 7 May 1902; FBRPW 14 May 1902; FBRPW 4 Feb 1903; FBRPW 11 Feb 1903; FBRPW 25 Mar 1903; FBRPW 17 Feb 1904; FBRPW 24 Feb 1904; FBRPW 2 Mar 1904; FBRPW 13 Apr 1904; FBRPW 17 Aug 1904; GFTD 3 Nov 1905; GFLD 4 Nov 1905; GFTD 30 May 1906; GFTD 30 Dec 1907; GFLD 11 Dec 1909; FBRPW 14 Sep 1910; FBRPW 16 Nov 1910; FBRPW 23 Nov 1910; FBRPW 24 Feb 1912; FBRPW 31 Jul 1912; GFTD 20 Jan 1919, p. 7; GFTD 13 Nov 1919; FBRPW 4 Jan 1922; GFTD 15 Feb 1923; FBRPW 21 Feb 1923; Ltr Sing Lee to C. E. Conrad 28 Oct 1898, Small Collection 185 Mansfield Library, U of M]

## Find a Grave: Riverside Cemetery, Fort Benton

### Quong Chong

The Benton Weekly Record (MT), 2 June 1881

Died in Benton, Friday evening, the 27th inst., Quong Chong, aged 30 years.

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The Chinese Funeral

Although there was an evident disposition on the part of the Chinese, friends of the deceased Quong Chong, to conceal from our people the hour for the funeral services, a large and curious crowd was drawn to the graveyard last Saturday afternoon. However common Chinese burials

are to other communities this is the first one that ever occurred in Benton, and hardly any of the spectators had ever had the opportunity to see the ceremonies of such an occasion.

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The body will lie in the ground for two years and will then be disinterred and sent back to China.

The River Press, Fort Benton, Mont., 14 May 1902

Ah Fong

The funeral of Ah Fong took place this afternoon, interment being in Riverside cemetery for the present. Deceased has been a resident of this city for nearly a quarter of a century, but at one time had a restaurant at Havre. He was able to read and write English and was quite well off some years ago, owning some real estate here but during his sickness for two years past has been supported by his countrymen.



126. For listing of the garrison at Fort Benton Military Post in 1870, see [www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-ales](http://www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-ales).

**Garrison 2 Aug 1870**

142/119	Bellow, Samuel	M/W	29	NY	Soldier
	<b>Mary</b>	<b>F/W</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>Eng</b>	<b>Keeping House</b>
	<b>Mary L.</b>	<b>F/W</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>UT</b>	<b>At Home</b>
143/120	Kavanaugh, James	M/W	23	IR	Soldier
	Hoban, Thomas	M/W	33	IR	Soldier
	<b>Hoban, Anne</b>	<b>F/W</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>IR</b>	<b>Laundress</b>
	Abraham, R	M/W	38	IR	Soldier
	<b>Abraham, Rebecca</b>	<b>F/W</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>FL</b>	<b>Laundress</b>
144/121	Alley, Ross	M/W	28	DE	Soldier
	Fallon, Pat	M/W	26	IR	Soldier
	<b>Fallon, Mary</b>	<b>F/W</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>IR</b>	<b>Laundress</b>
	Fallon, Mitchel	M/W	42	IR	Soldier
	<b>Fallon, Anna</b>	<b>F/W</b>	<b>37</b>	<b>IR</b>	<b>Laundress</b>
7/7Families	31 WMales	6 WFemales	17 ForeignBornMales	4 ForeignBornFemales	
	28 WMales		15 ForeignBornMales		
Total Garrison	59 WMales	6 WFemales	32 ForeignBornMales	4 ForeignBornFemales	

132. See [www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-ales](http://www.kenrobisonhistory.com/fort-benton-ales) for biographies of Bear River survivors. Additions and corrections to this list with documentation are welcomed—send via author website [www.kenrobisonhistory.com](http://www.kenrobisonhistory.com).

*Marias/Bear River Massacre Survivors Research*  
Working List (Compiled by Ken Robison)

**Marias (Bear River) Massacre**

January 23, 2023, marked the 153<sup>rd</sup> commemoration of the Bear River/Marias Massacre, one of the most tragic events in Montana history. On that bitterly cold morning in 1870, U.S. Army troops under the command of Major Eugene Baker attacked the sleeping camp of Piikuni Chief Heavy Runner, killing as many as 217 people. The murdered included Heavy Runner, who was shot while presenting papers that testified that he was “a friend to the whites.” Many other victims of the attack were sick with small pox—most were women, children, and the elderly—most of the adult men were away hunting buffalo. Following the brutal massacre, the soldiers burned the tipis and other possessions and took their horses, decreasing the likelihood that those who survived the attack would be able to survive the harsh winter conditions. Initially, the Montana press hailed Baker as a hero, but gradually reports by both Indians and non-Indians called into question his version of events, exposing the true atrocities that took place on the Marias River—called Bear River by the Blackfeet—153 years ago.

**The 28 Known Survivors of the Bear Creek Massacre** [determined by Ken Robison:

**Note:** This list does not include members of Heavy Runner’s band who were away hunting during the Massacre. The list presents only known survivors at or near Heavy Runner’s camp as determined by Ken Robison. In brackets find the source with page numbers—see the Bibliography at the end for details on the sources. The end page number refers to the detailed entries in this document.

*\*Note: I welcome additional information or corrections—with documenting sources. Do you know of other Survivors? Please send to Ken Robison [OHRC@fortbentonmuseums.com](mailto:OHRC@fortbentonmuseums.com)*

**Survivors of the Bear Creek Massacre**  
Compiled by Ken Robison

Almost A Dog wounded but survived [Henderson, 60] Adult male. [Henderson, 62] Page 5.

Bear Head (Kai Otokan) [Wylie, 284n41] age 14 was tending horse herd. [Henderson, 62]  
Heavy Runner’s nephew. [Henderson, 67] [Schultz 1962, 282-305] Page 6.

Black Antelope wounded but survived [Henderson, 60] Old Man. [Henderson, 62] Page 23

Black Eagle wounded but survived [Henderson, 60] Adult male. [Henderson, 62] Page 24

Buffalo Trail Woman [Wylie, 196, 198] Age 22 in January 1870. Husband Good Stab/Yellow Owl was killed. [<http://www.dickshovel.com/parts2.html>] Page 26

Catches Inside, mother of Mary Middle Calf [Henderson, 60] Mrs. Frank Monroe's mother <http://www.dickshovel.com/parts2.html> [Ege, 528A] Page 29

Charging at Night (Adult Woman): Heavy Runner's Wife; Spear Woman's Mother. Page 33

Comes With Rattles (William Upham) age 5-6. [Henderson, 62] Son of Heavy Runner & Charging at Night. [Henderson, 66] Cousin of Bear Head. [Billings Gazette, March 14, 1999, p. 35] [Hirst 7] Page 36.

Curlew Woman age 41; Mother of First Kill. [Henderson, 62] Page 40.

[Double Rider?] Son of Heavy Runner & Went in Front. [Hirst 10]

[Greg Hirst] related to me that Chief Heavy Runner had four wives. The children that survived the Baker Massacre are: Old Woman's children: 1. Lone Charge Woman (Susan Heavy Runner), who married Martin (Red) Fitzpatrick. 2. Red Eyes (Dick Kipp), married Mary Sleeps in the Day (Long Time Sleeping) and they had thirteen children. 3. Eats Alone, never married. Mistake Petrified Rock's children: 4. Cut Bank John Kipp, married Calf Woman. 5. Many Different People. Charging at Night's children: 6. Double Strike (Martha Heavy Runner), married Joseph Kipp. 7. Comes with Rattles (William Upham), married Antonia Real Chief. 8. Spear Woman (Emma Heavy Runner), married Hiram Upham. 9. Young Heavy Runner. Went in Front's child: 10. Double Rider, married Extravagant Person. [Glacier Reporter, Verena Rattler, 25 February, 2009] Page 44.

Double Strike Woman; Martha Heavy Runner. age 10. Daughter of Heavy Runner & Charging at Night. [Henderson, 62] Older sister of Spear Woman. First wife of Joseph Kipp. [Henderson, 65] [Great Falls Tribune, March 31, 1932] [Hirst 6] Page 45.

[Eats Alone.?] Father Heavy Runner; Mother Old Woman. Eats Alone never married. [Hirst 3] Page 48.

First Kill (Adult Woman); Mrs. Margaret Spanish; Daughter of Curlew Woman. Page 49.

Fog Eater wounded but survived [Henderson, 60] Adult male. [Henderson, 62] Page 52.

Good Bear Woman [Wylie, 191] married No Chief, Piegan. [Henderson, 69] Page 53.

Heard-by-Both Sides Woman. [Henderson, 69] Page 57.

Heavy Runner Child/Young Heavy Runner: Child of Heavy Runner & Charging at Night. With Mother Charging at Night; Died after the Massacre, near Fort Benton [Hirst 9] Page 58.

Holy Bear Woman/Holy Medicine Bear Woman married Frederick Pace. Page 59.

Kipp, Martha daughter of Heavy Runner. [Billings Gazette, March 14, 1999, p. 35] Page 55. Lea believes Martha is Double Strike Woman—yet, I believe Double Strike Woman was just ten years old in 1870. I believe Martha was the second wife of Joe Kipp and a sister of Double Strike Woman. Page 65.

Last Gun (Dick Kipp) Red Eyes [Henderson, 57] age 7 or 14. [Henderson, 62] Son of Heavy Runner. [Henderson, 66] [Hirst 2] Page 69.

[Lone Charge. Susan Heavy Runner Fitzpatrick, daughter of Heavy Runner. [Billings Gazette, March 14, 1999, p. 35] [Hirst 1] Page 71.

Lone Eater. Survived with sister Long Time Calf Woman [Lea Source] Page 79.

Long Time Calf, 8 year old grabbed her infant niece and carried her across the icy Marias. [Henderson, 61] Page 80.

[Many Different People?] Child of Heavy Runner & Mistake Petrified Rock. [Hirst 5] [Greg Hirst] related to me that Chief Heavy Runner had four wives. The children that survived the Baker Massacre are: Old Woman's children: 1. Lone Charge Woman (Susan Heavy Runner), who married Martin (Red) Fitzpatrick. 2. Red Eyes (Dick Kipp), married Mary Sleeps in the Day (Long Time Sleeping) and they had thirteen children. 3. Eats Alone, never married. Mistake Petrified Rock's children: 4. Cut Bank John Kipp, married Calf Woman. 5. Many Different People. Charging at Night's children: 6. Double Strike (Martha Heavy Runner), married Joseph Kipp. 7. Comes with Rattles (William Upham), married Antonia Real Chief. 8. Spear Woman (Emma Heavy Runner), married Hiram Upham. 9. Young Heavy Runner. Went in Front's child: 10. Double Rider, married Extravagant Person. [Verena Rattler, 25 February, 2009] Page 82.

Mary Middle Calf [Henderson, 50] [Ege, 528A] Mrs. Frank Monroe <http://www.dickshovel.com/parts2.html> Mother was Catches Inside [Ege, 528A] Page 83.

Red Paint Woman shot in the leg. [Henderson, 61] Long Hearing Woman. Mrs. Mary Phemister, wife of Charles Dawson Phemister. Page 85.

Spear Woman (Emma Upham Miller)[Wylie, 201, n71] age 6. [Henderson, 62] Daughter of Heavy Runner & Charging at Night. [Henderson, 66] [Billings Gazette, March 14, 1999, p. 35] Married Hiram Upham. [Great Falls Tribune, March 31, 1932] [Hirst 8] Page 87.

Spopee (Turtle) (Kainai) [Wylie, 196] Adult male shot through both hips. [Henderson, 62] Murdered Charles Walmsby on Cut Bank River Oct 1879 [BWR, Jan. 9, 1880]. Farr, *Blackfoot Redemption*, 14. Page 97.

**Takes Gun at Night [Henderson, 57] Age 10 Cut Bank John survivor, son of Heavy Runner & Mistake Petrified Rock, raised by Joe Kipp. [Henderson, 61-62] [Billings Gazette, March 14, 1999, p. 35] [Hirst 4] Page 111.**

**Three Bears: Old Man. [Henderson, 62] Page 113.**

**Water Snake Woman. [Lea Source] Husband killed at Massacre site.  
Three sons: Wolf as his Medicine  
Mountain Chief (the younger) named after her brother  
Big Forehead.  
[Did they survive?] Page 115.**

**Wolf Eagle a hunter. [Henderson, 62] Page 117.**

**Wolf Leader [Al Hamilton <http://www.dickshovel.com/parts2.html>] Adult male shot through the jaw. [Henderson, 62] Page 121.**

**Total: 34 Survivors**

**Indian Agent Lt. William A. Pease Report:**

**Blackfeet Killed: 173**

**18 Old Men**

**15 Young Men [12-37 years]**

**90 Women (35 ages 12-37; 55 ages 37-70)**

**50 Children (younger than 12 years, many babies)**

**51 Blackfeet Survivors**

**18 Women**

**19 Small Children and Infants**

**9 Young Men**

**5 Hunters away from camp**

**Families on the Blackfeet Reservation that are direct descendants:**

**Burns**

**Croffs**

**Fitzpatricks**

**Heavy Runners**

**Kipps**

**Uphams**

**Connellys**

**Big Bend on the Marias River/Bear Creek**

**Piikuni descendants of Heavy Runner's band know the site on Big Bend as:**

**Itomot'ahpi Pikuni: "Killed Off the Piegans." [Henderson, 70]**

*Almost A Dog Imazí-imita (Adult Man)*

**Almost A Dog wounded but survived [Henderson, 60] Adult man. [Henderson, 62]**

**“After firing from the bluffs for some time, the soldiers charged into the midst of the lodges. Mary Middle Calf’s mother, Catches Inside, was wounded in the hand. Some of the people in her lodge were killed. Buffalo Woman’s wounded husband, Good Stab (Yellow Owl), was shot and killed, and she was wounded on her back and her left ear, a scar she carried for life. Soldiers killed an old man and other hiding under bison skins in their lodge. Wolf Leader was shot through the jaw; Spopee (Turtle) through both hips. Three other wounded men—Black Eagle, *Almost a Dog* and Fog Eater—also survived. Black Antelope, an old man, wished their hunters had been there to defend the camp from soldiers. Numerous witnesses stated that the Piikunis returned little of the soldiers’ fire. [Henderson, p. 60]**

**ALMOST-A-DOG MOUNTAIN** — Almost-A-Dog was a **Blackfeet Indian**, one of the few survivors of the Baker Massacre of January 23, 1870. **ALTYN PEAK** — This name was given by the miners in the late 1890's to the mountain we now know as Mt. Wynn.

**Almost-a-Dog Mountain** (8,922 ft (2,719 m)) is located in the Lewis Range, Glacier National Park in the U.S. state of Montana.<sup>131</sup> The mountain is named for a Blackfoot warrior *Almost A Dog* or *Imazí-imita* who was a survivor of the 1870 Marias Massacre. Although his entire family perished in the attack, he survived but was crippled for life. He also survived the so-called *Winter of Starvation* in 1883–84. [Wikipedia]

*Bear Head (Kai Otokan)*  
(Young Adult Man)

**Bear Head (Kai Otokan) [Wylie, 284n41] age 14 was tending horse herd. [Henderson, 62]  
Heavy Runner's nephew. [Henderson, 67]**

**Despite Pease's thoroughness, he could not account for all survivors. Some had fled to nearby camps, others survived by hiding, and those who had been held as prisoners were left behind by the troops. Among them were Bear Head (age fourteen), Wolf Leader (adult male), Comes With Rattles (six), Last Gun (fourteen), Black Eagle (adult male), Almost A Dog (adult male), Takes Gun At Night (ten), Double Strike Woman (ten), Wolf Eagle (a hunter), Spear Woman (six), Fog Eater (adult male), Turtle (adult male), Curlew Woman (forty-one), Three Bears (old man) and Black Antelope (old man). [Henderson, 62]**

"I [**Bear Head**] left camp before first light to get my horses ... to do some hunting this day, and I needed pack animals.... I saw some movement on a low ridge. It was still dark down here but there was a faint light in the sky behind the ridge. At first I thought it was a pack of little-wolves [coyotes] up there, thinking to look for scraps around the camp. But then one of the shapes stood and I knew it for a man. I became frightened and began to run toward camp, leaving my horses where they stood. But just before entering that stand of spear-leaves [cottonwoods] , I saw the dark shapes before me. There was a man behind each tree. Then all at once came the thunder and fire of the big guns. I froze against a tree. All I could do was listen and pray that the thunder would end, but it went on and on until it was light enough to see the cloud of blue smoke from the guns. It hung in the trees and drifted toward me. I could taste it in my mouth.... I could see hundreds of fire flashes through the smoke.... I began to run around the seizers in the trees. They were so intent on their work that they did not look around. Finally I was on the lower side, near the river, and I saw my people.... Besides my mother, I had three near-mothers and four sisters and a brother. Now they are all gone from me. I do not know where they have gone -- they did not have time to prepare themselves....

[This excerpt, from Jim Welch's award-winning novel entitled **Fools Crow**, is based on accounts of the massacre in which his family lost ancestors, and told to Mr. Welch as he grew up on the Blackfeet Reservation in Montana. The above scene is from **Chapter 35** of the novel.]

**Bear Head**

**[There are two accounts by Bear Head, one a deposition to the Indian Claims Commission in 1915, and the second a narrative included in J. W. Schultz's popular history entitled *Blackfeet and Buffalo*. [Schultz 1962, 282-305] The affidavit, which comes first, has been changed from third- to first-person narrative.]**

"[I was present at the so-called] Baker Massacre and was a member of the camp which was attacked at that time. Our camp was on the Marias River; Heavy Runner was the chief of this camp.

"Most all of the able-bodied men were out on the hunt, leaving only the women and old people in the camp.

"Myself and about ten other boys were sent out to round up the camp horses in the morning. After we had got the horses all rounded up, we cut the bunch in two, the better to handle them.... When we got them in sight of the camp from the top of a ridge, we saw many riders and wagons

approaching at quite a little distance. There was a coulee between them and us, and, as they came nearer, we made out that they were soldiers.

"A part of them left the main body and came toward us.... All of the boys became frightened, and all of them except myself made off.... I alone stayed with the horses. When the soldiers came up to me, one of them pointed his gun at me and made as if to shoot but, evidently seeing that I was a boy, did not. I called out 'How' to him, to which he responded 'How,' and kept on going -- but the next soldier caught my horse by the rein and led it along with me still on the horse's back. The other soldiers scattered out and surrounded both of the herds, and kept them moving in the direction of the camp.

"By this time we could see the main body of the soldiers approaching the camp and getting off their horses, which some of them held while the rest scattered into line.

"We could plainly hear the sound of their guns and see the smoke as they began firing into the camp.

"When the party who had me with them came up to the ones who were firing into the camp, I tried to get off my horse and go into the camp, but they held me back and made signs to me to stay where I was or they would kill me.

"One man said, in Blackfoot, 'Is this Mountain Chief's camp?' I told him, 'No, his camp is further down. This is Heavy Runner's camp.' He replied, 'That is strange -- we have two Indians with us who told us that this is Mountain Chief's camp.' So I said, 'Let's go over to them.' We went, and they were two Blood Indians with their wives, being guarded by a soldier. One of the Bloods said to me, 'How did you escape being killed?' 'I was with the horses,' I replied, 'and the soldiers brought me here with them.' I knew that these two Blood Indians had misdirected the soldiers to Heavy Runner's camp instead of Mountain Chief's. I heard one of them say to the other, 'I told you that if we took them to Mountain Chief's camp they would turn us loose, but you said if we took them to the first camp we knew of, that we would be allowed to go the sooner.' One of the Blood women spoke up and said, 'We were to take them to Mountain Chief's camp, and they told us that when they got through that they would give us what horses and other stuff there was left, as our pay.'

"After the soldiers made their camp, the one who was guarding me gave me a cup to go to the river for water. As I went to where there was a hole cut in the ice, I saw the body of Black Eagle lying on the ice, and just above him lay the body of Chief Heavy Runner.

"The soldier gave me some food and made signs that I was to go away with them. Later, the soldiers had eaten their evening meal and were lounging around their fires and talking. At the fire next to the one where I was, the four Blood Indians were talking among themselves. As they were a little distance from me and my back was to them, I could only hear snatches of their conversation, but one I heard say, 'They are shackling us, and we will have to take them to Mountain Chief's camp after all.' I didn't pay much attention, but soon I heard a sound, as if someone was cutting up meat with an axe, and I heard a grunt. I looked around and could see by the firelight one of the Bloods lying on the ground with his head split open as with an axe, and the other Blood was running away as fast as he could run. The soldier who was guarding me made signs to me to run away, which I did as fast as I could.

"I went to our lodge, which was also Heavy Runner's. It had not been burned. This was where the soldiers had taken wounded Indians. All of the lodges except this one and the other had been burned, and all of the robes and stores of the camp, and everything else which belonged to the camp, had been burned.



"The soldiers camped there for a couple of days and when they moved away they took with them all of the horses which, as I said before, was a great herd and to my belief would have reached from here [the notary's office in Browning, MT] to the depot, about one and seven-eighths miles...."

[In 1935, Bear Head gave a second account, this one to the writer J. W. Schultz . By this time, sixty-five years had elapsed since the massacre -- and "Lard Oil Jim" Schultz's flourishes are noticeable.]

"As the winter of 1869-'70 wore on, the buffalo herds drifted farther and farther away from the mountains, and we had to follow them or starve. We moved down to the mouth of the Two Medicine River; then in middle-winter-moon [January] we moved down on Bear [Marias] River and camped in a bottom that Mountain Chief's band had just left, they going a little way farther down the river....

"The buffalo herds remained so far from the river that we had to go for a two or three days' hunt in order to get meat for our helpless ones.... I told my mother that we would join the next party of hunters to go out. We still had dried meat to last us for some days.

"In the morning I found my horses in the timber well above camp.... Suddenly I ran into a multitude of white men: seizers. I was so astonished, frightened, that I could not move. One of the seizers came and grasped my arm, spoke to me, tapped his lips with his fingers. I was not to speak or shout. He was a chief, this seizer, had strips of yellow metal on his shoulders, had a big knife, a five-shots pistol. He made me advance with him; all the seizers were advancing. We came to the edge of the camp; close before us were the lodges. Off to our right were many more seizers looking down upon them. It was a cold day. The people were all in their lodges, many still in their beds. None knew that the seizers had come.

"A seizer chief up on the bank shouted something, and at once all of the seizers began shooting into the lodges. Chief Heavy Runner ran from his lodge toward the seizers on the bank. He was shouting to them and waving a paper writing that our agent had given him, a writing saying that he was a good and peaceful man, a friend of the whites. He had run but a few steps when he fell, his body pierced with bullets.

"Inside the lodges men were yelling, terribly frightened women and children screaming -- screaming from wounds, from pain as they died. I saw a few men and women, escaping from their lodges, shot down as they ran. Most terrible of all to hear was the crying of little babies....

"The seizers all advanced upon the lodges, my seizer still firmly holding my arm. They shot at the tops of the lodges, cut the bindings of the poles so the whole lodge would collapse upon the fire and begin to burn -- burn and smother those within. I saw my own lodge go down and burn. Within it were my mother, my almost-mothers [aunts] , my almost-sisters [cousins] . Oh, how pitiful their screamings as they died....

"At last my seizer released my arm and went about with his men, looking at the smoking piles, talking, pointing, laughing -- all of them. Finally, the seizers rounded up all of our horses, drove them to the valley a little way, and made camp. I sat before the ruin of my lodge and felt sick. I wished that the seizers had killed me, too. In the center of the fallen lodge, where the poles had fallen upon the fire, it had burned a little, then died out. I could not pull up the lodge-skin and look under it. I could not bear to see them lying there, shot or smothered to death.

"From the timber, from the brush round about, a few old men, a few women and children, came stealing out and joined me.... I said, 'One seizer was killed. I saw him fall.' Old Three Bears said, 'We had warning of this -- that white trader told us the whites were going to revenge the killing of Four Bears [Malcolm Clarke] by Owl Child....'

"That night the white seizers did not closely watch the hundreds of horses they had taken from us. We managed to get back about half of the great herd....

"Then the white killers had gone, turned back whence they came. As best we could, we buried our dead -- a terrible grieving task it was -- and counted them: fifteen men, ninety women, fifty children. Forty-four lodges and lodge furnishings destroyed, and hundreds of our horses stolen. Haiya! Haiya!"

“(A)t once all of the seizers began shooting into the lodges. Chief Heavy Runner ran from his lodge toward the seizers on the (river) bank. He was shouting to them and waving a paper ... a writing saying that he was a good and peaceful man, a friend of the whites. He had run but a few steps when he fell, his body pierced with bullets.

“Inside the lodges men were yelling, terribly frightened women and children screaming, screaming from wounds, from pain as they died. I saw a few men and women escaping from the lodges, shot down as they ran. ... I sat before the ruin of my lodge and felt sick. I wished the seizers had killed me, too.”

— Bear Head, a Piegan survivor

[*Bozeman Chronicle*, January 25, 2012]

1937

22 Aug **SURVIVOR TELLS OF THE BAKER MASSACRE**

**Indian Version Given Schultz By Bear Head**

**By James Willard Schultz**

It was nearly 58 years ago—in November, 1879—when I first met Kai **Otokan (Bear Head)**, a young and forceful member of the Pikuni tribe of the Blackfeet Indian confederacy, and we soon became close and lifelong friends. And now, in our old age, he still comes daily to visit and smoke with me or I go to sit with him in his lonely widower’s cabin at the Blackfeet agency. On a recent evening he said to me:

“Apikuni, how fast we old ones are dying off. Of those of us who survived the massacre of a great camp of our tribe by the white soldiers, 67 winters ago only four are now alive: My cousin, he named Comes-With-Rattles, and I; Head-by-Both Sides Woman, and Good-Bear Woman. Well, I am going to tell you again of that terrible wrong that we suffered, and I want you to write it for the whites to read; for the whites of this time to learn what their fathers did to us.”

The “terrible wrong” was, of course, the massacre of nearly all of a large camp of the Pikuni on Marias river by Colonel Baker and a troop of cavalry and mounted infantry from Fort Shaw, on Jan 23 1870.

“Yes, I will write it,” I answered, “but the whites will want to know something about you, about your life before that time of the great killing of your people. So begin with your earliest remembrances.”

Thereafter, for several evenings, he talked and I wrote, and so to his tale, as nearly as I have been able to translate it into English:

I was born 79 winters ago on Yellow river (Judith river). My father, Bear Head, was a tall, handsome man and a great warrior. My mother, Fair Singing Woman, was beautiful. Though quite young, she had even then become a sacred woman, one of the women who, every summer, build a great lodge to give to Sun. Dearly my father and mother loved me and I loved them. As soon as I could walk, my mother furnished me with soft, beaded deer leather clothes for summer; furs for winter, and my father gave me little bows and arrows, and taught me to ride gentle

horses; gave me six horses when I was in my sixth winter. Four of them were mares, so I was soon having quite a band of horses of my own. I loved to sit before the evening lodge fires listening to the warriors and hunters telling of their brave deeds; the old men telling of the power and goodness of Sun, and all the other sky gods.

Came my eighth summer and my father, getting ready to go with a party against some of our enemies said that I must go too. My mother objected; cried, said that I was too young to go to war, that it would be too dangerous for her little one. Said my father to her: "Last night as I slept Sun gave me a vision. We were a war party. Our young one was traveling at my side. We discovered our enemies, fought and killed them The meaning of that is plain. It is that our young First Ridge goes with me, with our party, and that he will survive the dangers that we encounter. And well you know that I was of his age when I first took to the war trail. So must he now go. I shall make of him a real warrior." First Rider, that was the name given me when I was born; given me by an old medicine man because of one of his visions, in which he saw a member of a war party to be first to take an enemy horse and ride it off.

Well, my mother knew that my father would have his way about me, so she made no more objection to my going, but got together the things that I would need, extra pairs of moccasins, a rope, awl and sinew thread, and crying, said to me: "You have to go. I shall pray, constantly pray the Above Ones to give you safe return to me."

[Photo Caption: KAI OTAKAN (BEAR HEAD) Who tells to James Willard Schultz the Indian version of the Baker massacre which occurred Jan. 23, 1870, on the Marias river.]

I was very eager to go. I wanted to become a great warrior; kill many enemies; take many enemy horses, and so be honored, make a chief by my people. At that time we were camped on Big river (Missouri river) a short distance below the mouth of Bear river (Marias river). My father was to be the leader of the war party. Other prominent members of it were Tailfeathers-Coming-Over-the-Hill, Buffalo-Painted-Lodge, Heavy Runner, False-Heavy-Runner and Owl Child. In all we were 70 to go. Came the day for us to prepare for our departure. Sacred pipe men prepared sweat lodges for us. How proud I was when with my father and others I entered the one owned by Red Eagle, whose sacred bundle was that of the thunder pipe. We thrust our wraps outside and sat in a circle naked. Women passed in stones that they had heated red hot. We rolled them into a pit in the center of the lodge and with a buffalo tail asperger Red Eagle sprinkled them with water from a red wooden bowl. As dense steam arose and filled the lodge he began his sacred songs in which we joined. He prayed Sun, Morning Star and other Above Ones to keep us safe upon our dangerous trail, and give us complete success against our enemies. He passed his sacred pipe and by turns we each drew a few whiffs of smoke from it and prayed Sun to help us get the particular things that we wanted. This one desired enemy horses, that one enemy scalps and so on. Myself, I prayed Sun to help me take an enemy gun.

The ceremony ended. Red Eagle said to us: "Go my brave ones and Sun be with you. Myself, I will daily ride through camp during your absence, shouting your names, calling upon all the people to pray for your success and your safe return,"

With that, we reached outside for our wraps, then ran to the river, plunged in, and after a short bath, hurried to our lodges to dress, and go. Came night and, singing of a war song, we struck out northward and, with only four horses, I riding one of them, the others carrying some of our belongings. My weapon was a powder and ball, five chambered pistol that my father had bought from the Many Houses (Fort Benton) trader, he named Sleeping Thunder (George Steell). I was afraid of it, for, once when I had fired it, all five of its loads had exploded, burning my hand. As we traveled I prayed Sun to help me take an enemy gun. Between prayers I asked myself "How

can you, a boy of only eight winters, take a gun from an enemy?" And always I answered, "Sun is with you he will help you to do it."

I had never traveled in the night so feared the darkness; the possibility that we might run right into an enemy war party. Herds of buffalo, running from our approach, caused my heart to beat fast. Wolves, near and far, were continuously howling, coyotes yelping. But they were harmless. I loved to hear them. I was glad when came the first dim, white light of the new day, and we turned down into a grove of cottonwoods in a coulee, to hide and rest until night should come again. One of our party killed a buffalo cow and we quickly broiled and ate our fill of its meat. My father named two men to sit up on the edge of the plain and watch for the rest of the day. And then we all lay down and slept.

So going, night after night, and without trouble of any kind we passed the west end of the Bears Paw mountains, neared Aiya Kimikwi (Divided mountains, the Cypress hills, Alberta). At daybreak of a morning, saw that we were near them, and at the same time discovered two riers on the plain, not far north of us, and coming our way. We got down into a coulee before they could see us, and spread up and down it, watching them come on, and quite widely apart. One of them headed straight toward the place where my father and I and a few others lay concealed. When he came near enough, at a word from my father, we all fired at him, and down he went, his horse, too, and we ran forward, my father in the lead. The man was badly wounded; dying. My father handed me the long stem of his pipe, told me to strike the man with it, count coup on him. I stepped to his side; his face and mouth, shot and bloody, sickened me, and I drew back. "Hit him! Hit him!" My father yelled to me. "Hit him, or I will make you to cry." So, at last, I struck the top of his head, with the pipe stem, and that my father and others shot him again and as he died my father again yelled to me: "Now, First Rider, out with your knife and scalp him." And as I hesitated: "At once scalp him, else you will no longer be son of mine."

Oh, how I hated to do that, but groaning, almost crying, I did it, taking a piece of his head skin from which dropped one of his long hair braids, and then my father had me take the dead one's gun and other things, he and the others there with us shouting: "Young First Rider, little First Rider, he takes an enemy gun; he takes an enemy scalp."

Then how pleased, how proud I was of myself. And I thought: "Powerful is Sun. Got to me is Sun. I prayed him for a gun, and I have it."

While this was going on, some of party, farther up the coulee, had killed the other rider. Both were Utsena (entails) men, (Gros Ventre) a tribe with which we had long been at war.

We now all got together again, and my father said: "Without doubt, these two Utsena we have killed were early hunters from their camp. More will be coming from it. It is best that we got to a good place in which to conceal ourselves for the day."

We found one not far back on our trail, a well timbered coulee, and there had a good rest, our lookouts seeing none of the enemy during the day. Came evening, and my father decided that we would remain right where we were until near morning, then go on very cautiously looking for more of the enemy to kill. So we lay down to get more sleep, my father at one side of a big rock. Heavy Runner at its other side. Some time past the middle of the night, my father awoke us all by suddenly calling out: "Heavy Runner! Awake! I have had a vision. I must tell you of it."

"Tell it," Heavy Runner grunted, and my father continued: "This I visioned: This big rock here, it nudged me, and said: 'Your enemies are camped not far north from here. Be wise. Seek them very cautiously and you will have good luck.'"

"Ha! A good vision; a good warning. We will carefully heed it," said Heavy Runner.

Said one lying close to me: "First Rider, your father, Sun powerfully favors him. A good vision, this that Sun gave him. I can hardly wait for the good that is to be ours." We all were so excited about it that from then on we slept but little.

When the Seven Persons (constellation of Ursus Major) warned us that day was not far off, we again set out northward; passed the place where we had killed the two riders, and then nearer the Divided mountains, as day came, stopped in a brushy coulee, and my father sent Heavy Runner up onto the ridge, close ahead of us to look for enemies.

As he neared the top of the ridge, Heavy Runner climbed very slowly; at last got onto hands and knees, crept to the top, looked over it for some time, then crept back down a little way, and stood up and signed to us: "Four men with one horse coming." Ha! Good news. At once we began singing that war song, "Enemies are coming. We shall kill them."

Heavy Runner crept back to the top of the ridge, and my father sent Buffalo Child to scout farther west on the ridge. Heavy Runner soon signed to us: "Another enemy has appeared. His is coming straight toward me." And then Buffalo Child signed: "the four men with one horse, they are heading to strike the coulee close above the point running to it from this ridge."

At that, my father named some of us to remain right where we were, and led the rest up the coulee, I, of course, keeping close to my father. As we moved on, Buffalo Child came down off the ridge, joined us, and said that we must hurry to go up to where the four enemies would strike the coulee. We did hurry, and when past the point, my father had us scatter out along the coulee; lie at the top of its slope and cautiously look off upon the plain. We soon sighted the four enemies, one of them on the horse. Coming at a fast walk; guns ready to fire; looking for deer or antelope, as no buffalo were anywhere in sight. Presently they stopped; appeared to be arguing about something, and after a little one of them struck off by himself, heading to strike the coulee farther west than would the three. Meanwhile, Heavy Runner had come down off the ridge, joined those whom we had left below and the long enemy first discovered, was nearing them.

I was terribly excited as I watched the three enemies coming nearer and nearer to us. My father had ordered that we were not to fire at them until he gave the word for it. But Owl Child, always very strong willed suddenly shot and killed one of the three, and then we all fired and killed the other two.

The fourth one of these enemies, farther to the west, and still some distance from the coulee when he heard us shoot, saw his friends fall, at once turned and ran, and Berry Child took after him, was fast gaining upon him when suddenly he stopped, turned, fired, and Berry Child fell dead.

He had ever been Buffalo Child's closest of friends, his almost-brother, so now Buffalo Child shouted to us: "It is for me to avenge my close friend's death. He is mine, mine along, that Entrails man." And was going even as he shouted that. Excitedly breathlessly we watched gaining upon the fleeing man he trying to reload his gun as he ran. That was very difficult to do. At last Buffalo Child got so close to him that they were almost together, but he still did not shoot. "Ha! He is going to strike him!" Owl Child yelled. Then we yelled—as though he could hear! "Buffalo Child! Be successful! Strike him! Strike him!"

To strike an enemy, however slightly, and before fighting him, killing him, that you know is the very bravest thing a warrior can do. Oh, how pleased we were when we saw Buffalo Child strike the fleeing one's shoulder with his gun barrel. The man had not succeeded in reloading his gun. Stopping short and turning, he raised it as a club, but even as he swung it up, Buffalo Child shot him, and how we did yell as we saw him fall. He, the last one of the four. And, meantime, those of our party below had killed the lone rider that Heavy Runner had discovered.

[Great Falls Tribune, August 22, 1937, p. 32]

## **RELATES INITIATION OF BLACKFEET WARRIOR**

### **First Enemy Is Slain At Tender Age. By James Willard Schultz**

But we had lost good, brave Berry Child. His almost-brother wept when we brought his body into the coulee and buried it, covered it with rocks and brush, and we all felt very sad. We moved away from the grave, and my father sent two scouts to the top of the ridge to watch for more of the enemy. None appeared during the day. Said my father, when evening came: "The Entrails people, missing the seven of them that we killed, will be constantly watching for their killers; for us to appear. We are too few to fight the many of them, so we now turn back for home."

That we did, arriving there in good time, and sighting no enemies along the way. My mother both cried and laughed when I appeared before her with my gun, and shouting to her so that all could hear: "I struck a living enemy, an Entrails man and see: I took his gun, his scalp."

I swelled with pride of myself; stalked about in the camp with my gun, envied by boys of my age, and boys much older; and admires, made much of by the girls. The gun was a North Traders (Hudson's Bay Co.) caplock, smooth bore, without rear sights; a nothing gun, some of the boys said; but to me a most valuable weapon. I had plenty of powder, balls and caps for it, so often shot it at birds, stones and knots of trees until, at short distance, not more than a hundred steps I could mostly hit the mark. It was in Falling Leaves moon of that summer that a boy said to me: "Yes you have a gun but what good is it to you? You can't kill anything with it."

The next morning, after I had helped by father round up our horses and drive the to water, and after he had gone back to our lodge I rode up the valley looking for something worth while to kill. Rode a long way until at last I saw a herd of buffalo coming down off the plain to drink at the river. I sprang from my horse, tethered him, ran on up in the timber and, when the herd began passing close in front of me, I aimed carefully at a big cow, at a point just back of her fore shoulder and low down and fired. Boom! At once the whole herd swerved, ran crashing up through the willows, my cow with it.

I had missed. So near to me and I had missed. I hated myself; almost cried as I took to the trail of the herd; and then laughing and yelling rank for there upon the trampled and crushed willows was my cow, blood bubbling from her mouth and nose and breathing her last. Then what to do. She lay upon her belly and I had not strength to turn her up to remove her insides. I cut out her tongue, skinned, laid bare her fat hump. Cut off a foreleg at the knee and with it for a club, struck and struck the hump until its feather-ribs (dorsal ribs) snapped, broke where they rose from the backbone. Easily then I cut off the whole hump, tied it and the tongue to my saddle and rode back down the valley. It was past midday when I struck camp and instead of going to my lodge, rode around and around in its great circle for all to see, particularly the boys that I was a real hunter; had made a killing. At last as I neared my lodge, this one and that one yelled: "there he is, the missing one. He has returned." Came rushing out my father and mother shouting: "You bad boy where have you been? We have looked all over for you\_\_" then stopped, saw the tongue and the feather-ribs tied to my saddle. And cried my father: "Why he has been hunting! He has actually made a killing this strong minded one of ours. Who was you with? Who took off those feather-ribs for you?"

"I was alone. I cut and clubbed them off with my knife and the cow's leg," I explained. And the people gathered around, clapped hands to mouths in surprise, one old man saying: "And he so young, so little and weak! How strange!"

"Not strange at all. My son, of course he would be that way," my father proudly answered.

After that no boys made fun of me and my gun.

In the following summer, my ninth one, when we were camped on Little (Milk) river, close north of the Bear's Paw mountains, we learned that there was a large camp of the Lying People (Cree tribe) camping on North Big river (Saskatchewan river) right in our country and killing our buffalo. Of all our enemies they were the worst, always coming into our country to hunt our buffalo, we always fighting them, driving them back to their north, swampy country. He was Rising Wolf (Hugh Monroe), that brave, wandering beaver trapper, married to one of our women who told us about them.

"The liars, they have come again to steal our food," our people cried.

"We will make them cry," my father shouted and called upon our brave ones to go against them. Said that I should join the party. We were not many there on Little river; the greater part of our tribe was camping and hunting on Big (Missouri) river. But 77 of the men in our camp hurried to him, said that they were eager to go with him against the Liars.

So again I sat in a sacred sweat lodge with my father and other warriors. Listened to Red Eagle's powerful prayers for our success against the Liars and our safe return. In turn, I lifted his sacred thunder pipe aloft, and myself prayed Sun for help in all of my undertakings. My father, listening said to me when I finished:

"You omitted something; you did not pray Sun to help you obtain any particular success against the enemy. Pray again."

So again I raised the sacred pipe to the sky and pled: "Oh, Sun! Help me to take Liars' orses, and safely return with them."

Hearing me, those powerful men of our circle smiled; one saying: Asking for help in capturing enemy horses and he so young."

"But Sun heeds the prayers of the very young, as well as those of us old ones," old Red Eagle said. And "True!" "How true!" others cried, and I felt all puffed up with courage; was eager to go.

Night came and we set out northward, all of us on good horses. Three nights later just before dawn, we arrived in the Divided hills (Cypress hills) and stopped in the pines on a north slope of a ridge, expecting to rest there during the day. But when Sun came up we discovered out on the plain a party of men on foot, and coming toward us. Coming from the valley of a little creek where the smoke of many lodges was rising.

My father examined the party with his far-seeing instrument, told us that they were Liars. It was that, since our friend, Rising Wolf had seen the tribe of them on North Big river, they had moved still farther south in our country; right into our Divided hills, where not only buffalo, but elk, deer and antelope were very plentiful. This party of them was right then coming up a coulee to approach a herd of buffalo grazing on the plain not far out from us. Said my father:

"What do they think we are? Just nothing people, that they can come down here and steal all that they can use of our meat, our furs? Get ready, my friends. Put on your war bonnets, made ready your guns, and we will ride out there and make those dog-face thieves to cry."

Each member of our party had his war bonnet along, and some their war clothes also. We carried them in smooth, painted parfleche cases tied to our saddles. I even had a horns-and-ermine fur bonnet that my father had made for me. I prayed to Sun for help, prayed for him to keep me safe from the enemy guns as I put it on. When nearly ready to go, we saw a long rider come out from the camp in the valley and head toward the party on foot. He was coming slowly, allowing his horse to walk.

By the time we had finished dressing ourselves and mounted our horses, the enemy hunters had left the coulee, and screened by a sharp little ridge in the plain, were approaching the herd of buffalo. We all lined up in the lower edge of the pines, and at a shout from my father, raised a shrill war song and charged out upon the plain. Seeing and hearing us, the buffalo went leaping and thundering westward against the wind and the party of hunters got closely together and with guns and bows and arrows ready, awaiting our coming. Well they knew that they could not escape from us by running for their camp. Well they knew that their end was near.

Still singing our war song, we rode swiftly to pass to the right of them, we shooting at them with our shot guns and seeing some fall, they returned our fire with their bows and arrows and the poor guns that they had. I shot at one who was fast shooting arrows at us; shot again, saw him fall. Then, before I could shoot again, False-Fast-Runner and his horse, close in front of me, were suddenly killed, and as they went down, my horse stumbled against them plunged down to his knee, and almost I went on over his head. But for quickly grasping the back of my saddle with my left hand I would have gone off. I was terribly frightened. Bravely my horse lunged and lunged until he got back upon his feet and carried me on, and then we were all of us well past the enemy, and, headed by my father, turning to charge past them again. And loudly we yelled as we saw that they were many who were down, dead, or wounded. Twice more we charged past them, shooting more down, until, at last, but five were standing, and able to fight. Said my father as again we turned:

“Now my brave ones, once more we charge, so be careful, aim to kill, so that we now put an end to them all.”

This tie, well spread out, we rode straight at them, shooting at them over our horses' heads. Almost at once four of the five went down. The fifth one, singing, stood for a little with his gun at his hip and signing to us to come on. For all of our shooting, we were failing to hit him it was as though he might be a man of sacred power, protected by his gods. At last, when we were almost upon him, he raised his gun, after long aim fired it, and kill my father's close friend, Big Elk. And then my father raised high his gun, brought it powerfully down upon the Liar's head and that was the end for him.

As I started to get down from my horse and help finish off the few wounded, still living Liars, I felt an itching in my side, and putting down my hand, clutched the feathered end of an arrow sticking into the roll of the blanket around my waist; found that it had pierced my shirt and cut a short streak in my skin. I yelled to my father and he came running; drew the arrow on through my shirt and out. Called upon others near, to come see my wound; said that Sun had turned the arrow from piercing my insides. And said one, Little Plume:

“His war bonnet, when it was finished, old Red Eagle prayed Sun to give it power to protect your young son. It is no wonder that the arrow did not pierce him.”

I had gone all trembly when I discovered how narrow had been my escape from being killed. But now, as my father and Little Plume said, Sun had protected me; my war bonnet had power to protect me. So I ceased trembling, remained upon my horse and looked around at the dead Liars, 33 of them. They seemed to have had no pride of themselves. Their leather clothing was old and soiled; their hair uncombed, unbraided; their moccasins were soft soled; their guns mostly old North Traders muzzle loaders some even without guns, and using bows and arrows. But though poorly of for weapons, how persistent they were in coming to camp in our country to steal our game. And now these had killed False-Fast-Runner and Big Elk. So was it that we were sad and silent as we took their bodies back up into the pines for burial. Said my father as we covered them:



“Our poor, poor friends. What could they have done, what mistake could they have made, that they had not the Above One’s protection?”

For a time, we sat and looked off at the valley in which the Liars were camped. None came in sight, smoke was no longer rising from their lodges. Said one sitting near me: “That lone rider we saw; we should not have charged out from here until he joined the hunters, for we could then have killed him, too. When he saw us, how quickly he rode back.”

My father had out his far-seeing instrument, was looking through it at the valley, at the place where we had seen the rising smoke, and after a little he said to us: “Many Liars are out there; in the brush on the rim of the valley; mourning for their dead; looking for sight of us.”

Said Many Tail-Feathers: “We will, tonight, make them to cry still more.”

“No, I feel that the passing of our good friends, False-Fast-Runner and Big Elk, is warning to us not to attack the camp of the Liars,” said my father. “they are very many; too many; some of us would be killed. We have terribly punished them. They wait only for us to leave to bury their 33 dead and then return to their north country.”

That did not please Many Tail-feathers and a few like him, crazy-brave. They urged that, come night, we at least should go to the rim of the valley, shoot down into the lodges of the Liars, and then leave. But my father would not agree to it. We remained right where we were during the rest of the day, and, as the sun was setting, turned back for home and, in good time, arrived safely there.

In my 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> summers I went with my father’s war parties against several enemy tribes, and we always had good success. I myself taking three horses in a night raid that we made upon a camp of Crows.

Besides my mother, my father had three other wives, my almost-mothers, and they had four daughters, my almost sisters, the eldest one of them married to a man of terrible temper, he names Owl Child. In my 12<sup>th</sup> summer, my father gathered a large war party to go against the Cut-throats (Assiniboines) and this time left me to care for our family during his absence. Owl Child was one of those who went with him. Near the mouth of Little (Milk) river the party discovered a camp of the enemy, successfully fought them, and then Owl Child claimed to have killed a Cut-throat who, without doubt had been killed by my father. They quarreled about it, and Owl Child, crazily angry, killed my father. When the party returned, bringing us the terrible news of his death, Owl Child was not with them. He had gone to his own relatives, in Mountain Chief’s camp. The head chief of our camp of Pikuni was Bear Chief, better known as Heavy Runner. Our tribe was so very large that, to successful hunt, we were generally divided into a number of camps.

So now it was for me, only 12 summers old, to provide food for my mourning mothers and sisters, and care for our band of horses, early a hundred head. We had a large, well furnished lodge, my mothers and sisters were good workers. But my father’s powerful many-shots gun had been buried with him; it was hard for me, with my old caplock gun, to kill enough buffalo for our food and other needs. But my mothers encouraged me, saying that I must do my utmost to get well-furred buffalo cow hides for them to tan into soft robes so that, come spring, I could trade them for a man-shots gun.

In the first moon of winter (November), when the new fur of the buffalo became full grown and dark, I hunted almost constantly, one or two of my family always accompanying me to help butcher my kills. All through the winter, even in coldest weather, we kept at it, older hunters saying that they were astonished at my perseverance, and I so young. Always, in our lodge, robes were being tanned, and fat meat was being dried or made into pemmican for our summer use.

Came the New Grass (April) moon of summer, and we all moved in to Many Houses (Fort Benton). Made camp. Next morning we loaded our 55 soft tanned, head-and-tail buffalo hides on some horses, unloaded in front of Spotted-Back hat's (Charles Conrad's) trade-house. Spotted-Back Hat, followed by his three hands-out-goods men came out to meet us, help unload of many packs of robes and carry them inside. We loved spotted-Back Hat. He was married to Sings-in-the-Middle Woman, she a member of our brother tribe, the Bloods. He spoke our language, was very kind and generous. Already he had heard that I had taken my dead father's name, so he said to me as he grasped my hand:

**"Bear Head!** How happened it? Whose are they, these very many robes?"

"My killings; my mothers' tannings. Spotted-Back Hat, I want a many-shots gun and three hundred greased shooters for it," I answered. (The bullets of the .44 caliber, rum fire cartridges for the Henry repeating rifle were heavily coated with hard grease, hence the Pikuni name for them.)

He put his arm on my shoulder, hugged me, and said: "Bear Head, though you had not one robe, I would give you a many-shots gun and plenty of greased shooters for it. Why? Because I loved your father. He was a real man. And I love you; pity you so young, and so many mothers and sisters to care for."

It made me to have wet eyes, that he said to me. My mothers and sisters were crying. Loudly they wept, moaning: "Our brave man, our brave father, he has gone. Gone to the Sand Hills. Aiya! Aiya!" It was some time until we could begin to trade.

"A many-shots gun. There it is, Bear Head," said Spotted-Back hat, as he handed me a shiny new one, "and here are the greased shooters for it," he added as he laid the six boxes of them on the counter.

I gave them 10 robes for the gun and the greased shooters. My mother and sisters then traded the rest of the robes for the various goods they wanted: Blankets cloth for gowns, other women's things, sugar, tea, an x and knives. Because of our hard winter's work, all of our needs were supplied. We felt rich as we returned to camp.

When all the families of our Bear Chief band had finished trading, we moved up to Two Medicine lake, there to cut new lodge poles, make new lodge skins, and summer hunt for meat, and what few hides were needed. It was easy for me now, with many many-shots gun, to keep my lodge supplied with meat, and the various kind of hides for the women to tan for our clothing and for other uses. No sooner had we camped at the lake than my own mother told me that she wanted four bighorn hides to tan for a new gown.

The next morning I rode to the upper edge of the timber on the mountain close west of the lake, tied my horse, looked up at the bare slopes and cliffs rising from the timber to the summit.

Quite near me were 11 male bighorns lying upon a slope of small rocks, chewing and chewing the grasses with which they had filled their first stomachs. I shot at one and it began rolling down the steep slope. The others sprang up and ran for the top of the mountain. I shot and shot at them until there were no more greased shooters in my gun and killed four more. Ha! Five bighorns I killed in no time. Had I been using my old powder and ball and cap gun I would have killed one, and the others would have ran away before I could reload it. How happy I was that I owned the many-shots gun. I sang as I rode home with the five hides and some of the meat. Arriving there, I told of my five kills, and several needy ones rode up the mountain to get the carcasses.

Some days later, I rode out again for meat for my big family, this time to the valley below the lake. Presently I saw three elk, go down a grassy slope and enter a big stand of pines and cottonwoods bordering the river, so I got off my horse, picketed him, and following a game train,

went slowly into the timber after them. There was such a thick growth of willows and rosebushes in it that I could see but a little way in any direction except straight ahead along the trail. I was turning a bend in it when I heard a pattering of feet, and suddenly two small, young bears playfully running and biting at one another, ran into me, and getting my odor, ran on, loudly squalling.

Then, angrily roaring, came their mother, a big real bear (a grizzly bear), rounding the bend of the trail and straight toward me. Twice I shot at her, knew that I hit her each time, but she kept leaping on, big mouth open, hair all bristly. Again I fired at her but she did not stop. With two or three more leaps she would be upon me, kill me. Aiming at her big, wide open mouth I fired a last shot. The bullet went through her mouth, her throat, and, as I afterwards found, broke her backbone. She fell, slid almost to my feet, and quivering a little, died.

I found that I was trembling; so weak that I had to sit down. I said to myself: "My last shot. If it had missed her mouth, my body would now be lying here, torn all apart."

That morning, when I got up, I had prayed Sun to pity me; to help me survive all dangers that might beset me, and give me success in all my undertakings. I now knew that Sun had helped me. This swiftly coming leaping bear, never could I have shot her in her mouth had he not helped me do it. Raising my hands to the sky, "Sun," I vowed, "the hide of this real bear, softly tanned, I shall give to you in the coming, berries-ripe moon."

A crowd of people gathered around me when I came to the doorway of my lodge and drew the big hide down off my saddle. My mother and my almost-mothers came running out, and my mother cried:

"Oh, my son! You should not have done this. So dangerous are real bears; it might have killed you."

"I had to kill it or be killed," I answered, and told all about it, and of my Sun vow.

Said my mother when I had finished: "Never was a real bear hide better tanned than this one will be for you to sacrifice to Sun."

In the berries-ripe moon (July), as agreed upon, all the bands of our tribe gathered at Four Persons butte, Milk (Teton) river, for our sacred vow women to build, as they did every summer, a sacred lodge for Sun, there, with Mountain Chief's band, was Owl Child, whom we had not seen since he killed my father. My mother, first to see him, came hurrying back into our lodge and said:

"That dog-face, that bad Owl Child is across the circle. All dressed up and proudly walking around." And with that she cried: my almost-mothers and my sisters cried; and I took up my many-shots gun and said that I would go kill him.

Mothers and sisters, they seized me; took my gun from me; said that I should not attempt it, for I might be killed, I their only support, and then what would become of them?

"But when I grow up I surely will put an end to him, my father's killer," I said, and meant it.

On that first day of our getting together to build the lodge for Sun, it was told all through our great camp that Owl Child had been struck and knocked down by Four Bears (Malcolm Clark), a white man married to Iahkoki-mah Ahki (Cutting-off-head Woman) of our tribe, and that Owl Child was now saying that he would soon go back up to Wolf-also-jumped Creek to kill the man. Four Bears had made love to his—Owl Child's—wife, tried to get her to leave him; then had beaten him when he was unarmed. For that, Four Bears must die.

(Malcolm Clark—Four Bears, had been a West Point cadet he had entered the service of the American Fur Co. in the upper Missouri river country, remaining with it until it went out of

business in 1864. He had then taken to ranching on Wolf creek, near where the Fort Benton-Helena wagon road crossed the stream.)

My mother was one of the sacred-vow women who built the great lodge for Sun, that summer. When it was completed, the people came with their most loved belongings to sacrifice them to He Above. Praying him for his pity; his help; asking him to give them long and full life they made their offerings, and the Sun priest tied them to the center post of the great lodge. Myself, I gave my real bear robes. My mother had softly tanned it, and on its flesh side I had painted a picture of myself shooting the real-bear as it came leaping toward me. As I entered the sacred lodge and handed the robe to Red eagle, for him to attach it to the center post, I felt grateful to Sun for all that he had done for me. Earnestly I prayed him for long and full life for my family; for all the Pikuni; and for myself.

The sacred ceremonies ended, and again the bands of our tribe separated, going one way and another to pass the summer. Our Heavy Runner band to cross Big (Missouri) river, and camp and hunt here and there along Yellow (Judith) river.

All of our bands kept in frequent communication with one another, and so, in time, we got some bad news. It was that Mountain Chief's band had gone to Many Houses (Fort Benton) to trade, and there some drunken white men, Grouse (Henry Kennerly) Night Watcher (George Houck) Real White Man (Peter Lukins), and others had without cause for it, hanged Heavy-Charging-in-the-Brush and had shot and killed Bear Child and Rock-Old-Man, three prominent members of the band. That made us feel very sad, very angry. We decided to trade no more at Many Houses.

It was not long after the murder of our three men at Many Houses, that visitors brought us more news: Owl Child, leading a few of his friends, had gone up to Wolf-Also-Jumped creek, and had, himself, killed Four Bears. I was present when Bear Chief and other leading ones of our band got together to talk about it. They agreed that Owl Child had been justified in killing him. Much as I hated Owl Chief for killing my father, I, myself, had to admit that he had had good right to kill this fire-hearted, quarrelsome white man. Four Bears had tried to steal his woman; and, ailing in that had struck him, beaten him. In no other way could Owl Child have wiped out that terrible disgrace. Well, that was naught to me. I was not forgetting my vow: The time was coming when I would make Owl Child cry for what he had done to me and mine.

(The murder of the three Pikuni, or Piegans, as the tribe was called caused no comment. But the killing of Malcolm Clark—Four Bears—was different. The newspaper and the residents of the territory were loud in denunciation of the outrage; as it was, no settler, no traveler was safe from Indians. The commanding officers at Fort Shaw and Fort Ellis and the secretary of war were called upon to severely punish the Piegans; make the country safe for the whites. Particularly to punish Mountain Chief's band, of which Owl Child was a member.

(So was it that in time Maj. Eugene M. Baker of Fort Ellis was chosen to lead an expedition against the band; General Sheridan in Washington writing the commanding officer of Fort Ellis as follows: "If the lives and property of citizens of Montana can best be protected by striking Mountain Chief's band, I want them stuck. Tell Baker to strike them hard.")

(Accordingly, Colonel Baker, early in January, 1870, left Fort Ellis with four companies of the Second cavalry, and arriving at Fort Shaw, arranged to have 55 mounted men of the 13<sup>th</sup> infantry, under Captain Higbee join his command, and Joseph Kipp, a Fort Shaw scout, was sent out to locate the band. He found it in a bottom of Marias river valley, due north of Goosebill butte, and returning to the fort so reported. On the following morning the expedition set out northward, that evening camped on the Teton river close under Priests butte and two mornings later looked down

upon the camp on Marias river. Scout Kipp at once said to Colonel Baker: "Colonel, that is not Mountain Chief's camp. It is the camp of Black Eagle and Heavy Runner, I know it by its differently painted lodges."

[Great Falls Tribune, August 29, 1937, p.15]

## **WOMEN, CHILDREN SLAIN IN BAKER MASSACRE**

### **Indians' Horses Are Stolen By White Men By James Willard Schultz (Conclusion)**

And he was right. Since he had been there a few days previously Mountain Chief's band had moved down the river about ten miles and this band had come down and occupied the deserted camp ground.

Said Colonel Baker: "That makes no difference one band or another of the; they're Piegans, and we will attack them." And then to one of his men: "Sergeant, stand behind this scout, and if he yells or makes a move, shoot him." And finally, "All ready, men; fire!"

In Falling Leaves moon (September) we moved back across Big river and were camped on Two Medicine Lodges river when winter came. All the other bands of our tribe were east of us, here and there along Bear river (Marias river). A white man, Big Nose (Hiram Baker), coming with a wagon-load of cartridges and other things to trade for our buffalo robes and furs, told that the whites were more and more angry about the killing for Four Bears and were trying to get their seizers (soldiers) to make a big killing of our tribe and so avenge his death. However, the seizer chiefs (army officers) seemed not to listen to their demand. Our chiefs talked over that news and thought little of it. As Heavy Runner said, the killing of Four Bears did not concern us. If the whites wanted revenge for it they should kill Owl Child.

As the winter wore on the buffalo herds drifted farther and farther away from the mountains, and we had to follow them or starve. We moved down to the mouth of Two Medicine Lodges river and then, in Middle Winter Moon (January) moved down on Bear river and camped in a bottom that Mountain Chief's band had just left, they going a little way farther down the river. It was an unhappy time; the whites had given us of their terrible white scabs disease (smallpox) and some of our band were dying. And the buffalo herds remained so far out from the river that we had to go for a two or three-day hunt in order to get meat for our helpless ones.

One evening I arranged to go on a hunt with a number of our band. We were to travel light; take only two lodges to accommodate us all; my mother and one of my sisters were to go with me to help with my kills. Came morning and I set out for my horses; could not find them on the plain. Sought them in the timbered bottoms of the valley; did not come upon them until late in the day. The hunting party had long since gone. I told my mother that we would join the next party of hunters to go out. We still had dried meat to last us for some day.

On the following morning I found my horses in the timber well above camp and was nearing it with them when, suddenly, I ran into a multitude of white men; seizers. I was so astonished, so frightened, that I could not move. One of the seizers came and grasped my arm; spoke; tapped his lips with his fingers: I was not to speak; shout. He was a chief, this seizer; had strips of yellow metal on his shoulders; had a big knife; a five shots pistol. He made me advance with him; all of the seizers were advancing. We came to the edge of the camp; close before us were the lodges. Off to our right were many more seizers, looking down upon them.

It was a cold day. The people were all in their lodges; many still in their beds; none knew that the seizers had come. A seizer chief up on the bank shouted something, and at once all of the seizers began shooting into the lodges. Chief Heavy Runner ran from his lodge toward the seizers on the bank; he was shouting to them and waving a paper writing that our agent had given

him; a writing saying that he was a good and peaceful man; a friend to the whites. He had run but a few steps when he fell his body pierced with many bullets. Inside the lodges men were yelling terribly frightened women and children screaming; screaming from wounds; from pain as they died.

I saw a few men and women, escaping from their lodges, shot down as they ran. Most terrible to hear of all, was the crying of little babies at their mothers' breasts. The seizers all advanced upon the lodges, my seizer still firmly holding my arm. They firmly holding my arm. They shot at the tops of the lodges; the bullets cut the bindings of the poles and the whole lodge would collapse upon the fire and begin to burn; burn and smother those within. I saw my lodge so go down and burn. Within it my mother, my almost mothers, my sisters, oh, how pitiful were their screaming as they died, and I there, powerless to help them.

Soon all was silent in the camp and the seizers advanced, began tearing down the lodges that still stood, shooting those within them who were still alive, and then trying to burn all that they tore down, burn the dead under the heaps of poles lodge skins and lodge furnishings, but they did not burn well. At last my seizer released my arm and went about with the men looking at the smoking piles, talking, pointing laughing all of them. And finally all of the seizers round up all of our horses, drove them up the valley a little way and made camp.

I saw before the ruin of my lodge and felt so sad that I was sick. I wished that the seizers had killed me, too. In the center of the fallen lodge where the poles had fallen upon the fire it had burned a little, then died out. I could not pull up the lodge skin and look under it. I could not bear to see my mother, my almost mothers, my sisters, lying there, shot or smothered to death. When I went for my horses I had not carried my many-shots gun. It was there in the ruin of the lodge. Well, there it would remain.

From the timber, from the brush round about, a few old men, a few women and children came stealing out and joined me. Sadly we stared at our ruined camp; spoke but little; wept. Wailed wrinkled old Black Antelope: "Why, oh, why, had it to be that all of our warriors, our hunters, had to go out for buffalo at this time? But for that, some of the white seizers would also be lying here in death."

"One was killed. I saw him fall," I said.

"Ah! Only one seizer. And how very many of us. Mostly women and children; newborn babies. Oh, how cruel, how terribly cruel, are the white men," old Curlew Woman wailed.

"Killed us off without reason for it; we who have done nothing against the whites," said old Three Bears, and again we wept.

As we sat there three men arrived from Mountain Chief's camp below. They stared and stared at our fallen, half burned lodges; at our dead, lying here and there, and could hardly believe their eyes. They rode over to us, asked what had happened, and when we told them of the white seizer's sudden attack upon us it was long before they could speak. And then they said that we were to live with them; that they would take good care of us poor, bereaved ones.

Said old Three Bears: "We had warning of this. That shite trader, Big Nose, told us that the whites were going to take revenge for Owl Child's killing of Four Bears. But why didn't they seek him, kill him, instead of slaughtering us here, we always friendly with the whites?"

That Owl Child! He had killed my father, and now, he was the cause of my mother and all my women folks lying dead under their half-burned lodge. Well, as soon as possible, I would kill him, I vowed.

That night, the white seizers did not closely watch the hundreds of horses that they had taken from us. We managed to get back about half of the great herd, and drive them down to Mountain

Chief's camp. During the day, our buffalo hunters returned. With many horses loaded with meat and hides, came singing, laughing down into the valley, only to find their dear ones dead under their ruined lodges. The white killers had gone, turned back whence they came. As best we could, we buried our dead, a terrible, grieving task it was, and counted them: 15 men, 90 women, 50 children. Forty-four lodges and lodge furnishings destroyed, and hundreds of our horses stolen. Hai yah, hai yah!

And to this day I deeply regret that I had no opportunity to fulfil my vow. Even then Owl Child had the terrible white scabs disease and a few days later he died.

**[Great Falls Tribune, September 5, 1937]**

*Black Antelope (Old Man)*

**Black Antelope wounded but survived [Henderson, 60] Old Man. [Henderson, 62]**

“After firing from the bluffs for some time, the soldiers charged into the midst of the lodges. Mary Middle Calf’s mother, Catches Inside, was wounded in the hand. Some of the people in her lodge were killed. Buffalo Woman’s wounded husband, Good Stab (Yellow Owl), was shot and killed, and she was wounded on her back and her left ear, a scar she carried for life. Soldiers killed an old man and other hiding under bison skins in their lodge. Wolf Leader was shot through the jaw; Spopee (Turtle) through both hips. Three other wounded men—Black Eagle, Almost a Dog and Fog Eater—also survived. Black Antelope, an old man, wished their hunters had been there to defend the camp from soldiers. Numerous witnesses stated that the Piikunis returned little of the soldiers’ fire. [Henderson, p. 60]

Despite Pease’s thoroughness, he could not account for all survivors. Some had fled to nearby camps, others survived by hiding, and those who had been held as prisoners were left behind by the troops. Among them were Bear Head (age fourteen), Wolf Leader (adult male), Comes With Rattles (six), Last Gun (fourteen), Black Eagle (adult male), Almost A Dog (adult male), Takes Gun At Night (ten), Double Strike Woman (ten), Wolf Eagle (a hunter), Spear Woman (six), Fog Eater (adult male), Turtle (adult male), Curlew Woman (forty-one), Three Bears (old man) and Black Antelope (old man). [Henderson, 62]

**Ca 1883 Schultz:**

I rode into a camp of the Pikuni, a couple of miles above the agency, on Badger creek, and was welcomed in the lodge of my brother-in-law, Boy Chief. In a lodge near it, women were wailing for the dead and, in answer to my query, Boy Chief said:

“They mourn for old **Black Antelope**. Dead because of his defiance of the gods. Hunger gnawing him, he caught some spotted fish (trout). They, as you know, are the property, the food of the terrible Under-water people; food forbidden to our kind. We all begged him not to eat them. He would not heed our warnings. Ordered his women to cook them for him. They would not even touch the spotted ones. He cooked them himself, ate them all—four big spotted fish. That was last night. Just before you arrived he died.”

“Too bad. Poor old man. Forever gone from us,” I said. Useless for me to say that trout were healthful, nourishing food and that in the many streams of the reservation, there were enough of them to keep all the tribe from starving. Nor could I advise them to kill and eat their horses. To them, sacred animals of almost human attributed; animals that they have loved almost as much as they did their children. And, different from other tribes, they believed dogs were sacred animals and, therefore, forbidden food. **By James Willard Schultz. [Great Falls Tribune, October 18, 1936, p. 32]**



*Black Eagle (Adult Man)*

**Black Eagle wounded but survived [Henderson, 60] Adult male. [Henderson, 62]  
[Lea Source: Black Eagle's wife survived]**

“After firing from the bluffs for some time, the soldiers charged into the midst of the lodges. Mary Middle Calf’s mother, Catches Inside, was wounded in the hand. Some of the people in her lodge were killed. Buffalo Woman’s wounded husband, Good Stab (Yellow Owl), was shot and killed, and she was wounded on her back and her left ear, a scar she carried for life. Soldiers killed an old man and other hiding under bison skins in their lodge. Wolf Leader was shot through the jaw; Spopee (Turtle) through both hips. Three other wounded men—Black Eagle, Almost a Dog and Fog Eater—also survived. Black Antelope, an old man, wished their hunters had been there to defend the camp from soldiers. Numerous witnesses stated that the Piikunis returned little of the soldiers’ fire. [Henderson, p. 60]

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**[Blackfoot Genealogy]**

**BLACK EAGLE** was born in 1841 in Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. He married THE END WOMAN.

[\[Notes\]](#)

**THE END WOMAN** was born in 1852 of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. She married BLACK EAGLE.

[\[Notes\]](#)

**BLACK EAGLE**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # F399

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1889

STATUS: HUSB

AGE: 48

SIX E EBIS

OTHER MARRIAGES: 89C PLURAL:DOUBLE SHOOT;GOING AWAY

RECORD # 1818

**DOUBLE SHOOT**

FILM # 0573849  
PAGE # F399  
TARGET:  
SOURCE: CENSUS  
YEAR: 1889  
STATUS: WIFE  
AGE: 21  
NOTES: 89C PLURAL WITH THE END WOMAN;GOING AWAY  
RECORD # 1820

**BLACK EAGLE**

FILM # 0573849  
PAGE # F399  
TARGET:  
SOURCE: CENSUS  
YEAR: 1889  
NOTES: added as spousal for INDI 1821 GOING AWAY  
RECORD # 1821

**GOING AWAY**

FILM # 0573849  
PAGE # F399  
TARGET:  
SOURCE: CENSUS  
YEAR: 1889  
STATUS: WIFE  
AGE: 19  
NOTES: 89C PLURAL WITH THE END WOMAN;DOUBLE SHOOT  
RECORD # 1821

***Buffalo Trail Woman/AKA Buffalo Body (Adult Woman)***  
**Wife of Blackfeet Child**  
**Mother of Catching**

**Buffalo Trail Woman saw a group of soldiers encircle a lodge and fire upon it in unison.  
[Henderson, 61]**

**[WITNESSES TO CARNAGE**

The 1870 Marias Massacre in Montana by [Stan Gibson & Jack Hayne](#)]

[She was 22 at the time of the attack. The notary's third-person wording has been changed to first-person statements.]

"[I was present] at the Baker Massacre. The firing lasted for quite a spell. Some of those in the lodge where I was were killed. **My husband, Good Stab, also known as Yellow Owl**, realized what was taking place and prepared for war. He went to his mother's lodge, some distance away, and was shot and killed there.

"I myself was wounded on the back and on my left ear. The scars are to this day plainly shown. And I saw how others in our lodge were shot, including an old man who dug a trench near the fire pit, a kind of fort. Our lodge was pitched a considerable distance from the others. Later, the soldiers marched to our lodge and fired upon it. The old man got into his trench and covered himself with buffalo skin trimmings.

"Later I saw the soldiers gather all of the belongings of the camp and set them on fire. But before this was done, the scout or interpreter for the soldiers came to where I, and other wounded were. He told us to get our things and they would move us to two lodges that were spared from fire or capture -- for hospital purposes, because the rest of the camp furnishings were going to be burned.

"The soldiers surrounded the lodge where I had been and fired upon it, killing everyone except those who escaped by chance. But the soldiers did care for some wounded ones by sheltering them in the two lodges and giving them some food -- but these were mostly women and children. I also noticed that the soldiers gathered all the horses and drove them away.

"After the soldiers had left, a Gros Ventre [Indian] woman who was married with the Blackfeet came to where I was looking for my daughter, whom I thought had escaped. I answered the Gros Ventre woman and she came into the lodge where I was. Then she and I made a tour, searching for my little girl and her husband. She found him mortally wounded in his mother's lodge. As she was peeping into the lodge, talking to her husband, he asked her for a drink of water, but a soldier came along and pushed her to one side. He saw the husband was still alive, opened fire upon him, and shot him dead.

"Later, the interpreter told me to escape, and said that I had no business to be out among the men.

[Nothing in official reports or journalistic accounts mentions sexual abuse of Piegan women at the Marias Massacre, but Fred M. Hans sounds a disturbing note in his historical account called **The Great Sioux Nation**: "[On the 5th day of May, 1864], Major Downing of the first Colorado cavalry, with his force moved against a band of about one hundred of the Cheyenne tribe of Sioux.... [Downing said] 'About daylight I succeeded in surprising the Cheyenne village at Cedar Bluffs, in a small valley, sixty miles north of South Platte River. We commenced shooting. I ordered the men to commence killing them. They lost twenty-six killed and thirty

wounded. My own loss was one killed and one wounded. I burnt up their lodges and everything I could get hold of. The women and one hundred ponies, captured, were distributed among the boys for the reason they had been marching almost constantly day and night for nearly three weeks.' This was done, the officer said, 'because it was usual.'"]

I did escape, and after I had gotten to safety I observed a great deal of smoke going up ... which proved to be the burning of the exterminated camp.... The soldiers left the camp, taking all of the horses away with them.

"What I have said is, to the best of my recollection, what happened."

**Buffalo Trail Woman      Born 1851**

**Husband: Blackfeet Child**

**Children: Catching born 1882**

**[Blackfoot Genealogy]**

**BUFFALO TRAIL WOMAN**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # 42

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1891

STATUS: WIFE

AGE: 40

E NE SO CAHKEE

NOTES: 92CF268 HUSB IS BLACKFOOT CHILD/96CF268 NOT LISTED/0573850 C97I  
N1594 AGE 55

OTHER NAMES: BUFFALO CHILD? 97C

RECORD # 3052

**CATCHING**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # 42

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1891

STATUS: DAU

AGE: 9

E YEA IN EMAH

NOTES: 92CF268 IS THIS GRACE=I IN E MAN AGE 10?/94CF268 GRACE IS 12/9  
5CF268 GRACE IS AGE 13 OR 15 CAN'T READ IT/96CF268 GRACE AGE 16/057385  
0C97IN1595 AGE 17;MOM IS BUFFALO CHILD

OTHER NAMES: GRACE? 92C,95C,96C,97C

RECORD # 3053

**BLACKFEET CHILD**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # 42

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1891

STATUS: HUSB

AGE: 47

SIX E KA PO K

NOTES: 92CF268 AGE 48 SIKS W KU PO KA=BLACKFOOT CHILD/94CF268/96CF 268

AGE 50;WIFE MEDICINE ROAD/0573850C97IN1593 AGE 50;WIFE: BUFFALO CHILD

OTHER NAMES: BLACKFOOT CHILD 90C,97C

RECORD # 3051

**BLACKFEET CHILD**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # 42

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1891

NOTES: added as spousal for INDI 3052 BUFFALO TRAIL WOMAN

RECORD # 3052

*Catches Inside (Adult Woman)*

**Catches Inside, mother of Mary Middle Calf [Henderson, 60] Mrs. Frank Monroe's mother <http://www.dickshovel.com/parts2.html> [Ege, 528A]**

**“After firing from the bluffs for some time, the soldiers charged into the midst of the lodges. Mary Middle Calf’s mother, *Catches Inside*, was wounded in the hand. Some of the people in her lodge were killed. Buffalo Woman’s wounded husband, Good Stab (Yellow Owl), was shot and killed, and she was wounded on her back and her left ear, a scar she carried for life. Soldiers killed an old man and other hiding under bison skins in their lodge. Wolf Leader was shot through the jaw; Spopee (Turtle) through both hips. Three other wounded men—Black Eagle, Almost a Dog and Fog Eater—also survived. Black Antelope, an old man, wished their hunters had been there to defend the camp from soldiers. Numerous witnesses stated that the Piikunis returned little of the soldiers’ fire. [Henderson, p. 60]**

**[Blackfoot Heritage]**

**Mary Middle Calf**

**Father: Middle Calf, deceased**

**Father Red Paint, deceased**

**Mother Little Mice, deceased**

**Mother *Catches Inside*, deceased.**

**Father Middle Bull, deceased**

**Mother Eh-sin-ah-ka, deceased**

**Fraternal uncles and aunts: John Don’t Go Out, full-brother; Rattle Woman, full-sister died leaving Morning Woman, wife of Old Chief.**

**Maternal uncles and aunts: Sitting with Back Sticking Out, full-brother died leaving son, John Middle Calf; Talk Woman, full-sister, wife Generous; Bear Child, full-brother, died leaving Hollering At Night, wife of Clear Weather; Wide Mouth, full-sister, died leaving Hits Down and Kills Close.**

**Brothers and sisters—all died when small.**

**By Stan Gibson & Jack Hayne**

**Mrs. Frank Monroe**

**"[My father's family] [*Middle Calf*] was among the first to pitch camp with on the Marias River. We came down on the north side of the river to Heavy Runner's camp. Before we had camp pitched, most of the party went out after buffalo, and after the camp was pitched another part started out on the hunt.**

**"The next morning a party of soldiers came. When they came in sight, some one called out in the camp for Chief Heavy Runner to take his papers and medal and go out and meet the soldiers.**

**"When Heavy Runner went out to meet the soldiers there was great excitement in the camp.**

**Then there was much firing by the soldiers, and I heard someone call out that Heavy Runner had been shot and killed as he was crossing the river to meet the soldiers.**

"Then the soldiers began firing into the camp. After the firing was over, the soldiers went through the camp and picked out what robes and blankets they wanted for themselves, and the rest was all got together and burned. Also, all of the lodges and some of the wounded people were burned up. [One company muster roll] notes that there were forty wounded Indians.]  
**"My mother was wounded in the hand by a bullet. She, with a few others including myself, sneaked away after the firing was over and made our way to a camp further up the river. As we were going away, we saw the soldiers rounding up the horses belonging to the camp."**

**[Blackfoot Genealogy]**

**CATCHES INSIDE** was born in 1837 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.

[\[Notes\]](#)

**LITTLE PLUME.**

[\[Notes\]](#)

**CATCHES INSIDE**

FILM # 0573850

PAGE # 770

TARGET: IN

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1897

STATUS: ?

AGE: 60

NOTES: 97C SHE IS LISTED WITH "LITTLE PLUME MOTHER" NO AGE OR STATUS LISTED; THEY ARE LISTED AFTER FELL NO KIDNEY AND BEFORE WOLF HEAD

RECORD # 5264

**LITTLE PLUME**

FILM # 0573850

PAGE # 771

TARGET: IN

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1897

STATUS: ?

AGE: ?

NOTES: 97C SHE IS LISTED WITH CATCHES IN SIDE WHO IS AGE 60 FEMALE ; SHE IS LISTED AS "LITTLE PLUME MOTHER"

RECORD # 5265

**CATCHES INSIDE** was born in 1843 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. She died DIED in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A..

**CATCHES INSIDE**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # 23

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1891

ALLOTMENT: 554

STATUS: DAU

AGE: 48

ITS EPIST INEAH

NOTES: 91C THIS IS PROBABLY KILLS INSIDE/92CF144 AGE 50 LISTED AS WIDOW; NAME TRIP TSI NE MA=CATCHES INSIDE/93CF144 AGE 51; TSI P TSI NA MA=CATCHES INSIDE;LISTED AS WIDOW/94CF144/95C F144 AGE 53/96CF144/ 127562 2 T7R269 RATION #1985 IN 1902;AFTER TAKES(TAKING)GUN ON BOTH SIDES AND IN SEQUENCE/ T12A92 DEATH;AGE 75;WIDOW

RECORD # 2756

**CATCHES INSIDE.** CATCHES married CROW GUT.

[\[Notes\]](#)

They had the following children:

F i **MINNIE CROW GUT** was born in 1877 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. [\[Notes\]](#)

**CATCHES INSIDE**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # 23

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1891

NOTES: added as mother for INDI 2757 CROW GUT, MINNIE

RECORD # 2757

**CROW GUT**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # F459

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1889

STATUS: HUS

AGE: 61

F28: 554

SOBO APE(IS SUPOOTS ENAH)

NOTES: 91CP23 AGE61 WIFE LISTED AS CATCHES INSIDE/92CF144 LISTS CATCHES INSIDE AS A WIDOW

RECORD # 2043

**CROW GUT** was born in 1826 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. He died in 1891 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. He married INSIDE KILL.

Other marriages:

**CATCHES INSIDE**

[\[Notes\]](#)

**INSIDE KILL.**INSIDE married CROW GUT.

[\[Notes\]](#)

They had the following children:

F i **WOLF WOMAN** was born in 1877 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. [\[Notes\]](#)

**MINNIE CROW GUT**



FILM # 0573849  
PAGE # 23  
TARGET:  
SOURCE: CENSUS  
YEAR: 1891  
STATUS: DAU  
AGE: 14  
IS SUPOOTS ENAH  
RECORD # 2757

*Charging at Night (Adult Woman)*  
Heavy Runner's Wife  
Daughter of Double Coming Up Hill and Cutting Across  
Spear Woman's Mother

Spear Woman's mother [Wylie, 201, n71]

[Blackfeet Heritage]

**Charging at Night or Rushes in the Night**

**Father: DOUBLE COMING UP HILL**

**Mother: CUTTING ACROSS** died before 1909 in Blackfeet Nation, Montana

**Siblings: Swift Arm or Medicine Weasel, full-brother;**

**Yellow Wolf half-brother;**

**Curlew Woman, widow of Chloe, half-sister;**

**A half-sister died leaving Wolverine and he died leaving Good Go In, a daughter and wife of Running Antelope;**

**Mary Ann Many Guns.**

**Husband: Heavy Runner**

**Children: Emma Heavy Runner Spear Woman**

**Martha Heavy Runner Kipp**

**William Heavy Runner Upham**

**Emma Heavy Runner Spear Woman Full Piegan Born 1865 [Blackfeet Heritage, 178-179]**

**Father: Heavy Runner**

**Father: Packing Tail Feathers Coming Up Hill, deceased**

**Mother: Ah-poh-kee-a, deceased**

**Mother: *Charging At Night***

**Father: Double Coming Up Hill, deceased.**

**Mother: Cutting Across, deceased**

**Paternal uncles and aunts: Bad Head, brother, died leaving son, Bad Head. Three Rider, brother, died leaving girl and boy living in Canada. Old Brocky, a son of a deceased brother, name unknown, but probably Tail Feathers Coming Up Hill. Little Wolf, brother died leaving daughter Last Caught, wife of One Mice. Middle Rider, brother died leaving daughter Isabelle, wife of First One Russell and a daughter Victoria Kicking Woman, wife of John Kicking Woman.**

**Maternal uncles and aunts: Swift Arm or Medicine Weasel, full-brother; Yellow Wolf half-brother; Curlew Woman, widow of Chloe, half-sister; a half-sister died leaving Wolverine and he died leaving Good Go In, a daughter and wife of Running Antelope; also, Mary Ann Many Guns.**

**Siblings: William Upham, full-brother; Dick Kipp, half-brother; Martha Kipp full-sister, died leaving children Joe Kipp, Mary Kipp, Jimmie and George Kipp; John Kipp died, half-brother, leaving John Kipp, Joseph Kipp, Julia and Sadie Kipp**

**Husband 1): Hiram Upham, white, deceased, 8 children, 4 dead in 1909.**

**Children: Rosa Upham Schmidt, married to George Schidt, 28 years; born 1881**

**Katie U. Croff, married to George Croff, 26 years; born 1883.**

**Jack Upham, single, 19 years born 1890, nephew of Hiram Upham.**

**Myrtle Upham, 16 years born 1893.**

**Husband 2): Ralph Upham, living, last heard he was living in Cut Bank. Nephew of Hiram Upham.**

**Children: Winnifred Upham, 8 years born 1891, single.**

**Husband 3): Jack Miller Three Bulls, biracial, living together. No children. Married 3 or 4 years ago by Methodist minister. He died August 3 1908.**

**Sam Many Guns says that Mary Ann Many Guns is a daughter of Wolverine, now dead, and The Mice Woman, a former wife of Sam Many Guns. This Mary Ann takes his name erroneously. She lives with Emma Miller and so should be allotted with her. Married to Stabs Down.**

[Spear Woman was a daughter of Heavy Runner who married a white man, Hiram Upham, after surviving the massacre. She told her story to her daughter, Mrs. George Croff, who died in 1929 in Great Falls, MT, and it was published by an anonymous (and rather florid) writer for the **Billings, MT, Gazette in 1932.**]

"[Just at dawn] we were aroused by barking dogs. Then someone came with word for my father, Heavy Runner, that the soldiers were coming. All was excitement and fright in the camp. But Heavy Runner told everyone to be quiet, that there was nothing to fear. He said he would show the whites his 'name paper.'

"He walked quietly toward the soldiers with his hands uplifted. In one of them was the paper which he had been told was a pledge of safety, held where it could be seen. A shot pierced his heart and he fell, clutching the paper to his breast.

"The soldiers then began firing at everyone. Everywhere was confusion, everyone looked for cover. All the warriors and able-bodied men had left some days before on a hunt; only some old and sick men were there.,

"I rushed into another tent where there were some sick and dying people. I hid under a back rest on one of the beds. While there, I saw a knife cut a hole in the teepee and then a soldier thrust himself through the opening. He fired at every moving body. When he figured no one was alive, he left. I was small and quiet, so he didn't notice me.

"I stayed behind the back rest for quite a while. I could hear lots of shooting, and there were screams and crying all around. Finally the noise died down a bit, and the shooting stopped, although the smell of powder was everywhere. At last I peeked out, and the soldiers had gone.

"I found an old uncle of mine, and the two of us then **found my mother with three more of her children -- they had somehow managed to escape. Mother decided to try to make it on foot to Fort Benton [about 90 miles southeast] , even though we didn't have a horse, practically nothing to eat, and it was very cold. She had to do something. To stay in that camp was to die. So we started off, following a horse trail in deep snow. We were lucky enough to find some soldiers' rations which they had thrown away close to camp, and these kept most of us alive.**

"**It took several days of painful walking before we got to the outskirts of Fort Benton. Before we got there, we were scared by some noise up ahead. Mother was brave enough to leave us and creep toward the sounds. By the time she got back, the baby we were minding had died.**

"When we got to a hill overlooking Benton, mother was too exhausted and scared to go on, so we found a bit of shelter and holed up, hoping to spot some passing Indians who might look after us. We were lucky -- some Piegans came by before long and took us with them.

"We were told that Baker was so drunk during the attack on our camp that he didn't know what was going on, and made no effort to be in command of his seizers. When he found out that Mountain Chief's camp was downstream, he went there but did nothing until the next morning, and by then it was too late."

**[Blackfoot Genealogy]**

**DOUBLE COMING UP HILL**.DOUBLE married CUTTING ACROSS.

[\[Notes\]](#)

**CUTTING ACROSS** died before 1909 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. She married **DOUBLE COMING UP HILL**.

Other marriages:

[, DOUBLE COMING UP HILL](#)

[\[Notes\]](#)

They had the following children:

F i **CHARGING AT NIGHT** died before 1908 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. [\[Notes\]](#)

**CHARGING AT NIGHT**

FILM # 459641

PAGE # G60

TARGET:

SOURCE: FAM HIST

YEAR: 1908

STATUS: WIFE

TRIBE: PIEGAN

BLOOD: FULL

NOTES: PARENTS OF EMMA UPHAM MILLER/ 459641G180 ADDED PARENTS

RECORD # 10580

**DOUBLE COMING UP HILL**

FILM # 459641

PAGE # G60

TARGET:

SOURCE: FAM HIST

YEAR: 1908

NOTES: added as father for INDI 10580 CHARGING AT NIGHT

RECORD # 10580

**DOUBLE COMING UP HILL** died before 1909 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. He married **CUTTING ACROSS**.

[\[Notes\]](#)

**CUTTING ACROSS** died before 1909 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. She married **DOUBLE COMING UP HILL**.

Other marriages:

[, DOUBLE COMING UP HILL](#)

[\[Notes\]](#)

*Comes With Rattles*  
*William Heavy Runner Upham [1861-1936] [Child Male]*

**Comes With Rattles (William Billy Upham) age 5-6. [Henderson, 62] Son of Heavy Runner [Henderson, 66] Cousin of Bear Head. [Billings Gazette, March 14, 1999, p. 35] [Blackfeet Heritage, 263] Half-brother of Dick Kipp, Heavy Runner, father.**

**Despite Pease's thoroughness, he could not account for all survivors. Some had fled to nearby camps, others survived by hiding, and those who had been held as prisoners were left behind by the troops. Among them were Bear Head (age fourteen), Wolf Leader (adult male), Comes With Rattles (six), Last Gun (fourteen), Black Eagle (adult male), Almost A Dog (adult male), Takes Gun At Night (ten), Double Strike Woman (ten), Wolf Eagle (a hunter), Spear Woman (six), Fog Eater (adult male), Turtle (adult male), Curlew Woman (forty-one), Three Bears (old man) and Black Antelope (old man). [Henderson, 62]**

**[Greg Hirst] related to me that Chief Heavy Runner had four wives. The children that survived the Baker Massacre are: Old Woman's children: 1. Lone Charge Woman (Susan Heavy Runner), who married Martin (Red) Fitzpatrick. 2. Red Eyes (Dick Kipp), married Mary Sleeps in the Day (Long Time Sleeping) and they had thirteen children. 3. Eats Alone, never married. Mistake Petrified Rock's children: 4. Cut Bank John Kipp, married Calf Woman. 5. Many Different People. Charging at Night's children: 6. Double Strike (Martha Heavy Runner), married Joseph Kipp. 7. Comes with Rattles (William Upham), married Antonia Real Chief. 8. Spear Woman (Emma Heavy Runner), married Hiram Upham. 9. Young Heavy Runner. Went in Front's child: 10. Double Rider, married Extravagant Person. [Verena Rattler, 25 February, 2009]**

**[Blackfeet Heritage]**

**William Upham      Full Piegan      37 years in 1909 [Wrong] [Blackfeet Heritage]**

**Born ca1965**

**Father: Heavy Runner, deceased**

**Father: Packing Tail Feathers Coming Up Hill, deceased**

**Mother: Ah-pak-ki, deceased**

**Mother: Charging at Night, Rush In The Night, deceased**

**Father: Unknown**

**Mother: Ee-pun-sevis-wa-ah, deceased**

**Paternal uncles and aunts: Bear Head, full-brother, died leaving Bear Head, a son.**

**Siblings: Medicine Weasel full-brother;**

**Dick Kipp, half-brother, same father;**

**Martha Kipp, full-sister, died leaving Mary, Jimmie and George Kipp;**

**John Kipp, half-brother, same father, leaving John, Joe, William, Julia and Sadie Kipp;**

**Susan Fitzpatrick, half-sister, same father, died leaving William Kipp, Matt Lytle and Maggie, wife of Dick Croff.**

**Wife: Bell Coming Ah-tone, born 1874, full Piegan, married 1888 by the priest at Holy Family Mission.**

**Father: Very Chief, deceased**

**Mother: Lazy Cut, deceased**

**Father: Fly Up, deceased**

**Mother: Bow and Arrow, deceased**

**Paternal uncles and aunts: Not known.**

**Maternal uncles and aunts: Chief Elk, full-brother, died leaving Gun Cover,  
wife of Louis Ell (See Louis Ell)**

**Siblings: None.**

**Children: Joseph Upham 9 years, lives with parents;**

**Dick Upham, 6 years, lives with parents.**

**Note: Live below Babb.**

**[Ancestry.com Blackfeet Tree Abigail Lubin]**

**William Upham Heavy Runner [1861-1936] Birth 1861 Fort Benton**

**Death 15 No 1936, Browning, Glacier Co.**

**Spouse: Antonia Annie Belle Coming/Antonia Real Chief [1873-1928] Death 1 Sep 1928,  
Blaine Co., MT**

**Father: Iron Shield [Lea source]**

**Mother: Lazy Cut [1948- ]**

**Children: Joseph Brown Upham Heavy Runner St. [1899-1981]**

**Donald William "Doc" Upham Heavy Runner [1901-1995]**

**Joseph Brown Upham Heavy Runner St. [1899-1981] Born 22 Oct 1899, Babb**

**Death 20 Nov 1981, Browning.**

**Spouse 1): Mary Jane Wren [1908-1989]**

**Children: Violet Antonia Upham [1928-1976]**

**Buril Ralph Upham [1934-1974]**

**William Francis Upham [1936-2009]**

**Charles Kenneth Upham [1938-1967]**

**Darold Patrick Upham [1942-1942]**

**Four more children**

**Spouse 2) Cecile Lucille Ground [1905-1991]**

**Donald William "Doc" Upham Heavy Runner [1901-1995]**

**Born: 22 Jul 1901 Babb Death: 3 Jan 1995 Glacier Co. Buried Willow Creek**

**Spouse: Eva Kathryn Guardipee [1907-2004] Married 1924**

**Born 15 March 1907 Death 18 June, 2004 Burial Willow Creek Cem**

**Father: Frank George Guardipee Sr [1870- ]**

**Mother: Mary Bell [1879- ]**

**Children: Lucille Fay Fritzie Fish Upham [1925-2015]**

**Donald F. Upham Jr. [1928- ]**

**Barbara May Jean Upham Pepion [1930-1970] Buried Willow Creek**

**Dennis LeRoy Upham [1936-2009] Buried Willow Creek**

**Galen Anthony Upham Sr. [1942-1987]**

**Marjorie Upham Young of Bellingham, WA**

**Mary Powell of Cut Bank**

## **Lorriane Sellard of East Glacier Park**

### **Donald “Doc” Upham Sr. Obituary**

**Cut Bank—Donald William “Doc” Upham Sr., 93, of Cut Bank, a former painting contractor, died Tuesday at a Browning hospital of natural causes.**

**His funeral is 2 p.m. Saturday at the Little Flower Parish in Browning, with burial in Willow Creek Cemetery. Riddle Funeral Home is handling arrangements.**

**Born in Babb July 22, 1901, Upham attended schools in Babb and Cut Bank. He worked most of his adult life as a painting contractor and landscaper. In 1924 he married Eva Katherine Guardipee.**

**A former Boy Scout leader and member of the Knights of Columbus, he was also a wildlife artist and musician who enjoyed woodcarving, hunting and fishing.**

**Survivors include his wife of Cut Bank; four daughters Lucille Fish of Browning, Marjorie Young of Bellingham, Wash., Mary Powell of Cut Bank and Lorraine Sellars of East Gacier Park; a son, Dennis Upham of Cut Bank; 30 grandchildren, 63 great-grandchildren and 14 great-great-grandchildren. [Great Falls Tribune, January 6, 1995, p. 10]**

### **1879**

**[In fall of 1879 . . .] it was decided that Kipp should build a trading post on Otokwituktal—Yellow river, the Judith, at the mouth of Kamsimi tuktai—Sage creek, as the whites had also named it, and that the tribe would winter near it and trade only with him. Also the chiefs readily agreed to Kipp’s proposal that this Yellow river post should be a dry, no whisky trading post.**

#### **Kipp a Baker Man**

**Kipp had a bull train of three eight-yoke teams and six wagons. “Long” John Forgy was wagon boss and Kipp was freighting profitably between Fort Benton and Helena and Fort Macleod, so decided not to use the train in this new undertaking. So, leaving our women folks to winter at Fort Conrad, Hiram Upham in charge of it, on a day late in August we set out with five four-horse teams and wagons for the Judith. Two of the teamsters were half-brothers of Kipp’s wife, Dick Kipp and **Billy Upham**. Yes, and good, brave Crow Woman and her handsome adopted daughter of 16, Flag Woman, came along to cook for us. And Frank Pearson’s wife made such a howl about being separated from him that she came too.**

**[Great Falls Tribune, April 7, 1935, p. 20]**

### **1883**

**7 Mar The bill changing the name of William Kipp to William Upham was passed by the Montana Territorial Council. [Helena Weekly Herald, March 8, 1883, p. 3]**

### **1889**

**14 Feb The Henkel family moved on to become the first ranchers in the St. Mary-Babb area. They built their ranch building about a mile north of Lower St. Mary Lake. The next year, 1889, William Upham and Henry Powell settled in the area. [Great Falls Tribune, February 14, 1965, p. 32]**

### **1899**

**13 May Dupuyer Notes. The material for a strong bridge across the St. May’s river is now on the ground. The structure is located at what is known as the Billy Upham ford and will be a single**

pier, V truss ridge. It will very greatly lessen the difficulties of getting on to the reservation and the ceded strip, particularly during the season of high water. [Anaconda Standard, May 13 1899, p. 11]

7 Sep Billy Kipp is having a nobby frame house uilt on Willow Creek, just below the railroad bridge, where he will reside with his family in the near future. [Dupuyer Acantha, September 7, 1899, p. 1]

**27 Sep Billy Kipp's new residence, a cosy four-room cottage on Willow creek, will be one of the nobbiest homes on the reservation. It is built down in a deep valley, near the railroad bridge, and is well protected from the high winds by the steep bluffs on the west and north sides. This stream is now settle from its source to its mouth, a distance of about 25 miles, and is one of the most valuable as well as beautiful sections of the reservation. [Great Falls Tribune, September 27, 1899, p. 2]**

### **1901**

9 May Billy Upham lost a \$200 horse on the first of the month, stolen from his ranch on the St. Mary's river. [Dupuyer Acantha, May 9, 1901, p. 4]

### **1907**

9 Jul Peter Cadotte pleaded guilty to committing larceny and was sentenced to serve six months in the county jail. He stole a red cow on the Blackfoot reservation belonging to Billy Kipp. [Butte Miner, July 9, 1907, p. 1]

### **1924**

2 Feb 12 Jan William Kipp was selected for the Blackfeet Tribal Council from the Seville District. [Great Falls Tribune, February 2, 1924, p. 3]

### **1931**

12 Mar Mrs. William Kipp of Browning, Floyd Kipp of Blackfoot, a son, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Bird, of Browning, the latter a daughter, have been staying at the Luce hotel while William Kipp is recuperating from an operation. [Conrad Independent-Observer, March 12, 1931, p. 5]

### **1936**

12 Jan Billy Kipp was selected for the Blackfeet Tribal Council from the Seville District. [Helena IR, January 14 1936, p. 6]



*Curlew Woman [Adult Woman]*  
**Mother of First Kill Margaret Spanish**

**Despite Pease's thoroughness, he could not account for all survivors. Some had fled to nearby camps, others survived by hiding, and those who had been held as prisoners were left behind by the troops. Among them were Bear Head (age fourteen), Wolf Leader (adult male), Comes With Rattles (six), Last Gun (fourteen), Black Eagle (adult male), Almost A Dog (adult male), Takes Gun At Night (ten), Double Strike Woman (ten), Wolf Eagle (a hunter), Spear Woman (six), Fog Eater (adult male), Turtle (adult male), *Curlew Woman* (forty-one), Three Bears (old man) and Black Antelope (old man). [Henderson, 62]**

"**Curlew Woman** says Heavy Runner was among the first to fall. He had a piece of paper that was signed by a seizer chief. It said that he and his people were friends to the Napikwans [whites] . But they shot him many times. By the time I could see the camp, there were only a few running, trying to escape. They were all cut down by the greased shooters. There were several lodges already on fire. Some of the seizers were aiming at the lodge bindings. Many of the lodge covers fell into the fires within and started burning. Then there was no more movement and I heard a seizer chief shout and the shooting stopped. By that time there was too much smoke in the air, dark smoke from the burning lodges, blue smoke from the shooting. The seizers waited awhile, then they came down from the ridge and out of the trees.... They walked among the lodges, at first quietly; then they became bolder and began to laugh and talk. Whenever they saw a movement from under one of the lodge covers they shot until it moved no more. They rounded up the bodies and threw them onto the fires. Those lodges that stood untouched by fire were ragged with bullet holes. The seizers cut the bindings and set these lodges on fire. They took what they valued and threw all the rest onto the fires. They drove off all our horses...."

[This excerpt, from Jim Welch's award-winning novel entitled **Fools Crow**, is based on accounts of the massacre in which his family lost ancestors, and told to Mr. Welch as he grew up on the Blackfeet Reservation in Montana. The above scene is from **Chapter 35**, p. 383 of the novel.]

**CURLEW WOMAN** was born in 1831 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. She died on 10 Aug 1911 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.

1940

28 Sep Margaret Spanish, Born in 1849 At Fort Benton, Dies

Browning Sept. 28.—Special. [Photo] Margaret Spanish, known among her people, the Blackfeet Indians as First Kill and who was born near Fort Benton in 1849, died while away from her home in Browning on a visit.

Richard Sanderville, an authority on the history of the Blackfeet, says the first time he saw her was in 1880 on the Judith River. **With her mother, Cerlew**, she was gathering horses. First Kill married Pete Cobell before the smallpox epidemic among the Blackfeet about 1870. He was killed and she married Napi, who died. About 1876 she married Horace Clarke, from whom she separated after some years, and in the late ninties she married Joseph Spanish. He died several years ago.

When the Blackfeet agency was moved to Badger creek and old agency was built, she worked in the school as matron and cook. Part of the time she was assistant issue clerk and helped give out annuities, which were the first grants given to the Blackfeet by their treaty rights.

After this the family moved to land on Two Medicine river just below Holy Family mission, where she made her home until a few years ago, when she moved to Browning to live with her daughter, Mrs. L.W. Goss.

She is survived by her two sons and a daughter. John Clarke, the sculptor and artist, is her oldest son and makes his home at Glacier Park. Will Spanish lives on the old ranch below the mission.

[Great Falls Tribune, September 29, 1940, p. 3]

[Blackfoot Genealogy]

[CURLEW WOMAN](#)

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # F35

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1892

ALLOTMENT: 660

STATUS: MOT

AGE: 61

MU NNE NI NAM

NOTES: 92C RECORDS SAYS SHE IS FIRST KILLER'S GMOT BUT NOT OLD ENOUGH/  
93CF35 AGE 62/94CF35 AGE 63/0573850C97IN1623 AGE 70; MOM TO FIRST KILL  
S/1275622T12A109 A#;DEATH;AGE 88;NOTE: MOM OF MARGARET SPANISH 658"

RECORD # 3637

**CURLEW WOMAN.**

[\[Notes\]](#)

She had the following children:

F i **FIRST KILLS** was born in 1853 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. [\[Notes\]](#)

F ii **MARGARET SPANISH** was born in 1860 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. [\[Notes\]](#)

[FIRST KILLS](#)

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # 6

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1891

ALLOTMENT: 658

STATUS: MOT

TRIBE: PIEGAN

BLOOD: FULL

AGE: 38

F28: 657

IT TO MA NIC KEE(E TO MA NIK E)

OTHER MARRIAGES: 459641G350 HORACE J. CLARKE WAS HER HUSBAND BEFORE  
JOS. SPANISH

NOTES: 90C GMOM IS IN FAMILY IS LISTED AS CURLEW WOMAN WHO IS  
PROBABLY

CURLY./93CF35 AGE 40 GMOM STILL HERE/94CF35/95CF34 AGE 39 CURLEW IS L

ISTED AS MOTHER (SHE IS 44!);AGNES AND WILLIAM ARE LISTED AS GRAND KID S/96CF35 AGE82!!WIDOW;DUPLICATE ENTRY/0573850C97IN1620 AGE 35;MOM IS C URLEW/1275622 T12A109 A#S;MARGARET IS 50;HUSBAND AADDED: TRIBE; BLOOD SEE PAGE 732

OTHER NAMES: MARGARET SPANISH? T12A109/ 459641G350 FIRST KILL; MRS. JO E SPANISH

RECORD # 2464

**MARGARET SPANISH**

FILM # 1275622

PAGE # M114

TARGET: 3

SOURCE: MAR LI

YEAR: 1915

ALLOTMENT: 658

STATUS: WIF

F28: 657

NOTES: T3M114 MARRIAGE LIC OF SON WILLIAM SPANISH DATED 25JAN1915/ T7R 269 RATION #2020 IN 1902;KILLS FIRST?;SON LISTED AS WILLIAM ALSO SO MI GHT BE SAME/T12A109 A#S;AGE 50;MOM ADDED

OTHER NAMES: KILLS FIRST?T7R269/MARGARET SPANISH T12A109

RECORD # 8037

**JOSEPH SPANISH**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # 6

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1891

NOTES: added as father for INDI 2465 CLARK, AGNES

RECORD # 2465

**FIRST KILLS**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # 6

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1891

NOTES: added as mother for INDI 2465 CLARK, AGNES

RECORD # 2465

**AGNES CLARK**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # 6

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1891

STATUS: DAU

AGE: 6

NOTES: 93CF35 AGE 8/94CF35/95CF35 AGE 9/96CF35/1275622T7R269 RATION 20  
22 IN 1902;STEP DAD JOE SPANISH ADDED

RECORD # 2465

**[Double Rider?] Son of Heavy Runner & Went in Front. [Hirst 10]**

[Greg Hirst] related to me that Chief Heavy Runner had four wives. The children that survived the Baker Massacre are: *Old Woman's children:* 1. Lone Charge Woman (Susan Heavy Runner), who married Martin (Red) Fitzpatrick. 2. Red Eyes (Dick Kipp), married Mary Sleeps in the Day (Long Time Sleeping) and they had thirteen children. 3. Eats Alone, never married. *Mistake Petrified Rock's children:* 4. Cut Bank John Kipp, married Calf Woman. 5. Many Different People. *Charging at Night's children:* 6. Double Strike (Martha Heavy Runner), married Joseph Kipp. 7. Comes with Rattles (William Upham), married Antonia Real Chief. 8. Spear Woman (Emma Heavy Runner), married Hiram Upham. 9. Young Heavy Runner. *Went in Front's child:* 10. Double Rider, married Extravagant Person.  
[Glacier Reporter, Verena Rattler, 25 February, 2009]

*Double Strike Woman Heavy Runner (10-Year Old Female)*  
*Daughter of Heavy Runner*  
*Wife of Joe Kipp*

**Double Strike Woman age 10. [Henderson, 62] Daughter of Heavy Runner. Older sister of Spear Woman. First wife of Joseph Kipp. [Henderson, 65] [Great Falls Tribune, March 31, 1932]**

[Greg Hirst] related to me that Chief Heavy Runner had four wives. The children that survived the Baker Massacre are: *Old Woman's children*: 1. Lone Charge Woman (Susan Heavy Runner), who married Martin (Red) Fitzpatrick. 2. Red Eyes (Dick Kipp), married Mary Sleeps in the Day (Long Time Sleeping) and they had thirteen children. 3. Eats Alone, never married. *Mistake Petrified Rock's children*: 4. Cut Bank John Kipp, married Calf Woman. 5. Many Different People. *Charging at Night's children*: 6. *Double Strike (Martha Heavy Runner)*, married Joseph Kipp. 7. Comes with Rattles (William Upham), married Antonia Real Chief. 8. Spear Woman (Emma Heavy Runner), married Hiram Upham. 9. Young Heavy Runner. *Went in Front's child*: 10. Double Rider, married Extravagant Person. [Verena Rattler, 25 February, 2009]

**[Blackfeet Heritage]**

**Joseph Kipp ¼ Mandan Born November 29, 1849 Death December 12, 1913, Browning. Buried Saint Michaels Cemetery, Browning, Glacier Co. [Blackfeet Heritage]**

**Father: James Kipp, white, deceased in 1909.**

**Father: Joseph Kipp deceased in 1909**

**Mother: Unknown**

**Mother: Earth Woman, ½ Mandan, living in 1909**

**Father: Pierre Garneaux, white, deceased in 1909.**

**Mother: Eagle Tail Woman, Mandan, deceased in 1909.**

**Maternal uncles and aunts: All dead, nothing known of children.**

**Siblings: Elizabeth Anderson, wife of a Red River half-breed, living in Canada, half-sister; Balance all dead of smallpox, no children.**

**Wife 1): \*\*Double Strike, full Piegan, deceased.**

**Father Heavy Runner, deceased in 1870.**

**Mother: Unknown.**

**Siblings: William Upham, full-brother;**

**Dick Kipp, half-brother;**

**John Kipp, half-brother, died leaving 3 children John, Joe and**

**William Kipp (See Emma Miller);**

**Children: 9 children, 6 dead by 1909;**

**Mary Kipp, 19 years, born January 1, 1889;**

**James Kipp, 17 years, single, born July 15, 1891;**

**George G. Kipp, 11 years, single, born March 4 1897.**

**Wife 2): Martha Kipp**

**Wife 3): Margaret Wetzel, ¾ Native, deceased by 1909, Married first week of January 1900 at Spokane, Washington by Priest.**

**Father: Simons.**

**Mother: Monica Houk, living in 1909.**

**Siblings: Pressley Houk, half-brother;**

**Charley Simons, full-brother;**

**James A. Perrine, half-brother;**

**Minnie LaBreche Perrine wife of David LaBreche.**

**No Children.**

**Has land fenced about 1 ½ sections below Blackfoot, MT. Martha Kipp came to Blackfeet Reservation after Marias Massacre. Joseph Kipp came in July 1859. He was an employee of Andrew Dawson and George Steele of American Fur Company at Fort Benton, a scout for the Army in 1869-1870 an Indian trader on both sides of the Border. Owned Fort Conrad at one time, a store at Robare a store at Browning established Fort Stand-Off in the North West Territory. Was licensed by the Indian Office. Known as "The Merchant Prince of the Upper Missouri." Says he attended every treaty held with the Piegan Indians except the Lame Bull Treaty in 1855. Martha was on the rolls at Browning until some time after Agent Monteath's regime. Kipp's full story is a long and illustrious one. (R.J. Ege).**

**Despite Pease's thoroughness, he could not account for all survivors. Some had fled to nearby camps, others survived by hiding, and those who had been held as prisoners were left behind by the troops. Among them were Bear Head (age fourteen), Wolf Leader (adult male), Comes With Rattles (six), Last Gun (fourteen), Black Eagle (adult male), Almost A Dog (adult male), Takes Gun At Night (ten), *Double Strike Woman* (ten), Wolf Eagle (a hunter), Spear Woman (six), Fog Eater (adult male), Turtle (adult male), Curlew Woman (forty-one), Three Bears (old man) and Black Antelope (old man). [Henderson, 62]**

#### **At Fort Conrad**

**Fort Conrad was two long rows of connecting log buildings paralleling the river and about 50 feet apart, with stable and corral running from one to the other at their west end. In the south row were the office, trade room, warehouse and one living room. In the north row were the living quarters, occupied in that summer of 1879 by Kipp and his wife, **Double Strike Woman**, and their adopted children, William and Maggie Fitzpatrick; Kipp's mother, Earth Woman, and her close and constant companion Crow Woman; H.D. Upham, Clerk, and his wife, Lance Woman, Frank Pearson and Charles Rose, half-blood employees, and my wife, Beautiful Shield Woman, and I, myself, fallen sadly from grace. [Great Falls Tribune, April 7, 1935, p. 20]**

**It is significant that Joe Kipp, often blamed for the tragedy, several years later married one of the member of that forlorn little group, an older sister of Spear Woman, **Double Strike**. And it is also significant that Joe Kipp was like a father in providing for members of the family.**

**[Eureka Mirror, March 29, 1932, p. 7]**

**[Blackfoot Genealogy]**

**[DOUBLE STRIKE](#)**

**FILM # 459641**

**PAGE # G186**

TARGET: X

SOURCE: FAM HIST

YEAR: 1909

STATUS: WIFE

TRIBE: PIEGAN

BLOOD: FULL

NOTES: DOUBLE STRIKE IS FIRST OF THREE WIVES OF JOSEPH KIPP. CHILDREN : MARY KIPP, 19, BORN JAN 1, 1889; JAMES KIPP, 17 BORN JULY 15, 1891; GEORGE KIPP, 11, BORN MARCH 4, 1897. IT ALSO SAYS ABOUT NINE CHILDREN 6 DEAD.

RECORD # 10917

**DOUBLE STRIKE** [\[Parents\]](#) died before 1909 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. She married JOSEPH KIPP.



**[Eats Alone.?] Father Heavy Runner; Mother Old Woman. Eats Alone never married.  
[Hirst 3] Page 48.**

[Greg Hirst] related to me that Chief Heavy Runner had four wives. The children that survived the Baker Massacre are: *Old Woman's children:* 1. Lone Charge Woman (Susan Heavy Runner), who married Martin (Red) Fitzpatrick. 2. Red Eyes (Dick Kipp), married Mary Sleeps in the Day (Long Time Sleeping) and they had thirteen children. 3. *Eats Alone, never married.* *Mistake Petrified Rock's children:* 4. Cut Bank John Kipp, married Calf Woman. 5. Many Different People. *Charging at Night's children:* 6. Double Strike (Martha Heavy Runner), married Joseph Kipp. 7. Comes with Rattles (William Upham), married Antonia Real Chief. 8. Spear Woman (Emma Heavy Runner), married Hiram Upham. 9. Young Heavy Runner. *Went in Front's child:* 10. Double Rider, married Extravagant Person.  
[Glacier Reporter, Verena Rattler, 25 February, 2009]

*First Kill (Adult Woman)*  
*Mrs. Margaret Spanish*  
*Daughter of Curlew Woman*

1940

28 Sep Margaret Spanish, Born in 1849 At Fort Benton, Dies

Browning Sept. 28.—Special. [Photo] **Margaret Spanish, known among her people, the Blackfeet Indians as First Kill and who was born near Fort Benton in 1849**, died while away from her home in Browning on a visit.

Richard Sanderville, an authority on the history of the Blackfeet, says the first time he saw her was in 1880 on the Judith River. **With her mother, Cerlew, she was gathering horses. First Kill married Pete Cobell before the smallpox epidemic among the Blackfeet about 1870. He was killed and she married Napi, who died. About 1876 she married Horace Clarke, from whom she separated after some years, and in the late ninties she married Joseph Spanish. He died several years ago.**

When the Blackfeet agency was moved to Badger creek and old agency was built, she worked in the school as matron and cook. Part of the time she was assistant issue clerk and helped give out annuities, which were the first grants given to the Blackfeet by their treaty rights.

After this the family moved to land on Two Medicine river just below Holy Family mission, where she made her home until a few years ago, when she moved to Browning to live with her daughter, Mrs. L.W. Goss.

She is survived by her two sons and a daughter. John Clarke, the sculptor and artist, is her oldest son and makes his home at Glacier Park. Will Spanish lives on the old ranch below the mission. [**Great Falls Tribune, September 29, 1940, p. 3**]

**[Blackfeet Heritage]**

**First Kill**

**Father: Mink, deceased**

**Father: Chief Talk, deceased**

**Mother: The Light Haired, deceased**

**Mother: Curlew Woman, deceased, lived with grandson Malcolm Clarke.**

**Father: Double Coming Up Hill, deceased**

**Mother: Unknown**

**Maternal Uncles and Aunts: Yellow Wolf, half-brother, same father;**

**Went In Many Different Places, half-sister, same father, once wife of Baptiste Champagne, leaving Peter Champagne, died leaving George and Maggie Champagne**

**Margaret Weasel, half-sister, same father**

**Bull Robe, half-brother, same father**

**Calf Tail, half-brother, same father**

**Husband 1): Pete Cobell, killed 1870.**

**Husband 2): Napi**

**Husband 3): Horace Clarke**

**Children: Malcolm Clarke;**

**John L. Clarke**

**Agnes, Mrs. Lomie W. Goss; Agners was 1 /12 years old when Margaret lfet Horace.**

**No Children by any other man.**

**Husband 4): Joseph Spanish, born 1872 Full Piegan**

**Father: Spanish, Full Piegan, deceased in 1909**

**Parents: Unknown**

**Mother: Fall Off The Cliff, Full Piegan, deceased in 1909**

**Parents: Unknown**

**Brothers and sisters: Hattie Medicine Coyote, wife of John Bird, half-sister, same father.**

**There is a boy named William Spanish, now at Cut Bank school, 18 years of ago. Said to be a son of either James Perrine or Malcolm Clarke. Joe Spanish says he is the father and that Margaret is the mother of this boy (?).**

**[Find a Grave]**

**Margaret "First Kill" Spanish Clarke [1849-1940] Born 1849 Fort Benton**

**Death 17 September 1940, Browning Burial Holy Family Mission Cemetery,  
Browning Plot Two Medicine**

**Mother: Curlew; Father: Mink**

**Husband: Horace John Clarke [1849-1930]**

**Children: Horace John Clarke Jr. [1878-1882]**

**Robert [1876-1882]**

**Nathan [1880-1880]**

**Malcolm William [1877-1922]**

**John Louis [1881-1970]**

**Thomas Lyman [1882-1886]**

**Agnes Margaret Clarke Goss [1883-1973]**

**Husband: Joseph Spanish [1871-1935]**

**Child: Joseph 1893**

**Horace John Clarke [1849-1930] Birth 20 March 1849, Montana**

**Death 11 October 1930, Glacier Co. Burial Clarke-Dawson Cemetery  
East Glacier**

**Horace sold his ranch in Midvale, to the Great Northern Railway to build the Glacier Lodge. After the death of his father Malcolm and his wounding, Horace homesteaded in Highwood Creek area of Chouteau County. He moved his family to Midvale, becoming one of the first settlers in what is today East Glacier. A tribal leader for the Blackfeet he traveled to Washington D.C. and married Margaret First Kill.**

**Father: Egbert Malcolm Clarke [1817-1869]**

**Mother: Mary Kohkokinah Clarke [1827-1895]**

**Siblings: Helen Piotopowaka Clarke [1846-1923]**

**Marie Clarke [1851-1851]**

**Nathan Clarke [1853-1872]**

**Maryann Clarke [1854-1880]**

**Isabel Agnes Clarke Dawson [1857-1935]**

**Half-Siblings: Judith Clarke Patterson [1858-1900]**

**Thomas Clarke [1859-1860]**  
**Phoebe Clarke [1860-unknown]**  
**Robert Carrol Clarke [1861-unknown]**  
**Isidore Clarke [1862-unknown]**  
**Mary Ann Clarke [1868-1868]**  
**Spouse: Margaret "First Kill" Spanish Clarke [1849-1940]**  
**Children: Robert Clarke [1876-1880]**  
**Horace John Clarke Jr. [1878-1882]**  
**Nathan [1880-1880]**  
**Malcolm William [1877-1922]**  
**Edward Egbert [1879-1888]**  
**John Louis [1881-1970]**  
**Thomas Lyman [1882-1886]**  
**Agnes Margaret Clarke Goss [1883-1973]**

**Joseph Spanish [1871-1935]          Birth 1871, Glacier Co.**  
**Death 20 June, 1935, Browning, Glacier Co. Burial Holy Family Mission**  
**Cemetery, Browning**  
**Spouse: Margaret "First Kill" Spanish Clarke [1849-1940]**

### **Fog Eater (Adult Man)**

**Fog Eater wounded but survived [Henderson, 60] Adult male. [Henderson, 62]**

**“After firing from the bluffs for some time, the soldiers charged into the midst of the lodges. Mary Middle Calf’s mother, Catches Inside, was wounded in the hand. Some of the people in her lodge were killed. Buffalo Woman’s wounded husband, Good Stab (Yellow Owl), was shot and killed, and she was wounded on her back and her left ear, a scar she carried for life. Soldiers killed an old man and other hiding under bison skins in their lodge. Wolf Leader was shot through the jaw; Spopee (Turtle) through both hips. Three other wounded men—Black Eagle, Almost a Dog and Fog Eater—also survived. Black Antelope, an old man, wished their hunters had been there to defend the camp from soldiers. Numerous witnesses stated that the Piikunis returned little of the soldiers’ fire. [Henderson, p. 60]**

**Despite Pease’s thoroughness, he could not account for all survivors. Some had fled to nearby camps, others survived by hiding, and those who had been held as prisoners were left behind by the troops. Among them were Bear Head (age fourteen), Wolf Leader (adult male), Comes With Rattles (six), Last Gun (fourteen), Black Eagle (adult male), Almost A Dog (adult male), Takes Gun At Night (ten), Double Strike Woman (ten), Wolf Eagle (a hunter), Spear Woman (six), Fog Eater (adult male), Turtle (adult male), Curlew Woman (forty-one), Three Bears (old man) and Black Antelope (old man). [Henderson, 62]**

*Good Bear Woman [Adult Woman]  
Mrs. No Chief*

**Indian Version Given Schultz By Bear Head  
By James Willard Schultz**

It was nearly 58 years ago—in November, 1879—when I first met Kai Otokan (Bear Head), a young and forceful member of the Pikuni tribe of the Blackfeet Indian confederacy, and we soon became close and lifelong friends. And now, in our old age, he still comes daily to visit and smoke with me or I go to sit with him in his lonely widower's cabin at the Blackfeet agency. On a recent evening he said to me:

“Apikuni, how fast we old ones are dying off. Of those of us who survived the massacre of a great camp of our tribe by the white soldiers, 67 winters ago only four are now alive: My cousin, he named Comes-With-Rattles, and I; Heard-by-Both Sides Woman, and **Good-Bear Woman**. Well, I am going to tell you again of that terrible wrong that we suffered, and I want you to write it for the whites to read; for the whites of this time to learn what their fathers did to us.”

The “terrible wrong” was, of course, the massacre of nearly all of a large camp of the Pikuni on Marias river by Colonel Baker and a troop of cavalry and mounted infantry from Fort Shaw, on Jan 23 1870. [**Great Falls Tribune, August 22, 1937, p. 32**]

**[She was about 29 when the attack occurred. She declared herself to be a survivor of the massacre and said that she had "a personal knowledge of the occasion." Wording has been changed from third- to first-person.]**

**"[In the morning], about sunrise, forty-six years ago, I saw the soldiers come over the hill. As they reached the shore of the Marias River, they split into two ... one went to the right, while the other went to the left, surrounding the camp....**

"I noticed Chief Heavy Runner, the leader of the camp, come out of his lodge and go to meet the commanding officer. He handed him some papers, which the commanding officer read, then he tore them up and threw them away. As Heavy Runner turned about face, soldiers fired upon him and killed him.

"After the chief was killed, all of the Indians who had turned out to see what was going to take place, saw the shooting and they went into their lodges.... I heard a bugle, and the shooting immediately followed -- shooting the camp from all directions.

"After the first volley of shots, the shooting ceased for a while. The soldiers marched to the opposite side of the Marias, apparently after more ammunition. [A standard Army ammunition belt held some 35 rounds. About 200 soldiers were firing (every fifth man a horse-holder), so each "volley" might have consisted of some 7,000 rounds, fired from about 100 yards' distance from the lodges.]

"After the fourth volley, I and three others managed to escape through the brush and across the river on the ice. At night, I and others managed to reach other camps further up on the Marias, which the soldiers hadn't molested. After we made our escape good, we went to a high point from where we observed the soldiers tearing the lodges down and setting them on fire. Then the soldiers gathered all the horses and left the scene with them."

[Efforts of Heavy Runner's heirs, especially Dick Kipp, William Upham, and Mrs. Emma Miller, to obtain government compensation for the chief's 500 confiscated horses were supported in the early 1900s by Montana's superintendent of Indians, Arthur McFatridge. He wrote a series of

letters, accompanied by affidavits, to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Secretary of the Interior, and the Secretary of War, in Washington, D.C. Senator Henry Ashurst and others attempted to get a Senate bill passed, for \$75,000 (about \$150 per lost horse), but it failed repeatedly. At the Cabinet level, Secretaries of War Henry Breckinridge and Franklin K. Lane said that "it would be practically impossible to produce dependable evidence at this time to outweigh the reports of the military authorities" about the confiscation of horses or, as Breckinridge put it, to the "alleged death" of Chief Heavy Runner. This despite the findings by Arthur McFatrige that "a very sad mistake had been made by the soldiers," and that compensation was merited.]

"[Heavy Runner's band] had a winter camp at a place called Bear Paw Coulee, beside the Bear [Marias] River. Most of the warriors left camp on a hunt. They didn't worry about defending the place because Heavy Runner had a paper from the government saying that the band was friendly and at peace with the whites.

"The soldiers came early in the morning and surrounded the camp. When Heavy Runner went toward them with his peace paper, he was shot and killed before he got to them. Then all the soldiers began firing down at the lodges from the ridges above the camp.

"They shot everybody -- women and babies, old men and boys. A few got away, but some of them died from their wounds and others froze to death because they left everything behind them to escape with their lives. An awful lot of Piegans were killed. Only one soldier died, and it was his own fault -- he was poking around the camp, and a dying Indian shot him from inside a teepee.

"The colonel [Baker] knew it was a friendly camp, because the soldiers had captured a young boy [Bear Head] who had been out at the horse herd. One of the Army's scouts, Joe Kipp, could speak Blackfoot, and he found out from the boy that the troops were surrounding Heavy Runner's friendly camp. Joe Kipp told the colonel, but that didn't make any difference -- the colonel said he wanted to make sure.

"When Joe Cobell [Black Bear Woman's late husband] saw Heavy Runner carrying his peace paper, he shot the chief. That got the rest of the soldiers to start shooting too. Later, Joe Cobell boasted to his daughter's husband, Joe Connelly, that he shot Heavy Runner because the chief had taken some Cobell horses and wouldn't give them back -- and the Army wouldn't help because they didn't want to get in bad with friendly Piegans. This was Joe's way of getting even - - and getting hold of more horses than he had lost [he reported losing six] . When I tried to get some of the horses back from the Army, Joe got mad at me.

"Joe told Butch Henkel [another son-in-law] about it. 'Over 200 in the camp were killed, many women and kids and old people, because most of the warriors were away. It sure taught them a good lesson -- and I got their horses!' This caused a lot of bad feelings. Butch didn't like Joe much after that. And everybody knew that most of the horses were Heavy Runner's. Most of the animals had no Army or whiteman brands, and I recognized many of the camp's buffalo-runners. "I heard later that the colonel was supposed to be punished for doing all that killing. But then I also heard that he had been sent to Washington to be a big shot. Maybe that was his punishment."

[[In 1931] the Montana writer Marguerite Marmont interviewed Joe Connelly, married to Joe Cobell's daughter Angeline, and Connelly confirmed what Black Bear Woman had said about Joe Cobell's role in the death of Heavy Runner. Connelly said: "When the soldiers came in sight of the camp, an old Indian came out waving a little piece of paper to show that he was friendly. Cobell said that he knew that if that Indian got to Baker, there would be no fighting. He fired,

and the Indian settled down upon the ground. Then the firing began. The camp ... was charged. Cobell was a wily old fellow, a sure shot. His wife and family belonged to Mountain Chief's family. I always thought he was trying to save Mountain Chief."]

**[Blackfoot Genealogy]**

**NO COAT** was born in 1860 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. He married **KILLS FOR NOTHING**.

Other marriages:

[, GOOD KILL](#)

Unknown

**NO COAT**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # F450

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1889

ALLOTMENT: 1351

STATUS: HUSB

AGE: 29

F28: 1352

MARINI SOCOTS(KA TO SO KOS)

NOTES: 90C NAME IS NO CHIEF AGE29/92CF339 AGE 31/93CF339/94CF339 KUT A  
SUK KOS E ME=NO COAT/95CF339 AGE 34/96CF339/0573850C 97IN642 AGE 39/1  
275622T7R227 RATION #1516 IN 1902/T12A225 A#S;AGE 51

RECORD # 2010

**KILLS FOR NOTHING**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # F450

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1889

NOTES: added as mother for INDI 2012 MEDICINE PIPE

RECORD # 2012

**GOOD KILL**.GOOD married **NO COAT**.

[\[Notes\]](#)

They had the following children:

M i **JOHN NO COAT** was born in 1889 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. [\[Notes\]](#)

**GOOD KILL**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # F339

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1895



NOTES: added as mother for INDI 4615 NO COAT, JOHN  
RECORD # 4615

GOOD KILL

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # F339

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1895

NOTES: added as mother for INDI 4615 NO COAT, JOHN  
RECORD # 4615

## **Heard-by-Both Sides Woman**

**Heard-by-Both Sides Woman. [Henderson, 69]**

### **Indian Version Given Schultz By Bear Head**

**By James Willard Schultz**

It was nearly 58 years ago—in November, 1879—when I first met Kai Otokan (Bear Head), a young and forceful member of the Pikuni tribe of the Blackfeet Indian confederacy, and we soon became close and lifelong friends. And now, in our old age, he still comes daily to visit and smoke with me or I go to sit with him in his lonely widower's cabin at the Blackfeet agency. On a recent evening he said to me:

“Apikuni, how fast we old ones are dying off. Of those of us who survived the massacre of a great camp of our tribe by the white soldiers, 67 winters ago only four are now alive: My cousin, he named Comes-With-Rattles, and I; **Heard-by-Both Sides Woman**, and Good-Bear Woman. Well, I am going to tell you again of that terrible wrong that we suffered, and I want you to write it for the whites to read; for the whites of this time to learn what their fathers did to us.”

The “terrible wrong” was, of course, the massacre of nearly all of a large camp of the Pikuni on Marias river by Colonel Baker and a troop of cavalry and mounted infantry from Fort Shaw, on Jan 23 1870. [**Great Falls Tribune**, August 22, 1937, p.32]

*Heavy Runner (Child)*  
*Mother Charging At Night*  
*Died days after the Massacre*

“The situation facing the survivors now became desperate. They had no shelter, no transportation, insufficient foodstuffs, and dozens of wounded. Many others were stricken with disease. Some of the Indians found shelter with friendly bands nearby, but others decided to make the arduous, seventy-five mile trek to Fort Benton (even though many whites loathed native people.) The members of Heavy Runner’s family composed one such group. As Spear Woman, the dead man’s daughter—who was just a little girl in 1870—recalled many decades later, she and her mother and three siblings (one of them an infant) followed the soldiers’ tracks for a time, scavenging any of the column’s discarded food and supplies that they found along the way. After a few days they reached Fort Benton, but not before the baby perished.” [Graybill, 129, *Billings Gazette*, April 3, 1932]

[Greg Hirst] related to me that Chief Heavy Runner had four wives. The children that survived the Baker Massacre are: *Old Woman's children:* 1. Lone Charge Woman (Susan Heavy Runner), who married Martin (Red) Fitzpatrick. 2. Red Eyes (Dick Kipp), married Mary Sleeps in the Day (Long Time Sleeping) and they had thirteen children. 3. Eats Alone, never married. *Mistake Petrified Rock's children:* 4. Cut Bank John Kipp, married Calf Woman. 5. Many Different People. *Charging at Night's children:* 6. Double Strike (Martha Heavy Runner), married Joseph Kipp. 7. Comes with Rattles (William Upham), married Antonia Real Chief. 8. Spear Woman (Emma Heavy Runner), married Hiram Upham. 9. Young Heavy Runner. Went in Front's child: 10. Double Rider, married Extravagant Person. [Verena Rattler, 25 February, 2009]

**Holy Bear Woman Natohkyaakii [1858-?] (12-Year-Old Female)**  
**Holy Medicine Bear Woman**  
**Mrs. Fred Pace**

Holy Bear Woman/Holy Medicine Bear Woman married Frederick Pace

**[See separate Holy Bear Woman file]**

**HOLY MEDICINE BEAR WOMAN Natohkyaakii (1858-?)**  
**FREDERICK PACE Keegoochee (meaning Crooked Fingers) [1841-1898]**  
**Compiled by Ken Robison**

**Why is there so little information available on Holy Medicine Bear Woman?**

- Was she born in 1858? Into Heavy Runner's Band?
- Who were her parents?
- Did she go to Fort Benton with the two small children she saved after the Massacre?
- Was she "adopted" by a Native family?
- How/when did she move north of the Medicine Line?
- Where did she spend the 20 years, 1870-1890?
- Did she marry during those years—before Fred Pace?
- When did she die? Was it in 1928?
- What names did she use over the years?
- Where is she in US 1870 Census and later Canada Census records?
- Why were the Pace children in the Hillyard family in the 1901 Canada Census?

**FREDERICK PACE (1841-1898)**

**Married DOUBLE TALKER Ayakohtseniki before 1888**

**Son: Birth of Tom Pace Three Persons in 1888**

**Married HOLY BEAR WOMAN Natohkyaakii about 1890**

**Daughter: Birth of Annie 1892 at Stand-Off [Canadian Census 1901]**

**Son: Birth of Johnny 1894 at Stand-Off [Canadian Census 1901]**

**Daughter: Birth of Fanny 1896 at Stand-Off [Canadian Census 1901]**

**\*\*Ken Robison's biography of**

**FREDERICK PACE [1841-1898] AND HOLY BEAR WOMAN [1858-1928]**

**And Family:**

***\*Note: I welcome additional information or corrections. Please send to Ken Robison OHRC@fortbentonmuseums.com***

**FREDERICK PACE [1841-1898] was born August 26, 1841 at Holloway, London Borough of Islington, Greater London, England. His parents were Henry [1808-1865] and Fanny [1813- ] Pace, while his siblings included Emily, Henry, Charles, Adelaide, and Sidney. His paternal grandparents were Thomas Pace [1777-1829] and Mary Coleby Pace [1784-1861] The Pace family were renown in England as makers of fine clocks.**

Frederick apparently worked for some time with Lloyd's of London and with the British Merchant Navy. In 1870 he was initiated into the Freemasonry, recorded working as a butcher and joining Masonic Merchant Navy Lodge #781. In 1873, Fred immigrated to Canada. Two of his brothers also came to Canada with Henry Pace, who continued the family tradition in clocks and watches, settling in Lethbridge and Sidney, a merchant clerk, in Great Falls, Montana.

Shortly after his arrival in Canada, Fred joined the first contingent of the newly formed North West Mounted Police in 1873 and came west as far as Winnipeg with the first expedition. During that winter they were quartered at Lower Fort Garry, from where the famous "March Across the Plains" to the North West Territory commenced in 1874. Fred left the Mounted Police force while at Lower Fort Garry, but followed their path westward, arriving at newly constructed Fort Macleod in the late fall of 1874. There he went into business for a short time, before moving to the site of Fort Stand-Off, where he established a trading post near the Kainai Reserve. Over the next two decades, he and his trading post attained fame for hospitality. He was a keen businessman and yet was good hearted and generous to his wide circle of friends.

The heritage of Fred Pace left many stories, among them his cleverness as a business man. One winter in McLeod he sensed afar that there was likely to be a shortage in sugar so bought up all the visible supply. Then later, when snow was deep and no more could be brought from Fort Benton up the Whoop-up Trail, he had cornered the market and everyone had to buy sugar from Fred even the redoubtable I.G. Baker and Co., at Fred's own price, which went up to nearly \$80 a bag before he got through. At one time, Fred Pace had been an amateur champion walker in England and never did he forget a very brisk way of walking. His conversation was just as terse and to the point, and he also excelled as a poker player. He resented the intrusion of any other Indian trader on the Stand-Off bottom.

Fred's fast walking event was remembered by the Lethbridge Herald in 1969:

"It Happened in Canada. In 1873 a newly arrived English immigrant, name of Fred Pace heard of the Long Fast Walks, made by surveyors in the Ottawa Valley while performing their duties.

Pace, a champion walker, challenged Surveyor Sparks to a race and it was duly arranged. The Marathon started in Armmior and ended in Ottawa with Sparks literally walking the challenger into the ground and having walked the 42 miles in 8-hours."

On March 19, 1889, Fred and Kainai woman DOUBLE TALKER Ayakohtseniki welcomed the birth at Stand-Off of a son, who became known as Tom Three Persons. According to Richard Nichols in his "The Alberta Tom Three Persons" Ancestry Family Tree: "Tom Three Persons was a Blood Indian and took his name from his stepfather [Tom Three Persons] who was not his father. Fred Pace was said to be his natural father. Young Tom Three Persons led a stormy life exemplified by the story of his attaining fame winning the world's broncho riding contest at the inaugural 1912 Calgary Stampede. Tom was in the Macleod jail on a whiskey charge before the Stampede. A wealthy Macleod cattleman paid bail for Tom to compete in the Stampede. In a stunning upset, Tom won the bronc-riding contest and returned to jail to complete his sentence wearing a golden belt and with \$1,000 [or \$5,000] and a fine saddle to his credit.

For many years the For Macleod Gazette newspaper carried advertisements for:

FRED PACE,

**STAND-OFF ALTA.  
INDIAN TRADER  
And Dealer in  
General Merchandise.  
Hotel and  
Stable Accommodation.**

Sometime before 1890, Fred Pace met **HOLY MEDICINE BEAR WOMAN [1858-1928]** Natohkyiaakii, and they began sharing their lives. Holy Bear Woman was born about 1858 to unknown parents, members of Heavy Runner's Band of Pikunni Blackfeet. Little is known of her life before the tragic massacre on Bear River on January 23, 1870. She was about twelve years of age at the time, and was one of the surviving children orphaned. Where she went and how she survived the massacre are not known although she may have been among the survivors to make their way to Fort Benton where many Blackfoot wives and children lived with fur/robe trading White husbands.

Where Holy Bear Woman spend the period from 1870 to 1890, and when she joined the Kainai in Alberta are not known. About 1890, Fred Pace and Holy Bear Woman were married and lived at Pace's trading post at Stand-Off. There, three children were born to them: Annie in 1892, Johnny in 1894, and Fanny in 1896.

On December 8, 1898, Fred Pace died at Stand-Off after a short illness. He is buried at Union Cemetery, Fort Macleod, Claresholm Census Division, Alberta. He left his wife, Holy Bear Woman, and the three children, Annie, Johnny, and Fanny, as well as brother Henry in Lethbridge and Sidney in Montana.

From there the trail for Holy Bear Woman dims. In 1898, George Pearson bought out the trading post of Fred Pace at Standoff, later the site of a Hutterite Colony. While Annie, Johnny, and Fanny Pace are found at Stand-Off in the 1901 Alberta Census, the children are listed with the Christopher and Corinne Hillyard family. No sign of Holy Bear Woman—when and where did she die? One hint comes from the 2010 obituary for Angeline Eagle Bear (Tanataki—Pretty Woman) who died April 6, 2010 at the Lethbridge Regional Hospital. Born at home June 22 1923, she was raised by her grandmother **HOLY BEAR WOMAN** and her Dad Johnny Pace. "Upon the passing of her grandmother, Angeline attended the St. Mary's Residential School at the age of 5 years"—this means that **HOLY BEAR WOMAN** likely died about 1928.

Tom Three Persons was one of 80 pupils at St. Joseph's Industrial School, at Calgary, Alberta in 1906, and on December 26, that same year, he married Eliza Frank (1888-1918) at Stand-Off, Alberta. Their daughter Elizabeth Frank was born in 1910 Fort Macleod. Tom with Francis and Tom Eagle Child played hockey at Stand-Off when the "Indians" team beat Cardston's first hockey team. Wilton James Frank was born in 1914, apparently the son of Elizabeth Frank and her second husband, who was a Canadian soldier in France in World War I and may have brought the "Spanish Flu" back to infect Eliza who died in 1918. Wilton was raised by Tom Three Persons and his second wife Katie [1888-1968], and in 1931 married Lucy Gladstone in Cardston. Wilton died in 1990 and is buried in the Blood Band Cemetery, Cardston. On Tom Three Person's death in August 1949, he was remembered as the man who tamed Cyclone, one of the greatest bronc rides of all time.

In 1910, ANNIE PACE married Maurice/Morris Many Fingers, son of Many Finger and Yellow Snake Woman, at the old Stand-Off Roman Catholic School by Father Ruco. In June 1960, after a career in ranching and farming, they celebrated their 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary—the first known couple on the Reserve to so-celebrate. Morris died one year later after serving as one of the senior member of the Kainai Council and as a minor Chief since 1946. At that time, in March 1961, Morris and Annie had six living children, Albert, Frank, Wallace, Floyd, Mrs. George Fox, and Mrs. William Little Bear, all of the Kainai Reserve, as well as 50 grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

Later, that same year 1961, Mr. and Mrs. Dick and Beth Welsh Soop celebrated their 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary—they being the parents of Margaret Soop, the wife of Albert Many Finger, Sr. In another notable family event, in 1963, Reverend Marvin Fox, the first Treaty Indian in Alberta to be ordained a Roman Catholic priest, gave the blessing to his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Annie Many Fingers, wide of Morris Many Fingers and daughter of Fred and Holy Bear Woman Pace at St. Mary's Catholic Church on the Reserve. Annie Pace Many Fingers died at Cardston March 26, 1971.

#### **JOHNNY PACE [1894-1958]**

In June 1958 Johnny Pace passed away in Cardston, Alberta. Johnny married Rosie Adeline English [1906-1988], at Stand-Off on June 22, 1923, their daughter Angeline Eagle Bear Tanataki—Pretty Woman, at Stand-Off. Angeline was raised by her grandmother, HOLY BEAR WOMAN, and her father. Upon the passing of her grandmother, Angeline attended the St. Mary's Residential School at the age of five years. She met Mike Eagle Bear [1938-1983] at the school and they were married in 1940 at St. Mary's Chapel. They moved to Edmonton in 1966 and lived there until the passing of their son Michael in 1970. Mike passed away in 1983. Angeline met Bill Heavy Runner in 1986 and found a travel companion. Survived by her children: Clara (Art) Healy, Gilbert (Velma), Evelyn (Francis) scout, Audrey, Edna, Marsha (Merlin) Provost, Anita (Randy Bottle), Angie (Philip), Bradley (Charlene), Connie Tail Feathers, Nora Eagle Bear, 34 grandchildren, 63 great grandchildren and 13 great great grandchildren; sisters Sally Listener and Margaret (Andrew) Weasel Fat; one brother Wallace Pace.

Angeline was predeceased by her paternal grandparents Fred Pace and Holy Bear Woman; her maternal grandparents John English and Emma Fox; her parents Johnny and Rosie Pace; Jack and Agnes Eagle Bear; her sons Alphonse, Michael Jr and Vern, grandson Frankie Scout. Interment at St. Catherine's Cemetery, Blood Reserve.

Son Wallace Pace Niipomakii was born in 1925 to John and Rosie English Pace. His paternal grandparents were Fred Pace and Medicine Bear Woman. At the age of two, Wallace or Wally was raised by his uncle, Mike Blood and his wife, Louise Blood. His extended family included Bruised Heads, Many Fingers, Eagle Childs, Weasel Heads, Three Persons, Fox's, and English's from Brocket with further extended families in Browning: Merchants and Connelly's. Wally attended St. Mary's Residential School where he excelled in academics, hockey, basketball and baseball.

Wally was synonymous with rodeo and ranching. He was the top bronc rider during his prime. He competed in all events including saddle bronc, calf roping, steer decorating and wild horse racing. Wally was a natural and talented cowboy, one of the last old time cowboys of the Kainai reserve.

After Wallace married Mary Soop, he settled east of the Buttes on the Kainai reserve. He set up his ranch and enjoyed teaching his children to ranch and rodeo. Besides ranching, he was a farmer and truck driver. An unfortunate rodeo accident caused Wally to end his rodeo career early in life. Wally was an avid storyteller who appreciated the company of his friends and family.

Wallace was predeceased by his sons, Richard Gregory (1969) and Darrell Ryan (1982), his parents John Pace and Rosie English; siblings Angeline Pace Eagle Bear; Violet Bouvier; Narcisse Blood Sr.; Jeanette Little Bear; Hilda Yellow Wings; Eileen Eagle Plume, Adolphus English; and Rosemarie (Peggy) Pace.

He is survived by his wife Mary and children: Deborah Pace; Harley Pace; Celia Pace; Tina Pace; Barbara Pace; Tim Pace; Ann (Gerard) Fox; and Tanya (Patrick) Crosschild; fourteen grandchildren; nine great-grandchildren and one great-great-granddaughter; sister Sally Listener and brothers, Pete and Joe (Lorraine) Bruised Head.

Wallace was interment at the Bruised Head family Cemetery, Kainai Reserve.

In July, 1988, Rosie Adeline, the wife of Johnny Pace died at Willow Creek Claresholm Auxiliary Hospital at age 81.

**FANNY PACE [1896-1991]** passed away in 1991, at age 95, and her eventful life was presented in the following obituary in the Lethbridge Herald:

Fanny Eagle Child Pace, beloved mother, grandmother and aunt, as well as being a special lady and a highly respected member of the Blood Tribe, passed away on Saturday, October 12, 1991 at the age of 95 years old. She will be forever loved and remembered by her family and friends.

Fanny was born on October 21, 1897 [*sic* 1896] on the Blood Reserve to the late Fred Pace and Holy Bear Woman, owners and operators of the first store (later purchased by McNeil's) located on the Blood Reserve. Fanny attended the first Roman Catholic missionary school located in lower Stand-Off. (Old Day School).

On August 7, 1914 Fanny married **TOM EAGLE CHILD [1891/97-1946]**. Tom and Fanny had 11 children who were all born and raised on the Blood Reserve. Home for the Eagle Child Family including Fanny's mother-in-law Yellow Old Woman, a respected holy woman of the Blackfoot People, was the priest's residence located at the site of the first missionary school which had become vacant in 1926. Tom and Fanny were well known for their warm hospitality and willingness to assist anyone in need. Both were devout and faithful members of the Catholic Church.

Following the passing of her husband (August 1946) Mrs. Eagle Child entered the work force. Her first job was at the Blood Indian Hospital where she assisted the Grey Nuns in the care of fellow tribal members hospitalized. Additional responsibilities included housekeeping chores. In 1949 she began working in the bakery department at St. Mary's school. Six years later (1955) she moved to Calgary to work at the Y.W.C.A and nurses residence. In 1957 she was employed as a housekeeper at the Fort Macleod Hospital. She also spent a summer working in the Columbia Icefields, a popular tourist spot in Canada.

Fanny opted out of the work force to return to the Blood Reserve so that she could assist her daughter (who had become ill) in caring for her children. She eventually raised two of her daughter's sons, Dexter and Clinton, (deceased) and another grandson Danny Eagle Child.



Although Mrs. Eagle Child no longer works outside her home she continued to oversee her cattle operation. In 1949 Fanny had invested her job earnings toward the purchase of 10 cows. N 1978 her cattle numbered 150. Essentially, she was one of the first female entrepreneurs in southern Alberta. Her determination and industrious nature allowed her to succeed in supporting herself and family.

Fanny is survived by three daughters and one son-in-law: Josephine Eagle Child, Francis Healy both of the Blood Reserve and Sylvia Hoevan (Hank) from Aardmore, Alberta; four sons and five daughter-in-laws: Albert (Julia), Dan (Evelyne), Thomas (Pauline) and Martin (Ruby) and daughter-in-law Bibiane (Pat) Eagle Child, 43 grand-children, 94 great grandchildren, and 38 great great grandchildren. She is also survived by numerous nieces and nephews.

She was predeceased by her husband Tom (1946), three brothers: Mike and Charlie Blood, Johnny Pace; one sister Many Fingers; two sons: Jm and Pat; two daughters: Margaret and Phyllis; two sons-in-law: Joe Iron Shirt and Ed Healy; one daughter-in-law Sylvia; two grandsons: Jessie Three Persons, Clinton Healy; three great grandsons Clinton Three Persons, Leon Eagle Child and Kelly Healy.

Our mother, grandmother and aunt was a devout Christian and faithful servant of the Catholic Church. Her faith in the Creator was never ending.

The Funeral was held in the Church of the Immaculate Conception (St. Mary's School), Blood Reserve on Friday, October 18, 1991 (today) at 2:00 P.M. with Rev. Fr. J. Goutier and Rev. Fr. P. Poulin officiating. Interment in St. Catherine's Cemetery, Standoff. A Wake Service was held at the Church on Thursday, October 17, 1991 at 7:00 P.M.

**Frederick Pace (1841-1898)**

**Married Double Talker Ayakohtseniki before 1888**

**Son: Birth of Tom Pace Three Persons in 1888**

**Married Holy Bear Woman Natohkyiaakii about 1890**

**Daughter: Birth of Annie 1892 at Stand-Off [Canadian Census 1901]**

**Son: Birth of Johnny 1894 at Stand-Off [Canadian Census 1901]**

**Daughter: Birth of Fanny 1896 at Stand-Off [Canadian Census 1901]**

**Martha Heavy Runner Kipp  
Mrs. Roche Gobert/Henry Atkinson Kennerly/James Kipp**

**WITNESSES TO CARNAGE ©**

The 1870 Marias Massacre in Montana

by [Stan Gibson & Jack Hayne](#)

[At the time of the massacre, Kipp was a \$75-a-month scout-interpreter for the U.S. Army at Fort Shaw, MT. A week or so before the attack, he had located the Marias River camp of the designated target, Mountain Chief. Kipp was half-Mandan Indian, the son of the white trader James Kipp. It was his understanding that Heavy Runner had been enlisted to help the Army capture of Peter Owl Child and others in Mountain Chief's camp. Later, Kipp married *one of Heavy Runner's daughters, Martha*, and adopted her children, who had been left fatherless by the soldiers. He had a colorful career in Canada and Montana, being known as "The Merchant Prince of the High Missouri." He testified under oath to the Indian Claims Commission in February, 1913, forty-three years after the massacre.]

Kipp, Martha daughter of Heavy Runner. [Billings Gazette, March 14, 1999, p. 35]

Martha Kipp, half-sister of Dick Kipp, Heavy Runner father, died leaving James, Mary and George Kipp children of Joe Kipp. [Blackfeet Heritage] 2<sup>nd</sup> wife of Joseph Kipp.

[Blackfeet Heritage]

Joseph Kipp ¼ Mandan Born November 29, 1849 Death December 12, 1913, Browning.  
Buried Saint Michaels Cemetery, Browning, Glacier Co. [Blackfeet Heritage]

Father: James Kipp, white, deceased in 1909.

Father: Joseph Kipp deceased in 1909

Mother: Unknown

Mother: Earth Woman, ½ Mandan, living in 1909

Father: Pierre Garneaux, white, deceased in 1909.

Mother: Eagle Tail Woman, Mandan, deceased in 1909.

Maternal uncles and aunts: All dead, nothing known of children.

Siblings: Elizabeth Anderson, wife of a Red River half-breed, living in Canada, half-sister; Balance all dead of smallpox, no children.

Wife 1): Double Strike, full Piegan, deceased.

Father Heavy Runner, deceased in 1870.

Mother: Unknown.

Siblings: William Upham, full-brother;

Dick Kipp, half-brother;

John Kipp, half-brother, died leaving 3 children John, Joe and

William Kipp (See Emma Miller);

Children: 9 children, 6 dead by 1909;

Mary Kipp, 19 years, born January 1, 1889;

James Kipp, 17 years, single, born July 15, 1891;

George Kipp, 11 years, single, born March 4 1897.

Wife 2): \*\*Martha Kipp Born Death May 14, 1899

**Wife 3): Margaret Wetzel, ¾ Native, deceased by 1909, Married first week of January 1900 at Spokane, Washington by Priest.**

**Father: Simons.**

**Mother: Monica Houk, living in 1909.**

**Siblings: Pressley Houk, half-brother;**

**Charley Simons, full-brother;**

**James A. Perrine, half-brother;**

**Minnie LaBreche Perrine wife of David LaBreche.**

**No Children.**

**Has land fenced about 1 ½ sections below Blackfoot, MT. Martha Kipp came to Blackfeet Reservation after Marias Massacre. Joseph Kipp came in July, 1859. He was an employee of Andrew Dawson and George Steele of American Fur Company at Fort Benton, a scout for the Army in 1869-1870, an Indian trader on both sides of the Border. Owned Fort Conrad at one time, a store at Robare a store at Browning established Fort Stand-Off in the North West Territory. Was licensed by the Indian Office. Known as "The Merchant Prince of the Upper Missouri." Says he attended every treaty held with the Piegan Indians except the Lame Bull Treaty in 1855. Martha was on the rolls at Browning until some time after Agent Monteath's regime. Kipp's full story is a long and illustrious one. (R.J. Ege).**

#### **MRS. KIPP ESTATE**

**Attorney J.N. Booth of this city is filing a petition today with the district court of Teton county, asking for an equitable division of property belonging to *the late Martha Kipp*. The petition states that the husband, Joseph Kipp, well known in northern Montana, and three children, Mary, James and George, survive the deceased and are heirs at law to her property. Mrs. Kipp died on the Blackfoot Indian Reservation, May 14, 1899.**

**Probably no one among the old timers in this section of the state enjoys a wider acquaintance than Joe Kipp, as he is familiarly known. For many years he was associated in a business way with firms at Fort Benton, and later conducted general merchandise stores on the reservation.**

**Kipp has always been a favorite among the Indians, especially with the Piegans, with whom he lived for several years. He has traded with them and been on confidential terms with leaders of the tribe.**

**While Kipp prospered for a long time, there came a change in his fortunes. He petitioned the federal court at Helena to be declared a bankrupt. His liabilities were placed at something over \$1,000,000. In due time he was discharged from bankruptcy, and Kpp has since successfully engaged in business enterprises.**

**Through all his versatile career, Kipp has acted in many capacities, notably that of scout for the United States army during the troublesome times with the Indians in the west.**

**Kipp was one of the party that surveyed the ground for the Great Northern railroad. He has always shown the deepest interest in matters affecting the welfare of Montana and her people.**

**Kipp lives at Browning, on the Blackfoot Indian reservation. The estate consisting of cattle, horses and other property, left by his wife, is valued at \$18,000.**

**[Great Falls Tribune, April 8. 1905]**

**[Find a Grave] [Conflicting information on Kipp's wife:**

**Joe Kipp's 2<sup>nd</sup> Wife: Margurite Neat-A-Sin-Maggie Blackeasel Mountain Chief Kipp**  
**Born January 2, 1855, Fort Benton**  
**Death January 14, 1925, Browning Burial Saint Michaels Cemetery, Browning**  
Cherie J. created this memorial with the permission and approval of relative Walter Lamar.]

Margurite Blackweasel Mountain Chief (Neat-A-Sin-Ne) was born 2 January 1855 in Fort Benton, Montana, USA.

Her nicknames include Maggie and Masie.  
Her parents were Mountain Chief 1 and Mary Blackbear.  
Mary Black Bear was the daughter of Black Bear.

Black Bear was born about 1765 and, in 1805, saw the Lewis And Clark Expedition. This was the first time that Black Bear's camp had seen white men. She reported it and--even decades later in 1875 and afterwards--was relating this experience.  
In the 1880 U.S. Federal Census, when Black Bear resided in the home of Edward A. Lewis and Ellen Young Owl Lewis, Black Bear was enumerated as being 115 years old.

Margurite Blackweasel Mountain Chief's brother was the famed Mountain Chief 2, the last hereditary chief of the Blackfeet People.

Her first marriage was in 1869, to Roche Gobert in Fort Benton, Montana. Roche immigrated from Switzerland in 1858 aboard the Tropic, along with Siro Gobert. (It is surmised that Siro was Roche's brother). Roche was the proprietor of a prosperous brewery business in Fort Benton. Later, he owned and operated a prosperous farm.

Margurite and Roche's children include Mary "Mollie," Joseph, Edward Rock, Catherine Martha, Agnes and Annie.

Roche Gobert passed away 20 November 1888. His son Edward Rock used to say that his father was very loving.

Margurite Gobert's second Marraige was to Henry Atkinson Kennerly, also in Fort Benton, Montana.  
Henry Atkinson Kennerly was a noted trader, rancher, member of the territorial legislature, county treasurer and county assessor.

Margurite and Henry Kennerly's children include Carrie, James Otis and Leo Menard.

Her last marriage was to Joesph Raven Quiver Kipp:

State of Montana  
Marriage License No. 451  
Groom: Joseph Kipp  
of Browning, Montana

**Age: 40 years, 5 months, 4 days**  
**Birthplace: Dakota**  
**Son of James Kipp**  
**Mother's maiden name: Mary Garno**  
**Wife: Maggie Kennerly**  
**of Browning, Montana**  
**Age: 45 years, 3 months, 7 days**  
**Birthplace: Fort Benton, Montana**  
**Daughter of Mountain Chief**  
**Mother's maiden name: Mary Blackbear**  
**Date of marriage:**  
**17 March 1911**

**(The above marriage record also is further documentation that Margurite's parents were Mountain Chief 1 and Mary Blackbear.)**

**Joseph Kipp's father was the legendary fur trader James Kipp.**  
**Joseph's mother was Marita "Mary" Earth Woman Garno (Garneaux) of the Mandan People.**

**Joseph Kipp was a noted trader, explorer and rancher, and a powerful man of political influence.**

**In her latter years, Margurite Kipp resided with her children James Otis and Leo Menard.**

**Margurite Blackweasel Mountain Chief (Neat-A-Sin-Ne) Kipp passed away on 14 January 1924, in Browning, Montana.**

**May she rest in peace.**

**For additional information on the family and the Blackfeet people, visit the wonderful web site created by Walter Lamar:**

**Our Blackfeet Family.**

**[Gravesite Details](#)**

**St. Michael's Cemetery is a small cemetery approximately 13 acres in size and is located within the town of Browning, on Southwest Boundary Street.**

**[From Find a Grave]**

*Last Gun*  
*Dick Heavy Runner Kipp (Young Adult Man)*  
*Son of Heavy Runner*

Last/Hind Gun (Dick Kipp) [Henderson, 57] age 7 or 14. [Henderson, 62] Son of Heavy Runner. [Henderson, 66] [Billings Gazette, March 14, 1999, p. 35]

Despite Pease's thoroughness, he could not account for all survivors. Some had fled to nearby camps, others survived by hiding, and those who had been held as prisoners were left behind by the troops. Among them were Bear Head (age fourteen), Wolf Leader (adult male), Comes With Rattles (six), *Last Gun* (fourteen), Black Eagle (adult male), Almost A Dog (adult male), Takes Gun At Night (ten), Double Strike Woman (ten), Wolf Eagle (a hunter), Spear Woman (six), Fog Eater (adult male), Turtle (adult male), Curlew Woman (forty-one), Three Bears (old man) and Black Antelope (old man). [Henderson, 62]

[Greg Hirst] related to me that Chief Heavy Runner had four wives. The children that survived the Baker Massacre are: Old Woman's children: 1. Lone Charge Woman (Susan Heavy Runner), who married Martin (Red) Fitzpatrick. 2. Red Eyes (Dick Kipp), married Mary Sleeps in the Day (Long Time Sleeping) and they had thirteen children. 3. Eats Alone, never married. Mistake Petrified Rock's children: 4. Cut Bank John Kipp, married Calf Woman. 5. Many Different People. Charging at Night's children: 6. Double Strike (Martha Heavy Runner), married Joseph Kipp. 7. Comes with Rattles (William Upham), married Antonia Real Chief. 8. Spear Woman (Emma Heavy Runner), married Hiram Upham. 9. Young Heavy Runner. Went in Front's child: 10. Double Rider, married Extravagant Person. [Verena Rattler, 25 February, 2009]

[Blackfeet Heritage]

Dick Kipp Full Piegan age 45 years [Blackfeet Heritage]

Father: Heavy Runner, deceased

Father: Packing Tail Feathers Coming Up Hill, deceased

Mother: Ah-pak-ki, deceased

Mother: Old Woman, deceased [Lea source: Whole Woman]

Father: Unknown

Mother: Nose Woman, deceased

Paternal uncles and aunts: Bear Head, full-brother, died leaving Bear Head, a son.

Maternal uncles and aunts: Iron Breast, full-brother, died leaving a son, Cut Finger, died leaving a son, Ernest Cut Finger and Had Toot Before wife of Ear Rings.

Siblings: Lone Charge, full-sister, died leaving William Fitzpatrick Kipp and Maggie, wife of Dick Croff and Mat Lytle Fitzpatrick;

Emma, wife of Jack Miller, half-sister, same father;

William Upham, half-brother, same father;

Cut Bank John Kipp, half-brother, same father, died leaving Joe, William, John, Julia and Sadie Kipp;

**Martha Kipp, half-sister, same father, died leaving James, Mary and George Kipp children of Joe Kipp.**

**Wife 1): Mary Kipp Yellow Hawk Woman, 35 years, full Piegan, married 22 years ago [1887] by the priest at Holy Family Mission**

**[Greg Source: Mary Sleeps in the Day/Long Time Sleeping]**

**[Lea Source: Mary Long Time Sleeping]**

**Father: Sleeping In The Day Time, deceased**

**Father: Packing Tail Feathers Coming Up Hill, deceased**

**Mother: Went In Front, deceased**

**Mother: Strikes on Top, deceased**

**Father: Lone Chief, deceased**

**Mother: Kills Across The Road, deceased**

**Paternal uncles and aunts: Brocky, half-brother, same father;**

**Double Rider, half-brother, same mother.**

**Maternal uncles and aunts: Dan Lone Chief, half-brother, same father**

**Woman Legs, half-sister, same father.**

**Siblings: Long Time Sleeping, half-brother, same mother;**

**Long Time Hawk Woman, half-sister, same mother, wife of Elmer Butterfly.**

**Children: Cora Kipp was married to Charley Carson, a section foreman at Blackfoot, died leaving David Carson, 3 years. More children of Dick Kipp and Mary:**

**Louis Kipp, 16 years, Carlyle school;**

**Cora [Lea Source]**

**George Kipp, 12 years, Fort Shaw Indian School;**

**Cecelia Kipp, 10 years, Willow Creek School**

**Thomas Kipp, 7 years.**

**Annie Kipp, 4 years;**

**Jack Kipp, 2 years.**

**Note: Dick Kipp was one of Heavy Runner's children orphaned by the death of his father at the Piegan War on the Marias in 1870. At the time, Joe Kipp was a scout and guide for Major Baker's troops. Afterwards, Joe Kipp adopted his name. (R.J.E.)**

**[In fall of 1879 . . .]** it was decided that Kipp should build a trading post on Otokwituktal—Yellow river, the Judith, at the mouth of Kamsimi tuktai—Sage creek, as the whites had also named it, and that the tribe would winter near it and trade only with him. Also the chiefs readily agreed to Kipp's proposal that this Yellow river post should be a dry, no whisky trading post.

### **Kipp a Baker Man**

Kipp had a bull train of three eight-yoke teams and six wagons. "Long" John Forgy was wagon boss and Kipp was freighting profitably between Fort Benton and Helena and Fort Macleod, so decided not to use the train in this new undertaking. So, leaving our women folks to winter at Fort Conrad, Hiram Upham in charge of it, on a day late in August we set out with five four-horse teams and wagons for the Judith. Two of the teamsters were half-brothers of Kipp's wife [Martha], **Dick Kipp** and Billy Upham. Yes, and good, brave Crow Woman and her handsome adopted daughter of 16, Flag Woman, came along to cook for us. And Frank Pearson's wife made such a howl about being separated from him that she came too.

[Great Falls Tribune, April 7, 1935, p. 20]

1883

**21 Apr** The four Indians charged with killing the Other People's brand of cattle, whose case will be presented to the Grand Jury tomorrow, are Dick Kipp, Rider, Tall Rider and Back Rider. The Rider family seems to be in a bad way. [Benton Weekly Record, April 21, 1883, p. 5]

**28 Apr** U.S. District Court Case 251. Territory vs Tall Rider, Rider, Hind Rider and Dick Kipp. *Nolle pros.* Entered as to Hind Rider. Tall Rider and Rider plead guilty of grand larceny, are sentenced to 18 months imprisonment in territorial prison. Dick Kipp Found guilty of grand larceny by jury, and is sentence to two years imprisonment in territorial prison. At the afternoon session a *nolle pros.* Was entered in favor of Hind Rider, who testified against Dick Kipp. Dick Kipp was found guilty of grand larceny and sentenced to two year in the penitentiary. [Benton Weekly Record, April 28, 1883, p. 4/May 12, 1883, p. 4]

1893

**26 Aug** Gang of robbers held up eastbound passenger train No. 4 of the Northern Pacific in the Yellowstone Country 50 miles east of Livingston August 26, 1893. Led to 3 October shootout on Two Medicine Creek [Tom Dawson and Horace Clark involved in events leading up to the shoot out, and the 17 December court case that followed:

**3 Oct/17Dec** [In US district court] Dick Kipp, another Indian who could talk English, told of meeting the robbers going on to the reservation the day before the shooting [killing of Henry Schubert, White, and wounding in the arm of Duck Head at a cabin on Two Medicine creek on Oct. 3]. He recognized [Charles] Jones [the alleged train robber] as one of them. There were four men all on horseback, and they were leading five other horses. Dick Kipp watched the camp made by the men all that night. Coming down to the actual engagement next day, Dick Kipp said Jackson called to the men in the cabin to surrender. A shot was fired from the cabin and Jackson and the Indians sought shelter in the brush. The posse opened fire on the cabin and kept it up till Jackson told them to stop. This was when Jackson got an intimation from the cabin that the men wanted to surrender. Shortly after this firing began anew from the cabin and Schubert and Duck Head were hit. Then everybody "skipped out."

[Independent-Record, December 18 1894, p. 5] [Great Falls Tribune, November 22, 1925, p. 19]

1898

**16 Feb** Choteau Chronicle: Policeman Dick Kipp has been assigned as officer at Blackfoot, with written orders to camp on the trail of every non-resident white man who may be found there and order him to move on. [Great Falls Tribune, February 16, 1898, p. 3]

**21 May** ON THE RESERVATION

Special to The Daily Tribune.

Browning May 21.—The losses on the Blackfeet reservation during the recent blizzard, which lasted three days, are great, and reports from every quarter tell of cattle found frozen. Many of the horses on the ditch work have died. Over two feet of snow covered the ground and it was impossible for the cattle or horses to reach feed. Among the losers on the ditch are Fred Big Top



and New Breast, who lost a couple of horses each. Wolf Eagle, one of the Indians on the ditch, met with a severe accident and as he has only one arm to earn his living, he has the sympathy of the reservation. **On John Graind's land were found dead two horses belonging to Dick Kipp and Henry Heavy Gun.**

Soon as the storm abated the agent, Major Monteath, and Dr. Martin, the agency physician, left with supplies for the ditch camps. [**Great Falls Tribune, May 22, 1903, p. 3**]

**1901**

**28 Mar Dick Kipp is running a livery and feed stable at this place and is doing a good business which is the cause of that large smile which Richard wears. [From A.B. Coe] [Dupuyer Acantha, March 28, 1901, p. 1]**

**1912**

**12 Sep RAILROAD VISION AFLOAT AT CUT BANK.**

Yesterday two men came to Cut Bank from the reserve, in company with Dick Kipp. The men were reps of the "Soo" or C. P. R. system and they were about to start a survey through the Blackfeet reserve.

[**Whitefish Pilot, September 12, 1912, p. 2**]

**1920**

**18 Feb Prospects Seem Good for Securing Claim of 50 Years Standing  
Special to The Daily Tribune**

Blackfoot, Feb. 18.—Dick Kipp, who has been in Washington, D.C., for some time in the interest of his \$75,000 suit against the government for killing his father, Chief Heavy Runner, and robbing him of several hundred horses 50 years ago, returned Saturday morning. He feels that he will win his case as the commissioner has promised to support his bill. [**Great Falls Tribune, February 19, 1920, p. 10**]

**1925**

**2 Aug COMMISSIONER TELLS BACKFEET PROGRAM WILL BE RE-NEWED**

Dick Kipp, one of the older of the Indians, said he was in accord with the views of some of the old Indians who had preceded him and who made requests for help. He then called attention to a long pending claim he held against the government for the killing of his father at the Baker massacre on the Marias. He said he was 70 years old and that he had visited Washington on the matter and spent \$1,600 of his own money in trying to get a settlement of his claim.

He then related the details of the massacre in rather realistic manner. He said he was a little boy whopping a top at the time the soldiers came up to the camp and that "my father was walking along in a Hudson's Bay blanket." He said the soldiers were looking for Mountain Chief, who had gone away. He told of the soldiers cutting loose with their rifles and killing all the Indians and demonstrated the death of his father by throwing himself on the floor where he enacted a fake death. He closed his oration by saying he had received a patent which had been forced upon him.

[**Great Falls Tribune, August 2, 1925, p. 15**]

**1927**

**6 Oct [At an Indian Conference held at Wolf Point]** Another of the delegates, whose early history is closely associated with the warfare between the whites and the Indians, is **Dick Kipp** of the Blackfeet reservation. He was a small child in the camp of Heavy Runner in 1869 [sic], when soldiers under Colonel Baker attacked the encampment on the banks of the Marias river, killing sick men, women and children indiscriminately.

Colonel Baker had been sent to punish Black Weazel's band for the murder of Malcolm Clarke. He mistook the band of the friendly Heavy Runner for that of Black Weazel, and despite protests of Joe Kipp, a scout, destroyed the camp. There were only a few survivors, one of which was **Dick Kipp**, who was cared for by the scout, Joe Kipp.

[Fairfield Times, October 6, 1927, p. 3]

**Dick Kipp later became Joe Kipp's brother-in-law. His Indian name is Heavy Runner.**

[Great Falls Tribune, September 23, 1927, p. 3]

**Spear Woman's story:**

**Spear Woman's Granddaughter Tells Details**

**173 Sick Piegans Were Slaughtered By Baker's Command**

By REX HEALY.

SIXTY-TWO years have passed since a detachment of United States infantry, under command of Col. Eugene M. Baker, descended under the cloak of night upon a defenseless camp of innocent and helpless Piegan Indians on the Marias river and ruthlessly slaughtered 173 of its inhabitants, mostly sick old men, women and children. Yet the only official action taken by the government concerning the affair was the demotion of the commander, whom, it was charged, was intoxicated when the outrage was committed.

Recently a granddaughter of the Piegan chief, Heavy Runner, who was killed in cold blood while extending the hand of welcome and friendship, related to the writer an account of the Massacre as it was told to her by her mother, **Spear Woman**, who witnessed the wanton killing and narrowly escaped the fate meted out to the others.

The granddaughter is **Mrs. George Croff Sr.**, of Great Falls, who brings to light the Indian viewpoint of the affair, the great suffering caused the survivors and somewhat of the monetary loss sustained, all of which reflects the injustice of the government's subsequent disregard of the blunder.

**. . . And also at Browning is a man known as Dick Kipp, whose real name is Heavy Runner. the same as his father who was killed that day on the Marias river in 1870. He is called Dick Kipp by the whites because he lived with his sister and brother-in-law, Joe Kipp. What does it matter?**

**But, he is Heavy Runner's son. Till this day he is lending his efforts to secure from the government some restitution for the unwarranted killing of his father and almost nine score others, the loss of his father's wealth and the restoration of what he believes is his rightful due.**

And yet. "Baker's Massacre" remains just a matter of history to the government. A very small matter at that and one that it is probably as well not to discuss. [Ekalaka Eagle, April 1, 1932, p. 7]

Darrell Kipp, 67, said his grandfather, **Last Gun**, then 7 or 8 years old, was one of three children of Heavy Runner who escaped the massacre. Survivors trekked about 90 miles through the bitter cold and snow to Fort Benton.

The three children were later taken in, in what he considers “in an act of contrition,” by guide Joseph Kipp.

“It’s a miracle we survived,” Darrell Kipp said. It “has to be attributed to the tenacity of our people.”

**[Bozeman Chronicle, March 30, 2017, “Blackfeet remember Montana’s greatest Indian massacre.”**

**Lone Charge  
Susan Heavy Runner  
Mrs. Martin Fitzpatrick**

**Fitzpatrick, Susan daughter of Heavy Runner. [Billings Gazette, March 14, 1999, p. 35]**

**Greg Hirst** (middybones@outlook.com)To:you [Details](#)

Yes, seems justice was strange in those days. Murder but no “real” trial, just an exoneration due to “public sympathy.” I know, from family history, a much different Dick Croff. His mother was Louise Susan Livermore, and she was married to George Arthur Croff, as well as Isador Frank Pablo Starr and John Severin “Hagen” Gundersen. She had children by all three husbands. Yes, Croff’s wife was Maggie (Heavy Runner) Fitzpatrick, who was adopted by Joseph (Raven Quiver) Kipp and Martha (Heavy Runner) Kipp, her aunt and uncle. However, **Maggie’s mother, Susan (Heavy Runner) Fitzpatrick was not an immediate survivor of the Baker Massacre, as she was living in Fort McLeod at the time with her husband, Red Fitzpatrick, a notorious gambler, bootlegger, and “hotel” proprietor. By the way, she had a horrible life and died soon after Maggie was born in 1877.** I know a few other Dick Croff “stories” but will not go into them.

And thank you so much for the quick response. I really appreciate your work. Have a productive season with the research center. Take care. ghirst

**At Fort Conrad**

Fort Conrad was two long rows of connecting log buildings paralleling the river and about 50 feet apart, with stable and corral running from one to the other at their west end. In the south row were the office, trade room, warehouse and one living room. In the north row were the living quarters, occupied in that summer of 1879 by Kipp and his wife, **Double Strike Woman**, and their adopted children, William and Maggie Fitzpatrick; Kipp’s mother, Earth Woman, and her close and constant companion Crow Woman; H.D. Upham, Clerk, and his wife, Lance Woman, Frank Pearson and Charles Rose, half-blood employees, and my wife, Beautiful Shield Woman, and I, myself, fallen sadly from grace.

[Great Falls Tribune, April 7, 1935, p. 20]

**[Blackfeet Heritage]**

**Lone Charge, full-sister, died leaving William Fitzpatrick Kipp and Maggie, wife of Dick Croff and Mat Lytle Fitzpatrick;**

**Lone Charge Susan Heavy Runner Full Piegán Born before 1870; death before 1909**

**Father: Heavy Runner, deceased**

**Mother: Whole Woman, deceased**

**Husband 1): Martin Fitzpatrick, white, deceased before 1909**

**Siblings: Dick Heavy Runner Kipp, full-brother;**

**John Heavy Runner Kipp, full-brother;**

**Emma Heavy Runner, half-sister, same father, wife of Jack Miller.**

**Children: \*\*William Fitzpatrick**

**\*\*Matt Lytle**

**\*\*Maggie, wife of Dick Croff.**

**\*\*William Kipp Fitzpatrick** ½ Piegan Born 15 August 1875 [Blackfeet Heritage and Find a Grave]  
Death 12 August 1955 at Cut Bank, Glacier Co.; Burial Saint Michaels Cemetery  
Father: Martin Fitzpatrick, white, deceased before 1909  
Father: Unknown  
Mother: Unknown  
Mother: Susan Heavy Runner, full Piegan, died before 1909  
Father: Heavy Runner, deceased 1870  
Mother: Whole Woman, deceased 1870  
Paternal uncles and aunts: Unknown  
Maternal uncles and aunts: Dick Kipp, full-brother; John Kipp, full-brother;  
Emma, half sister, same father, wife of Jack Miller  
Siblings: Matt Lytle, full-brother;  
Maggie, wife of Dick Croff, full-sister

Wife 1): Elizabeth Wren [1877-1961] Born 31 July, 1877 MT;  
Death 26 June, 1961 Glacier Co.; Burial: Saint Michaels Cemetery  
Father: John Wren [1820-1896], white.  
Mother: Melinda Chouquette Wren [1849-1939] ½ Piegan  
Siblings: George Wren 1869-1926; Mary Jane Wren Goss 1873-1952; Ellen Wren Lone Chief 1875-1956; Catherine Wren Fitzpatrick 1876-1877; John S. Wren 1882-1950; Robert Edgar Wren 1885-1955; Dora Wren Dennis 1887-1954; William Lloyd Wren 1888-1942; Lillie Wren Monroe 1892-1985; Celena Wren Monroe 1894-1987; Ida Veronica Wren Stone 1894-1956.

Children: Ursula Fitzpatrick Burd, born February 11, 1899;  
Bernice Fitzpatrick Hill, born October 17, 1900;  
Helena E. Fitzpatrick Allison Murphy [1902-1993], born June 6 1902;  
Death 1993 Buried Crown Hill Cemetery, Cut Bank, Glacier Co.  
Married William J. Murphy [1894-1972  
Lloyd, born October 31 1903;  
Maude F. Fitzpatrick Nelson [1905-1994], born April 24, 1905;  
Henrietta, born April 30, 1907  
Martin Fitzpatrick [1914-1953]  
Lorraine Fitzpatrick Lemieux [1918-2003]  
Gail Fitzpatrick [1921-1982]

Lies 11 miles east of Agency near railway since 1899. Was adopted by Joe Kipp when he was 2 years old.

[Blackfeet Heritage]

**\*\*Matt Fitzpatrick Lytle** 1/2 Piegan Born 1875 34 Years in 1909  
Father: Martin Fitzpatrick, white, deceased in 1909  
Mother: Susan Heavy Runner Fitzpatrick, full Piegan, deceased.  
Father: Heavy Runner, deceased 1870  
Mother: Whole Woman, deceased 1870

**Maternal uncles and aunts: Dick Kipp, full-brother;  
John Kipp Cut Bank John, half-brother, same father, died by 1909 leaving  
John, William, Joseph, Julia and Sadie Kipp.**

**Siblings: William Kipp, full-brother; Maggie, wife of Dick Croff, full-sister.**

**Wife 1): Katie Lytle ¼ Piegan, Born 1882 27 years in 1909, married  
December 14, 1898 by the Methodist minister.**

**Father: John Wren, white, ca 1867?**

**Mother: Melinda Wren ½ Piegan, Born 1867?**

**Father:**

**Mother:**

**Paternal uncles and aunts:**

**Maternal uncles and aunts:**

**Children: Matt Lytle, born August 8, 1899;**

**James Lytle, born March 21 1901;**

**Rose Lytle, born September 26, 1902;**

**Hazel Lytle, born April 28, 1905.**

**Lived on Lower Milk river from 1899-1909. Matt was adopted by a white man named  
Lytle. Lived at Augusta with Lytle until he was 14 years of age. He then came to the  
Blackfeet Reservation**

**\*\* Richard Joseph Croff 1/4 Piegan Born 1871 38 Years in 1909**

**Father: George A. Croff, white, living in Mexico in 1909.**

**Mother: Louisa Hagan ½ Piegan Living in 1909**

**Father: (See Eliza Galbreath)**

**Mother:**

**Paternal uncles and aunts: Ben Croff, brother; Jack Croff, brother, died leaving  
John Willia, Emma and some small ones; Julia Croff single, living.**

**Maternal uncles and aunts: Bill Russell and joe Livermore; Julia L., wife of Mose  
LaGrandeur (See Joseph Livermore)**

**Siblings: John P., William T., George A., and Emma C. Croff; George Starr half-  
brother and Isabelle, wife of Isaac Cooper; Henry and Alice Hagan.**

**Wife 1): Maggie Kipp Croff, ½ Piegan Born 1878 31 years in 1909. Married  
November 28, 1895 by the priest at Holy Family Mission.**

**Father: Martin Fitzpatrick, white, deceased.**

**Mother: Susan Susie Heavy Runner, deceased.**

**Maternal uncles and aunts: Dick Kipp; William Upham; Emma, wife of Jack  
Miller; John Kipp half-brother died, leaving John, Joseph, William, Julia, and Sadie Kipp;  
Martha, wife of Joe Kipp, full-sister died, leaving Mary, James and George Kipp.**

**Siblings: Matt Lytle and William Kipp.**

**Children: Arthur Croff, 11 years; Eva 10 years.**

**Ranch on South Fork of Milk River on the northeast part of reservation.**

**\*\* John P. Croff ¼ Piegan Born 1874 35 years in 1909**

**Full brother of Richard Croff.**

**Father: Father: George A. Croff, white, living in Mexico in 1909.**

**Mother: Louisa Hagan      1/2 Piegan      Living in 1909**

**Wife 1): Louise Croff,      3/4 Piegan      Born 1873**

**Married November 22, 1895 by the priest at Holy Family Mission.**

**Father: Isadore Sanderville**

**Mother: Not Known, full-sister of Oliver Sanderville**

**Children: Edward C. Croff, born 1901**

**Emma Elizabeth Croff, born 1903**

**Raymond Isadore Croff, born November 29 1908;**

**Clara Agnes Croff, born February 21 1900; allotted as Margaret.**

**Lives on Birch Creek at mouth of canyon near mountains. No land fenced. House, stable, etc. Came to place in the Fall of 1907. Before that, lived with Oliver Sanderville. Has been on the reservation 16 years.**

**Lone Eater.**  
**Survived with sister Long Time Calf Woman [Lea Source]**

**Went into Canada from the massacre site; used willow on their feet when they ran because it has aspirin in it.**

**Lone Eater stayed in Canada on the Peigan Reserve**



**Long Time Calf [1862- ] (Child Male)**

A few women and children did escape, including Red Paint Woman, who was shot in the leg, and eight-year-old *Long Time Calf*, who grabbed her infant niece and carried her across the icy Marias. [Henderson, 61] Born 1862

**Long Time Calf      Full Piegan      Born 1862**

**Father: Crow Flag**

**Mother: Slim Pipe**

**Husband 1): Jumping in The Water**

**[Blackfoot Genealogy]**

**CROW FLAG.CROW** married SLIM PIPE.

[\[Notes\]](#) **CROW FLAG**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # 9

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1891

NOTES: added as father for INDI 2489 LONG TIME CALF

RECORD # 2489

**SLIM PIPE.SLIM** married CROW FLAG.

[\[Notes\]](#) **SLIM PIPE**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # 9

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1891

NOTES: added as mother for INDI 2489 LONG TIME CALF

RECORD # 2489

They had the following children:

F i **LONG TIME CALF** was born in 1864 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. [\[Notes\]](#)

**LONG TIME CALF**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # 9

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1891

ALLOTMENT: 300

STATUS: WIFE

AGE: 24

F28: 299

ME SUM ONES TA

OTHER MARRIAGES: 459641G122 **FIRST HUSBAND WAS JUMPING IN THE WATER**  
NOTES: 92CF52 AGE 33/93CF52 AGE 26/94CF52/95CF52 AGE 34/SLIM PIPE (NAR  
ROW PIPE)IS LISTED AS GMOM/96CF52 AGE 33;SMALL PIPE STEM IS HER MOM/05  
73850C97IN653 AGE 30/1275622T7R205 RATION #1509 IN 1902/T12A49 A#S/ 45  
9641G122 ADDED BIRTH ;MARRIAGE DATE; DAD  
OTHER NAMES: OLD CALF 92-94C/LONG CALF WOMAN 95C/LONG TIME CALF  
96C/97  
C  
RECORD # 2489

**1923**

**2 Aug BLACKFEET INDIANS LICENSED TO WED UNDER WHITE LAWS**

**Buffalo Body, a full blood Blackfeet Indian, was issued a license to wed Long Time Calf Woman, by the clerk of the district court of this county. this week. The groom gave his age as 67, while his blushing bride is only 60. [Conrad Independent Record, August 2, 1923, p. 5]**

**[Blackfoot Genealogy]**

**BUFFALO BODY** was born in 1879 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A..

[\[Notes\]](#)**BUFFALO BODY**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # F270

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1889

STATUS: GSON

AGE: 10

NOTES: 89C GMOT IS OWL COMING

RECORD # 1281

**[Lea Source: Long Time Calf Woman—Big Moon**

**Brother: Lone Eater**

**Went to Canada from the massacre site; used willow on their feet when they ran because it has asprin in it.**

**Married Jack Big Moon**

**[Many Different People?] Child of Heavy Runner & Mistake Petrified Rock. [Hirst 5]**

[Greg Hirst] related to me that Chief Heavy Runner had four wives. The children that survived the Baker Massacre are: *Old Woman's children:* 1. Lone Charge Woman (Susan Heavy Runner), who married Martin (Red) Fitzpatrick. 2. Red Eyes (Dick Kipp), married Mary Sleeps in the Day (Long Time Sleeping) and they had thirteen children. 3. Eats Alone, never married. *Mistake Petrified Rock's children:* 4. Cut Bank John Kipp, married Calf Woman. 5. Many Different People. *Charging at Night's children:* 6. Double Strike (Martha Heavy Runner), married Joseph Kipp. 7. Comes with Rattles (William Upham), married Antonia Real Chief. 8. Spear Woman (Emma Heavy Runner), married Hiram Upham. 9. Young Heavy Runner. *Went in Front's child:* 10. Double Rider, married Extravagant Person. [Verena Rattler, 25 February, 2009]

**Mary Middle Calf (Young Adult Woman)**  
**Kills-on-the-Edge**  
**Mrs. Frank Monroe**

**Mary Middle Calf [Henderson, 50] [Ege, 528A] Mrs. Frank Monroe**  
**<http://www.dickshovel.com/parts2.html> Mother was Catches Inside [Ege, 528A]**

**[Blackfeet Heritage]**

**Frank Munroe [1846-before 1907] Born 1846 Death 1922**

**Father: Hugh "Rising Wolf" Monroe Ma-Kwi-l-Po-Wak-Sin**

**Mother: Sinopah Kit Fox Woman**

**3<sup>rd</sup> wife: *Mary Munroe*, full-Piegian, 56 years in 1909 [Born 1853-**

**Married 1879 at Choteau, Indian custom. Afterwards at Sun River by priest.**

**Father: Middle Calf, deceased**

**Father Red Paint, deceased**

**Mother Little Mice, deceased**

**Mother Catches Inside, deceased.**

**Father Middle Bull, deceased**

**Mother Eh-sin-ah-ka, deceased**

**Fraternal uncles and aunts: John Don't Go Out, full-brother; Rattle Woman, full-sister died leaving Morning Woman, wife of Old Chief.**

**Maternal uncles and aunts: Sitting with Back Sticking Out, full-brother died leaving son, John Middle Calf; Talk Woman, full-sister, wife Generous; Bear Child, full-brother, died leaving Hollering At Night, wife of Clear Weather; Wide Mouth, full-sister, died leaving Hits Down and Kills Close.**

**Brothers and sisters—all died when small during .**

**Lives on other side of Cut Bank Creek, next to Cut Bank Ridge.**

by Stan Gibson & Jack Hayne

Piegian Survivors

[Sworn affidavits presented to the Indian Claims Commission, mostly in 1913-1915.]

**Mrs. Frank Monroe**

"[My father's family] was among the first to pitch camp on the Marias River. We came down on the north side of the river to Heavy Runner's camp. Before we had camp pitched, most of the party went out after buffalo, and after the camp was pitched another part started out on the hunt.

"The next morning a party of soldiers came. When they came in sight, some one called out in the camp for Chief Heavy Runner to take his papers and medal and go out and meet the soldiers.

"When Heavy Runner went out to meet the soldiers there was great excitement in the camp. Then there was much firing by the soldiers, and I heard someone call out that Heavy Runner had been shot and killed as he was crossing the river to meet the soldiers.

"Then the soldiers began firing into the camp. After the firing was over, the soldiers went through the camp and picked out what robes and blankets they wanted for themselves, and the rest was all got together and burned. Also, all of the lodges and some of the wounded people were burned up. [[One company muster roll] notes that there were forty wounded Indians.]

"My mother was wounded in the hand by a bullet. She, with a few others including myself, sneaked away after the firing was over and made our way to a camp further up the river. As we were going away, we saw the soldiers rounding up the horses belonging to the camp."

**Red Paint Woman (Adult Woman)**  
**[Jan 1856—October 16, 1942]**  
**Mary Red Paint Woman is Long Hearing Woman.**  
**Also Mrs. Mary Phemister, wife of Charles Dawson Phemister.**

**A few women and children did escape, including Red Paint Woman, who was shot in the leg, and eight-year-old Long Time Calf, who grabbed her infant niece and carried her across the icy Marias. [Henderson, 61]**

**James Welch's novel Fools Crow relies on the oral testimony of his grandmother, Red Paint Woman, who was a massacre survivor, along with additional research into the massacre.**

**Chas. Dawson Phemister Dead**

He was born in Indiana July 24, 1842, and died at his Fish Lake ranch June 8, 1916.

He came to Montana about 42 years ago [1874] and settled at Helena for two years where he worked in the mines. He removed to Fort Benton and bought furs and traded in merchandise for Dosson and I. G. Baker. **While residing here he married Miss Mary Red Paint.** When the Piegan Agency was established he was made boss farmer under Major Young and Major Allen.

He resigned this post and in 1888 established his present ranch at Fish Lake. Later he established a horse ranch at Dupuyer. For one year he run a hotel and meat market at Choteau.

There remain to mourn his loss the widow, the adopted daughter, Mrs. J. B. Welch, and an aged sister, Mrs. M. J. Galigher, of Auburn, Wash. He was a good citizen, honored husband, respected neighbor. Though the day was stormy a large number attended the funeral Saturday, June 10. Services were held in Dupuyer hall by Rev. A. E. Foutch, M. E. Pastor of Valier. Remains were buried at the local cemetery.

[Choteau Montanan, June 23, 1916]

**Charles Dawson Phemister [Find a Grave]**

Birth 24 July, 1841, Indiana

Death 8 June, 1916, Fish Lake Ranch, Teton County

Buried Dupuyer Cemetery, Pondera County

Married to **Mary Jane Long Hearing Woman** 1876 [Find a Grave] 1852-1942

[Alternate: Married to **Mary Jane Red Paint** 1876 Ancestry.com 1856-1942

Birth Jan 1852 Browning, Glacier Co

Death 16 Oct 1942 Dupuyer, Pondera Co

Buried Dupuyer Cemetery

Mary Jane Red Paint [Obit and Children Marriages]

Son James Henry 1874-1894

Birth 1872 Dupuyer

Death 1894 Dupuyer; Burial Dupuyer

Dau Mary Amy

Adopted: Ellen Sandoval Welch

George Collins

**[Find a Grave and Ancestry.com sources conflict on name of Charles' wife, but I believe Mary Red Paint Woman is also Mary Jane Long Hearing Woman.]**

**Children:**

**James H. Phemister [1874-1894]**

**Amy Phemister [1876 - ]**

**Ellen Sandoval Phemister [1882-1952]**

**George Collins Phemister [1887- ]**

*Spear Woman Sapapistatsaki*  
*Emma Heavy Runner (1862-1920)*  
*Mrs. Emma Upham*  
*Mrs. Emma Miller*

**Spear Woman (Emma Upham Miller)[Wylie, 201, n71] age 6. [Henderson, 62] Daughter of Heavy Runner. [Henderson, 66] [Billings Gazette, March 14, 1999, p. 35] Married Hiram Upham. [Great Falls Tribune, March 31, 1932]**

Despite Pease's thoroughness, he could not account for all survivors. Some had fled to nearby camps, others survived by hiding, and those who had been held as prisoners were left behind by the troops. Among them were Bear Head (age fourteen), Wolf Leader (adult male), Comes With Rattles (six), Last Gun (fourteen), Black Eagle (adult male), Almost A Dog (adult male), Takes Gun At Night (ten), Double Strike Woman (ten), Wolf Eagle (a hunter), Spear Woman (six), Fog Eater (adult male), Turtle (adult male), Curlew Woman (forty-one), Three Bears (old man) and Black Antelope (old man). [Henderson, 62]

[Greg Hirst] related to me that Chief Heavy Runner had four wives. The children that survived the Baker Massacre are: Old Woman's children: 1. Lone Charge Woman (Susan Heavy Runner), who married Martin (Red) Fitzpatrick. 2. Red Eyes (Dick Kipp), married Mary Sleeps in the Day (Long Time Sleeping) and they had thirteen children. 3. Eats Alone, never married. Mistake Petrified Rock's children: 4. Cut Bank John Kipp, married Calf Woman. 5. Many Different People. Charging at Night's children: 6. Double Strike (Martha Heavy Runner), married Joseph Kipp. 7. Comes with Rattles (William Upham), married Antonia Real Chief. 8. Spear Woman (Emma Heavy Runner), married Hiram Upham. 9. Young Heavy Runner. Went in Front's child: 10. Double Rider, married Extravagant Person. [Verena Rattler, 25 February, 2009]

**[Blackfeet Heritage]**

**Emma Heavy Runner Spear Woman Full Piegan Born 1865 [Blackfeet Heritage, 178-179**

**Father: Heavy Runner**

**Father: Packing Tail Feathers Coming Up Hill, deceased**

**Mother: Ah-poh-kee-a, deceased**

**Mother: Charging At Night**

**Father: Double Coming Up Hill, deceased.**

**Mother: Cutting Across, deceased**

**Paternal uncles and aunts: Bad Head, brother, died leaving son, Bad Head. Three Rider, brother, died leaving girl and boy living in Canada. Old Brocky, a son of a deceased brother, name unknown, but probably Tail Feathers Coming Up Hill. Little Wolf, brother died leaving daughter Last Caught, wife of One Mice. Middle Rider, brother died leaving daughter Isabelle, wife of First One Russell and a daughter Victoria Kicking Woman, wife of John Kicking Woman.**

**Maternal uncles and aunts: Swift Arm or Medicine Weasel, full-brother; Yellow Wolf half-brother; Curlew Woman, widow of Chloe, half-sister; a half-sister died leaving Wolverine and he died leaving Good Go In, a daughter and wife of Running Antelope; also, Mary Ann Many Guns.**



**Siblings: William Upham, full-brother; Dick Kipp, half-brother; Martha Kipp full-sister, died leaving children Joe Kipp, Mary Kipp, Jimmie and George Kipp; John Kipp died, half-brother, leaving John Kipp, Joseph Kipp, Julia and Sadie Kipp**

**Husband 1): Hiram Upham, white, deceased, 8 children, 4 dead in 1909.**

**Children: Rosa Upham Schmidt, married to George Schidt, 28 years; born 1881**

**Katie U. Croff, married to George Croff, 26 years; born 1883.**

**Joseph [Lea source]**

**Jack Upham, single, 19 years born 1890, nephew of Hiram Upham.**

**Myrtle Upham, 16 years born 1893.**

**Husband 2): Ralph Upham, living, last heard he was living in Cut Bank. Nephew of Hiram Upham.**

**Children: Winnifred Upham, 8 years born 1891, single.**

**Husband 3): Jack Miller Three Bulls, biracial, living together. No children. Married 3 or 4 years ago by Methodist minister. He died August 3 1908.**

**Sam Many Guns says that Mary Ann Many Guns is a daughter of Wolverine, now dead, and The Mice Woman, a former wife of Sam Many Guns. This Mary Ann takes his name erroneously. She lives with Emma Miller and so should be allotted with her. Married to Stabs Down.**

**Jack Miller Three Bulls ½ Piegan 64 years born 1845**

**Father: Jack Miller, white, deceased in 1909.**

**Parents: Unknown**

**Mother: Mary Kaiser Comes By Mistake, deceased in 1909.**

**Parents: Unknown**

**Maternal uncles and aunts: Glittering In Front died leaving Louisa Higgins, William Russell; Bare Ground, half-sister, died leaving a son, Aleck Horn, living with Jack Miller, 52 years, simple-minded.**

**Siblings: Maggie Goss, half-sister; Mary Douglas, half-sister; Margaret**

**Schmidt, half-sister.**

**Wife: Emma Heavy Runner Miller.**

**No Children.**

**[She was a daughter of Heavy Runner who married a white man, Hiram Upham, after surviving the massacre. She told her story to her daughter, Mrs. George Croff, who died in 1929 in Great Falls, MT, and it was published by an anonymous (and rather florid) writer for the Billings, MT, Gazette in 1932.]**

**"[Just at dawn] we were aroused by barking dogs. Then someone came with word for my father, Heavy Runner, that the soldiers were coming. All was excitement and fright in the camp. But Heavy Runner told everyone to be quiet, that there was nothing to fear. He said he would show the whites his 'name paper.'**

**"He walked quietly toward the soldiers with his hands uplifted. In one of them was the paper which he had been told was a pledge of safety, held where it could be seen. A shot pierced his heart and he fell, clutching the paper to his breast.**

**"The soldiers then began firing at everyone. Everywhere was confusion, everyone looked for cover. All the warriors and able-bodied men had left some days before on a hunt; only some old and sick men were there.,**

"I rushed into another tent where there were some sick and dying people. I hid under a back rest on one of the beds. While there, I saw a knife cut a hole in the teepee and then a soldier thrust himself through the opening. He fired at every moving body. When he figured no one was alive, he left. I was small and quiet, so he didn't notice me.

"I stayed behind the back rest for quite a while. I could hear lots of shooting, and there were screams and crying all around. Finally the noise died down a bit, and the shooting stopped, although the smell of powder was everywhere. At last I peeked out, and the soldiers had gone.

"I found an old uncle of mine, and the two of us then **found my mother with three more of her children -- they had somehow managed to escape. Mother decided to try to make it on foot to Fort Benton [about 90 miles southeast] , even though we didn't have a horse, practically nothing to eat, and it was very cold. She had to do something. To stay in that camp was to die. So we started off, following a horse trail in deep snow. We were lucky enough to find some soldiers' rations which they had thrown away close to camp, and these kept most of us alive.**

**"It took several days of painful walking before we got to the outskirts of Fort Benton. Before we got there, we were scared by some noise up ahead. Mother was brave enough to leave us and creep toward the sounds. By the time she got back, the baby we were minding had died.**

"When we got to a hill overlooking Benton, mother was too exhausted and scared to go on, so we found a bit of shelter and holed up, hoping to spot some passing Indians who might look after us. We were lucky -- some Piegans came by before long and took us with them.

"We were told that Baker was so drunk during the attack on our camp that he didn't know what was going on, and made no effort to be in command of his seizers. When he found out that Mountain Chief's camp was downstream, he went there but did nothing until the next morning, and by then it was too late."

## **Spear Woman's story: BAKER'S MASSACRE ON THE MARIAS RIVER**

### **Spear Woman's Granddaughter Tells Details**

#### **173 Sick Piegans Were Slaughtered by Baker's Command by Rex Healy.**

**Sixty-two years have passed since a detachment of United States infantry [sic, cavalry and infantry] . . . [to copy] [Also photo of Spear Woman]**

**Spear Woman survived the unwarranted onslaught and her is the accout she passed on to her children, including Mrs. George Croff.**

**At the time of the massacre she was five years old. Early one morning before dawn, while the braves and hunters were on an expedition, the camp was aroused by barking dogs and word was brought to her father, Heavy Runner, that soldiers were approaching.**

**The camp burst into excitement and those who gathered in her father's lodge were almost overcome with fright.**

**Heavy Runner told them to be quiet. There should be no fear. Was he not friendly with the whites? He would got to meet them. There would be no trouble.**

**Heavy Runner walked toward the soldiers with his "Name paper" and a greeting. Then he was shot.**

**Within a few minutes soldiers were everywhere killing right and left while the panic stricken, defenseless creatures went helter-skelter in desperation.**

**Little Spear Woman rushed into a teepee in which there were about a dozen of others, sick and dying. She hid under a Blackfeet back rest on one of the beds. When she had been**

there but a few minutes she saw the side of the teepee slit with a knife and a soldier stick his head and shoulders through the opening. He watched the prostrate Indians and when one would move he would fire into the body.

The frightened little Indian girl lay still, watching the soldier through tiny eye slits. Finally, when he had decided that life no longer existed in the tepee, he departed.

But Spear Woman was too thoroughly frightened to move and for hour on hour she lay behind the back rest while screams, shots and curses filled the air with dust and the smells of burnt powder and blood. Gradually the noise died down. How long she lay there she could not tell.

Finally she emerged from the lodge. To her surprise she was met by an old uncle. Then her mother was located along with three of her children, which she had managed somehow to protect from the invaders.

The soldiers had gone. But it was impossible for the little group to remain there and the mother decided that she would take her four children the youngest an infant, to Fort Benton, where there friends. But there were not horses left and Fort Benton was a long way. But this brave mother decided they had better start for a refuge than remain and perish at the scene where so many had died.

With scant provisions, Spear Woman, her mother and the three other children took the trail on foot. The column of soldiers had left a well beaten trail in the snow and the little group lived on bacon and hard tack the soldiers had thrown away at their various camps along the trail.

After days of painful travel, the little party neared the site of Fort Benton. On one occasion sounds were heard and the mother left the infant son with one of the daughters and proceeded. When she made sure there was no danger ahead, she returned to get the two children but the baby was dead.

After what seemed many lifetimes the brave mother and her three remaining children reached the brow of a hill overlooking Fort Benton. At times the mother could proceed but a few feet at a time. Both because she was practically unable to continue further and because she also feared to go closer to the white man's camp, a stop was made on the brow of the hill.

Surely some Indian eyes would discover them there. Which they did. And then this little and of survivors and the rigors of a Montana winter in the open were taken to a refuge.

It is significant that Joe Kipp, often blamed for the tragedy, several years later married one of the members of that forlorn little group, an older sister of Spear Woman, Double Strike. And it is also significant that Joe Kipp was like a father in providing for members of the family.

Spear Woman married a white man, Hiram Upham, who became the first clerk and recorder in the county.

Mrs. George Croff Sr., 711 First avenue north, Great Falls, is a daughter of that union and other children reside at Browning.

And also at Browning is a man known as Dick Kipp, whose real name is Heavy Runner, the same as his father who was killed that day on the Marias river in 1870. He is called Dick Kipp by the whites because he lived with his sister and brother-in-law, Joe Kipp. What does it matter?

But he is Heavy Runner's son. Till this day he is lending his efforts to secure from the government some restitution for the unwarranted killing of his father and almost nine

**score others, the loss of his father's wealth and the restoration of what he believes is his rightfully due.**

**And yet, "Baker's Massacre" remains just a matter of history to the government. A very small matter at that and one that it is probably as well not to discuss.**

**[Augusta News, March 31, 1932]**

**Spear Woman's story:**

**Spear Woman's Granddaughter Tells Details**

**173 Sick Piegans Were Slaughtered By Baker's Command**

By REX HEALY.

SIXTY-TWO years have passed since a detachment of United States infantry, under command of Col. Eugene M. Baker, descended under the cloak of night upon a defenseless camp of innocent and helpless Piegan Indians on the Marias river and ruthlessly slaughtered 173 of its inhabitants, mostly sick old men, women and children. Yet the only official action taken by the government concerning the affair was the demotion of the commander, whom, it was charged, was intoxicated when the outrage was committed.

Recently a granddaughter of the Piegan chief, Heavy Runner, who was killed in cold blood while extending the hand of welcome and friendship, related to the writer an account of the Massacre as it was told to her by her mother, **Spear Woman**, who witnessed the wanton killing and narrowly escaped the fate meted out to the others.

The granddaughter is **Mrs. George Croff Sr.**, of Great Falls, who brings to light the Indian viewpoint of the affair, the great suffering caused the survivors and somewhat of the monetary loss sustained, all of which reflects the injustice of the government's subsequent disregard of the blunder.

[Photo Caption: Mrs. Hiram Upham, whose Indian name was Spear Woman, was a small child when the tragedy of Baker's massacre occurred. She escaped the fate that befell many of her tribesmen by hiding in a tepee. Her daughter, Mrs. George Croft of Great Falls, tells the story her mother related of the affair.]

Mrs. Croff's mother, Mrs. Hiram Upham (Spear Woman) died in 1920 but left with her children a vivid description of the affair witnessed with the startled eyes of a frightened child through the flap of a tepee.

Records compiled by members of the infantry detachment and memories of those living in the Fort Benton section in the late 60's provide details credited with leading up to the massacre. In most instances they are collaborative, and, as far as that goes, are accepted by the Indians. However, the actual attack receives but little mention other than the fact that it occurred. Naturally enough, it is there where the Indians' interest begins and from that point until this day has been kept alive even though those whose power and duty it has been to make restitution have seen fit to pay it little attention.

The tragedy of "Baker's Massacre" was precipitated from a series of depredations and wrongs on the part of both the Indians and the whites and culminated in the cold-blooded murder of a young brother of Mountain Chief, head chief of the Blackfoot confederacy and a young Blood companion in the streets of Fort Benton on one hand; and the treacherous killing of Major Malcolm Clark, prominent pioneer on the other.

Mountain Chief's brother was slain as he entered Fort Benton bearing communications from Major Culbertson. This aroused the Blackfeet chief to vow that he would avenge his brother's

death. Shortly afterwards, Malcolm Clark was killed by Blackfoot Indians in the Prickly Pear valley.

The assassins of Major Clark were demanded by the United States and the demand refused, which resulted in a desultory warfare of depredations and reprisals.

One James Quail, while searching for some lost horses and mules, was killed. His body was riddled with arrows and mutilated. A few days before, nine Indians had been seen in the neighborhood driving stock. A report of this matter reached the war department and the division commander decided that when the long, northern winter began and Indians would find it hard to travel, troops would be dispatched to crush them. On Jan. 19. 1870. a column composed of troops "F," "G," "H," and "L" Second cavalry and a detachment of infantry commanded by Col. Baker left Fort Shaw to attack Mountain Chief and his band of approximately 1.500 men, women and children camped on the Marias river. Included in the group were Horace and Nathan Clark, sons of Major Clark.

Scouts brought back word that the camp of Mountain Chief had been discovered. and the column headed in its supposed direction. Reports of what transpired from that time until the slaughter was complete differ in many respects. especially as to the parts played by mixed blood scouts, including one Joe Kipp. It has been reported that Kipp informed the soldiers that the route they were taking would not lead to Mountain Chief's camp and that Col. Baker had him placed between two guards with orders to shoot him if there were any signs of treachery.

Others maintained that Kipp believed the camp to be that of Mountain Chief and that he protested when he realized his mistake.

Nevertheless, it remains that, after a secret night march. the troops came upon an Indian village Jan. 23 and the soldiers advanced to surround it.

Heavy Runner, wealthy and influential Piegan chief. approached the soldiers. He had been friendly with the whites and calmly walked toward them holding in his upraised hand of friendship his credentials attesting his loyalty to the government. He was unarmed.

As he neared them, a private, said to have been Joe Cobelle, raised his rifle and sent a bullet into the heart of Heavy Runner. The chief pressed his arms together over his breast and sank to the ground—dead. Then followed the massacre of 173 helpless old men, women and children and the founding of 20 others.

As stated. it was charged that Colonel Baker was drunk and unable to understand what was transpiring or to direct his soldiers. The ghastly mistake was known to the others and it was learned that Mountain Chief and his band were camping further down the river.

Yet Colonel Baker was unable to decide whether to proceed to the camp or not and no subordinate cared to take the responsibility of a second attack. The troops bivouaced for the night and when they finally reached the site of Mountain Chief's camp. he and his followers had disappeared.

Soldiers of .the United States had descended upon a camp of old men, women and children, most of whom were suffering with the disease Indians dreaded above all—smallpox. The young men were away hunting.

Spear Woman survived the unwarranted onslaught and here is the account, she passed on to her children, including Mrs. Croff.

At the time of the massacre she was five years old. Early one morning before dawn. while the braves and hunters were on an expedition, the camp was aroused by barking dogs and word was brought to her father, Heavy Runner, that soldiers were approaching.

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It is significant that Joe Kipp, often blamed for the tragedy, several years later married one of the members of that forlorn little group, an older sister of Spear Woman, **Double Strike**. And it is also significant that Joe Kipp was like a father in providing for members of the family.

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But, he is Heavy Runner's son. Till this day he is lending his efforts to secure from the government some restitution for the unwarranted killing of his father and almost nine score others, the loss of his father's wealth and the restoration of what he believes is his rightful due.

And yet, "Baker's Massacre" remains just a matter of history to the government. A very small matter at that and one that it is probably as well not to discuss. [Ekalaka Eagle, April 1, 1932, p. 7]

**[Find a Grave:]**

**Emma Heavy Runner Miller Spear Woman Sapapistatsaki**

**Birth: October 1862, MT; Death: 28 February 1920, Blackfeet Reservation**

**Burial: Saint Michaels Cemetery, Browning, Glacier Co.**

**Obituary: She was a daughter of Heavy Runner who married a white man, Hiram Upham, after surviving the Baker Massacre.**

**Special to The Daily Tribune.**

**Browning, March 4.—Mrs. Emma Miller, well known among the old time settlers of northern Montana, died at her home in Browning, Saturday evening, after a long illness. The deceased was a full blood Indian and had led an eventful life.**

**At the age of five her father, Chief Heavy Runner and, mother, were killed by the soldiers in the so-called Baker massacre, this occurring at the mouth of the Marias. She and a few other children managed to escape and making their way into Canada, made her home for a number of years with a Canadian Indian family known as Eats Alone. Upon the marriage of her sister to Joe Kipp, a well known old time character, she returned to this side and made her home with the Kipps, where she met and married Hi Upham, Kipp's business partner.**

**In later years, while a widow, she married Jack Miller, another well known character of by-gone days, he dying about 10 year ago. The funeral was held Monday at the Catholic church, Father McCormack officiating, burial being made in the local cemetery. [Great Falls Tribune, March 5, 1920, p. 5]**

**[Find a Grave]**

**Emma Heavy Runner Spear Woman's 1<sup>st</sup> Husband:  
Hiram Upham**

**Emma Heavy Runner Spear Woman's 2<sup>nd</sup> Husband:  
Ralph Upham**

**Emma Heavy Runner Spear Woman's 3<sup>rd</sup> Husband:  
Jack Jacob Miller Birth 1846 Choteau Co., MT; Death 3 August 1908, Blackfeet  
Reservation;**

**Burial Browning Methodist Cemetery, Browning, Glacier Co., MT**

**Jack Miller Dead. Prominent Citizen of Reservation.** Jack Miller, one of the most widely known residents of the Blackfeet Reservation, and a man of extensive interests, died at his ranch on Cut Bank creek, six miles from Blackfoot station at 7:15 o'clock on the morning of August 3, [1908.] His death was very sudden, and occurred shortly after he had eaten breakfast. Heart failure is given as the cause.

Mr. Miller was born near old Fort Brule, twelve miles below Fort Benton, in 1846. His father was a Bavarian employed for many years by the Northwestern Fur Co. His mother was a full blood Piegan woman. The elder Miller had wide fame as a buffalo hunter, and is said to have gone by the nickname of Buffalo Bill. Jack followed his father as a hunter and in his early years made his living that way. Later he was for a long time a freighter between Fort Benton and Choteau, living at the latter place many years. Here he was married in 1873 to an Indian girl named Tanataki (Pretty woman.) Here also was born his only daughter, Millie, who died in 1878. After her death Mr. Miller and wife adopted a young girl, now Mrs. William Sharp. Mr. Miller moved from Choteau to the old agency, and later to the ranch where he died, after a residence there of fifteen years.

Besides his daughter, Mrs. Sharp, Mr. Miller leaves a sister, Mrs. Jacob Schmidt, and two half sisters, Mrs. Douglas, who lives near Sun river, and Mrs. Goss, who resides on Cut Bank creek.

The early years of the deceased were full of adventure, and he was engaged many times in encounters with the Indians. He was known as a capable stockman, and acquired a comfortable fortune. [Find a Grave: Choteau Acantha August 13, 1908]

**Spouse of Jack Jacob Miller:**

**Julie Miller Birth: 1850 Death: 1903**

**Burial: Nighshoot Cemetery, Glacier Co. MT**

**Hiram D. Upham Born February 22, 2839, Hamilton, Madison Co., NY**

**Death Jun 3, 1893, Dupuyer, Pondera Co. Burial: Old Highland Cemetery, Great Falls**

**Father: Hiram Upham [1805-1866]**

**Mother: Delphia Nash Upham [1805-1865]**

**Siblings: Sophia Montgomery Upham Pratt [1830-1917]**

**Mary E. Upham Champion [1837-1884]**

**Spouse: Emma Heavy Runner Miller [1862-1920] Married 1884**

**Children: Kathryn Marie Upham Croff [1883-1963]**

**Myrtle Stella Upham Pirrie [1893-1950]**

Additional information provided by Find A Grave contributor "Cara":

**Another Old-Timer Gone**

Hiram D. Upham, an old Montanan, died at the Sister's hospital in this city at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon after a long illness. Mr. Upham was a partner of Joe Kipp, the post trader at the Blackfoot Indian agency. He came to Montana in 1866 from Michigan. His uncle, Maj. Upham, was agent of the Blackfoot Indians at that time. Mr. Upham had many friends and no enemies.

Mr. Hamilton of Choteau, sheriff of Teton county, and Dr. Walmsley of Choteau, are in town. They are warm friends of Mr. Upham and speak very highly as a man and a citizen. It has not been decided whether he will be buried at Great Falls or taken back to the post.



Final arrangements will be made as soon as Mr. Kipp, who is on his way to Great Falls, arrives. [Great Falls Weekly Tribune (MT), 9 June 1893]

[Blackfeet Heritage]

**Kathryn Marie Upham Croff [1883-1963] Birth November 27, 1883, Teton Co., MT  
Death September 16, 1963, Glacier Co., MT Burial Saint Michaels Cemetery,  
Browning**

**Father: Hiram D. Upham**

**Mother: Emma Heavy Runner Miller**

**Sibling: Myrtle Stella Upham Pirrie [1893-1950]**

**Spouse: George Arthur Croff [1878-1958] Married 1902**

**Children: Stella Marie Croff Webber [1903-1995]**

**George U. Croff [1905-1992]**

**Stanley Richard Croff [1918-1943]**

**Myrtle Stella "Mirtie" Upham Pirrie [1893-1950] Birth April 6, 1893.**

**Death October 10, 1950 Burial: Saint Michaels Cemetery, Browning**

**Father: Hiram D. Upham**

**Mother: Emma Heavy Runner Miller**

**Sibling: Kathryn Marie Upham Croff**

**Spouse: Anthony Charles Gilham [1889-1976] Married 1911**

**Children: Evelyn May Gilham Hill [1912-1944]**

**Iola Myrtle Gilham Chattin [1914-2000]**

**Elinor Winafred Gilham Glidden [1916-1995]**

## **Spopee Turtle (Adult Man)**

**Spopee (Turtle) (Kainai) [Wylie, 196] Adult male shot through both hips. [Henderson, 62]  
Murdered Charles Walmsby on Cut Bank River Oct 1879 [BWR, Jan. 9, 1880].**

**Dr. William Farr's excellent book, *Blackfoot Redemption*, tells the complete tragic story of Spopee. Page 14 mentions briefly his possible survival at Heavy Runner's camp. Other sources confirm that Spopee was present at the Marias Massacre.**

**It was 35 years ago, they learned, that an officer in command of an army post in northern Montana led his troop one morning to a Blackfeet encampment and wiped out the entire village. The braves were all away on a buffalo hunt, and only a few helpless old men remained behind with the women and children. *In the "battle" the most of these squaws and papooses were slain, the mother of Spo-pee among them.***

**The officer was reprimanded, as the records show, but a reprimand could not bring back to life those whom he and his men had butchered. And the braves came back from the hunt, to find only the dead ashes of the camp fires, the charred sticks and bits of skins and canvas that had been wigwams, and the bodies of the slain. [Missoulian, April 28, 1914, p. 4]**

**Farr, *Blackfoot Redemption*, 14**

**Born about 1850; mother Antelope Woman Awakasiaki; brother Three Bears**

**In 1874 Catholic Census Antelope Woman was wife of Siapiatow or Comes in the Night.**

**p. 222 Alternative story with Spopee, a survivor of the Marias Massacre.**

**Daughter: Minnie Takes the Gun.**

**Despite Pease's thoroughness, he could not account for all survivors. Some had fled to nearby camps, others survived by hiding, and those who had been held as prisoners were left behind by the troops. Among them were Bear Head (age fourteen), Wolf Leader (adult male), Comes With Rattles (six), Last Gun (fourteen), Black Eagle (adult male), Almost A Dog (adult male), Takes Gun At Night (ten), Double Strike Woman (ten), Wolf Eagle (a hunter), Spear Woman (six), Fog Eater (adult male), Turtle (adult male), Curlew Woman (forty-one), Three Bears (old man) and Black Antelope (old man). [Henderson, 62]**

**[Blackfeet Heritage]**

**Takes Gun, Full Piegan, age 51 years in 1909 born 1858**

**Father: Big Painted Lodge**

**Mother: Unknown**

**Siblings: Old Chief, half-brother.**

**Wife 1): Minnie Woman Body**

**Wife 2): Mary Takes Gun, age 31 in 1909 born 1878**

**Father: *Turtle Spo-pee***

**Mother: Many Different Outs**

**Children: The Star, 9 years in 1909 born 1900**

Agnes, 6 years  
Cecile, 4 years  
Rosa, 2 years

**Find a Grave:**

**Rose Lucille Takes Gun Stripped Squirrel**      **Birth 9 October, 1909**  
**Death 1 January, 1972, Starr School, Glacier Co.**  
**Burial: Takes Gun Family Cemetery, Blackfeet Reservation**  
**Daughter of Takes Gun and Mary Turtle. She married Bert Stripped Squirrel**  
**Bert Stripped Squirrel [1907-1989] Married 1931**  
**Father: Albert Stripped Squirrel**  
**Mother: Julie**  
**Birth: 3 July 1907 Brocket, Claresholm, Alberta, Canada**  
**Death 15 August, 1989, Browning Burial Takes Gun Family Cemetery**  
**Children: Eunice Stripped Squirrel Good Rider [1937-1971]**  
**Louella Stripped Squirrel [1945-1945]**  
**Michael James Stripped Squirrel [1949-2008]**  
**Birth: 4 April, 1949, Shelby, Toole Co.**  
**Death: 23 October, 2008, Kalispell, Flathead Co.**  
**Burial Takes Gun Family Cemetery**  
**Wife: Marie Adeline Middle Rider Stripped Squirrel [1952-2017]**  
**Children: Bert Stripped Squirrel [1985-2012]**

**1880**

**2 Jan** Capture of An Indian Murderer [Spo-Pee] ---News Items from the Judith Country. Sheriff Healy and Under-Sheriff Talbert returned on Friday from the Moccasin mountains with Spo-Pee (Turtle), the Blood Indian who killed Charles Walmsbury, on Cut Bank river, in October last. Spo-pee was captured among a hunting party of Bloods, Piegans and Blackfeet numbering about three hundred Indians. White Calf's band of Piegans are camped on the Judith river, above the mouth of Warm Spring Creek. Running Crane's camp is also with the rest at the same place. Bad Boy, the North Piegan, had arrived from the North and was going towards Armall's Creek in search of buffalo. The Judith Basin is destitute of buffalo and the Indians were obliged to live on small game, which is plenty.  
[p. 3] [**Benton Record, January 2, 1880**]

**9 Jan Spo-Pee.**

**The Murderer of Walmsbury Confesses.**

**A Survivor of the Baker Massacre.**

**Why He Killed the White Man.**

**How the Arrest was Made.**

The Indian who murdered Charles Walmsby on Cut Bank river in October last, told the following story of the transaction to Sheriff Healy, five days after his arrest by the Sheriff:

"I am a blood Indian and my friends belong to Ne-kas-toe's (Red Crow's band.) After my people had gone away to the South in search of buffalo, I was around Fort Macleod and the Blood white man's place at the Kootenay Lake (Fred. Kanouse's): but I determined to follow after my people, and called at the store of I.G. Baker & Co., at Fort Macleod, where I asked your

friend Spi-ta ("Tall Man," meaning D.W. Davis) to let me have some credit, so that I could travel. Spi-ta gave me a little provisions, and I started off in company with a boy called "Good Rider," who had been working for the whites.

On our way we stopped at the Crazy White Man's place, (Dutch Fred), and he gave us some bread. From there we traveled along the white man's road that runs along the foot of tile mountains, and when we arrived et the North Fork of Milk river we w'ere very hungry, and tried to eat some old wolf bait, which we found, but it was so nasty we could not swallow it.

After we left the North Fork we discovered the fresh track of a wagon going ahead of us, and we rode very fast to catch up and get something to eat. We overtook the white man and camped with him on the South Fork of Milk river, and got plenty to eat from him. The white man had a needle gun, and four mares with their tails cut oft square. Good Rider told me that the man had plenty of money, and if I would kill him we could buy many things: but I said that I was afraid to kill a white man; that tile soldiers were strong and would follow and kill us. Good Rider then said if I would shoot the man he

would help to fight the soldiers if they came after us. I told him how well the Catcher at Fort Benton knew all the Indians and that he would follow on the trail like a wolf, if lie wished to catch a man, and that he would be sure to find us out. Good Rider said that he would kill the Scar on the Nose if he came near us, and promised to kill you should you come after us, in case I killed the man with whom we were traveling.

I answered that I was afraid, that I had been shot by the soldiers at the Marias fight, the year of the small-pox (here the Indian showed the wounds, a ball having passed through both hips). "A soldier," I said, "riding a large gray horse shot me and as I went down, I begged him for my life; the soldier taking pity on me told me to get away and hide, and I managed to crawl up a coolie and hide myself.

Since that l time I have been running with the whites. This story I told tile Good Rider to show him that the whites are strong. But he laughed at my fears and again asked me to kill the man, whose gun he borrowed from him to shoot an antelope, of which there was a band on the road. He fired a great many shots but returned without any game.

Then he once more urged me to take the gun and shoot the man, but I refused and said I knew nothing about the gun and was afraid. Good Rider took a cartridge, opened the gun, and placed it in the barrel, and then he kissed me and begged me to do the deed, and I should keep all the money for myself. Then I shot that white man, and we drove on to the Cut Bank, when I wrapped the body up in some of the bedding. The wagon we took apart ant threw it into the river. Good Rider took the money, of which there was quite a lot."

At this point of his story Spo-Pee stopped and was reluctant to say anything more, nor would he acknowledge to spending any of the money except a few dollars at Hamilton's and Hazlet's store on the Teton.

He is a young man, only about twenty-eight years of age, and medium sized. He has one woman and a child about three years old. This Indian is well known among the Bloods, Blackfeet and Piegans, but seldom lives with his tribe. His arrest in the midst of an Indian camp remote from the settlements, was looked upon with much astonishment for a while. Mounted Indians were charging in various directions, and knots of people seemed to be consulting in an agitated manner. Many of the old men desired to know the reason of the arrest and excitement ran quite high; indeed it seemed doubtful at time whether the prisoner could be held. However, the Sheriff being well known to them for many years, and knowing the people he had to deal with, was

enabled to make satisfactory explanations and bring the prisoner away. The Indians finally appearing to be glad that only one was wanted.” [p. 3] [**Benton Record, January 9, 1880**]

15 Jan From the Daily Herald of January 15.

Arrest of the Indian Murderer, Spo-pe, in Judith Basin.

Learning of the arrival of Sheriff Healy, who arrested the Indian murderer, Spo-pe, (Turtle), a Herald reporter called upon him and gathered the following facts, which are of no little interest:

The warrant for the arrest of the Indian was placed in the Sheriff's hands December 15th, and with a small party he at once started for the Judith Basin, where the man was supposed to be. This was during the intense cold weather, when so many were badly frosted in various parts of the Territory. The party traveled as rapidly as possible, and accomplished a distance of about four hundred miles before the camp of Bloods and Piegans, to which Turtle belonged, was found.

On the 19th of the month they were overtaken by a blizzard. The cold was intense and the wind blew with terrific violence, lifting large beds of snow from the ground and hurling it through the air. Fortunately, the storm did not overtake them till they were in camp. Their wood finally became exhausted, and for forty hours the party lay on the ground wrapped in their blankets.

When the storm subsided they again started, and on Christmas eve reached the Indian camp, which was near Moccasin Mountain in the Judith Basin. They were kindly treated by the Indians, but found that Turtle had left with a large hunting party a few days before. After a short rest they again started out, and succeeded in finding the band of hunters a few days later. Turtle and his friends offered no resistance, and with the prisoner the party at once set out on the return trip, which was accomplished without further incident. [**Helena Weekly Herald, January 22, 1880, p. 8**]

### **18-20 Dec District Court. Murder in the First Degree.**

In the case of the U.S. vs. Spo-pe, alias Turtle, a jury was empanelled and sworn. The case was stated to the jury by the District Attorney, who thereupon asked to have the two Indians, Spo-pe and Good Rider, a witness for the prosecution, separated. Held under advisement. Mr. H.B. Hamilton was sworn as interpreter. Much interest was manifested in the instructions given to Good Rider as to the obligations of his oath. He is a boy about sixteen years old and seemed to be a thorough Pagan. Both Indians were decorated with paint and feathers regardless of expense.

Messrs. Chumasero and Sanders only enquired of the jury as to their ability to try the defendants with the same care and solicitude they would white men. The motion of District Attorney Dryden to exclude his witness Good Rider and Turtle from the court room while the other witnesses were testifying, brought out the only sharp controversy thus far in the case. Col. Sanders protested that excluding one's own witnesses from the court room for fear of collusion was unheard of; that a party vouched for the integrity of his own witnesses and could not ask such action. He said this was a case against a British subject, and if new methods of jurisprudence were to be invented they should not be first applied in cases liable to raise international questions.

The witnesses were then sworn. The U. S. Attorney thereupon asked leave to withdraw a juror, saying the identification of the deceased was not possible with the witnesses present, whereupon the case was adjourned till 2 o'clock.

The U. S. District Attorney withdrew his motion that one of the witnesses should be removed from the court room while others were being examined and the trial of the case began.

[**Helena Weekly Herald, December 23, 1880, p. 4**]

“The Indian Spo-pee, now on trial for murder, is quite an artist. In the court room this morning he amused himself by drawing a very faithful likeness of District Attorney Dryden on a scrap of paper. When finished it was passed around among the attorneys and created much amusement. Herald] [p. 5]

**In the case of the United States vs. Spo-pee alias Turtle, indicted for the murder of Chas Wamsbley at the Cut Banks, on trial last week in Helena, the jury returned a verdict of murder. United States vs. One-to-chee, alias Good Rider; dismissed, and prisoner discharged. [p. 8] [River Press, December 22, 1880]**

**1881**

7 Jan Spo-Pee, the Indian murder [sic] sentenced to be hanged February 4th, should be executed in Benton, and for these reasons” The influence of so terrible a death as hanging is the most powerful in the suppression of murder. that influence will be thoroughly exerted in Helena by means of hanging Pelky. On the other hand, should the Indian murderer be executed at Helena, away from his nation, while the general effect will in no way strengthen the example to be Pelky’s expiration, it will signally fail to inspire among the Indians the awful dread of the white man’s laws--a dread so necessary for them to be imbued with to prevent further crime. . . . [p. 4]

[**Benton Record, January 7, 1881**]

**5 May** 5 May A deputy U. S. Marshal left yesterday for Detroit, Michigan, having in charge Spo-pee, the Indian prisoner who was at the December term of the District Court in Helena, convicted of the murder of Charles Walmsby, and whose sentence of death was by the President commuted to imprisonment for life in the House of Correction at Detroit. Spo-pee was under the impression yesterday morning that he was going on a visit to the President, and he left the jail in high glee. [**Helena Independent, May 5, 1881, p. 3**]

**1914**

**28 Apr BLACKFEET BRAVE BREAKS HIS SILENCE**

Indian of Montana Tribe, Imprisoned With Criminally Insane at Washington and Not Having Spoken

in 32 Years, Is Awakened by Woman's Voice and Tells Story.

Rivaling the story of "A Man Without a Country;" containing all the elements from which a Hugo might have woven a masterpiece; a tragedy such as may come to light once in a century, is the story which, by sheerest accident, became known to the physicians at St. Elisabeth hospital, and to a few Washingtonians, last Sunday, becoming public today, says the Washington Star.

As a result of the information gained through the feminine intuition and interpretation of a shy little half-blood Indian woman, Spo-pe, once a warrior of the Blackfeet tribe, but for years a prisoner among the criminal insane at the hospital, has come back from the tomb of self-imposed silence in which he has dwelt for more than three decades, and Commissioner Cato Sells of the bureau of Indian affairs has taken active steps to procure a pardon and freedom for the brave who, for an act of pious atonement, as he believed, has been lost to his people since a time when men and women of his tribe who are now the fathers and mothers of families were papooses, playing about the wigwams of the lost hunting grounds in northern

Montana.

### **Prisoner Thirty-Two Years.**

For 32 years Spo-pe has been a prisoner among the criminal insane at St. Elizabeth. During that whole long span of years no word had passed his lips until last Sunday, when the crooning, coaxing syllables of this little woman, herself half a Blackfeet, roused the dormant memories and unlocked the gates of silence. Words such as the squaws of her people use when they tell the stories of the old days before the coming of the pale face; the baby talk of the wigwams, the folklore of a vanishing race; the language of copper-colored mothers to their dusky babies at twilight; these were the utterances that revived in Spo-pe, the man who was dead and who is alive, the memories of the long ago and brought back to him from its sepulcher the mind, the speech, that the silent years had almost effaced.

It was through the members of a delegation of Sioux Indians who recently visited the hospital that this little woman, with her husband and others of a Blackfeet delegation now in Washington, learned that a member of their tribe, nameless and with his identity sunk beneath the mantle of silence with which he had enveloped himself, was an inmate of the institution. These Sioux, visiting a member of their own tribe at St.

Elizabeth, saw old Spo-pe and asked: "Who is that Indian?"

When they questioned Spo-pe himself the old warrior opened his lips in the first semi-intelligible speech to which he had given utterance, so far as his guards know, since he was brought to the hospital. But long disuse had robbed his tongue of its power to shape words, and the questioners could only make out the syllables "Ba-fo."

### **Understood by Indians,.**

To the guards and attendants the sounds meant nothing, save that the silent Indian had at last tried to speak. But to the Indians the syllables meant "Blackfoot," and they carried word to the members of a party of Blackfeet Indians now in Washington endeavoring to obtain payment for lands the government took from the tribe years ago. In the party are James Perrine, Charles W. Buck, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Clark and others, and to Mrs. Clark, half Blackfeet of blood, is due the calling back of Spo-pe from the silence of more than a quarter of a century.

When the members of the party learned that one of their tribe was an inmate of the hospital they immediately decided to learn, if possible, who he was. None of them had the slightest inkling as to the identity of the brave; the name of Spo-pe is not even a memory to any save a few. A. R. Serven and A. C. J. Farrel, local attorneys acting for the Blackfeet Indians in their claim against the government, accompanied the delegation which visited the hospital last Sunday to investigate the story that had been brought to them by the Sioux.

At the institution first one, then another, of the visitors spoke to the old Indian. In the swinging, rolling, sonorous dialect of the tribe they questioned him, but his eyes merely showed attention, and his only replies were broken syllables and parts of words. So long had he maintained his stoic muteness that even the memory of his own language had vanished. Then the visitors tried the sign language, the common medium of communication between Indians of all tribes: but this, too, failed to rouse the dormant faculties of expression, and the Indian merely shook his head.

Then the shy little woman, pushing the men aside, came forward. Dropping the speech of the men, she began to speak in the "little people's talk" of the Blackfeet—the simple little words that only the mothers know and speak to the children beside the wigwam fire.

In the talk of the little people Mrs. Clark told the old man her Indian name. She told him of the villages; she spoke of the rivers and of the mountains. She spoke of the buffalo, long vanished

from the plains the Blackfeet used to roam, and of the deer and the bears In the hills. Then she asked his own name, and unhesitatingly he spoke it:

"Spo-re."

As the name fell from his lips the stoical men of the party started and looked at each other with a murmur of surprise. Their fathers had known Spo-pe, but to the people of the tribe he had been reckoned as dead years ago.

The little woman, her face close to that of the aged warrior, continued asking, asking, asking; question after question came from her lips in the crooning accents of a mother talking to her babe, and over and over she repeated his name.

"Spo-pe," she crooned, "You are Spo-pe, the warrior, the mighty hunter. You are Spo-pe, the man who walked the mountains. You are Spo-pe, the hunter who killed the buffalo. Spo-pe, what of the deer you hunted? Spo-pe, remember the bears in the mountains? Spo-pe, did you kill the bears?"

From the sphynx-like brave came the question, at this: "Where is Three Bears?"

It was the first question he had asked in all his long years at the hospital. At the words a member of the party, startled out of his Indian stolidity, exclaimed: "He died 26 years ago."

But the words meant nothing to Spo-pe. The death sign he knew, however, and he understood when his visitor counted 26 snows. Thus he learned of the death of his brother.

By this time Dr. Glick and others of the hospital staff were in eager attention. As Dr. Glick declared, they were witnesses of the most wonderful scene a student of psychology may hope to observe—the return of a human mind, the rebirth of memory, restoration of the co-ordination of the faculties. And as the man of science watched, always the voice of the little woman crooned on, sweet and soft as the notes of a meadowlark, persuasive as the tender voice of a mother, calling, calling to the mind of Spo-pe to come back from the empty void, calling to Spo-pe to return to the land of those who live.

### **Silent Years Roll Away.**

The talk of the little children at last awakened the dormant faculties; the years of silence rolled away, and before the party left Spo-pe, no longer silent, was talking in full blood, the barriers of forgetfulness broken down by the crooning syllables of the little half-blood woman. Then the Blackfeet learned from his lips the story their fathers and mothers used to tell—the story of Spo-pe, the fearless, the tireless, the hunter and warrior, the pious avenger.

**It was 35 years ago, they learned, that an officer in command of an army post in northern Montana led his troop one morning to a Blackfeet encampment and wiped out the entire village. The braves were all away on a buffalo hunt, and only a few helpless old men remained behind with the women and children. In the "battle" the most of these squaws and papooses were slain, the mother of Spo-pe among them.**

**The officer was reprimanded, as the records show, but a reprimand could not bring back to life those whom he and his men had butchered. And the braves came back from the hunt, to find only the dead ashes of the camp fires, the charred sticks and bits of skins and canvas that had been wigwams, and the bodies of the slain.**

Through the world wandered the spirits of wives and children, fathers and mothers, and the moaning winds were their voices, calling to be avenged, or so the Blackfeet believed. Nor could the restless spirits find peace until one of the tribe who had murdered them was sent to his account.

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a life for a life." Such was the Blackfeet belief—a belief as old as the law of Moses. And so Spo-pe took upon himself the vows that demanded a



blood atonement. He blackened his face with ashes from the dead campfires, sang the Blackfeet song of mourning for the dead, and set out on his mission of duty to the spirit of the mother who bore him.

Thirty-five years ago the whites the palefaces-were not so many in Montana as they are today. To Spo-pe, as to others of his tribe and race, the few that he knew were a tribe; he knew nothing of them as a nation. So it was that when he came upon a fur trader the man was merely one of the tribe that had murdered his people, and the man was wiped out. Then the soldiers came again, and the last that Spo-pe's people ever saw of him he was riding, bound hand and foot, to be tried for his life. And the grass grew long over his trail, and his name was forgotten, except by the wife that was left behind, there in the new village of his people.

### **Lost to His People.**

He was "only an Indian," but the facts concerning the massacre of his village were so well known, and the understanding of the situation and of Spo-pe's belief so complete, that the court's sentence of death was commuted to one of life imprisonment.

But Spo-pe, knowing no word of the paleface's language, did not know that he was condemned to remain a prisoner until he died; he believed he was being taken to the home of the white man, there to be slain when the white man saw fit. So he wrapped about himself a mantle of silence and waited; he had done his duty and had given rest to the spirit of his mother. Spo-pe was satisfied.

Taken first to Detroit, the prison authorities believed his silence was an indication of that form of insanity known as melancholia; and as they had no facilities there for treatment Spo-pe was sent to St. Elizabeth. That was 32 years ago.

Last Sunday he uttered the first word that has passed his lips in all those years. Wednesday the Blackfeet, accompanied by Robert J. Hamilton, another member of the tribe, visited Spo-pe at the hospital for the second time, learning more details of his case. A petition for his pardon was at once prepared and placed in the hands of Commissioner Sells, and it is more than probable that before the summer has come to the Montana plains and melted the snows from the tops of the mountains where he hunted, years ago, Spo-pe will find the wife he has not seen since she was a young woman, and the two daughters, who were babies when the palefaces came and took him away.

One of his guards at the hospital said: "I'll be mighty glad when the old Indian gets his freedom; but I'll be mighty sorry to see him go. In spite of the fact that he neer said a word until last Sunday he's as fine a man as ever lived, and we'll miss him here."

**[Missoulian, April 28, 1914, p. 4]**

### **16 Jul Indian Served Long Sentence Pardoned By The President**

Washington. After thirty-four years behind the bars under life sentence for murder Spopee, a Blackfeet Indian, was unconditionally pardoned today by President Woodrow Wilson. He will be released immediately from the federal hospital for the insane here to return to his daughter at Browning, Montana, whom he has not seen since she was a baby.

Several Blackfeet Indians, visiting in Washington months ago, happened on Spopee, grown gray with his long imprisonment. They established his tribal identity by an Indian song and one of the interpreters recognized in Spopee the hero of an old legend, who had disappeared a score of years ago into some white man's jail. Blackfeet mothers have been singing their children to sleep with a song about him ever since.

Officials, advised of the discovery, began an investigation which resulted in his pardon, Spopee was charged with the murder of a white man near the Canadian border, near the Montana state line. It is believed by department of justice officials that the territory on which the crime was committed belonged to Canada. Moreover, it is now believed that Spopee committed the murder self defense. He and another Indian, Good Rider, asked a white man for food. Their request was denied and the white man denounced Spopee, finally assaulting him with an axe. The Indian contends he fired in self defense. and his story is credited by the department of justice.

After Spopee was convicted for the murder at Fort Benton and sentenced to death, he was removed to the federal prison at Fort Leavenworth. While awaiting execution the Indian maintained absolute silence. His conduct was so unusual that he was believed insane, and after two years was removed to the federal hospital here, where he has been held a prisoner 32 years.

Spopee is regarded as an intelligent Indian by physicians who have examined him since the movement to obtain his release was begun. Commissioner Cato Sells of the Indian office took the case up and arranged to send Spopee back to his people.

Sells has telegraphed Spopee's daughter that her father is a free man. He will send Spopee back to Montana tonight, accompanied by an attendant. [**Judith Basin Star, July 16, 1914, p. 1**]

**21 Jul [Photo: Spo-Pe Liberated after 33 Years, and a Girl Friend He Made in Washington] Washington, July 21.--Spopee, an Indian, pardoned by President Wilson on July 7 after spending 34 years in the government hospital for the insane here for murder, has been adopted by the Blackfoot tribe. Word to that effect was received today by Indian Commissioner Sells.**

**Spopee is a Piegan Indian but before 1879 had been closely identified with the Blackfeet. The Indian has been adopted by the Blackfeet at the instance of Indian office in order that he might fully share in the rights and privileges of the members of the tribe. The tribal council at a meeting at Browning, Montana, took action and he will now receive his 320 acres of land. [p. 1] [Great Falls Leader, July, 21, 1914]**

**11 Dec** They say at Browning that old Spopee yearns to return to the city of the White Father, to 9team heat, immaculate laundry and the other luxuries of super civilization. . The other day he walked to the station, planked down a small piece of change and demanded a ticket to the capital city. It seems the old west has lost its lure and charm for the old Piegan. —Cut Bank P i o n e e r Press. [**Choteau Montanan, December 11, 1914, p. 5**]

**1915**

**7 Apr**

**SPO-PEE, Same Indian Held Thirty-two Years Amid Maniacs. [photos] By William Atherton Du Puy An Ordeal Unprecedented in the History of the Nation--One Which Defies the Imaginings of the Eaters of the Lotus.**

**This is the tragic tale of Spo Pee, the Indian, a sane man who has sat stoically for thirty-two years in the midst of the gibbering inmates of St. Elizabeth's, Uncle Sam's institution for the mentally dethroned.**

**He, a warrior against the Sioux and a hunter of buffalo, an aborigine untouched by the white man's civilization, was seized on his native Montana plains, tried by a court, the deliberations of which he could not understand, adjudged according to standards he had**

known no opportunity to learn, condemned to die. Because he sat in stoic silence and because he later made strange signs with his hands, his uncomprehending captors adjudged him insane, saved his life, but thrust him into a more cruel fate by incarcerating him for the span of a generation among mad men who rave and women who tear their hair.

By a strange coincidence, the men of his reservation to whom he had been lost for all this time, found him in his barred cell, placed his case before a sympathetic Commissioner of Indian affairs who investigated it, and a pardon has been executed.

Today Spo Pee sits in the lodge of the baby girl he left on the reservation thirty-five years ago, among the Blackfoot Indians with whom he hunted as a youth, in the shadow of the titanic mountains of Glacier National Park, where Montana breaks into Canada.

**The Tale.** In the summer of 1879 Charles Walmsby, hardly spirit of the northwest, and variously spoken of as being an admirable man and one of morose and domineering nature, started from a Canadian trappers' outpost to a similar station on the American side. On the way he fell in with the stalwart young hunter, Spo Pee, which name signifies in Indian, the turtle. With him was the lad, Good Rider.

When the three had reached Cut Bank, a stream which winds from the park into the plain and which winds from the park into the plain and which has now been set by the government to irrigating the lands of the latter, the white man was killed by Spo Pee. The Indian says that the heart of the white man was shown to be bad, that he was beaten by him with a shovel, the wounds of which he exhibited, that he killed him that the hunting ground might be rid of his evil spirit. The boy, Good Rider, was not a witness of the killing, but the prosecution held that its object was robbery.

The trial of Spo Pee took place but three years after the Custer massacre and at that time little consideration was shown the Indian in Montana courts. He was condemned to die. But the president of the United States intervened and his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment in the Detroit house of correction.

**Torn From His Family.** Stoically the warrior bade farewell to his young wife, Rainbow Light, and the three-year-old baby girl she had borne him. Stoically he departed with his captors ready for any fate that might await him and knowing not what to expect. Stoically he rode by stage coach to the Missouri, by steamer down that stream to St. Louis, and by the iron-horse he had never seen before, from St. Louis to Detroit. There he was thrust into prison where none knew aught of his language or the life from which he had come. As an Indian warrior he settled uncomplainingly into the routine of his imprisonment.

The dazed Indian spoke no word for a year. With his hands in his lap he sat silent and waited for the stroke to fall. About him were many white men, but none who uttered a word that he knew. Eventually he aroused himself from his lethargy. He had waited for death and it had not come. he would ask for his wife and his baby. he knew that Indians speak many tongues, but that he understood the sign language. it is universal. He broke his long inactivity by industriously making signs with his hands to those who surrounded him. These were strange gesticulations which no man understood. There was the year-long brooding which the wise ones diagnosed as acute melancholia, then the strange gestures. The man was crazy.

Spo Pee was sent to the government hospital for the insane at Washington, D. C. His going was not reported to his friends on the reservation. They lost track of him. To them he had gone away toward the rising sun with the white man and had never returned. They believed him dead. No other creature in the world was interested in his fate.

**With Manics.** At Washington, the Indian took his place among 3,000 other men and women who are wards of the federal government. He was filed away among others who were considered permanent inmates, crazy people for whom the government must care until death.

It is difficult to appreciate the impression that all of this must have had upon the young warrior from the buffalo ranges. With no conception of the nature of the race with which he was thrown, with no understanding to tell him that these were not as other white men, surrounded constantly by wild, raving creatures who must have impressed him as being of another world, with no capacity to understand a word that was spoken to him, the free-roving Indian could have been expected to imagine himself bewitched, to have been thrown in evil ways, to have lost his reason.

Yet for thirty-two years he lived in these surroundings, sat stoically awaiting whatever might come, and remained sane.

**Found.** It was a year ago that a party of Sioux Indian came to Washington to visit the Great White Father. They wandered about the city viewing the strange accomplishments of an age of invention and a people of mechanical ingenuity. They rode on a street car to its end, where a great gate stood invitingly open and park-like vistas beckoned. The Indians entered and wandered about.

A party of patients, for this was the government asylum for the insane, was being taken out for an airing. The Sioux watched them curiously until one came past them whom they recognized as an Indian. They addressed him in the Sioux language and he made no reply. They had recourse to the universal language of their people. They made the sign of the Sioux. A flicker of remembrance passed over the features of the Indian of the institution and he automatically responded with the sign of the Blackfoot. He passed on with his fellows.

Uncommunicative, these Indians said nothing to the authorities about the man they had seen. Many months had passed when one of them encountered a party of the Blackfoot tribe, likewise in Washington for a visit. He told his fellow red men that there was a member of that band in the great institution for the insane.

The story of Spo Pee was a legend in the Blackfoot tribe. He was a warrior, brave and strong, who had gone away with the white men and been lost. His fate was regarded as a closed book. Yet the chiefs knew of no other man of their tribe who could be alive and so held. They went to the asylum to see this mysterious Blackfoot.

The guards led the stolid old Indian from his grated cell. Heavy and stooped and gray he was, shorn of his flowing hair, dressed in clothes of the institution. A great lethargy had settled down upon him, this man who had not spoken nor heard an understood word for thirty-five years.

His tribesmen spoke to him in his native tongue and he understood it not, so long had he lived in silence. They talked to him in the sign language and aroused now and then a glimmer of understanding. The women of the party, for there were some such, murmured to him of the croonings of his mother and the legends of his tribe that made up the Blackfoot Mother goose. They coaxed and courted his sleeping intelligence with the instinct that can wake a babe without frightening it.

**The Awakening.** Fragmentarily the captive Indian began to appreciate the situation. The words of the Blackfoot language he started to repeat after his visitors. He mouthed them as a morsel sweet to the tongue but long forgotten. At the end of two hours he was able to say

that he was Spo Pee, the Blackfoot, that he had been in a long, long sleep, that he remembered the Cut Bank where it came down from the hills with its trout and that buffalo herds were to be found on Two Medicine.

Then his mind grew tired and relapsed into inactivity. Two days later the Blackfeet returned and talked again with the prisoner. By this time he was beginning to get back his words. He could tell of White Calf and Lazy Boy, two of the chiefs still living with whom he had hunted the buffalo. He was able to ask for his wife, Rainboy Light, and the baby he had left in her arms. He was coming back to normal.

Commissioner Sells investigated the causes that he led Spo Pee to his present situation, the crime he had committed and the conditions under which it had been perpetuated. He developed the fact that there was a doubt as to the circumstances that led to the murder. He took the position that, if Spo Pee was guilty of all that was charged against him, he had more than paid the penalty of his crimes. He showed that the Indian was still sane despite all that he had passed through and had probably always been sane. He argued that the holding of a sane man in a madhouse, lost to the world for a third of a century, was a national crime and one that deserved the making of amends. He recommended the pardon of the Indian and the president acted favorably upon the recommendation.

**The Home Coming.** The home-coming of Spo Pee was a great occasion at the Blackfoot reservation at Browning, Montana, in the shadow of the snow-topped mountains of Glacier Park. When the plains were reached, the old Indian began to take on a new life. His eyes were glued to the window pane and he watched unceasingly for the first of the scenes of his youth that he could recognize. Since his time there has grown up on the Cut Bank a town bearing that name. Beyond the town is the first view of the stream that carves itself a deep trough through the plain. When the sight of it burst into the view of the returning Indian he exclaimed:

“Look! The Cut Bank. The body of the white man whose heart was bad lies there.”

When the train reached Browning, there were 500 Indians from the reservation in waiting. When the returning warrior stepped off they surged down upon him in a wave of cordial reception. For a moment he drew back in apprehension, but then grasped the idea that these were his own people. They gathered about him in vast handshakings and much demonstrative rubbing of his back. Long-Time-Sleep, one of the principal chiefs, owns and operated a handsome seven-passenger automobile and Spo Pee rode to the reservation in this. With him rode Mrs. Takes Gun, who was the three-year-old baby in the arms of Rainbow light, the wife of Spo Pee when he was taken away. Mrs. Takes Gun is now a woman of thirty-eight and lives with her husband in a lodge some miles back in the woods. The grandchildren of Spo Pee play at hunting as did the children of the long ago. There the old Indian is to find himself a home and take up the life that was suspended thirty-five years ago. [p, 3] [Great Falls Leader, April 7, 1915]

**1940**

**7 Aug INDIANS RESCUE “FORGOTTEN MAN”  
TRIBAL DELEGATION VISITING AT WASHINGTON FINDS SPO-PE IN  
GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL**

Aging Blackfeet Had Been Prisoner in Institution for Criminal Insane for Many Years; Was Convicted on False Evidence.

By STUART HAZLETT

It was 26 years ago, in April, 1914, that a delegation of Blackfeet Indians while in Washington on tribal affairs learned that one of their fellow tribesmen was confined in the government hospital for the criminal insane there. For many years, a report or rumor was continually being heard among the Blackfeet of a long missing member of the tribe who had disappeared 30 or 40 years back after committing some infraction of the white man's laws.

Nothing but fragmentary rumors were heard as to what crime he had committed, if any, and except to a very few of the older generation of the full bloods, his name was even forgotten or not known.

These rumors persisted, and when the delegation heard of the strange and unknown Indian, purportedly a Blackfeet being confined in the hospital at Washington, they became immediately interested, soliciting the support of Commissioner of Indian Affairs Cato Sells, Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane and other influential friends, causing an investigation to be made. In this they were successful and the long missing tribesman was definitely located and identified and returned to his tribe after an enforced absence of 36 years. It was Spo-pe (Turtle), the missing and long forgotten Indian and the subject of many campfire conversations.

Through the questioning of **Mrs. Malcolm Clark**, wife of one of the delegates, whose efforts first succeeded in unlocking the gates of silence behind which the mind and faculties of Spo-pe had hidden during the long years of his incarceration, it was learned that a portion of the evidence on which the Indian brave had been convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged so long ago, was false.

It was charged at the trial of Spo-pe that he had killed a white fur trader for the purpose of robbing him, and a sum of money found on the brave when he was captured, amounting to more than \$100, was declared to have been taken by the Indian from the body of his victim.

Spo-pe, however, declared to Mrs. Clark that the money had been paid him by another trader to whom Spo-pe had sold a lot of pelts. In the dialect of his people, to which his tongue had so many years been a stranger, Spo-pe exclaimed: "They lied when they said Spo-pe killed to rob. The money was mine, paid to me for the furs I had hunted. I slew to avenge the murder of my mother; not to rob."

In detail, and with many pauses to enable new-found speech to overcome forgetfulness occasioned by his years of silence, Spo-pe told the name of the trader to whom he had sold his furs and the trading post where he and his people went with things they had to sell.

A set of rubber type and an ink with trips of blank paper had been Spo-pe's only means of amusement for years at the hospital. He had seen the palefaces write on pieces of paper, the writing converting the paper into money, and with his rubber type and ink pad, Spo-pe wrote checks, with which he rewarded those who did him little kindnesses. There was no meaning to the jumble of letters and symbols which the old Indian impressed on his slips of paper; no meaning, that is, aside from the feeling which years of silence behind stone walls and iron bars had not sufficed to banish, that for a favor conferred, a favor must be returned.

### **Was Tractable Prisoner**

At the hospital they said that Spo-pe had never caused the slightest trouble—that he had always been a kindly, tractable prisoner, always grateful for the little kindnesses it was in the power of the guards or nurses to grant or withhold.

Now that the hope had been given him of once more seeing the plains and mountains over which he trailed the buffalo and elk herds when northern Montana was an almost unmapped wilderness, a gleam of longing came into the eyes of Spo-pe, the guards stating that he stood at his window for hours looking toward the west., where lay the land his feet had trod when he was

a young man and where his wife, who had mourned him as one of the dead, and the daughter, whose baby recollections of the father that was gone, had faded in the mists of gathering years, were, according to his belief, awaiting his return. But such was not the case. His wife had been dead for many years and the daughter, adopted by Cuts Different, wife of Chief Little Plume, eventually married and died, leaving a son who still lives.

Thus ends the tragic story of Spo-pe. In the forgotten, clouded events of the long ago, the name of the white trader, Wamsley, whom he was supposed to have murdered, has been forgotten by many. The scene of the killing is under dispute but Indians who appear to know, agree that it was on Cut Bank creek, at what is now the Devereaux ranch, and about 10 miles north of Browning. Spo-pe died at Browning in 1916 and is buried in the cemetery there.

**[Sanders County Independent-Ledger, August 7, 1940, p. 2]**

**Takes Gun at Night (SiPinNaMarKa)  
'Cut Bank John' Heavy Runner Kipp [1861-1906] [10-Year-Old Child Male]**

**Takes Gun at Night [Henderson, 57] Age 10 'Cut Bank John' survivor, son of Heavy Runner, [Lea Source: Mother Petrified Blue Rock], raised by Joe Kipp. [Henderson, 61-62] [Billings Gazette, March 14, 1999, p. 35]**

**Cut Bank John Kipp, half-brother of Dick Kipp, same father, died prior to 1909 leaving Joe, William, John, Julia and Sadie Kipp;**

**Ancestry.com Singer Family Tree (Twila Singer): John Kipp, Father: Heavy Runner (1800-1870); Mother: Mistake Petrified Rock (1893-1870)**

**Children: [Lea Source:**

**John  
Joe II  
Willie  
Julia  
Sadie**

[Greg Hirst] related to me that Chief Heavy Runner had four wives. The children that survived the Baker Massacre are: Old Woman's children: 1. Lone Charge Woman (Susan Heavy Runner), who married Martin (Red) Fitzpatrick. 2. Red Eyes (Dick Kipp), married Mary Sleeps in the Day (Long Time Sleeping) and they had thirteen children. 3. Eats Alone, never married. Mistake Petrified Rock's children: 4. Cut Bank John Kipp, married Calf Woman. 5. Many Different People. Charging at Night's children: 6. Double Strike (Martha Heavy Runner), married Joseph Kipp. 7. Comes with Rattles (William Upham), married Antonia Real Chief. 8. Spear Woman (Emma Heavy Runner), married Hiram Upham. 9. Young Heavy Runner. Went in Front's child: 10. Double Rider, married Extravagant Person. [Verena Rattler, 25 February, 2009]

**1898**

**7 Jan John Kipp, commonly known as "Cut Bank John" is building a fine ten room frame house. [Teton Chronicle, January 7, 1898, p. 5]**

**1899**

**7 Sep John Mestes has completed the painting of Cut Bank John's fine new residence on Cut Bank. This is one of the finest houses on the reservation, and is an ornament to John's fine ranch. [Dupuyer Acantha, September 7, 1899, p. 1]**

**30 Nov Cut Bank John shot a very large black tail buck in his field on Cut Bank on Thursday morning. It had a beautiful rack of horns and the head is being mounted by a taxidermist. Either this one or another deer was seen grazing with a herd of cattle near Carlow siding a few days ago. It is something unusual to find deer so far from the mountains at this time of the year. [Dupuyer Acantha, November 30, 1899, p. 1]**



**1901**

**27 Jun Shelby News. The Circle, with Captain John Lee in charge, Bar Eleven, with Robert Malone as foreman, and two outfits of the F camped below town Monday evening. It made the town look like old times when all the boys came in. The I D outfit camped above town with Cut Bank John in charge. [Dupuyer Acantha, June 27, 1901, p. 1]**

**1906**

**30 Oct Death of John Heavy Runner on Blackfeet Reservation**

**2 Nov John Kipp, better known as Cut Bank John, is in the last stages of consumption.**

*Three Bears (Old Man)*

Three Bears Old Man. [Henderson, 62]

Despite Pease's thoroughness, he could not account for all survivors. Some had fled to nearby camps, others survived by hiding, and those who had been held as prisoners were left behind by the troops. Among them were Bear Head (age fourteen), Wolf Leader (adult male), Comes With Rattles (six), Last Gun (fourteen), Black Eagle (adult male), Almost A Dog (adult male), Takes Gun At Night (ten), Double Strike Woman (ten), Wolf Eagle (a hunter), Spear Woman (six), Fog Eater (adult male), Turtle (adult male), Curlew Woman (forty-one), *Three Bears* (old man) and Black Antelope (old man). [Henderson, 62]

[Blackfeet Heritage: Three Bears listed age 53 in 1909; born 1856, which would not make him an (old man) in 1870. So, the Three Bears at the Marias Massacre likely was this Three Bear's mother Little Snake's father, also named Three Bears.]

Three Bears, Full Piegan Age 53 in 1909

Father: Spear Chief, deceased.

Father: Change Eyes to Him, deceased

Mother Under Hawk Woman, deceased.

Mother: Little Snake, deceased

Father: *Three Bears*, deceased

Mother: Double Go In, deceased

Paternal uncles and aunts: Hell Diver, sister, died leaving daughter, Cutting At Night, died leaving Wolf Medicine; Hell Diver has a son Morning Plume died leaving a girl now in school English name unknown, Indian name is Handsome Enemy 30 years old; she is in car of James Pambrun; Morning Plume has a boy named Round Scabby Robe in the care of Nosey (Kills in the Water), 5 years old.

Maternal uncles and aunts: All dead, no children.

Siblings: Speckled woman, wife of Young Eagle, full-sister.

Wife: Crow Head, living 55 years, born 1854, Full Piegan. Married about 1879, Indian custom, about 1895 by priest.

Father: Morning Eagle, deceased in 1909.

Father: Only One That Sees, deceased.

Mother: Many Brought Back, deceased.

Mother: Handsome Woman, deceased

Father: Spotted Calf, deceased.

Mother: Unknown.

Maternal uncles and aunts: Running Rabbit, half-brother, died leaving Mud Head, a son.

Siblings: Big Lodge Pole, half-brother.

Husband 1): Sitting At Edge of Water, deceased, no children.

Husband 2): Mink, deceased, one daughter, died in infancy.

Husband 3): Black Plume, deceased, no children.

Husband 4): Three Bears, 7 children, 5 died, 2 living in 1909:

**Joseph Three Bears, age 16 in 1909  
Cecile, age 15 in 1909, wife of Good Gun  
Lives up Willow Creek just above Chouquette.**

**[Blackfeet Genealogy]**

**THREE BEARS**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # F405

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1889

NOTES: added as father for INDI 1849 BLACK FAT WOMAN

RECORD # 1849

**THREE BEARS**

FILM # 459641

PAGE # G224

TARGET: X

SOURCE: FAM HIST

YEAR: 1909

STATUS: HUSB

TRIBE: PIEGAN

BLOOD: FULL

NOTES: PARENTS OF LITTLE SNAKE. MATERNAL GPARENTS OF THREE BEARS

RECORD # 11000

**CROW HEAD**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # F405

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1889

NOTES: added as mother for INDI 1849 BLACK FAT WOMAN

RECORD # 1849

**BLACK FAT WOMAN**

FILM # 0573849

PAGE # F405

TARGET:

SOURCE: CENSUS

YEAR: 1889

STATUS: DAU

AGE: 13

NOTES: 91CP58 NOT LISTED/92CF377 IS THIS DAU EATS IT UP AGE 12? A PIS

TUK E/93CF377 95CF377 96CF377 NOT LISTED

OTHER NAMES: EATS IT UP? 92C

RECORD # 1849

**Water Snake Woman [Lea Source]**

**Husband killed at Massacre Site**

**Three Sons: [Did They Survive?]**

**Wolf as his Medicine**

**Mountain Chief (the younger) named after her brother**

**Big Forehead**

## Wolf Eagle (Adult Man)

Wolf Eagle a hunter. [Henderson, 62] Age 17 in 1870

Despite Pease's thoroughness, he could not account for all survivors. Some had fled to nearby camps, others survived by hiding, and those who had been held as prisoners were left behind by the troops. Among them were Bear Head (age fourteen), Wolf Leader (adult male), Comes With Rattles (six), Last Gun (fourteen), Black Eagle (adult male), Almost A Dog (adult male), Takes Gun At Night (ten), Double Strike Woman (ten), *Wolf Eagle* (a hunter), Spear Woman (six), Fog Eater (adult male), Turtle (adult male), Curlew Woman (forty-one), Three Bears (old man) and Black Antelope (old man). [Henderson, 62]

### [Blackfeet Heritage]

Wolf Eagle Full Piegan 56 years in 1909 Born 1853 [Blackfeet Heritage]

Father: Eagle Road, deceased

Father: Sand, deceased

Mother: Old Bison Woman, deceased

Mother: Dried Up, living in 1909

Father: Young Bear, deceased

Mother: Is-tso-kee, deceased

Paternal uncles and aunts: Little Calf, half-brother, dead leaving children, Running Owl, son, Chief Crow, son; Big Woman, widow of Bear Leggin; Charging Home also widow of Bear Legging and of Takes Gun Both Sides.

Maternal uncles and aunts: Wolf Eagle, brother, dead leaving a son, Two Guns. Lives in Canada. Rest are all dead.

Siblings: Black Horn, sister, married to white man up in Canada;

Wolf Bedding brother, dead leaving Big Spring, son of Waylaid Woman wife of Heavy Breast.

Wife 1): Wood Pecker Woman, dead, no children.

Wife 2): Old Body, living, no children, now wife of Mr. Wippert.

Wife 3): Close Kill, dead, no children.

Wife 4): Charging Across, dead, no children.

Wife 5): White Woman, living, no children.

Wife 6): Blanket Woman, living with Wolf Eagle in 1909. Born 1862, married 37 or 38 years ago, Indian custom.

Father: Spotted Head, living.

Father: Weasel Head, deceased.

Mother: Real Eye, deceased.

Mother: The Round Face, deceased.

Father: Unknown.

Mother: Caught For Nothing, deceased

Paternal uncles and aunts: Big Smoke, brother; Calf Ribs, brother, deceased leaving sons, Barney Calf Boss Ribs, and Minnie Calf Ribs, daughter and another boy named Ka Ka.

**Maternal uncles and aunts: A sister, name unknown, died leaving daughter, Long Time Good Success, widow of Many White Horses and Four Horns, a half-brother.**

**Siblings: Dog Gun, brother;**

**Struck In Head (Kill In Night), sister, wife of Wolf Eagle.**

**The Old Tooth, a sister, lives in Canada.**

**1881**

**27 Apr An incident about 3 miles above the Old Agency Crossing. Charles Jackson was shot by a Piegan. J.C. Rutherford wanted to go to Jackson's aid but was "told by the Wolf Eagle, not to ho near him if I loved my children or my white friends, as I would be shot if I attempted to help him." Jackson died later. {River Press, April 27, 1881, p. 10}**

**1903**

**21 May ON THE RESERVATION**

Special to The Daily Tribune.

Browning May 21.—The losses on the Blackfeet reservation during the recent blizzard, which lasted three days, are great, and reports from every quarter tell of cattle found frozen. Many of the horses on the ditch work have died. Over two feet of snow covered the ground and it was impossible for the cattle or horses to reach feed. Among the losers on the ditch are Fred Big Top and New Breast, who lost a couple of horses each. **Wolf Eagle, one of the Indians on the ditch, met with a severe accident and as he has only one arm to earn his living, he has the sympathy of the reservation.** On John Graind's land were found dead two horses belonging to Dick Kipp and Henry Heavy Gun.

Soon as the storm abated the agent, Major Monteath, and Dr. Martin, the agency physician, left with supplies for the ditch camps. [Great Falls Tribune, May 22, 1903, p. 3]

**1907**

**17 Feb** There was a certain **Middle-aged man in the camp named Wolf Eagle**, noted for his brutality and cruel treatment of his wives. He, for one, had cast covetous eyes upon the outsider and had made overtures to Two Bows for her. "I want the woman," he had said, "and will make it worth your while to give her to me. You hall have 10 of my best horses."

Were you to offer me your whole band," Two Bows told him, "I could not give her to you. You must speak your wish to the woman."

"But she is yours, your captive. It must be as you say. I offer you more; I will give 15 head. What do you say to that?"

"She is not my captive," he replied. "She is free to go and do as she pleases. But I'll tell you this: You are a dog, and a coward; a beater of poor women. Get out of my lodge and never enter it again."

Wolf Eagle went, angry and muttering threats. The next day he chanced upon the young woman down by the river where she was washing some things, and began coaxing her to become his wife. She stopped him before he was half through what he had to say, ad told him that she would never enter his lodge; that she hated him; and then to show her utter contempt and loathing, she spat upon the ground, motioning him to depart.

But instead of obeyng her, he sprang forward, and seizing her by the wrist, began to pull her along after him in the path which led through the timber to his part of the camp. There is no

telling what might have happened if some women had not come along just then and undertaken the young one's defense. At first they entreated him to let her go, but he paid no attention to them, so with shrill cries for help they surrounded him and began to pull him and push him about. Then people could be heard answering their calls and running toward them through the timber, and Wolf Eagle, looking very foolish, no doubt, at this turn of affairs, let go his captive and fled, followed by the hoots and jeers of the rescuers.

I got the story of this from Two Bears, the next morning. [James W. Schultz, Great Falls Tribune, February 17, 1907]

**1989**

**2 Jul [Photo of Louis Fish] Piegan historian, Louis Fish, says the slaughter of that winter day was buried in the shamed of his people.**

**Fish's grandfather, Wolf Eagle, was among those warriors away on the hunt when Bake's force stuck the camp. Wolf Eagle would live to be wounded in pursuit of Cree raiders, when he escaped by leaping onto the back of a passing horse. After a white doctor amputated the arm, Wolf Eagle buried it, digging up the femur bone the next spring, attaching several feathers to it and shaking it in war dances, as if it were a coup stick**

**Warriors like Wolf Eagle were not scarce among the Blackfeet, but they were missing that morning when troops began to fire.**

**Wolf Eagle's grandson, now 73, recalls "old folks gathered to talk about the old days." Mention of the "Baker fight" (which was no fight at all) would always chill conversation.**

**"They didn't like to talk about it," Louis said.**

**Wolf Eagle's son, Wolf Robe, had become head of the family when the reservation days began" and names won in battle or discovered in visions would be discarded to accommodate whiteman's bookkeeping.**

**Because Wolf Robe was nicknamed, "Fish," having once hooked his lip with a fish hook, his descendants would be surnamed "Fish."**

**Grandson Lous Fish is one of the last living repositories of stories of Blackfeet raids on the Cheyenne, battles with the Sioux, and the days when medicine Me**  
[Billings Gazette, July 2, 1989]

[Blackfeet Genealogy]

[EAGLE ROAD](#)

FILM # 459641

PAGE # G124

TARGET:

SOURCE: FAM HIST

YEAR: 1909

STATUS: HUSB

TRIBE: PIEGAN

BLOOD: FULL

NOTES: 459641G134 PARENTS OF WOLF BEDDING

OTHER NAMES: 459641G220 EAGLE ROBE

RECORD # 10754

**EAGLE ROAD** [[Parents](#)] died before 1909 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. He married DRIED UP.

[\[Notes\]](#)

**DRIED UP** [\[Parents\]](#). DRIED married EAGLE ROAD.

[\[Notes\]](#)

They had the following children:

M i **WOLF EAGLE** was born in 1853.

M ii **WOLF BEDDING** died before 1909 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. [\[Notes\]](#)

### **DRIED UP**

FILM # 1275622

PAGE # R185

TARGET: 7

SOURCE: RATION

YEAR: 1902

STATUS: WIDO

TRIBE: PIEGAN

BLOOD: FULL

NOTES: T7R185 RATION #1928; MUST BE A FEMALE; ALONE/ 459641G124 ADDED: BLOOD; TRIBE; SPOUSE; PARENTS. AM ASSUMING THIS IS SAME PERSON/ 459641G134 LIVING IN 1909/ 459641G220 LIVING WITH WOLF EAGLE

RECORD # 5826

### **WOLF BEDDING**

FILM # 1275622

PAGE # M93

TARGET: 1

SOURCE: MAR LI

YEAR: 1906

STATUS: HUS

TRIBE: PIEGAN

BLOOD: FULL

AGE: ?

NOTES: M93 INFO FROM MAR LIC OF SON BIG MOUTH SPRINGS A#269/ 459641G134 ADDED: DEATH; PARENTS. DUPLICATE?? SEE OTHER WOLF BEDDING

RECORD # 6424

**YOUNG BEAR** died before 1909 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. He married IS TSO KEE.

[\[Notes\]](#)

**IS TSO KEE** died before 1909 in of Blackfeet Nation, U.S.A.. She married YOUNG BEAR.

[\[Notes\]](#)

They had the following children:

F i **DRIED UP**.



*Wolf Leader [Adult Man]*

**Wolf Leader [Al Hamilton <http://www.dickshovel.com/parts2.html>] Adult male shot through the jaw. [Henderson, 62]**

Despite Pease's thoroughness, he could not account for all survivors. Some had fled to nearby camps, others survived by hiding, and those who had been held as prisoners were left behind by the troops. Among them were Bear Head (age fourteen), *Wolf Leader* (adult male), Comes With Rattles (six), Last Gun (fourteen), Black Eagle (adult male), Almost A Dog (adult male), Takes Gun At Night (ten), Double Strike Woman (ten), Wolf Eagle (a hunter), Spear Woman (six), Fog Eater (adult male), Turtle (adult male), Curlew Woman (forty-one), Three Bears (old man) and Black Antelope (old man). [Henderson, 62]

Alf Hamilton, Indian Trader

"[In the winter of 1869-70] John J. Healy and myself built a trading post on St. Mary's River a short distance from where it empties into the Belly River, in Alberta, Canada [the infamous Fort Whoop-Up].

"During that winter, I think it was the latter part of March, 1870, a party of Piegan Indians, numbering about one hundred, came to our place to trade buffalo robes. This was after the Baker Massacre on the Marias River in Montana.

"I learned from our interpreter, Joseph Spearson, that some of these Indians had escaped from the soldiers on the Marias. I saw one Indian, called **Wolf Leader**, who was unable to talk because he had been shot through the jaw. Our interpreter told me that this Indian was shot by the soldiers during the massacre.

"These Indians told me, through our interpreter, about the massacre, and how their chief, Heavy Runner, and some of his family, had been killed by the soldiers ... upwards of three hundred Indians, young and old, killed by the soldiers at that time.

"... The soldiers took all of Heavy Runner's horses, and also all of the horses of Indians that had been in that camp. I knew that Heavy Runner had several hundred head previous to that time.... An Indian would not be considered a chief then unless he had several hundred horses, and ... Heavy Runner was one of the head chiefs of the Piegan Indians."

**[Ken Robison Comment: While witnesses named Wolf Leader as a wounded survivor of the Massacre, I have not found his name anywhere among the Montana newspapers; Ancestry.com; Blackfeet Genealogy or Find a Grave. It is likely that he went by another name that I don't know.]**

### **James Welch, Blackfoot Writer**

**[The following excerpts, from Jim Welch's award-winning novel entitled *Fools Crow*, are based on accounts of the massacre in which his family lost ancestors, and told to Mr. Welch as he grew up on the Blackfeet Reservation in Montana. The following scenes are from Chapter 35 of the novel.]**

"[The seizers sneaked] up on us [White Crane Woman's companion] while we were still asleep. There was only a little light, just enough to see by, and they shot us in our lodges. Pretty soon, our people were running in all directions and still they shot us. Many of us are killed. We managed to slip away, down to the river, and run away below the cutbank. But one of the greased shooters [bullets] found White Crane Woman's leg.... The shooters were still buzzing until finally we were beyond hearing.... They killed Heavy Runner in our camp on the Big Bend below Medicine Rock."

"First there was the smoke, only slightly darker than the gray air. It rose from behind a bluff where the river curved to the south. The sun was behind it, and it looked orange and sharp-edged.... It had a smell not of smoke but of burnt things, and the smell was heavy in the air.... Soon, around the bluff, we saw the remains of the camp. There were no fires visible but the smoke was darker and thicker. It rose from many places until it became a cloud above the south bank of the river.... I [Fools Crow, the protagonist] began to pick out the blackened lumps that emitted the smoke. Between the lumps, the snow was still white. Then a small wind blew the smoke toward me and the snow became yellow and dirty and the smell hit my nostrils, the smell of burnt skin. I could almost taste it.... The black lumps were lodges that had been burned. A dog lay in the snow a few paces away. Most of his hair had been burned off and his tongue was black against the white teeth.... Something else was lying in a patch of blackened, melted snow ... an infant, and its head was black and hairless. Specks of black ash lay in its wide eyes.... I began to pick out the other bodies. Most of them had been thrown onto the burning lodges but they were not all black like the infant. There were scraps of clothing that hadn't burned. There was skin and hair and eyes. There were teeth and bones and arms and legs. One old woman lay on top on one of the smoking lumps, only the underside of her skin dress burned. Her feet were bare ... purple welts on her legs where she had slashed herself a long time ago in mourning a lost one."

"I [Bear Head] left camp before first light to get my horses ... to do some hunting this day, and I needed pack animals.... I saw some movement on a low ridge. It was still dark down here but there was a faint light in the sky behind the ridge. At first I thought it was a pack of little-wolves [coyotes] up there, thinking to look for scraps around the camp. But then one of the shapes stood and I knew it for a man. I became frightened and began to run toward camp, leaving my horses where they stood. But just before entering that stand of spear-leaves [cottonwoods] , I saw the dark shapes before me. There was a man behind each tree. Then all at once came the thunder and fire of the big guns. I froze against a tree. All I could do was listen and pray that the thunder would end, but it went on and on until it was light enough to see the cloud of blue smoke from the guns. It hung in the trees and drifted toward me. I could taste it in my mouth.... I could see hundreds of fire flashes through the smoke.... I began to run around the seizers in the trees. They were so intent on their work that they did not look around. Finally I was on the lower side, near the river, and I saw my people.... Besides my mother, I had three near-mothers and four sisters and a brother. Now they are all gone from me. I do not know where they have gone -- they did not have time to prepare themselves...."

"Curlew Woman says Heavy Runner was among the first to fall. He had a piece of paper that was signed by a seizer chief. It said that he and his people were friends to the Napikwans [whites] . But they shot him many times. By the time I could see the camp, there were only a few running, trying to escape. They were all cut down by the greased shooters. There were several lodges already on fire. Some of the seizers were aiming at the lodge bindings. Many of the lodge covers fell into the fires within and started burning. Then there was no more movement and I heard a seizer chief shout and the shooting stopped. By that time there was too much smoke in the air, dark smoke from the burning lodges, blue smoke from the shooting. The seizers waited awhile, then they came down from the ridge and out of the trees.... They walked among the lodges, at first quietly; then they became bolder and began to laugh and talk. Whenever they saw a movement from under one of the lodge covers they shot until it moved no more. They rounded up the bodies and threw them onto the fires. Those lodges that stood untouched by fire were ragged with bullet holes. The seizers cut the bindings and set these lodges on fire. They took what they valued and threw all the rest onto the fires. They drove off all our horses...."

**[These accounts are by-products of research for a work-in-progress about the Marias Massacre of 1870, tentatively entitled "Missing Parts : Notes on a Massacre," by Stan Gibson of Okotoks, Alberta, Canada, and Jack Hayne of Dupuyer, Montana.]**

"I have the honor...": National Archives, House Exec. Doc. 269, pp. 16-17.

"After having made every effort...": Ibid., p. 73.

"On the 23rd of January...": Rodenbaugh. **From Everglade to Canyon...** (N.Y.: Van Nostrand, 1875), p. 552.

"I prefer to believe...": National Archives, House Exec. Doc. 269, p. 72.

"Well, I can't say...": Deer Lodge, MT, **New North-West**, Feb. 25, 1870.

"The greatest slaughter...": Bonney. **Battle Drums & Geysers...** (Chicago: Swallow Press, 1970), p. 22.

"For several years...": Rodenbaugh, op. cit., Chapter 39.

"Travelling from Fort Shaw...": Helena, MT. Montana Historical Society Archives: Manuscript Collection.

"Major Eugene M. Baker...": Marquis. **Custer, Cavalry, & Crows...** (Bellvue, Neb.: Old Army Press, 1975), pp. 31-34.

"The first notable happening...": Marquis. Ibid.

"I, H. J. Clarke...": MHS Archives.

"David Hilger's notes...": Ibid.

"Colonel Baker sent me...": Plassmann interview notes, courtesy of G. L. Pouliot private collection.

"Mrs. Plassmann was appalled...": MHS Archives, MC 78, Boxes 2, 4, 5,6.

"Baker's service record...": Nat. Archives. 376 ACP 1886; Bonney. op. cit, pp. 39-41.

"In the winter of 1869-70...": MHS Archives: Indian Claims Commission documents.

"...Heavy Runner...": Ibid.

"My father's family...": Ibid.

"One company muster roll...": Nat. Archives: Rec. Grp. 94, A.G.O., 2nd Cav. Muster Rolls, Co. H (Dec. 1869-Feb. 1870).

"I was present...": MHS Archives: Indian Claims Commission documents.

"In the morning...": Ibid.

"On the 5th day of May, 1864...": Hans. **The Great Sioux Nation** (Minneapolis: Ross & Haines, Inc., 1907), p. 491.

"Heavy Runner's band...": Courtesy of H. Welch private family history (Gardnerville, Nev.).

"In 1931...": Marmont interview notes, courtesy of G. L. Pouliot private collection.

"Just at dawn...": Billings, MT, **Gazette**, Apr. 3, 1932.

"I was present at the so-called...": MHS Archives: Ind. Claims Comm.; Schultz. **Blackfeet & Buffalo**, (Norman, OK: U. of Ok. Press, 1962), pp. 298-305.

"The seizers sneaked...": James T. Welch. **Fools Crow** (N.Y.: Viking Penguin, 1986), pp. 376-386 (excerpts).

**DOUBTFUL:**

**Good Kill**

Mentioned by Curlew Woman according to James Welch in *Fools Crow* p 384-85

**Black Prairie Runner**

Mentioned by Curlew Woman in James Welch's *Fools Crow* p. 381, 384-85

**Mary Grant  
Mrs. Alex Rides At The Door**

Rides At The Door, whose wife, Mary Rides at the Door, it is understood figured in the Baker Massacre on the lower Marias river in January, 1871 [sic]. Rides At the Door said his father, Many Tail Feathers, lived 100 years. [*Great Falls Tribune*, November 5, 1938, p. 9]

**Mary Grant [1867-1953]**

**Father: James Grant**

**Mother: Mary Cadotte**

**Husband: Alex Rides At The Door**

In 1870 census, Mary Grant age 3 lived in Deer Lodge with her James and Mary Grant family—so could not have been at Heavy Runner's camp.

**Matt Lytle  
Son of Susan Heavy Runner Fitzpatrick**

[Blackfeet Heritage]

**\*\*Matt Fitzpatrick Lytle** 1/2 Piegan Born 1875 34 Years in 1909

**Father: Martin Fitzpatrick, white, deceased in 1909**

**Mother: Susan Heavy Runner Fitzpatrick, full Piegan, deceased.**

**Father: Heavy Runner, deceased 1870**

**Mother: Whole Woman, deceased 1870**

**Maternal uncles and aunts: Dick Kipp, full-brother;**

**John Kipp Cut Bank John, half-brother, same father, died by 1909 leaving**

**John, William, Joseph, Julia and Sadie Kipp.**

**Siblings: William Kipp, full-brother; Maggie, wife of Dick Croff, full-sister.**

**Wife 1): Katie Lytle 1/4 Piegan, Born 1882 27 years in 1909, married  
December 14, 1898 by the Methodist minister.**

**Father: John Wren, white, ca 1867?**

**Mother: Melinda Wren 1/2 Piegan, Born 1867?**

**Father:**

**Mother:**

**Paternal uncles and aunts:**

**Maternal uncles and aunts:**

**Children: Matt Lytle, born August 8, 1899;  
James Lytle, born March 21 1901;  
Rose Lytle, born September 26, 1902;  
Hazel Lytle, born April 28, 1905.**

**Lived on Lower Milk river from 1899-1909. Matt was adopted by a white man named Lytle. Lived at Augusta with Lytle until he was 14 years of age. He then came to the Blackfeet Reservation**

**Heavy Runner [1800-1870]**

**Heavy Runner Full Piegan 70 years in 1870 Born 1800 [Ancestry.com Singer Family Tree Twila Singer]**

**Father:**

**Father: Packing Tail Feathers Coming Up Hill, deceased**

**Mother: Ah-pak-ki, deceased**

**Siblings: Bear Head, full-brother, died leaving Bear Head, a son.**

**Mother: Old Woman, deceased**

**Father: Unknown**

**Mother: Nose Woman, deceased**

**Siblings: Iron Breast, full-brother, died leaving a son, Cut Finger, died leaving a son, Ernest Cut Finger and Had Toot Before wife of Ear Rings.**

**Wife 1):**

**Wife 2): Whole Woman, deceased.**

**Children: Dick Heavy Runner Kipp**

**John Heavy Runner Kipp Cut Bank John**

**Susan Heavy Runner, wife of Martin Fitzpatrick**

**Wife 3): Mistake Petrified Rock (1803-1870)**

**Father: Calf Boss Ribs (1750- )**

**Mother: The Last (1750- )**

**Children: Julia Heavy Runner Russell (1824-1908)**

**Strikes with A Gun Chief (1845-1917)**

**John Heavy Runner "Cut Bank John" Kipp (1861-1906)**

**Many Different People ( - 1872)**

**Wife 3): Mistake Petrified Rock (1803-1870)**

**Husband 2) Eagle Ribs (1818-1870)**

**Children: Julia Glittering in Front (?-1903)**

**Different Black Bird (1838-1870)**

**Comes by Mistake a.k.a. Mary Millie Kaiser (1838-1917)**

**Eagle Ribs (1847- )**

**Crow Top (1850-1907)**

**Middle Person (1864-1908)**

**Catching Again**

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