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WILD WEST TO BE AT SUTHERLAND

STORY OF PLATTE RIVER ROUND UP AND PIONEER EXHIBITION

The following graphic account of the big Lincoln County Wild West was taken from the Sunday magazine section of the Omaha World Herald. It is of interest to people of this section of the state as it tells of men who are well known here and of events which are still remembered by the oldest settlers.

The tall heavy-set man with the soft cotton shirt and the coat of tan in the front of the theatre and through eyes of china blue looked at the stage.

A chorus of dimpled maidens, dressed in the stagiest of cowboy and Indian garb, raised their right bare knee and circling the foot beneath, danced sideways off the stage. As they danced, they sang a song, the last words of a song which runs, "And that's the way they did it way out west."

The tall, heavy man sighed deeply when the curtain dropped and reached for his ten gallon hat, parked beneath his seat, rose to go.

"That sure was a great show, wasn't it, Bill," vouchsafed the paleface at his side, whose scarlet necktie paralyzed the eye.

The tall man rolled a cigarette and strode before the paleface to the street.

From the band of his hat he pinched a match and with downward jerk snapped it into flame. He lit his smoke and drew a cloud into his lungs. And as it dribbled out, he said:

"Not so bad, partner. But I'm risin' to remark that them gals aint shooting square when they sing that song. That ain't the way they do it way out west—not by a hell of a sight."

"Ah, if you ever come out our way, we'll put on a show an' show you our damn plain and convincin' just how they done it, which I know ain't grammer, but speaks a mouthful of the truth, just the samey."

Across the valley known as Sleepy Hollow, divided by the cold sweet stream of Birdwood creek, there creeps a wagon train. Slow but content, the placid oxen draw their covered burdens through the lowland grass. For each and every beast has drunk his fill from out the crystal depths that flank the way.

Twenty team of oxen and half of twenty wagons, move toward the west, bearing 'neath their canvas roofs, the wives and children, sisters, mothers of those who ride their horses to the front, the side and rear.

The pilots of the teams are made of men, who long since saw their prime, of women, and of boys approaching youth.

The evening sun creeps near the western hills, and lights the faces of the moving band. A meadow lark trills its good-night song, and back toward the east a coyote yips.

The women chatter loudly to their men, the youngsters laugh in chorus at their jibes and all seem glad. For in this pleasant valley, on a bit, the long day's journey will be halted soon. The evening meal will steam above the prairie chips, and horse and oxen bow their heads to crop.

The sun now tops the distant hills and sheds a blood-red glow upon the peaceful train, then sinks to let the shadows have their day. The coyotes howl in chorus at the moon.

The women hush their cheery talk, the children do not laugh, for in this mournful cadence of the wild, there sounds a sinister note. A sinister note that sends a chill, a note which draws from o'er the summit to the right, a turfed head, which straightaway sinks from sight, to rise again, accompanied by one more, a third shows there, a fourth but twenty yards beyond, and so on up the valley.

Another Strike Possibility



From out the hubbub there comes an answering shower, and as the moon ascends, its beams are pierced by steaking musket flame.

The shrieks of stricken horses mingle with the cries of braves, the screams of children, and the groans of men.

Heaps dot the plain. Some where the Indians ply their guiding heels, but more about the wagons.

The whirling circle shrinks with each succeeding round and loud the Indians howl their victory chant. Less frequent and more scattered comes the white man's fire. The Great Chief seems to join the red skin's song.

And now an old man totters from the train, an inky fluid trickling down his brow. Toward the warrior ring he makes his way. He stumbles to his knees. Yet ere he prostrate himself, he sends a ball straight through a creeps a wagon train. Slow but content, the placid oxen draw their covered burdens through the lowland grass. For each and every beast has drunk his fill from out the crystal depths that flank the way.

With piercing cry the Indian's armed burdens through the lowland grass. For each and every beast has drunk his fill from out the crystal depths that flank the way.

There comes a lull. The braves are eager for the final swoop—their knives are hungry for the crop of scalps.

"Merciful God; What is that?" Directly from the east, full from the rising moon, which tips the hill-top with its lower rim, there sounds a silvery blast. A blast which rings a shout of joy from out the wagon—a blast which draws a cry of fear and hatred from the Sioux.

Now out of the golden glory of the moon there rides a bugler, with his bugle poised. His visored cap tells all, from whence he came.

The moon is darkened by the charge of troops, its upper surface cracks with sabers drawn, and riding down it's beams, which light the fray there flows a stream of lead.

On comes the charge! A myriad of pistols spark. The circle of Sioux dissolves. It breaks into a hundred fleeing parts, and for each brave that rides toward the hills, two boys in blue pound hotly in his wake.

Out in Sleepy Hollow, divided by the cold sweet stream of Birdwood creek, the descendants of the early pioneers who fought the Indians and were succored at the end, by flying troop of cavalry, are going to show the pale face from the east just how "they did it way out west."

Men from Lincoln county, Sutherland, Nebraska and territory round about, are going to entertain the people of the city, as the people of the city entertain the folks from upstate when we come to town."

They are going to give a reproduction of early day life on the range of fifty years ago, and farther back than that. They are going to show city folks, right on the natural setting, the work, play and hardships of the early pioneers, who turned a wilderness into a community of peace and happiness.

NORTH PLATTE WINS TWO GAMES FROM CHEYENNE BALL TEAM

The booster games played with Cheyenne were victorious for the North Platte team in both cases. On Sunday the score was 3-0 in Cheyenne's favor from the first inning to the seventh, when the Legion boys tied the score and it took ten innings to break the tie. In the Monday game North Platte won with a score of 10 to 12. The proceeds were about \$200 above expenses. This enables the North Platte team to register for the Denver tournament but Manager Petersen stated this morning that \$500 more would be necessary before the trip could be assured. He thinks this amount can be raised between now and Sept. 1.

on a section of land in the natural amphitheatre made by Sleepy Hollow, which is the heart of the old John Bratt cattle range. And with the show will be held a reunion of the old pioneers right on the grounds that many natured with their blood.

Just what Buffalo Bill gave in an enclosure of canvas—just what he took across the water to show the king of England—will be there, and much more besides.

There will be four days of it, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, August 21 to 24, 1922. A fine camping ground will be provided for tourists who wish to get into the real spirit of the thing, and big campfire circles at which the cowboys will sing the old-time ballads of the range and about which Indians will dance.

Wild horses will be ridden. Steer bulldogging, calf roping and branding and a thousand cattle in a real old round-up will just be part of it.

Pony express riders will fight with the Indians as they dash across the plains with Uncle Sam's precious mail. There will be a robbery of the Deadwood stage coach—one of the three original coaches which ran between Deadwood and Sidney. The robbery will be held so that a sweep of a mile will take it in.

There will be a congress of rough riders of the west, races of all kinds, Indians, cowboys, cowgirls, sox-gun and rifle shooting, rope throwing several maverick races and at the end of the whole of it will come as realistic a depiction of the big Indian massacre as mortal flesh can make it.

Indians stripped to the breech-cloth and streaked with the paint of war, soldiers in the old army blue and real pioneer folks and their descendants in the wagon train.

Rock who fought in the Custer massacre, twice on the Little Big Horn, at Slim Butte and who went across the pond with Buffalo Bill. Also among the long-haired Sioux will come Sitting Hawk, Fly Above, Big Wolf, Pretty Bull and Little Eagle, every one of them famous on the range. The old round-up wagons of the John Bratt range will be employed in this part of the show, and oh; so much more that it would make you dizzy to try to keep it all within your head.

If you've never seen an Indian dance, or a square dance, you've missed something. And you will miss a lot more if you fail to see Lark Doyle, Frank Coker, Nat Trego, Burt Snyder, John Snyder "Cap" Haskel, William Coker, John Scheck and Harry Pinkerton who will help the rest of the cattleman to add the original touch. The show itself takes place just sixteen miles north of Sutherland, and the spot is the old camping ground of the Sioux and the home of old Jim Cannon, squaw man.

Campers can buy fresh beef and provisions on the grounds and food of all kinds will be served in western style.

Also you will have a chance to shake the hand of Cyrus Fox, 77, the only man alive out of 20,000 troops who camped at Fort McPherson away back when the fort was new. In fact, he helped build it and recalls when they called at "Cottonwood". He served in the civil war in the Seventh Iowa cavalry, helped punish the Indians for the Plum Creek massacre, drove the Indians from Cottonwood to Ogallala and fought the Sioux at old Julesburg. He has many tales he can tell you about the old days, the disastrous prairie fire of 1856, through which he passed, and how the settlers battled bravely for their homes.

But the chances are you won't have a whole lot of time to hear the old adventures, for you will be seeing them all the time, right in the flesh, and on the grounds were they occurred.

The Platte River Round-Up or Pioneer Days association came to life through these men, who are its officers: J. L. Case of North Platte, president, who was a rough rider of the old school, Frank Coker of Sutherland, vice president, one of old John Bratt's old cowboys; John Harshfield of Sutherland, secretary, one-time range rider and crack shot who came to the country when a boy, and Earl Bownfield of Hershey, treasurer and native son of the western part of the best state in the Union.

They say their show is a bear. Everyone who saw it last year says likewise. "Maybe that's because anyone who knocks it will be burned at the stake," says Harshfield.

But we don't think this last is the reason at all. It's got to be a good show because they've everything to make it good.

And if you don't come back from there when it is all over and tell me this is so, I'll get the shovel and dig you up the best quart of liquor ever mixed in dirt.

RANDOM NOTES OF THE DAYS IN THE CAMPFIRE GIRLS CAMP

Miss Ruth Elder made the trip out to the camp every morning in time to reach there at seven o'clock and conduct the setting up exercises. She was especially good in that line and did it well and faithfully.

Four North Platte citizens made contributions to the list of foods which were served to the girls. Mrs. Barber brought out a supply of watermelons, Robt. Dacey supplied ice cream for the Sunday dinner and Harry Porter sent out a bottle of pop for each of the campers. These things were much relished by all.

A series of lessons on First Aid was given by various persons who gave freely of their time and talent. Mrs. R. F. Cotterell gave the talk the first day on causes of accidents and emergencies. On the following day Dr. Redfield conducted the class and this was followed by Dr. Fenner with a demonstration of bandaging. The last day Mrs. Clair Lemon conducted the lessons along follow-up lines. The whole series of lessons fitted into the general scheme of teaching the girls to do practical first aid work.

Mrs. Turple and Miss McDonald had charge of the classes in Handicraft. The basketry, was especially helpful and excellent work was done. Blue-prints of flowers and leaves was another line which was quite attractive. Count-book making was also a part of the course.

GRAINS EXHIBITED AT THE COUNTY FAIR SHOULD BE SELECTED

The committee of the Lincoln county Fair having charge of the agricultural exhibits has issued the following statement which is of interest to all farmers and grain growers:

Farm products of credit to an international exhibition will be displayed as a feature of the Lincoln County Fair, North Platte, September 19th to 22nd.

The fair has been generous in its offer of prizes for grains and corn of the leading kinds produced in this part of the country. The four principal grains recognized by the fair include corn, oats, wheat and barley. Entries will close on September 19, according to Superintendent E. A. Olson, in charge of this department.

Farmers attending the fair will be especially interested in the new varieties of grains bred recently to overcome some of the serious diseases which have made such inroads upon crops in recent years. Several such varieties have been introduced here. Maturity, plumpness, and soundness of grains are the three things which judges will look for in awarding the prizes.

Persons who are planning on exhibiting corn at the Lincoln County Fair are being urged by Fair officials not to pick the biggest ears, simply because they are the biggest which can be found, nor the ears with the most rows. An ear of this sort will be termed a "monstrosity", and will be rejected by the judges entirely. To be able to win a prize, an ear of corn will have to be not only ripe and completely covered with well-filled kernels from butt to tip but no bigger than the average of its variety.

Pans for the coming fair are progressing rapidly and a big display in every department is looked forward to.

ONE RURAL BASE BALL CLUB IS MAKING GOOD IN THAT SPORT

The Lincoln County Center base ball team is one of the rural teams which is playing a good game and making a record for itself. It was organized last year and is playing its second season. The diamond is located about two miles south of the State Farm. It played O'Fallons at Hershey Sunday and the week before it played Echo, defeating it by a score of 10 to 5. Glen Fekain is pitcher and Grant Kronquest is catcher.

FARMERS' UNION WILL HOLD REGULAR QUARTERLY MEETING

The third Quarterly meeting of the Lincoln County Farmers' Union will be held at O'Fallons on Thursday, Aug. 17. State speaker McCarty will be present and address the meeting. He is manager of the state exchange.

John Pickett of Cheyenne is visiting this week with Louis Trexler.

HOG CHOLERA HOLDS ATTENTION

FARMERS ARE URGED TO WATCH THE CHOLERA SITUATION CLOSELY

County Agent Kellogg has handed the following article to the Tribune with the suggestion that it be given publicity among its readers. The contribution was written by L. VanEs of the Agricultural college at Lincoln Road it:—

If one inspects the chart representing the occurrence of hog cholera losses among the swine in this country, the tendency of the disease to assert itself in a tidal fashion will not escape attention. During the series of years the losses will increase from year to year and then after a certain maximum has been reached there will be a gradual decline until the losses are reduced to somewhere the previous minimum. It will be observed that the minimum loss at no time approach the zero line and thus there always remains enough of the disease from which an ascending loss curve can again develop.

It seems opportune to call attention to the fact that some four or five years ago the disease reached one of its low levels and that there are indications now that since that time it has become progressively more prevalent. During the spring of this year a more than usual number of pigs affected with hog cholera were received for examination by the Department of Animal Pathology and Hygiene, while the serum sales by the State Serum Plant have also steadily increased during the same period.

It is, of course, impossible to make any definite forecast regarding the occurrence of hog cholera during the summer and autumn of 1922, but the indications mentioned are apparently sufficient to be given serious consideration by the swine growers of the state. To this evidence must also be added the nature of the seasonal behavior of the disease. Hog cholera outbreaks always increase in number from early summer to late autumn unless checked by vaccination or unless stopped for want of more hogs to take the disease, which even at this time occasionally happens in swine growing communities where the farmers had not prepared for such an emergency.

We feel that the hog cholera situation as it presents itself today fully justifies the recommendation of preparing against losses by a more extensive use of serum and virus at this time. In a very large portion of Nebraska hog raising without vaccination means the assumption of a loss risk which few can afford to carry at present serum prices and especially this early in the season when the average size shoats can be immunized with much smaller serum dose than later on.

The use of serum is responsible every year for the saving of thousands of swine, yet it is quite probable that a no time more than 25% of the Nebraska pig crop was vaccinated. The remaining, estimated 75% unvaccinated swine sustain the cholera losses and keep the infection alive. It seems wise to reduce this number by vaccination rather than by deaths as a mere matter of economy. We advise prompt vaccination, especially in the heavy hog-producing sections of the state.

THE SABBATH WAS OBSERVED AT THE CAMPFIRE GIRLS CAMP

Fifty campfire girls and their guardians and camp staff held a religious service at the camp Sunday morning. It was full of heal devotion according to those who were present. Following the service the girls were divided into two groups and the International Sunday School lesson was studied with Miss McKay and Mrs. Adda Turple as teachers. In the evening the Sunday ceremonial was given before a good-sized crowd of visitors.

Miss Lola Huntington returned to her home in Maxwell Sunday after visiting friends in the city for the past week.

Roy Eels came up from Brady last Tuesday and had Dr. Lynch remove his tonsils at the Platte Valley hospital.