

CHINESE MASSACRE BLOODY PAGE IN WYOMING HISTORY

28 Laborers Killed, 15 Others Wounded In Race Riot at Rock Springs

Five years before statehood the area that is now Wyoming experienced its most severe race riot in what has come to be known as the Chinese Massacre.

On the afternoon of Sept. 2, 1885, a group of white miners at Rock Springs, most of them armed with Winchester rifles, killed 28 Chinese laborers, wounded 15 others, chased between 600 and 700 out of town and destroyed Chinese-owned property valued at \$147,000.

The complete story, with conflicting causes and consequences, can be followed thru a mass of documents submitted to congress, in Union Pacific Coal company records and in contemporary newspapers and magazines.

RESULTED FROM RESENTMENT OF WHITES

The massacre attracted national attention and most observers agree that it resulted simply from resentment on the part of the whites against the employment of Chinese in the coal mines at Rock Springs.

In this respect the whites had charged the Union Pacific Coal company with favoring the Chinese and with attempts to establish a Chinatown at Rock Springs. The whites had made demands on the company for wage increases and had threatened to strike. The Chinese had refused to join the whites in these demands or to take part in a walkout.

At the time of the massacre there were 150 whites and 331 Chinese employed in the mines. Many of the whites were members of the Knights of Labor, national labor organization which had worked unceasingly for the exclusion of Chinese laborers from the United States.

FIGHT BROUGHT ON BY ARGUMENT

The massacre was precipitated by an argument between two Chinese and two whites at the U. P. No. 6 mine. The Chinese claimed a certain "room" in the mine had been assigned to them. Evidently the room was a desirable one, that is, one where the coal was accessible and the miners, who were paid by the ton, could make money easily. In the argument the Chinese were beaten and sent home in a buckboard.

About a half hour later the white miners left the mine, marched up town and down front street towards the Knights of Labor hall. The word was passed around that there would be a miners' meeting at 6 p. m. to settle the Chinese question. The men dispersed and retired to various saloons. When it became apparent that they were drinking too freely, all stores and saloons agreed to sell no more drinks that day. Various accounts indicate that this prohibition left the rebellious miners sober for events that were to follow.

CHINESE FLED INTO HILLS

At 2 p. m. a mob of 150 white miners, most of them armed, set out for Chinatown at the outskirts of the city. As shots were fired, the Chinese fled to the hills. An eyewitness, in a prepared

statement, described the scene: "The Chinamen were fleeing like a herd of hunted antelopes, making no resistance. Volley upon volley was fired after the fugitives. In a few minutes the hill east of town was literally blue with hunted Chinamen."

In the evening the destruction of Chinatown was completed. Not all the Chinese had fled, judging by the coroner's report, which in a number of cases read that the victims "came to their death from exposure to fire."

The aggressors, like the victims, appear to have been aliens. Three Union Pacific directors later said that the attacking party included English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish and Scandinavians. The Chinese consul at San Francisco, after an investigation, wrote that not one of the attackers was a native of this country.

GRAND JURY TOOK NO ACTION

The names of the attackers were never published. A special grand jury which probed the massacre returned no indictments. The jury did say, however, that "while we find no excuse for the crimes committed, there appears to be no doubt of abuses existing that should have been promptly adjusted by the railroad company and its officers."

Order was not restored for several days, and on Sept. 4 Territorial Gov. Francis E. Warren appealed to President Grover Cleveland to send troops to Rock Springs.

The troops arrived from Camp Murray, Utah, on Sept. 9, and they escorted hundreds of Chinese back to the city. Order was maintained in the succeeding weeks only because of the soldiers.

Territorial newspapers took the attitude that the presence of Chinese miners was a serious threat to the well-being of the white miners. An editor of the Cheyenne Leader wrote that "if the white men will not dig the company's coal for pay, who will blame the company for hiring yellow, black, or red men, who are ready and willing to do what the white men will not do?"

After a long controversy in congress, pushed by the Chinese ambassador and his government, an act was passed Feb. 24, 1887, appropriating \$147,748 to indemnify the Chinese who lost property in the massacre.

Altho the Union Pacific finally won its battle to keep Chinese at work and the government paid the damages of the massacre, the fears that a Chinatown was to be established at Rock Springs were not realized.

Several factors made it desirable for the company to restrict rather than increase the employment of Chinese. In 1882 congress suspended immigration of Chinese and that temporary exclusion was later

made permanent. Sentiment in the territory was against employment of Chinese, and the number actually given work at Rock Springs dwindled sharply during the next few years.

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WYOMING — Battles - Chinese Massacre 1885

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In Old Wyoming

By John C. Thompson

Fifty-eight years ago today, on September 3, 1885, occurred the "Chinese massacre" at Rock Springs which horrified the state and nation and made it necessary for the United States to pay indemnity to China for the murder of nationals who lost their lives in the coal camp homicidal turbulence. Information concerning this dark page in the history of the Wyoming country has appeared in this department on several occasions. Comes now an on-the-ground and as-of-the-time report exhumed by Joe McGowan from the files of the Rock Springs Independent, which, while obviously biased, sheds interesting light on the "massacre" and (reading between the lines) public opinion in Rock Springs immediately after the blood-letting and body-burning. Thru courtesy of Mr. M. Gowan, the Independent's report will appear in this and following issues of this department.

On Friday, September 11, 1885, the Independent published an "extra" in which attention was given to the rioting eight days previously under the caption: "The Exodus! The True Story of the Chinese Exodus." This follows:

"On Wednesday, September 3, all the Chinese in Rock Springs to the number of about 600 were driven out of camp by the long suffering miners. The true story of their expulsion is as follows.

"The feeling against them has been getting stronger all summer. The fact that the white men had been turned off the sections, and hundreds of white men were seeking in vain for work, while the Chinese were being shipped in by the car load and given work strengthened the feeling against them. It needed but little to incite this feeling into an active crusade against them, and that little came Wednesday morning at 6.

"All the entries of No. 6 were stopped the first of the month, and Mr. Evans, the foreman, marked off a number of rooms in the entries. In No. 5 entry eight Chinamen were working and four rooms were marked off for them. In No. 13 Mr. Whitehouse and Jenkins were working and Evans told them they could have rooms

in that entry or in No. 11 or 5. They chose No. 5, and when they went to work Tuesday Dave Brookman, who was acting as pit boss in Mr. Francis absence, told them to take the first rooms marked off. He supposed the Chinamen had begun work on their rooms and that Whitehouse and Jenkins would take the next rooms beyond them. But as the two first rooms of the entry had not been commenced, Whitehouse took one, not knowing they had been given to the Chinamen.

"He went up town in the afternoon and in his absence the two Chinamen came in and began work in the room. Whitehouse had started Wednesday morning when Whitehouse came to work two Chinamen were in possession of

what he considered his room. He ordered them out, but they wouldn't leave what they thought was their room. High words followed, then blows. The Chinese from other rooms came rushing in as did the whites and a fight ensued, with picks, shovels, drills and needles for weapons. The Chinamen were worsted, four of them being badly wounded, one of whom has since died. A number of white men were severely bruised and cut. An attempt was made to settle the matter but the men were excited and bound to go out. They accordingly came out, armed themselves with rifles, shot guns, and revolvers to protect themselves from the Chinese, they said, and started up town. After coming thru Chinatown they left their guns behind them and marched down the front street and dispersed about noon.

"In the meantime all was excitement in Chinatown. The flag was hoisted as a warning, and the Chinamen gathered to their quarters from all parts of the town, being gently urged by chunks of coal and brickbats from a crowd of boys. After dinner all the saloons were closed, and a majority of the men from all the mines gathered into the streets. Most of them had fire arms, altho knives, hatchets and clubs were in the hands of some.

It was finally decided that John must go then and there, and the small army of 60 or 70 armed men with as many more stragglers went down the track toward Chinatown. On the way they routed out a number of Chinese section men who fled for Chinatown followed by a few stray shots. When the crowd got as far as No. 3 switch they sent forward a committee of three to warn the Chinamen to leave in an hour. Word was sent back that they would go, and very soon there was a running to and fro, and gathering of bundles that showed John was preparing to move out. But the men grew impatient. They thought John was too slow in getting out, and might be preparing to defend his position.

In about half an hour an advance was made on the enemy's works, with much shooting and shouting. The hint was sufficient.

Without offering any resistance the Chinamen snatched up whatever they could lay their hands on, and started east on the run. Some were bareheaded and barefooted, others carried a small bundle in a handkerchief, while a number had rolls of bedding. They fled like a flock of frightened sheep, scrambling and tumbling down the steep banks of Bitter Creek, then thru the sage brush and over the railroad and up into the hills east of Burning Mountain. Some of the men were engaged in searching the houses and driving out the stray Chinamen who were in hiding, while others followed up the retreating Chinamen, encouraging their flight with showers of bullets fired over their heads."

Wyoming State Tribune
Sept. 4, 1943

In Old Wyoming

By John C. Thompson

Among the blackest episodes in Wyoming's history was the so-called "Chinese riot" at Rock Springs in 1885. This has been covered in this department heretofore but an article prepared by the federal writers' project several years ago sketches it so succinctly that it will be presented. It follows:

"Rock Springs, 'the city of nations,' was really a rangy, roaring, rioting town in its earlier days. The then dingy little coal town witnessed a race uprising Sept. 2, 1885, that was the equal of anything put on by radicals of today. On that day the famed 'Chinese Riot' took place. The name of the riot is really a misnomer, for the Chinese themselves did not riot, but were rioted against. It started because the Chinese would work for cheap wages.

"About 30 Chinese were killed and a number of the wounded escaped to the hills only to perish, besides having their section of the city burned to the ground. The shooting started at the lower end of 'Chinatown' and the mob visited every building occupied by Chinese. The Orientals' houses were connected by underground passageways and tunnels which were literally choked with dying 'yellowmen.' Men later were employed to dig out those tunnels, and were given \$20 for each body recovered.

"The unfortunates from across the Pacific were shot on the run. Escape was blocked on the left by the high bluffs where Number Eight mine is now, and where Number Four mine was then.

"Cheap laborers were scarce around Rock Springs after the riot. Soldiers were brought in to patrol the turbulent town, and it was mainly because they could see brass buttons that the Chinese returned to the coal diggings. One week to the day after a riot, a long, doubleheader freight train pulled in loaded to capacity with Chinese. They were marched to hurriedly constructed quarters.

"No white man could get a job for a period of three weeks after the riot. Later, after the coal company examined each applicant and became satisfied that he was not a rioter, white miners were employed. They had to be employed. The Chinese proved no good at hand mining and that's all the Springs coal mines were in those days.

"Chinatown' was rebuilt, and soldiers' barracks located nearby. The soldiers remained until the outbreak of the Spanish-American war.

"It was during the latter half of the soldiers' stay that a Chinese 'dragon' appeared. It was said to be one of the two in the U. S., the other being in San Francisco. The 'dragon' was nearly 100 feet long and made of silk stretched over bows, and when it wiggled down the street, 40 men were needed to carry it. The 'dragon's' head was that of a Texas longhorn gone mad. The mouth was opened

widely, and out of it extended a pronged tongue.

Whenever the 'dragon' was taken on the streets, the Chinese always accompanied it with a band. Every kind of instrument was used, including several that resembled Scotch bagpipes. The dragon turned its bulging eyes on each Chinese building, as it proceeded thru the streets accompanied by the din of the band.

"The United States government was called upon to make satisfactory settlements with the Chinese government in indemnity payments to the families and relatives of those killed."

Wyo. State Tribune
6 August, 1944

In Old Wyoming

By John C. Thompson

Racial intolerance sent Colorado Chinese fleeing to Wyoming in 1880; racial intolerance sent Wyoming Chinese fleeing to Colorado in 1885. Wyoming's infamous "Chinese massacre" at Rock Springs 62 years ago was indefensible, yet it was more defensible than Colorado's anti-Chinese riot in Denver five years earlier. Economics was responsible for Wyoming's murdering of Chinese; partisan politics was responsible for Colorado's mistreatment of Chinese. Information on the Rock Springs rioting has appeared in this department heretofore; some concerning the Denver rioting will be interesting for comparative purposes.

A campaign for state offices was in progress in Colorado in 1880. Reported General Frank Hall in his "History of Colorado" published in 1891:

"The campaign was briskly contested on both sides, until the night of the 27th of October, when the Republicans organized a great procession in Denver, which was followed by the opposite party on the night of the 30th. Through these exhibitions and the fiery eloquence of orators on both sides much excitement was created. On Sunday the 31st, a disgraceful riot occurred, beginning shortly after noon and increasing in violence throughout the day, producing uproar and confusion until after midnight.

"In the Democratic procession of the previous evening were borne a number of transparencies expressive of the contempt of the bearers for the Chinese, stating that because of their presence here American women were robbed of support, consequently had been reduced to a state of starvation; that the 'Chinese must go,' etc., all calculated as supplementary inflammation to the intense hostility aroused by indiscreet public speakers.

"The exact cause of the outbreak is not known, but the following details have been gathered by the author from the best informed sources. On Wazee street in the lower part of the city, then known as the 'Chinese quarter,' was a drinking saloon with bil-

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liard tables, kept by a white man, but made the resort of Chinamen, some of whom were present and engaged in a game, when two rough looking men, both intoxicated, rushed in with wild shouts for Hancock, and crying, 'Down with the Chinese!' They seized the players, threw the billiard ball about the table, and finally struck their submissive victims in the face, which incited one of them to draw a revolver for de-against further attacks, upon he was again struck upon the face. Breaking from their assailants, they fled toward the back door, just as he reached it the man with the pistol raised it and fired without doing any dam-

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tho under arms, were not brought into service. Had these forces been effectively employed at the earlier stages, it would have done much toward quelling the disorder and dispersing the rioters. As it was, by direction of the commander-in-chief, who seems to have been in sympathy with the effort to expel the Chinese from the city, they were kept in concealment the greater part of that tempestuous night, without opportunity to aid the civil authorities."

* * *

usual in such cases, a large number of street gamins collected in the place, and added to the excitement by reiterating their cry, 'Down with the Chinese!' It was not long before bricks and stones began to fly, and a general assault precipitated upon the Chinese houses and laundries in the vicinity. This brought police upon the ground, but at the same time the crowd became so dense as to block all the streets, and they were powerless to contain the turbulent spirits then set loose. A frantic and destructive riot broke out on every place in the quarter. They broke down doors, smashed windows, fired upon every man who showed his head, and incited the most destructive and alarming riot ever witnessed in Colorado.

* * *

"From Chinatown the clamor spread to all parts of the city occupied by Chinese, who as soon as they were found, were beaten, outrageously abused, their places ransacked, property destroyed, and the entire brotherhood forced to hide themselves wherever a safe refuge could be found. One poor creature was caught, terribly beaten, dragged by the neck with a rope, and died the same evening from injuries thus inflicted. Several others were severely injured. The excited mob raged thru the city like bands of demons, uttering loud threats to kill and burn. . . .

* * *

"After sacking a number of laundries and dwellings in the lower part of the city, the mob began searching for the isolated places in the upper portion. They attacked Sing Lee . . . battered down the doors, smashed the windows, and demolished everything breakable that was to be found. They seized Sing Lee and his collaborer, dragged them out into the darkness and brutally pounded them with clubs. Another was seized, a rope tied about his neck and he was dragged thru the streets. Every laundry they found was plundered and destroyed.

* * *

"At one of these places they were confronted by a notorious gambler and desperado named 'Jim Moon,' who stood in front with a cocked revolver in each hand, resolved to protect that house, single handed and alone. As the crowd advanced he raised his pistols and commanded a halt, saying, 'This Chinaman does my washing, and, 'by the eternal!' you shall not harm a hair of his head.' The leaders knowing the man, wisely left that house to its protector, and surged on in pursuit of other prey. . . .

"The shrieking mob raged thru the streets until midnight, when the frenzy subsided. The troops,

THE GHOST OF NUMBER 3 MINE

(By N. B. Dresser)

Being a story with a local setting, written by a former Rock Springs editor, N. B. Dresser, who conducted the Rock Springs Independent, which became The Rocket about 17 years ago. Mr. Dresser was in Rock Springs during the Chinese riot, which forms the basis of this interesting story. The author is now a resident of Niles, Cal., where he is connected with the Niles Register.)

There was no doubt that No. 3 mine was haunted; at least that was the opinion of a good many of the miners working there. The Chinese were strong in the belief that a devil haunted the abandoned workings of the mine, and it became more and more difficult for Dave Lewis, the pit boss, to get any Chinamen to work there very long. Dave was hard-boiled, and he believed in neither devils, angels, ghosts nor gods, and he laughed at the Chinamen and their fears.

But Sing Lee, the boss of the Chinese gang, said they had several times seen a strange figure going up the slope when they went off shift, and disappear into No. 4 entry, an abandoned part of the mine, and they never saw it return. They knew it was a devil, because an accident was certain to happen shortly after the "devil" was seen. They had seen the figure just before there was a runaway on the slope that had smashed two men.

A miner had been killed by a fall of rock soon after it had been seen on another occasion; in fact some bad accident had always followed the appearance of that strange and silent figure around No. 4 entry.

In vain Dave laughed at the Chinamen's fears; they wouldn't work any longer in a mine haunted by a devil.

Then, some of the white miners saw the apparition. They never got near enough to see it distinctly, but in the dim light of the slope it looked like a Chinaman carrying something on his shoulder. He had a pit lamp in his cap which cast a dull light before him which was reflected on the polished rails at his feet. He made not the slightest noise as he advanced up the slope and finally disappeared in No. 4 entry. The men could see nothing of him as they peered into the entry, nor did any sound come back.

The next day two men were hurt by drilling into a missed shot in one of the rooms. Dave saw the "devil" as ghost as he came off shift late one afternoon, and said it was only a Chinaman who had been down to one of the rooms for his tools and probably wanted to leave them in No. 4 entry until the next day. But the following morning when Dave had his hand badly mashed in helping to move a machine he wondered if it was only a coincidence.

One afternoon Dave and the foreman, Ed Thomas, had been engaged in changing the brattices in the air course to direct the fresh air into a couple of new entries that had been opened. They had worked late and all the men in the mine had gone off shift. When they had at last finished their work they went slowly up the slope. Suddenly just ahead of them they saw the dark outline of a man, his figure showing a black shadow cast by the lamp in his cap. He had apparently come out of No. 3 entry just ahead of them.

"That's him," said Dave in excitement, "We'll see what sort of a devil he is and run him down." They hurried their steps, their heavy boots crunching in the slack, or striking the ties, and making echoes in the otherwise silent slope. But they could not gain on the silent figure going before them. It made not the slightest noise, but seemed to float before them, casting its black and wavering shadow behind.

"I'll see who or what it is," said the foreman, and he took out his flashlight and threw its brilliant rays on the figure before them. Sure enough it was a Chinaman and he appeared to be carrying a sack of something on his shoulders. But his clothes looked old and ragged and mildewed.

"Hurry," said Dave, "he's turned into No. 4 entry." But when they reached that entry the strange figure had disappeared. "We'll look around and see if we can find anything of him," said the foreman as they went down the entry.

This was an abandoned part of the mine and the going was not easy. Near the slope pillars had been left to hold the roof, but farther in the roof had fallen in at many places. Here and there timbers, white and ghostly in the dim light, supported the roof. The going got worse the farther they went. Climbing over huge slabs of rock that had fallen from the roof, splashing thru stagnant water that dripped from above they hurried. "There he is," said Dave, pointing to the reflection of a light some distance before them.

A gleam from the flashlight showed it to be the same figure they had been following. They redoubled their speed, but when they came to the place where the light had shown nothing was to be seen or heard. Everything was silent except for the drip, drip, of the water from the roof.

"We'll take a look around and see if we can explain the mystery," said the foreman as he cast the rays of his flashlight around him. They were at the end of the entry and a wall had been built up to separate it from the air course. The Chinaman must be there somewhere, hidden among the fallen rocks perhaps. They continued their search among the debris of the entry.

"There he is," said Dave, as he pointed to a body on the floor that had been revealed by the flashlight. It was a Chinaman, but a dead one, and he had been dead for many years. His clothes had rotted away in the slime of the mine and fungus was growing from his mouth and nose.

"How horrible," muttered Dave. "He seems to be lying on a sack with something in it," said the foreman. "I wonder if he had been carrying away some of our tools."

The foreman was more excited by curiosity than alarm apparently, and he gave the rotten sack a slight kick with his foot. There was a jingling and the flashlight showed glittering silver coins running out of the broken sack. They both stepped back and

gazed in amazement at the wealth spread at their feet.

"Well, we've found something a good deal better than a ghost," said Ed Thomas.

"There must be a good many thousand dollars there. We have got no way of carrying that much money, and we don't want to carry it up town in daylight any way. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll each get a little sack and meet at the mouth of the slope at ten o'clock and come down and divide up that Chinaman's money fifty-fifty."

"All right," replied Dave, "I'll be at the mouth of the slope at ten o'clock tonight." As they turned to leave the foreman cast the rays of his flashlight on the roof above them.

"Looks as if a little jar might bring that roof down; it's loose," said he. "We better bring a prop along if we don't want to be buried with the Chinaman."

"All right," said Dave "I'll get one."

Shortly before ten o'clock Ed Thomas was at the mouth of the slope waiting for Dave Lewis. All was silent around the mine except for the hissing of the steam in the boiler house whose fires had been banked when the day shift went off, and there was no night shift. This Ed thought was a fortunate thing for their adventure in getting a long hidden fortune. Half an hour passed and there was no sign of Dave.

"What keeps the man?" said Ed to himself. "One would think he would be as anxious to get that money as I am."

After waiting another half-hour the foreman decided that something unavoidable was keeping Dave away. He did not exactly like the idea of going down into those abandoned workings alone and being the only companion of that long dead Chinaman while he gathered up his long hidden treasure. Neither did he want to leave.

After waiting a little longer he took his flashlight out and went down the slope. In a few moments he reached No. 4 entry and was climbing over the fallen rocks and splashing through the pools of water back to where the dead Chinaman lay. But a change had taken place. The treacherous roof to which he called Dave's attention had fallen. It had buried the dead Chinaman and his treasure. Throwing the rays of his flashlight

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GHOST OF NO. 3 MINE

(Continued from preceding page)

was not at the mouth of the slope at the appointed hour. He had probably returned to the mine very soon after he and the foreman had left intending to appropriate all the treasure for himself. A very slight disturbance of the air, a cough, the jar of his boots in scrambling over the rocks, or some other small cause had been sufficient to bring down the loosened rock and crush him to death. Perhaps had both of them been there both might have been killed for the foreman was not sure he would have insisted upon putting up a prop for the few minutes it would have taken to gather up the Chinaman's treasure. He saw, however, that the Chinaman and his treasure were completely covered by the fallen rock. No one would suspect that anything more important than the crushed body of Dave Lewis lay under that fallen slab.

Next morning the foreman came to the mine and was told the shift boss had not shown up yet, although he was usually there before anyone else. He did not appear all the forenoon, nor had his wife seen him since the day before. She said he had not come home the previous evening and she was much alarmed. A search of the mine was made. Finally the foreman announced that he had found him under a slab of rock in No. 4 entry. He also superintended the removal of the body. He would not permit the slab to be broken apart; he said this would crush the body still worse, so they dug the slack and broken rock from under the body and removed it that way.

A flour sack was found tightly clasped in the hands of the corpse. The foreman expressed the opinion that the pit boss had gone into the entry to see if the wall separating it from the air course needed fixing. The Chinamen firmly believed he had followed the ghost or "devil" into the entry and had been killed by it.

It took Ed Thomas nearly two weeks, working only at night, to break up and remove the big slab of rock from the dead Chinaman and reveal the shining hoard of silver. While most of it was silver there were a good many gold pieces among them. They had been rolled up in paper but the paper had rotted off and the coins were all mixed together.

In fact a corner of the rock had crushed all the coins into the wet slack. The foreman discovered that none of the coins bore a date later than 1885. This fixed the date of the death or disappearance of the Chinaman as the year of the Chinese riot. As he was not among the 27 Chinamen who had been killed at the time of the riot.

Who was he?

By careful inquiry among the old Chinamen who were in Rock Springs at the time of the riot he learned that Quong Fat was the only Chinaman whose disappearance could never be accounted for. He was also one of the richest Chinamen in camp. He had an interest in most of the gambling games and also in a little store, and it was believed that he dealt in opium on the quiet. It was known that he had intended to return to China in a little while to enjoy the fortune it was suspected he possessed. But he had not done so as inquiries from his relatives after the riot proved.

It was not difficult to imagine what had happened. When Chinatown had been burned the few remaining Chinamen had fled for their lives, carrying what little they could pick up. Quong Fat's money was hidden in cans in his cellar. Many Chinamen dug money out of the burned ruins of their buildings when they were brought back after the riot.

Quong had hurriedly dumped his precious horde into a gunny sack and fled with the other Chinamen. But the sack was heavy; some of the pursuing rioters were at his heels; the mouth of No. 3 mine was not far away, and it offered a better chance of escape than fleeing along the banks of Bitter creek where he saw one of his companions shot down and fall into the creek. Had he been wounded by a shot in his flight? Had he lost himself in the darkness of the abandoned workings, and finally dropped down to die of starvation or fatigue, with the treasure at his side? No one could tell, but here he and his treasure had remained undiscovered for a score of years or more.

Never again did the ghost show itself in the mine. Perhaps the appropriation of his treasure had broken the tie that had so often drawn his spirit to the spot where it was hidden for so many years. Ed Thomas left the employment of the coal company the following spring and bought a fruit ranch a few miles north of Salt Lake City. It was said that he paid over \$10,000 for it, and friends wondered how he had managed to save or raise that amount of money.

It was quite a number of years afterwards that I accidentally run into Ed in Salt Lake City. We talked over old times and old friends in Rock Springs, and finally he said, "Why not run out to my place and see it. It will take less than an hour to go out there in my car." I was willing as I had nothing in particular to do.

We jumped into his car which was on an adjoining street and were soon at his home and seated on the porch looking at the prospect before us. It was a beautiful place. The house was a roomy, modern bungalow, with roses in full bloom growing in profusion over windows and porch. A broad lawn stretched in front with flower gardens on either side. Behind us rose the bare and precipitous sides of the Wasatch mountains, while far to the west was to be seen the gleaming waters of Great Salt Lake with Antelope Island rising against the blue horizon. In the foreground was Ed's orchard. It was May and apricot, peach and apple trees were pink and white with a profusion of blossoms which shed their fragrance in the air and gave promise of an abundant harvest.

"You certainly have a beautiful and valuable place, Ed," I said. "But how did you come to buy it? Everybody knew you couldn't have saved enough money from your wages to get any such an orchard and home as this."

"No, I didn't," he replied, and then he told me the story of the ghost in No. 3 mine.

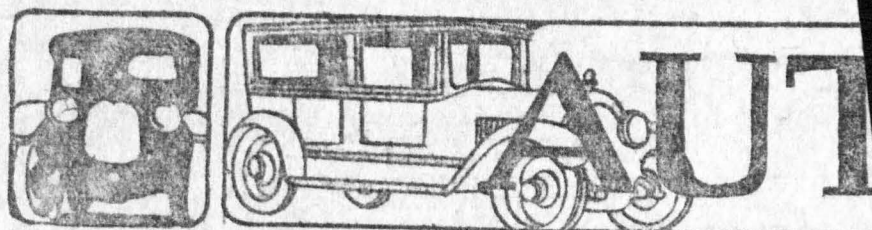
"But how much money was there in

around the fallen rock he saw something else. It was the legs of a man sticking out from under the rock, and the man was Dave Lewis.

It was clear enough now why Dave Quong Fat's hidden treasure?" I asked when he had completed the story.

"Well," he replied, "this place cost me around \$10,000 in the first place and I have put in several thousand dollars since then, so you can figure out that I got quite a nice piece of money," and that's as much information as I ever got out of him, although I was out there a good many times thereafter.

(C441-M-15-1885)



STUDEBAKER'S GREAT RECORD

Granddaddy Big Six Car Covers 475,000 Miles

A mud and travel stained touring car ambled jocularly into Chicago the other day from South Bend. It moved up Michigan avenue at a sprightly gait, without rheumatic twinges or signs of old age.

Yet the "granddaddy of motor pilgrims" had just completed a cross-country journey of more than 475,000 miles, and was still bearing the original body, cushions, wheels, motor block, crank shaft, radiator and rear axle assembly that were put into it when it was built at the Studebaker corporation plant in South Bend.

The veteran Studebaker Big-Six, which has visited most of the cities of the country and has encountered gumbo mud, mountain storms and prairie floods, attracted attention on Chicago's streets. Old-timers of motordom declared the car's 475,000-mile record was the greatest distance ever traveled by any motor vehicle in a like period of time.

The average owner drives his car 6,000 miles a year. At this rate it would require nearly 80 years to pile up 475,000 miles.

NARRATIVE OF CHINESE RIOT

Is Given at Meeting of Historical Society

The following interesting information was read at a recent meeting of the Rock Springs Woman's club in conjunction with a meeting of the State Historical society under the direction of Mr. Cyrus Beard. It tells of the cause and results of the Chinese massacre which took place in Rock Springs, September 2, 1885.

Of the greatest historical happening of Rock Springs—the Chinese Massacre—I have no personal knowledge, the tragedy occurring some years before I came to Wyoming.

The following article, which I believe to be fairly accurate and authentic is compiled from incidents related to me and from a newspaper and pamphlet published shortly after the riot and loaned to me by their owners.

Wyoming has been singularly free from acts of violence in connection with labor disputes, strikes, or suspension. But at Rock Springs back in 1885, on September second, occurred the Chinese Massacre.

On the morning of this day, Whitehouse, a member of the State Legislature, and Jenkins, after being idle for some months, were told to go to number Six mine and take the first place marked off in number five entry. They entered the mine to examine their working place, worked a little, and then went outside to get more tools and powder.

Returning, they found two Chinamen at work, who said they also had been instructed to take the first place marked off in number five entry, and consequently refused to move out. A fight ensued in which other Chinamen and all the white miners in No. Six, finally took part. Picks, shovels, drills and needles were used as weapons, and practically all engaged in the struggle were-injured, one Chinaman being killed.

Upon hearing of this trouble the other white miners quit work and came into town and held a mass meeting. It was finally decided the Chinese must go—then and there—and the little body of sixty or seventy armed men, with as many stragglers went down the tracks toward Chinatown. On the way they routed out the Chinese section men, who fled for Chinatown, followed by a few stray shots.

When the crowd got as far as No. Three switch, they sent a committee of three to warn the Chinese that they must leave in an hour. Word was sent back by the Chinamen that they would go, and soon

there was running to and fro and gathering of bundles, that showed they were preparing to move out.

But the white men grew impatient. They thought the Chinamen too slow and that possibly they might be preparing to defend their position. In about half an hour an advance was made on the enemy with much shouting and shooting. The hint was sufficient. Offering no resistance the Chinamen snatched up whatever they could and started east on the run. Some were bare-headed and barefooted, others carried small bundles in handkerchiefs; others rolls of bedding. They fled like a flock of frightened sheep, scrambling and stumbling down the steep banks of Bitter creek, then through the sage brush, over the railroad tracks and up into the hills east of Burning Mountain.

Soon some of the white men were engaged in searching the houses and driving out the Chinese who were in hiding, while others followed up the retreating ones, encouraging their flights with bullets fired over their heads. All the stores in town were closed and men, women and children were out watching the flight of the Chinamen, and everyone seemed glad to see them on the wing.

Soon smoke was seen issuing from the peak of a house in "Hong Kong," then from another, and in a short time eight or 10 of the largest houses were in flames. Half choked with fire and smoke, numbers of Chinamen came rushing from the burning buildings and followed their retreating brothers to the hills.

The sheriff came from Green River in the evening and guards were out all night to protect the property of the citizens in case of disturbance. But in town everything was quiet. Over in Chinatown however, the rest of the houses which had numbered 40 were burned. The Chinese section house and their houses at No. 6 also went up in flames. Chinamen were driven out of nearly all the burning buildings. All the night long the sound of rifle and revolver was heard, and the surrounding hills were lit by the glare of the burning buildings.

Following, there seem to be an utter indifference as to the extent of the loss of life, or the fate of the wounded wanderers in the mountains. No efforts were made to search the smoking cellars for bodies, but men and boys poked in the ashes for cash drawers left in the hurried flight, and geese, ducks and swine were driven off. There was no talk of missing men dying in the sagebrush, but only of the melted treasures that might be discovered in the wrecks of their dwellings. If there was excuse for the forcible expulsion of the Chinese, there was none for the inaction of the town authorities.

Chinatown alone indicated that anything unusual had occurred. A Sabbath-like quiet reigned over Rock Springs. The dead were allowed to rest amid the wreck of their homes, the dying to die uncared for, wherever they happened to fall fainting in their flight.

On Saturday, troops arrived from Fort Steele. They gathered up the stragglers Chinamen and in a few days all the living were under their protection, remaining so for 13 years. A new Chinatown was laid out and built. The white miners resumed their work.

No great event is without its use and lesson. What then, is the good which came from the Chinese massacre? When it occurred, Rock Springs had a population of more than 500 Chinese, and less than 75

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One of the latest mechanical devices invented by a combination at the date so that, if the car is started the old-fashioned watchman's device, while above is a dial

white miners. It had 40 houses sheltering Chinamen, and most of its white miners lived in dugouts. Today 17 Chinamen work in the mines. Thousands of white men are employed. Where stood the gaunt unfurnished houses of the Chinamen, now stand pretty, modern home of white men. Ten boys and one girl is the Chinese enrollment in our public schools. Hundreds of the sons and daughters of white miners eagerly benefit from our educational advantages.

"Once, to every man and nation comes the moment to decide." When the pitiful handful of white miners decided to take a stand against heap Chinese labor, they decided not only for themselves and their posterity, but for their town, their state, their America.

A ring of leather thieves is operating in St. Louis, possibly shipping the leather out disguised as steaks.

(C445m) Feb 1924

M. A. CH FIRE INS SURETY Establi 222 West 19th S

BIRD MANNA Makes Canned Food

(C 441-M-VS-1885) April 21

NEWS OF
THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO—1890

Taken from The Republican of that date

Compare the Rawlins storied in these old items with our city and county of today

The following letter has been received from S. R. Calloway, president of Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas railroad company, who was general manager of the Union Pacific railroad at the time of the Chinese troubles at Rock Springs mines. This letter is dated at New York August 20, 1890 and reads as follows:

My Dear Sir:—Replying to your favor of August 15 making inquiry as to the attitude of ex-Governor Warren during the Rock Springs troubles, while I was general manager of the Union Pacific. I have to say that Mr. Warren during that unpleasant controversy did nothing but what his oath of office required of him namely: to preserve the peace and protect the United States mails, for which purpose it became necessary to call upon the general government for aid. I may say that Mr. Warren frequently expressed anxiety that the employment of Chinese in the mines should as far as possible be discontinued and requested the company to agree with him: First, that every Chinaman that desired to leave should be provided with transportation and sent on his way, and that those who were indifferent should be encouraged to go. Second, that no Chinese should be re-employed at the Almy mines, and third, that there should be no Chinaman put to work at any of the new mines, or in any new mining towns and that Chinese labor should be dispensed with as rapidly as possible with the view of having all coal mined by white labor.

I state these facts in simple justice to ex-Governor Warren. His actions so far as the unfortunate Rock Springs troubles were concerned, should strengthen him with all good citizens, laboring men and capitalists alike.

I very much regret to hear of Mr. Warren's illness and hope that his recovery may be speedy and complete. Yours faithfully, S. R. Calloway.

Rock Springs Chinese Riot Described by Old Magazine

The famous Rock Springs Chinese riot, in which white coal miners drove their Chinese competitors from the town after killing a number of them and burning their homes, is described vividly in a September, 1885, issue of Harper's Weekly, uncovered this week.

The riot occurred just 50 years ago this year.

The magazine describes how the Union Pacific Railroad company at that time leased its mines to contractors who brought in over 600 Chinese to work in them.

Started by Quarrel

"On the 3rd of September," the magazine says, "there was a quarrel in one of the 'rooms' in the mine between some whites and some Chinamen as to who had the right to work there. Four Chinamen were wounded, one fatally. After the quarrel all the miners 'came out' and work was abandoned.

"The Chinamen went to their quarter, known as Chinatown. The whites armed themselves with rifles, shotguns and revolvers to 'protect themselves from the Chinese,' they said. After dinner that day the saloons were all closed and the white miners held a meeting in the streets at which it was decided that 'John must go, then and there.'"

Newspaper Tells Story

Harper's then quotes the Rock Springs Independent's account of the riot:

"The substance of the Independent's story is as follows: The miners, 60 or 70 armed and the rest stragglers, advanced on Chinatown, driving men in the Chinese section as they went. When near the town, warning was sent to the Chinese to 'leave in an hour,' which the latter prepared busily to do. But the men grew impatient. They thought John was too slow in getting out and might be preparing to defend his position. In about half an hour an advance was made on the enemy's works, with much shooting and shouting. The hint was sufficient. Without offering any resistance, the Chinamen snatched up whatever they could lay their hands on and started east on a run. Some were bare-headed and barefooted, others carried a small bundle in a handkerchief, while a number had rolls of bedding.

Fled Like Sheep

"They fled like a flock of sheep, scrambling and tumbling down the steep banks of Bitter creek, then through the sagebrush and over the railroad and up into the hills east of Burning mountain. Some of the men were engaged in searching the houses and driving out the stray Chinamen who were in hiding, while others followed up the retreating Chinamen, encouraging their flight with showers of bullets fired over their heads."

"When the Chinese quarter was apparently emptied, the miners set fire to it. The net results of the 'stray rifle shots' and showers of balls fired over the heads of the

fugitives will never be exactly known. A coroner's jury sat on 15 dead bodies and returned a verdict that "11 had burned to death and four shot by parties unknown to the jury."

"Just a week after the assault on Chinatown had been made, there were 650 Chinese, including many of the fugitives, brought back under guard of 200 U. S. soldiers, and set to work."

At Age of Eighty-five

Special to the **Republican-Boomerang.**

Green River, Wyo., Feb. 12—China Joe, 85, survivor of the massacre of Chinese at Rock Springs, Wyo. in 1885, is dead here, from apoplexy. The aged Chinese, who made his living by peddling vegetables and doing odd jobs, was one of the most popular and most highly respected residents of the community.

For three days during the Rock Springs massacre, in which mobs burned "Chinatown" and killed many of its residents, China Joe hid in a bake-oven. He then crept out of Rock Springs and made his way 15 miles to this place, where he was befriended and succored by the late W. A. Johnson. The expense of his funeral is to be paid by the Johnson estate.

(2445m)

(C447-m-rs-1885)

Chinese Mass



Massacre at Rock Springs

A bloody blot on the white man's book was the hideous story of the Massacre at Rock Springs, where a hundred humans were murdered and nobody convicted.

By George Sandell

DOWN the U. P. tracks came a howling, ragged mob of over a hundred men, brandishing six-shooters, Winchesters, knives, hatchets, axes, crowbars, and picks. Now and then the explosion of a firearm echoed and re-echoed in the flanking sagebrush hills.

A hundred yards or so behind the main march straggled another motley phalanx — barefooted kids, a few tottering old men, woman in soiled kitchen aprons, a handful of grinning Shoshone Indians, a delegation of

solemn faced individuals in business dress, the latter obviously the solid citizens of Rock Springs.

On one of the hills a small band of cowpunchers sat silently on their ponies watching the spectacle. An unmistakable miasma of violence permeated the thin, sweet air of what Wyoming afternoon.

"Kill the damn Chinamen . . . kill them," the armed mob chanted in cadence with the stomp of its clay-caked boots as it surged eastward toward a cluster of some 30

unpainted wooden shacks known as "Hong Kong." A scarlet banner centered by a black dragon was seen to go jerkily up a flagpole of the tallest building, Ah Sing's laundry.

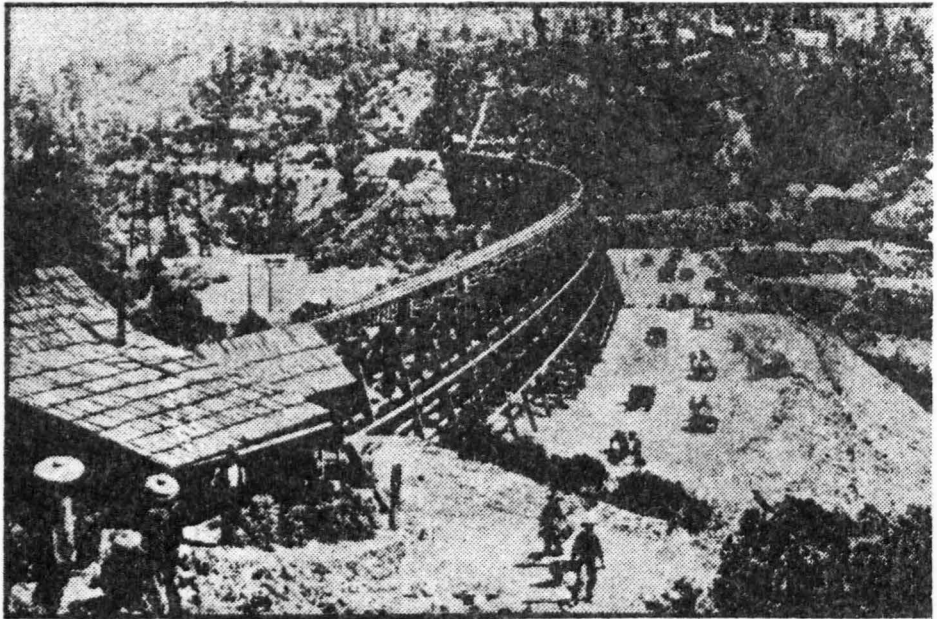
Ahead a section crew of eight men leaned on their shovels and stared at the oncoming army. The advancing mob spotted them and cries went up. "The Chink gang! Kill 'em! String 'em up!" The rioters broke into a run. A moment later they were firing wildly at the knot of men farther down the rails.

THE date was September 7, 1885, a date that marks the bloodiest chapter in the conduct of white men in the West. The location was the mining community of Rock Springs in the Wyoming Territory. The insane fury that drove these white men to an animal brutality and ghastly horror no savage Indian ever approached had been festering for over a decade.

In 1875 the coal miner in southwest Wyoming was in an envious position money-wise. He was being paid \$1 a ton for the coal he dug. Most of the colliers were transplanted Cornishmen recruited from the deep, dank mines of Wales. Rugged characters who knew their job almost from birth, they were able to earn \$12 and more for a five or six-hour day. Such was unheard of pay in a country at a time when top cowhands made \$20 a month, railroad workers \$1 a day, gold diggers, who owned their own claims, \$5 for ten hours of mucking.

The Welsh miners were aware that the average American in the Old West would not mole underground regardless of the remuneration. They also knew that there was a tremendous demand for coal in the growing region and that the mines of Wyoming and Colorado were the only producers of the black gold west of the Mississippi. Armed with this knowledge they demanded 25 cents more a ton for the coal they dug.

A Chinese camp on the Central Pacific Railroad, a part of the 14,000 Chinese whose work made possible many of the construction jobs in West.



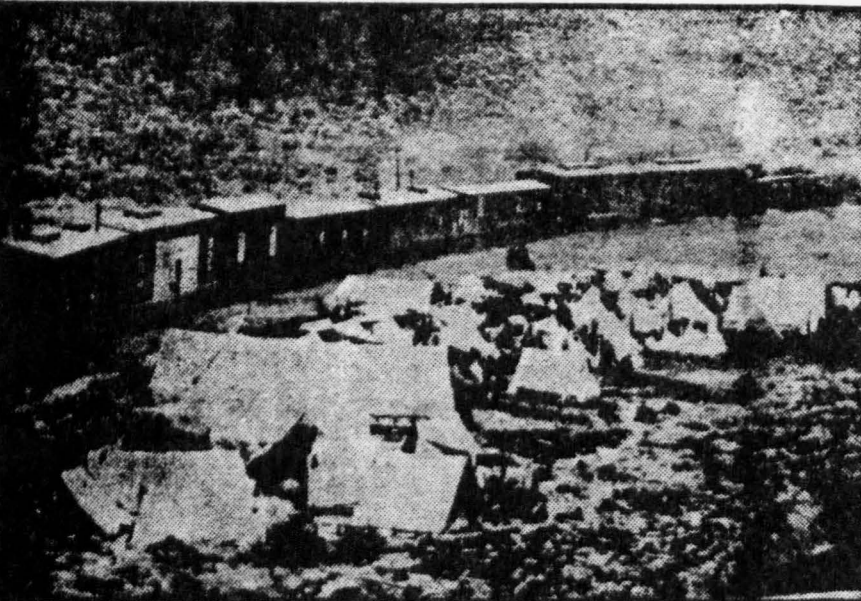
Rare picture taken in 1877 shows Secrettown trestle in Sierra Nevada Mountains, one of great engineering feats accomplished with Chinese.

The U. P., owner of most of the Rocky Mountain coal pits, flatly refused the request and the miners went on strike. The railroad then recalled the diligent work done by the Chinese coolies in the 1860s when they furnished the manual labor that helped build the western half of the U. P. It at once commissioned Beekwith, Quinn & Company, a labor agency, to recruit Oriental labor for its mines. Within 60 days the agency had hired 300 Chinese to dip U. P. coal for 75 cents a ton.

FROM that time on the Welsh never regained ascendancy in the western mines. Although non-citizens themselves, the Welsh regarded the Chinese as aliens, intruders, wage wreckers and job pirates. As more Chinese replaced them in the pits, their resentment grew into a smoldering hatred. By 1885, when the blowoff came at Rock Springs, Chinese miners outnumbered the Cornishmen three to one. At the same time hundreds of white colliers were unemployed. By and large those westerners not directly involved instinctively sided with the Welsh because they were white skinned and to them the ways of the Oriental seemed foreign, even sinister. The Chinese had never been popular in the mountains and on the plains because they were a new, unknown element.

THE trouble that day began in entry No. 5 of the Rock Springs mines at around 9:30 in the morning. Isaiah Whitehouse had been given room No.1 on the entry by Dave Brookman, temporary pit boss, and went in at 8 o'clock to dig coal. He found four Chinese already working the room. Unknown to Brookman, Jim Evans, the mine foreman, had the afternoon before assigned the quarters to the Chinese. Both Evans and the Orientals argued in good faith that the room belonged to them. The squabble attracted both Chinese and white miners from

(Continued on Page 50)





Catline's famous drawing of prairie Indians at time of Jotham Meeker's dream.

JOTHAM must have had a subconscious memory of the Ottawa's Dance of the White Shadows when he went to sleep. This is one of the most important of the Ottawa rituals, the warning of danger. It sometimes goes through the night, and as the Indians dance, the medicine man calls on the Great Spirit to tell them if danger is near. If the Great Spirit answers in the affirmative, men in white robes will be seen approaching.

And when Meeker in his dream saw men in white robes, he reacted like an Indian. The Ottawas were newcomers to the prairie of Kansas and not popular with other tribes because they had been given some of the good buffalo hunting ground. The warlike Pawnees, to the north, had used this hunting ground and they weren't happy about losing it. Meeker had no information that the Pawnees were on the warpath, but he felt they were the most logical enemies of the Ottawas.

"Where are we going,?" Jenkin demanded as they raced through the night.

"To Chief Black Rock of the Ottawas," Meeker yelled back.

"Why?"

Greenville, Ohio, Nov. 4, 1926
ANNIE OAKLEY, FAMED SHOW
WOMAN IS DEAD

Mrs. Frank Butler, better known throughout this and other countries as Annie Oakley, champion marks-woman and showwoman, died at the home of a relative here last night. She had been in poor health for some time.

"The Ottawas are going to be attacked by the Pawnees," Meeker answered. "That is what the men in white I saw in my dream means."

Jenkins exclaimed, "You have no proof, only a wild dream."

An hour before dawn they rode into the Ottawa village thirty miles from the Baptist mission. Chief Black Rock didn't have the doubts Jenkins had expressed. He said, in his language, which Meeker understood fully, "The Great Spirit has warned us through our friend, Reverend Meeker. We will act at once against the Pawnees."

Jenkins was still doubtful and told Reverend Meeker if the Pawnees didn't appear, things might not be well for him and Meeker, but Reverend Meeker had no doubts and told Jenkins his message of warning to the Ottawas had come from God.

CHIEF Black Rock sent young braves out on horses to warn the other Ottawa tribes and also scouts were ordered to try to locate the on-coming Pawnees. Reverend Meeker's dream proved no hoax. A few hours after dawn, the scouts located a large body of Pawnees in war paint, the advance army of Buffalo hunters.

The Ottawas moved swiftly. They didn't stop for war dances or even to put on war paint. They gathered, 300 of them, at Rock canyon, a narrow defile the Pawnees had to pass through to get to the buffalo hunting ground. Chief Black Rock showed unusual military genius in planting his small army of warriors. The Pawnees came waving spears and giving their war yells, never suspecting the Ottawas were in the canyon.

Black Rock waited until the entire body of Pawnees were in the defile. Then he waved his Chief's spear, the signal for the attack. His braves, hiding behind rocks, sent a deadly barrage of arrows down at the trapped Pawnees. Many fell from their ponies. The others panicked and as they did, Black Rock waved his spear a second time, and into the canyon rode a hundred of his warriors, while those behind rocks leaped up and ran for the Pawnees, sending arrows at them.

The battle was over in less than half an hour, and the Pawnees, those who escaped death, raced their ponies out of the canyon and headed North for their own lands. This was the last time the Pawnees attempted to invade the land of the Ottawas. As a reward Reverend Meeker was made an honorary Chief of the Ottawas, and the honor he accepted with pleasure.

He returned to the Mission near the present city of Ottawa to continue printing literature for the Indians. In 1855 he was stricken with pneumonia and died at the Mission.

His only explanation for his strange dream was, "God told me of the dangers to the Ottawa, and he told me in a way both I and the Ottawas would understand."

Lacking any better explanation, that one will have to be accepted.

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**MASSACRE AT
ROCK SPRINGS**

(Continued from Page 29)

other diggings and the quarrel raged for an hour and a half, growing hotter with the passing minutes.

Suddenly one miner felled a Chinese with a drill. Soon the two forces were slugging it out with shovels, picks, needles and drills. In the melee one Chinese was killed and four seriously hurt before mine officials were able to separate the raging forces. The white miners immediately went to their homes and grabbed up whatever weapons were available and assembled on Front Street.

For the rest of the morning they milled about, talking, bragging and making countless visits to the bars of the saloons. When dinner time came, habit forced them to their homes, but within three-quarters of an hour they were back on Front Street. In the interim, the saloon keepers had locked their establishments fearing what more firewater would do.

THE Chinese also quit work and went home. They remained inside their shacks and no effort at organization of any kind was made. They were there when the march on their colony was spied coming down the tracks and the noise of the attack on the Chinese section gang warned them of their danger.

"Kill . . . kill . . . kill!" the mob chanted as it reached the first of the Chinese chanties, and that was the battle cry that rang throughout the blood-letting.

When the mob reached the first shack, a Chinese miner burst out, followed by his wife and three boys ranging in age from 13 to 6. "We go, we go," the Oriental chattered, holding up a bundle to prove his statement. The wife said nothing, her eyes bulging with fear. The three children were crying.

One of the miners, armed with a Navy Colt, ran up to the Chinese and exploded it in his face. Another of the bearded attackers brought his shovel down on the woman's head and she fell without so much as a groan. Two white men grabbed the oldest boy while a third plunged a dirk time and again into his chest.

THE miner who had killed the father pulled a Bowie knife from his belt and ran it circularwise around his head. Then grabbing the pigtail he pulled off the slain Oriental's scalp, dangling it aloft and laughing drunkenly. He tied the grisly prize to his belt by its long braid. Several others regarded the slain boy, but made no effort to take his hair. They were after pigtails and the youth had not started to grow one. Leaving the three bodies in front of the house, the mob, wilder than ever with its first taste of blood, continued into the settlement.

By this time, figures could be seen running from the back shacks, dashing across Bitter Creek at the rear of the colony and scrambling up its banks seeking safety in the hills east of Burning Mountain.

For a time the mobsters armed with rifles tried their aim on the scattering Chinese. Several were cut down in the middle of the creek, and a handful more on the slope of its cutbank.

When the Chinese saw their countrymen being cut down trying to escape, they dodged back into their shanties apparently resigning themselves to the inevitable.

The white mob soon broke up into smaller groups and began smashing down the flimsy doors of the huts and dragging the occupants outside. In some instances, however the Chinese

Rattlesnake

Meat

De Luxe



SUSAN B. Anthony, the great suffrage leader once found herself a passenger on a Wells Fargo stage driven by the famous jehu, Mark Regan. She was enroute from Denver to Salt Lake City.

At the "eatin" house at the Bitter Creek way station, Susan was served the piece de resistance of that establishment by the proprietor, a Mr. Rawlins. Said delicacy was "roasted whitefish" and Susan showed her appreciation by consuming three generous helpings.

Susan proceeded on her merry way via Wells Fargo stage to the next "eatin" house and promptly ordered white fish but was forced to settle for fried chicken. Between bites of the fowl she praised Mr. Rawlins and his white fish. Finally the waitress, a Mormon girl could take no more and told Susan in disgust, "You didn't eat no white fish ma-am. That was pure rattlesnake meat. That's what that no good Rawlins serves everybody."

In high indignation Susan sent for the manager. However Mark Regan stepped forward and gently assured Susan that she had in truth eaten rattlesnake meat. "You see, Ma-am," he informed her, "Rawlins is supposed to keep a supply of game to feed the stage passengers but being somewhat of a naturalist he forgets at times. Then he just kills the first thing at hand and cooks it. Today he killed some big fat rattlers down by Bitter Creek."

As was ladylike for members of the weaker sex in that day, Susan promptly swooned. Thirty years later, however, the suffrage leader wrote to Mark Regan, "I can now smile with others over that remarkable meal."

were shot down inside their homes.

One contingent of rioters formed a small circle around the inhabitants of one shack, two men, three women and five children. They made these Chinese dance and found the act ludicrous and roared with sadistic laughter. In the course of the dance, they fired their pistols at the feet of the dancers. Both of the men were wounded in their lower limbs but were forced to dance until they sank to the earth. The arms of one of the Chinese miners were broken by a crowbar in the hands of a crazed Cornishman. When the two Chinese fell, they were given the coupe de grace and their scalps taken. The women and children were driven back into the house and left cringing in the corners there.

OTHER tortures were found by the white miners. Some of their erstwhile fellow working men were forced to run the gauntlet and viciously beaten as they passed through the Welshmen's legs. In each instance they were killed

when the fun palled, and their pig-tails snatched as trophies.

One Oriental, stoically betraying no fear, was a special cause for rancor. He was placed against the wall of his house and used as a living target for thrown knives and rifle and pistol bullets. The object of the sport was to see how many wounds could be inflicted before he collapsed. Later reports said he sustained 23 cuts and bullet wounds before he sagged to the ground. He was then dispatched with a pistol shot and his scalp taken.

The butchery continued for three hours and the taint of fresh spilled blood was heavy in the settlement. At the end of the carnage, the blood-stained miners went back through the shacks to see if any males had been overlooked.

At Ah Sing's laundry they learned that a Chinese had barricaded himself there and they surrounded the building. In some inexplicable way, the besieged Oriental had obtained a rifle and some

(Continued on next Page)



Jesse James' Attempted Suicide

A little publicized incident in the life of Jesse James, the man generally conceded as being the most famous bandit in American history, was his attempted suicide.

Ordinarily, one would think of Jesse James, a man with such undoubted courage and stamina as he was known to have possessed, as being the last person in the world to even contemplate such a thing. That the attempt was unsuccessful, can be attributed to his brother Frank and Dr. Simmons, the attending physician.

There were three of the James children: two boys — Alexander Franklin and Jesse Woodson — and one girl, Susan. "Frank" or "Buck," as Alexander Franklin was universally known, was born January 10, 1843. (For some unknown reason, Mrs. Samuels, his mother, when speaking of Frank, always referred to her eldest son as Mr. Frank. When speaking to him personally, he was addressed as Buck).

Jesse Woodson, the second (or rather the third, as the second child, born July 19, 1845, and christened Robert R. James, lived less than two months), was born September 5, 1847. Most of his friends and acquaintances knew him as "Dingus." Susan, born November 25, 1849, was always known as "Susie."

Susan married Allen H. Parmer, when she lacked one day of being 21. There was bad blood between Jesse and Allen Parmer, and Jesse most strenuously objected to Susan's contemplated marriage to Parmer. He tried to dissuade her in every way possible; but womanlike, she was obdurate and went ahead and married Parmer, the marriage taking place November 24, 1870.

Jesse became very downcast and discouraged because all his admonitions had failed to prevent Susan from marrying the man that he detested. At this time, he and Frank were in hiding at the residence of their uncle, Major George B. Hite, just outside Adairville, in Logan County, Kentucky.

It was here that Jesse tried to kill himself. The fact that the sixteen grains of morphine he took was an overdose is probably the only, and sole reason his life was saved.

Frank and Dr. Simmons, the physician who had been summoned, walked Jesse up and down the floor of an upstairs bedroom at Major Hite's, much as one would walk a horse with the colic, until finally the effects of the drug wore off a bit and Jesse was put to bed, with Frank to watch and prevent him from going to sleep.

Jesse recovered in due time.

After his marriage to Zeralda Mimms, his first cousin, on April 24, 1874, he and his wife visited Susan and her husband at their ranch home a short distance from Sherman, Texas.

The two men scarcely spoke to each other during the visit, and then only when it could not very easily be avoided.

The cause of bad feeling between the two men has never been learned. Maybe it was because Jesse was a bit peeved at Parmer for the record he established as a killer at the raid on Lawrence, Kansas. On that occasion, Parmer was Quantrill's most prolific killer, setting a record of twenty-three men.

It would be interesting, no doubt, to learn just what it was between these two men that caused them to detest each other. But now, after all these years, the truth will probably never be known.

James Hines

ammunition. From time to time he fired from his stronghold, but none of the miners was hit.

Not eager to face this one iota of opposition, the white pulled away and discussed what they should do.

"Keep him trapped there while we finish searching the shanties," somebody suggested. "Then we'll smoke him out." This was the first suggestion that the torch be used. One of the miners had found a cache of over \$300 in gold pieces, and this news quickly passed through the mob. The shacks were again ransacked, this time for valuables rather than for living prey.

SOON the miners were prodding the dirt floors of the shacks, and the ground around them. It was well known that the Orientals did not trust the banks and kept their earnings on their person, or buried in spots known only to themselves.

The new hunt brought fruit, the largest a gallon tomato can full of double-eagles. The treasure totaled up to \$1600 and turned its finder into something resembling a happy idiot. It was a case of finders-keepers; those who unearth spoils retain them for themselves. The looting miners did not only take gold, but everything else in the colony that had any value — bedding, cooking utensils, and the like.

Once the shacks had been thoroughly searched and despoiled, the mob's attention returned to the trapped Chinaman in the laundry. They felt it was now time to burn the building. Soon the laundry was a mass of flame, whipped by the ever-present breeze, the entombed Chinaman made no effort to break out of the building, choosing flames to the torture he expected outside.

Despite the fact that some women and children still huddled in the shanties, the white miners were firing the 50 structures that comprised the settlement. The U. P. owned the buildings and rented them to the Chinese at the rate of \$5 a month. The houses had been erected at the cost of around \$500 each. Soon the colony was a mass of smoke and flame. The bodies of the slain Chinese had been left where they lay, but now gangs of white miners went about picking them up and tossing them back into the burning houses. They reasoned that in this way much evidence of their crime would be eliminated. Once all the shacks had been put to the torch, the mob straggled back to Front Street.

The business men who had watched the entire debacle went to their homes sick at heart and stomach. They had made no move to intervene as they knew the rioters could not be headed

THE saloon keepers still had the doors of their places locked, but soon the mob broke in and treated themselves to free whisky all that night. Until dawn gunshots were heard from the celebrators on Front Street. Flames burning Hong Kong lit the eerie caressing and the stench of burning human flesh flavored the ungodly festival. With the dawn the miners crept back to their homes, where most of them tumbled into bed to sleep off their bestial carnival.

Before going to bed, however, a delegation had visited the home of mine foreman Jim Evans and W. W. Donnell, the representatives of the labor agency of Beekwith, Quinn & Company. Both men were given four hours to leave Rock Springs. They took the train eastward at 8 o'clock that morning. A telegraph operator had notified Sheriff Joe Young of Sweetwater County of the situation, and he arrived from Green River on the same train that took Evans and Donnell eastward.

Young surveyed the scene and wired

the Territory's governor, Warren, asking for Federal troops. Wyoming had no militia at that time, and Warren passed the message on to Washington. Two days after the massacre a company of U. S. troops was stationed in Rock Springs, and another at Evanston, coming from Fort Steele, part of the Omaha Department.

Three days after the atrocity, Judge Luevigsen convened a coroner's jury, which brought in a verdict of mass murder "by persons unknown." A count uncovered some 41 dead and 23 missing.

On being informed of the tragedy, the railroad's division superintendent, G. W. Dickenson, equipped a special train at Cheyenne and dispatched it west with a staff of doctors and nurses and provisions. The train halted east of Rock Springs and scouts were sent out. The hills were combed and 456 survivors were rounded up and taken to Evanston, where they were put up by the railroad in company homes. All were convinced that many more perish-

ed in that afternoon and night of horror than the official records revealed. No actual census of the Chinese had ever been taken in Rock Springs.

The Laramie *Boomerang* in reporting the pillage said: "The outbreak at Rock Springs was a horrible affair, brutal, cowardly and in many respects undefensible. It was a cold-blooded massacre. But it was an indication of the feeling which exists against coolie labor . . . the Chinese must go!"

The *Boomerang's* half-hearted stand against the atrocity was indicative of public feeling. Resentment against the Chinese still ran high.

Sixteen persons were arrested following the carnage, but their trial was a burlesque and no one went to jail, to say nothing of the gallows, for the sack of Hong Kong. Public opinion was against punishment in this one of the most inglorious and shameful pages of the history of the Old West.

MYSTERY OF MAXIMILIAN'S GOLD

(Continued from Page 24)

To the south of the trail, between Horsehead Crossing and Castle Gap, a short distance, and about three miles southwest of the gap in the rimrock, is a pond of water. It could have existed at the same location at that date. The winding of the stream at Horsehead and the several miles of hard pulling by the men through the deep sands had exhausted the men and mules. Camp was made in the foothills of Castle Gap by a pool of water.

The six Missourians, when camp was set up, realized the opportune time had arrived. They were in the heart of an almost impregnable desert, many miles from any sign of settlement. Their opposing forces were completely exhausted and would be barely able to offer resistance to the unsuspected attack. The careful laid scheme of the six desperados was soon to take place! The six Austrians, all their peons, for the first time since they left Mexico, hit the bedrolls and were soon fast asleep. The snoring and rasping snores rent the cool, starlit October night.

One Missourian was selected to guard the treasures. Soon after dark the lone man shook his five companions. They soon accomplished the gruesome deed, the one they had carefully

schemed. All members of the original train were killed as they slept.

THE bloody act left the valuable caravan in the sole hands of the six Missourians alone on the desert. The six realized they could not travel over the trail with all the equipment of the train without attracting attention of other travelers.

The lifeless bodies of the Austrians and peons stared at them in the maze of the starlit night. The six bandits were still confronted with the problem of

disposing of the dead, doing away with the equipment, and hiding the treasures from other bandits who frequented the trail.

They dug a hole, unloaded the loot, and, after filling their saddle bags with gold to defray trail expenses, they placed the chests in the hole and covered them over with the desert sands. Other holes were made in the soft sand where the bodies of the victims were placed and the holes covered. The wagons

(Continued on next Page)

Somewhere under these shifting sands lies treasure horde of Emperor Maximilian



Rock Springs Miners Massacred Chinese 95 Years Ago

This Month

Rock Springs (Wyo.) Daily Rocket-Miner
Friday Morning, September 19, 1980

Wyo. Clipping File
Univ. Of Wyoming

cont. on back

This month marks the 95th anniversary of the Chinese Massacre in which a mob of Rock Springs coal miners attacked Chinese laborers and burned the city's Chinatown.

An estimated 500-600 Chinese lived in Rock Springs, with a population of about 2,000 back on Sept. 2, of 1885, explained Henry Chadey, director of the Sweetwater County Historical Museum.

The massacre apparently was the result of "mob psychology." As Chadey explained, a new superintendent for the Union Pacific Railway's No. 6 mine, located across from where the Outlaw Inn now stands, assigned non-Chinese miners to a work area that the Chinese workers thought they were to mine.

As mining jobs became more scarce throughout the west, resentment towards the Chinese miners grew, explained Chadey. The Rock Springs massacre began in the mine, but was carried out into the streets. The Chinese were given an order to get out of town in two hours.

But the mob of miners, explained Chadey, waited only a half hour and the massacre ensued. Chinatown and many of the Chinese were attacked and burned. Many fled for the hills surrounding Rock Springs. When it was over, 28 Chinese miners were dead and the U.S. Army had to be called in to restore order. Troops stayed in Rock Springs at Camp Pilot Butte, where the North Side Catholic school and church now stand, for 13 years.

Chadey compared the atmosphere of persecution of the Chinese miners at that time to the Ku Klux Klan today. The Exclusion Act had been put into effect in the U.S. in 1882, lasting until after World War II, prohibiting many Orientals from coming to the U.S., he explained.

One account of the massacre states: "To understand conditions as they existed, one must go back to the year 1869, when the Southern Pacific Railroad had been completed and Chinese colonies had been imported for the work of building the

road. Upon its completion, most of the employees were out of work and anxious to become engaged in some remunerative labor. There was a feeling of resentment augered at the time among labor agitators, which grew steadily each year as it fed on propaganda."

Many of the Chinese fled to Evanston by rail, but were brought back to Rock Springs within days of the riot, said Chadey. The Chinese miners of 1890 earned about \$1.35-3 per hour, compared to \$2.16-3 for non-Chinese, but Chadey pointed out the workers were often paid by the railroad by the amount of coal they produced, not the time they spent underground.

Chadey added that some have speculated over the years that the massacre was planned. A prominent Rock Springs doctor was believed to have led the mob, but little other evidence has been offered, he said.

David G. Thomas was one miner who observed the riot from the No. 5 mine tippie and related this version to his daughter, Mrs. J. H. Good-nough, this account originally published in 1931:

Although Chadey said the date of the massacre was Sept. 2, 1885, Thomas places the date at Sept. 5)

One week before the riot Mr. C.P. Wassung and I had occasion to visit Laramie on lodge business. We met an acquaintance who had no business connections in Rock Springs at the time, but who remarked that he would visit our town in a few days, and that there would be "something doing". The "something doing" part of the conversation made an indelible impression on our minds, when this same man became one of the leaders in the riot of September 5th. I have reason to believe that he lived and still lives to be very much ashamed of his participation in the disgraceful events.

I was mine boss at No. 5, and on the morning of September 5, I noticed a visible commotion at No. 3. Rumors had reached me that there was violence at No. 6,

where Chinese miners had been assigned to places, previously promised by the Superintendent to the white men. It is an unwritten law in the mines, that miners work in certain assigned places. I felt at the time, and have since had no reason to change my views, that the Chinese riot was due to the tactlessness of the Mine Superintendent, Jim Evans. He was efficient in working knowledge, but was lacking in the virtue of "tact," and it was the only thing needed to fan the flames of revolt and race hatred to red heat, and start the riot which cost the lives of 27 innocent men, besides leaving a stain on the name of the town, and in the hearts of those who participated, some of whom cooled down quickly after seeing the horror of the first scenes. I never felt the men wanted to riot at this time.

I was standing on No. 5 tippie when I distinctly saw a commotion at No. 3 mine. I hurried over there to transact some business at the blacksmith shop, and upon its completion, made my way through Chinatown, notifying five or six of my Chinese friends to be careful, as it looked like trouble was brewing. I then returned to No. 5 tippie, when I saw the mob, now formed with rifles, shotguns, and revolvers, stop for a moment at the railroad crossing, near the present home of M.W. Medill. Here a shot or two was fired at the defenseless Chinese, who came out of their numerous dugouts and shacks, like sheep led to the slaughter — taken by surprise, unarmed and unprotected.

They fled precipitously to Bitter Creek, eastward to Burning Mountain, and now the riot was on. May I say at this point, that one of our leading professional men, was on horseback, waving his hat and shouting loudly, and while he appeared to be unarmed, he was inciting a maddened crowd to bloodthirsty deeds.

Bullets followed the fleeing Chinese, when 16 of them were killed brutally, while the other casualties met an even more

horrible fate the same evening, when some of the citizens satisfied their murderous instincts, and inhumanly slew the few remaining Chinese for the money which their victims had hidden on their persons, afterwards setting fire to the buildings to hide their crimes.

I left for home and went thru town. Here an old Chinese laundryman 'Ah Lee' lived in a dirt dug-out, with a roof of boards. He was so frightened that he had bolted his door, but the fiends were not to be cheated of their prey, so they came thru the poor old man's roof and murdered him ruthlessly. I asked the same man whom I had met previously in Laramie: "why did you kill poor old Ah Lee?" His answer was, "I had to Dave, he was coming at me with a knife." The reader can judge for himself, the accuracy of the alibi, self defense, after breaking thru a man's roof and shooting him in the back of the head. But dead men tell no tales.

In this connection may be told the story of a Rock Springs woman who walked over the body of the dead Chinaman and stole packages of laundry, which he had neatly laid aside for delivery. Years later she died in distressing circumstances of poverty. Deserved? Who knows.

Understand too, we were nervous, for our own safety, as we were in the employ of the Company, and knew not what the mob might decide to do, as the next order of business.

However, around seven o'clock Frank Hamlin, Lloyd Thomas and I walked over to Chinatown, where we saw laying in the dirt the body of an old Chinaman, whom we had known, shot thru the chest and dying slowly. One of the men in the group suggested that we shoot him to get him out of his misery, but this we declined to do, so we left him to die.

The flames from forty burning houses lighted our faces. When we came to Bitter Creek we saw the body of Joe Brown, one of the first Chinamen killed in the one sided battle.

We returned to Mr. Tisdale, the general Superintendent's house, which is located on the present site of the postoffice. Mr. and Mrs. Tisdale were out of town, so Frank Hamlin and I prepared to retire, altho we slept little, as the section house had been set on fire by this time and shots were rending the air all night long. We wondered too, if the mob would not visit Mr. Tisdale's house in a spirit of revenge, but our fears were groundless and we were left undisturbed.

These were things I actually saw and the next day we heard that Mr. Jim Evans, mine Superintendent, had been requested to leave town at once, which he did never appearing here again.

To quota . . . from the local paper of the sixth. "Well, gentlemen, the next thing is to give Mr. O'Donnell notice to leave and then go to No. 6', said one of the men in the crowd. But the crowd was slow in starting on their errand. A large number seemed to think this was going too far, and of the crowd that gathered in front of O'Donnell's store, the majority did not sympathize with this move. But at somebody's suggestion a note ordering O'Donnell to leave was written and given to Gottsche, his teamster.

One of the men, who objected loudest to this mode of procedure, was the same person we have had occasion to mention before, at Laramie. Ah Lee's murder etc. but he quit the riot at this place, highly indignat at the treatment meted to Mr. O'Donnell. However, Mr. O'Donnell was told to come back in two days, which he did, much to the general rejoicing.

A look around Thursday, the sixth, revealed some gruesome sights, resembling the methods of the modern racketeer. In the smoking cellar of one Chinese house the blackened bodies of three Chinamen were found. Three others were in the cellar of another and four more bodies were found near by. From the position of some of the bodies it would seem as if they had begun to dig a hole in the cellar to hide themselves. But the fire over-

took them when about half way in the hole, burning their lower limbs to a crisp and leaving the upper trunk untouched. At the east end of Chinatown another body was found, charred by the flames and mutilated by hogs. For a long time therefore pork was not tempting to us, as an appetite teaser, and we gladly refrained from including it in our diet. The smell that arose from the smoking ruins was horribly suggestive of burning flesh. Farther east were the bodies of four more Chinamen, shot down. In their flight one of them had tumbled over the bank and lay in the Creek with face upturned. Still farther another Chinaman was found shot in the hips and still alive. He was taken up town and cared for by Dr. Woodruff. Besides this, two others were seriously wounded.

One Chinawoman fled with her husband, a gambler, who carried her across Bitter Creek, and both appeared to be unusually calm. Neither of them were among the casualties.

The wife of Soo Qui, a boss Chinaman, was badly frightened and with tearful eyes and trembling voice said to the mob: "Soo, he go, I go to him." The assurance of the men that she would be unharmed failed to calm her, and gathering a few household goods she fled to the house of a neighbor.

A few days after the riot, Mrs. D.M. Thayer was visited by a woman who carried a fur coat over her arm, making the statement that this coat was made of an 'H African Lion', and was too large for her, so she would like to sell it. She failed to convince Mrs. Thayer, however, as the latter had seen the coat too often on Ah Coon one of the missing Chinese.

Mr. Joe Young, the sheriff, was in Green River the day of the riot, but placed guards to protect the property of citizens, in case of disturbance.

A coroner's jury, who with Dr. Woodruff examined the

dead bodies of the Chinamen, returned a verdict that 11 had been burned to death and four more shot by parties unknown to the jury. The bodies were put in rough coffins and buried in the Chinese burial grounds.

A good many indictments followed the arrival of the troops, which were sent by the Government, but the trial was a farce, and the cases dismissed. I was told to report for jury service in Green River and when D.O. Clark asked me why I did not want to serve, I replied that I did not feel that my back was bulletproof. Such was the attitude of the citizens at the time.

Governor Warren came with railroad officials on a special train, and took a view of the situation and a quantity of provisions was sent west for the Chinese near Green River. Troops were ordered to be stationed in Rock Springs, and all the Chinese were picked up and closely guarded by Uncle Sam's men. Some of the officers located here included Major Freeman and Captain Coolidge, the adopted father of the Rev. Sherman Coolidge, Indian Episcopal rector at Colorado Springs. The troops remained here until the Spanish American war, and it was with considerable regret that the citizens saw the soldiers depart, as they had become an influence for good in the community.

And now to tell the story of Pung Chung, our loyal and devoted friend. He went to No. 3 when he first heard about the riot thru the Chinese whom I had notified, and retraced his steps back again thru the mine to No. 5, where he had hoped to find me, but I had left for home at the time. Then he fled to the hills, where he stayed for three or four days, without food or water, and when found was in half crazed condition, brought on thru fright and starvation, together with exhaustion.

He was always our loyal friend, and years later, I can picture him, an old man, seated on the coping of my wife's grave: in his hand, a few

fragrant flowers, pitifully eloquent — his token of respect to her memory. His devotion touched us, and we feel it indeed a privilege to place on his grave, each Decoration Day, a little flower, with a thought similar to the one expressed by



UNREST IN ROCK SPRINGS — These Chinese miners are pictured on their return to Rock Springs following the 1885 massacre in which 28 Chinese were killed by a mob of angry residents. With the help of U.S. Army troops sent in by

the president of the U.S., order was restored to Rock Springs and the many Chinese who fled the town were able to return. The two photos, courtesy of the Sweetwater County Historical Museum were taken Sept. 9, 1885.



DAY BY DAY

C. WATT BRANDON

VERY LITTLE IS RECORDED PERTAINING TO THE CHINESE MASSACRE IN ROCK SPRINGS OUTSIDE OF FEDERAL REPORTS—OCCURRED IN 1885—DAVE SALMON GIVES DETAILS AS TO IMMEDIATE CAUSE AND MANNER

During the early days of the Union Pacific coal mines at Rock Springs, one of the great calamities of the state occurred. It followed the coal mine strike of 1875, when the Knights of Labor brought out the Chinese question as a political issue, in the period following that strike, which came to a full head in September, 1875 during the administration of Territorial Governor John M. Thayer. The railroad had imported Chinese labor to develop their Rock Springs properties.



It was around 1875 that Bret Harte wrote the poem, "The Heathen Chinese," which was given great prominence.

According to my notes the kettle boiled in 1883 when congress passed a bill denying immigration to the Chinese for a period of 10 years. This was followed by more disrespect to the Chinese, until the abuse was allowed to go on without interference to a certain extent. They lived meagerly, worked for small wages in many places, drawing equal wages with white labor in the mines, but lived in fear and terror.

According to then Territorial Governor Francis E. Warren, the Union Pacific had considerable trouble with its labor prior to the strike, at which time the miners refused to accept any kind of a proposition unless the Chinese workmen quit the mines.

The federal records further show that in the period prior to 1885, there had been local race wars in many parts of the country, Negroes and whites, as well as anti-Chinese disturbances in the west, especially in California, which came to a head in Rock Springs early in October of that year.

700 TO 900 CHINESE EMPLOYED IN THE MINES
Little is known as to just how the organization to kill got under way in that city, historical data gives no information. A federal report made in November, 1885, stated that between 700 and 900 Chinese were being employed in the mines of the Union Pacific at that time and in the investigation following the massacre and burning of the Chinese quarters, developed that many mutilated bodies were found, some taken from the mines, while many who had headed for the hills or some other place had been followed and shot down. Not a living Chinaman to be found in the camp. All bodies found had been robbed of everything.

700 TO 900 CHINESE EMPLOYED IN THE MINES

A few of the Chinamen, the investigation indicated, had been robbed and given notice to leave the camp, with but a few minutes to pack their bags and make their escape, leaving money, clothing and everything, hopeful of saving their lives, which was in vain in

many instances. Many were killed at the mouth of the mine as they came out, some half naked, who made for the sandhills and many were killed or wounded.

Territorial Governor Francis E. Warren, who had come into the picture, reported that special trains were run each way out of Rock Springs to pick up the Chinese, who had scattered in various directions. Some were dead and others badly wounded. The trains carried clothing, water and food for the fugitives, many of whom were loath to even be taken.

CHINESE HAD BEEN ORDERED OUT OF NEARLY EVERY TOWN

Governor Warren further stated that the Chinese had been warned out of nearly every town, sometimes going and sometimes not. Coal miners at different coal camps had "struck," quitting work and demanding that the Chinese must go from the entire territory. He further stated that 400 men had been out at Carbon, Wyo., for several weeks, even though no Chinese were employed there. All employers of Chinese had been boycotted by different labor organizations.

Chinese were first employed in Rock Springs in 1875, following a strike of union workmen. It is said that A. C. Beckwith of the firm of Beckwith-Quinn, operating mercantile stores, hotels and other lines of business, once owning the present B-Q ranch around 25 miles west of Kemmerer, was in part responsible for bringing the Chinese in. In return for this the U. P. company sold its store to the B-Q company and allowed them to furnish all the goods and supplies needed by the Chinese at different points

on the U. P. system. Twin creek mine over the hill west of Kemmerer, was also one of their store points, with sales running over \$1,000,000 annually.

The Chinese from the Rock Springs district were taken to the Chinese district of Evanston, near which troops had been stationed "to protect interruptions of the United States mail or the routes over which they are received."

GRAND JURY INVESTIGATION

The grand jury investigation of this massacre brought out many interesting facts—that between 150 and 300 people had been in the massacre crowd, that the sheriff of Sweetwater county arrived too late to form a posse, that very few could be found who sympathized with the Chinese, one witness stating he thought the Chinese had burned their own quarters in order to protect their gold which had been secreted in their cellars.

The grand jury just gave the "whitewash" to the entire massacre, advising that not a single witness could be found who would testify a single criminal act had been committed.

DAVE SALMON'S STORY

In my scrapbook and historical data available, I can find nothing as to what was the cause of this massacre, or what led up to the killings, until the other day I was visiting with Dave Salmon, now a retired pioneer rancher. He advised that he came to Rock Springs when his uncle had a contract to construct branch railroads to the mining camps and while he was there the Chinese Massacre took place in November, 1885.

The Knights of Labor controlled those coal camps in those days and the Chinese workmen got no favors, even though they were on job every shift, while the white men laid off at will, which greatly handicapped the mine output, so they took to assigning a full four-man crew of Chinese in the No. 2 and No. 4 mines south of the railroad, which was resented by the whites.

"It was around 9 a. m. that September morning, as I was driving a team operating a scraper on the dirt work that I saw Chinamen running wild and heading for their shacks along the Bitter creek, where they extended for some distance under and along the creek banks. They were pouring out of the mines bleeding and some with their clothes almost wholly torn off.

"They headed out of town after getting some of their personal possessions, but many lost everything, as many of the shacks were burned by the maddened miners, their women and other sympathizers, but I recall that around a dozen cowboys, who came in from the district south of Rock Springs, were rounding them up for the coal officials and putting them on a special train headed west, towards Green River City and Evanston, where those injured were given protection and medical attention.

WHAT STARTED THE MASSACRE

"It was some time before the facts became known as to just what started the trouble, further than that a miner had been severely wounded or killed by a Chinaman and then I learned how it came about. In order to induce the white workers to refrain from absenteeism, the company would place a Chinaman in place of the absent worker. A miner who had been an absentee worker came to his job one morning to find a Chinaman working in his room in one of the entries, along with his three white buddies. It angered him until he set about to chastise the Chinese.

"As is well known, a Chinaman would hesitate to fight back, trying to get away from his antagonist. But it was related within my hearing that the Chinaman was working with the "needle" an instrument I was was advised, used to insert the fuse in the drilled holes before exploding the charge and this instrument was thrust into the abdomen of the man. That started the melee, which spread thru the mines and thru the town and many of the Chinamen were killed or injured. I do not recall which one of the mines the trouble started in.

BUILDING OF FT. PILOT BUTTE

"Troops were soon brought to Rock Springs and the building of Ft. Pilot Butte was soon under way and the Chinese were brought back and put to work in the mines under military protection, but there was always a spirit of unrest. But I understand the Chinamen were protected there for many years. Some of those buildings still stand. The Chinese were housed under tents, with a large sort of circus tent being one."

Kemmerer Gazette
21 Nov. 1947

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE WYOMING LARAMIE

WYOMING ——— Battles - Chinese Massacre 1885 11/21/47

In Old Wyoming

By John C. Thompson

There once were, among residents of Wyoming, a group who, when one of their number died, had the flesh stripped from his bones, sealed the dismembered skeleton in a tin box and shipped it overseas to a foreign land. Practitioners of this gruesome custom were Chinese employed in the coal mines at Rock Springs, Almy and elsewhere. Despite the ruggedness of their vocation, these Orientals were peculiarly susceptible to death from injury and many succumbed to hurts from which white men readily would have recovered. Furthermore, they shrank from mutilation, refused to permit necessary amputations and this attitude made the mortality rate higher. Consequently, a great many peeled skeletons were shipped from this state. They were stored in a warehouse at San Francisco until skeletons, sent from elsewhere in America, accumulated sufficiently to fill a ship, whereupon they were freighted to China.

In the period before the turn of the century, beginning with 1875, many hundreds of Chinese worked in the Wyoming mines. They outnumbered the white miners. The whites acutely resented their competition and racial antipathy resulted, in 1885, in the "Rock Springs massacre," in which around two score Chinese were brutally murdered by rioting whites. Martial law at Rock Springs resulted and for years a federal military force was maintained there. The American government paid heavy reparations to China for the murders. For protection of the Chinese workers, they were concentrated at Rock Springs in a village locally dubbed "Hong Kong," which was separated from the town by the barracks of the soldiery. There were about 70 ramshackle dwellings in "Hong Kong"; in these, at times, dwelt as many as 500 Chinese.

Evanston, adjacent to the coal camp Almy, also had a very considerable Chinese population. There a Joss house was maintained, to which the Rock Springs and other Chinese made annual pilgrimages. What in local parlance was known as "China big day" was observed annually. On these occasions a wood-and-cloth dragon of fearsome mien was paraded, with the Chinese performing wierd antics about it.

Among the notable men of the Chinese settlements was Ah Say, an employment agent at Rock Springs who added to his considerable income by conducting a store and saloon. He was the absolute ruler of the Chinese community, its "father confessor," friend of the afflicted and champion of any of his race who suffered indignity or injustice. He was highly intelligent; white men respected him highly. An interview with him which was published in the Cheyenne Daily Sun seven years after the "Chinese massacre" was extremely interesting and informative. While Ah Say doubtless did not use the language quoted in the interview, the substance of the story undoubtedly was correct. The report follows in part:

"The 450 Chinamen working here are a good lot of men. They are industrious, honest and sober. Best of all, they are cleanly. An epidemic would depopulate this place if filth was allowed to accumulate, and the men know it. In their wee houses they are neat, but with their persons and apparel they are scrupulously clean. They bathe several times a week and put on fresh clothing as often. You can satisfy yourself on this point by examining any Chinaman in the mines. The general impression is that they are entire strangers to water.

"Like the cowpuncher, every Chinaman is a boy. There are men here over 60 but they are always referred to as boys. The average life of a Chinaman in the mines is barely 40. The climate is bad for them, inducing pulmonary troubles, and almost any little hurt in the mines kills them. Their skulls are remarkably thin and a mere tap on the head is fatal. They are averse to amputation.

Wyoming State Tribune
Dec. 3, 1942

In Old Wyoming

By John C. Thompson

Seventy odd years ago, in the mid-seventies, the birth and death of a Chinese child—the only one up to that time born in Cheyenne—occasioned much public interest. J. P. C. Poulton, associate editor of the Cheyenne Daily Sun, covered the events in the journalistic style prevailing in the period. So impressed was he with his reporting that he copied his work in longhand in a journal titled "Three Years—1874-7," which preserves scores of thousands of words of lectures which he delivered in Wyoming and Colorado. The story of the Chinese child is the only portion of the journal written in Poulton's own hand. The story follows:

"About six weeks ago the Sun announced the birth of a Chinese baby in Cheyenne, the offspring of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lee. This being the first and only almond-eyed child ever born in Cheyenne the bare announcement of the occurrence was sufficient to attract a great many people of both sexes to the rude tenement where the little one began its earthly career. A number of persons who called gave the child pieces of silver, corn and other little gifts which were duly appreciated by the parents, and the mother especially, whose affection for the child appears to be intense.

"On Sunday morning last the child died from diphtheria. The grief of the mother scarcely knew bounds, and in a very short time every Chinaman in the city had been notified. A neat little rose-wood coffin had been bought and the dead child, after being washed and dressed by some ladies residing in the locality, was placed therein. Pieces of silver which had been given it were placed in its hands and one piece was deposited in its mouth. When a Sun reporter visited the corpse about 4 o'clock on Sabbath afternoon several persons were present

trying to console the mother, who shed no tears, but was screaming alternately in a maniacal manner.

"The funeral was proceeded with. Upon arriving at the grave the little coffin and its contents were lowered and the earth thrown in, the frantic mother screaming and pounding herself with her clenched fists. Like Rachel of old, she refused to be comforted because her child was not. The Chinamen then touched a match to a quantity of oakum obtained for the purpose, which was placed at the head of the grave. According to Chinese belief the smoke of the oakum as it curls up and ascends heavenward bears to some great unknown power the announcement that the soul of the deceased has started upon its journey.

"At the foot of the mound they placed a basket containing food for the little traveler. This basket contained a large ham, we boiled, three dozen boiled eggs, one roast chicken, two quarts cooked rice, and a pair of chop sticks, the latter resting on the food. It will be seen that this burial service corresponds somewhat with that adopted by the Indians, except that the redskins bury the food with the corpse. They leave it above ground. In California and Oregon the Differ Indians are particularly jubilant when they hear of a Chinese funeral as they invariably make a raid the night after and carry off the provisions which the Chinamen deposit on the graves of their countrymen.

"P. S. Four weeks later the Chinese went to the grave of this Chinese child carrying with them the clothing which belonged to the infant. This was piled upon the grave and burned."

Wyo. State Tribune
Cheyenne, Wyo.
Apr. 1 1947

In Old Wyoming

By John C. Thompson

In the immediately preceding issue of this department was published a report, scantily touched with sentimentality, of the birth and death of Cheyenne's first Chinese baby. This was written by J. P. C. Poulton for Col. E. A. Slack's "Cheyenne Sun," in the mid-seventies. Poulton was a reporter and lecturer with numerous phobias which found expression in his writings and from the platform. His grammar was not all it might have been, he and ignorance were intimately acquainted, he had no concept of the difference between editorializing and "straight reporting." His sense of humor often found crude expression in his writings. He did not like Chinese, which made remarkable his restraint in his story of the Chinese baby's birth and death in Cheyenne more than 70 years ago. Further examples of his journalistic style will be found interesting.

Commenting seriously regarding one among his "pet peeves," he said:

"The Chinese are an unprinci-

pled, bigoted and superstitious people. They are self-conceited beyond description and are not of any possible benefit to the country. On the contrary they are a positive injury. They care nothing for this country except to make money which is sent through agents to the banks in China. They evince no disposition what ever to become citizenized, learn our language or identify themselves with the common interests of the people in any manner whatever. 'Say what you will' about this being the 'land of the free,' etc., some protection should be thrown around native-born citizens, the struggle between capital and labor is bitter enough already, without filling the country with lousy opium-eaters who live on ten cents per day and send the remainder of their wages across the Mediterranean. What we want is more protection to American industry, whether it comes in the form of high tariff or in the exclusion of the Celestials from the country."

Writing in facetious vein, Poulton unburdened himself in the Sun as follows under the caption "The Heathen Chinese":

"The heathen Chinese is so called because he came from China, and because of his crude notions relative to the Deity. He lives principally on rice, and can make a new shirt look sicker after two washings than anybody else. He cooks his rice by frying it in water for dinner, scrambles it for supper and eats it cold for lunch.

"The heathen Chinese don't care for fun, nor circusses, nor camp meetings, but minds his own business, which makes people in America down on him. He don't believe in the American God, but still sticks to the same God he had in the old country. He steals occasionally, but he does 'it in the old-fashioned way, just as Confucius did thousands of years ago, without asking to be elected to Congress or making himself the president of a life insurance company.

"The heathen Chinese is not a progressive cuss; on the contrary, at the rate he is now going, it will not be less than 21,872 years before he will tuck in his shirt, and pull down his vest, and be a Christian. There is no end to the avarice and grasping nature of the American, but the heathen Chinese, if he can have four bushels and

Wyo. State Tribune
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Wyo. Clipping File
Univ. Of Wyoming

WYOMING — Battles - Chinese Massacre 1885

4/1/47

In Old Wyoming

By John C. Thompson

In two preceding issues of this department appeared the contemporaneous story of the Rock Springs Independent of the "Chinese massacre" at the Wyoming coal camp September 3, 1885. This related how Chinese miners, other than the 15 or more murdered during the rioting, were run out of the town. On another page of the same issue of the Independent appeared a bitter account of the return of the Chinese, under military protection, and an attack on the Union Pacific railroad for persisting in employing Orientals in the Rock Springs mines. This follows:

"It was rumored Wednesday noon that the Chinese were on their way back to Rock Springs. Few believed the rumor as it was not thought they could be induced to return. But about 2 o'clock a passenger train came in bearing 200 armed soldiers. Closely following was a freight train of 22 cars loaded with 650 of the

hated Chinese. The latter train switched off and went towards No. 3 mine where the Chinese disembarked and hurried over to the ruins of their houses. They began digging in the cellars and soon unearthed a large amount of money—\$6,000 in gold and silver was dug up from one cellar and as much more from another where it had been concealed before their flight.

"Numbers of them soon came up town. Some looked bold and defiant while others were evidently fearful of being attacked, but no demonstration was made against them. The cars were afterwards brought down the track to a point near the soldiers' camp where the Chinamen built fires, had supper and spent the night.

"The action of the Company in bringing back the Chinese means that they are to be set to work in the mines and that American soldiers are to prevent them from being driven out. It means that all the white miners in Rock Springs except those absolutely required are to be replaced by Chinese labor. It means that the company intend to make a Chinatown out of Rock Springs as they proposed to the Almy miners last Monday. It means that Rock Springs is killed as far as white men are concerned if such a programme is carried out.

"How do our miners and how do our business men like the situation, and what are they going to do about it? There is but one thing to do; miners, merchants and railway employees must unite as one man against such a high handed proceeding. It is a matter in which every business man and working man along the line of the Union Pacific is concerned. If the labor organizations of Colo-

rado and Wyoming, backed up by the business interest and public sentiment and public press of the country cannot enforce their demand that the Chinese must go, we are much mistaken as to their strength.

"Neither the labor organizations or public sentiment will uphold the brutal murder of the Chinese last week. The punishment of these crimes is within the province of the civil authorities and they will not be molested in the prosecution of their duty. But innocent men with their families, and the business interest of Rock Springs must not be allowed to suffer thru the avenging spirit of the Union Pacific railway. Let the demands go up from one end of the Union Pacific to the other, THE CHINESE MUST GO.

"If it is a disgrace to American civilization for a few miners, aggravated by a long course of injustice, to kill a few Chinamen, is it not a more damnable disgrace to see a rich and powerful corporation—created and sustained by American citizens—claiming and receiving the assistance of American soldiers to enforce the employment of leprous aliens to the exclusion of American workmen. Why, even the soldiers themselves curse the duty which compels them to sustain the Alien against the American, and no wonder every man in town is hot with indignation of the spectacle.

"The following resolution was passed at the last meeting of the Typographical Union at Cheyenne: 'Resolved, That this Union pledges its hearty support to any movement that will secure a thorough boycotting of the Chinese wherever found, and their final expulsion from the Territory. That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes and furnished for publication. The Chinese must go.'

Wyoming State Tribune
Cheyenne
Sept. 7, 1943

In Old Wyoming

By John C. Thompson

Indian savages committed many horrible atrocities in the Wyoming country. None exceeded barbarism perpetrated by white men after the Indians had been conquered and rendered harmless. In 1885 there occurred at Rock Springs an episode in territorial history known as "the Chinese riot" in which white men committed mass murder with fiendish cruelty. Information concerning this has appeared in this department heretofore. A new "slant" on what properly should be called the "Chinese massacre," not "the Chinese riot," is provided by an article in the current edition of "Annals of Wyoming" by Mrs. J. H. Goodnough of Rock Springs, who quotes memories of her father, the late David G. Thomas, an eyewitness of what occurred in Rock Springs September 2, 1885. This article follows in part:

By MYFANNY GOODNOUGH

On the second day of September, 1885, in Rock Springs, Wyoming, occurred a riot, so brutal in its actuality, so revolting in its execution and so gruesome in its details, that it made the town, since famous for its coal, equally infamous, and left deep scars in the minds and hearts of the citizens. As I questioned my father about the stirring events which led to the actual riot, I could not but be impressed. He sat calmly smoking his friendly pipe and animatedly related events as he saw them. He told of the progress which civilization has brought in its wake to our city as contrasted with the bloody scenes of the eighties. We who live in Rock Springs and love it, are vitally interested in her history and this was the reason I secured the facts herein quoted."

The opinions expressed may or may not be corrected, but they are formed by the impressions made at the time and are our own. My father, David G. Thomas, witnessed the riot from No. Five tipple and actually saw what follows in the narrative.

To understand conditions as they existed, one must go back to the year 1869, when the Southern Pacific Railroad was being completed and Chinese coolies had been imported for the work of building the road. Upon its completion, most of the Chinese were out of work and anxious to become engaged in some remunerative labor. There was a feeling of resentment against them, which grew steadily each year as it was fed on propaganda issued by labor agitators.

The situation in the coal mines at Rock Springs in the year 1876, was anything but pleasant. A strike was in progress, whereby the coal mined was limited in degree and quantity and very few miners were hired. Neither the superintendent nor the mine boss had any authority, the power being relegated to a committee of three miners, a triumvirate, who were the dictators of the mines. Finally the situation became intolerable to mining officials and the agitators were fired, boldly and boldly from any further participation in company affairs. However, a few men, loyal in their devotion, were retained.

To a large extent, the mines were now without white labor, so the question was, "Who should mine the coal?" Beckwith and Quinn agreed to furnish a contract to supply Chinese labor for the mines, with Mr. W. H. O'Donnell, the contact man for the deal in the year 1885. It is well to bear this fact in mind, as Mr. O'Donnell, (or "Grandpa" as he was affectionately known to those of us of a younger generation, who worshiped him with a real affection bordering on adoration), was involved in the brutal workings of what we now call "Mob psychology" but which caused him worry and annoyance for two days, when he was guilty of nothing, but the faithful discharge of his duties.

The years passed, from 1878-1885, with the spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction gaining ground against the Chinese, not only in Rock Springs, but in California, Colorado and even in Pittsburgh, Pa. In 1885 my father was a mine boss at No. Five and from this point he will tell his own story as he actually saw it, using the first person.

"One week before the riot Mr. C. P. Wassung and I had occasion to visit Laramie, on lodge business. We met an acquaintance, who had no business connections in Rock Springs at the time, but who remarked that he would visit our town in a few days, and that there would be something doing. The 'something doing' part of the conversation made an indelible impression on our minds, when this same man became one of the leaders in the riot of September 2nd. I have reason to believe that he lived and still lives to be very much ashamed of his participation in the disgraceful events.

"I was mine boss at No. Five, and on the morning of Sept. 2nd, I noticed a visible commotion at No. Three. Rumors had reached me that there was violence at No. Six, wherein Chinese miners had been assigned to places previously promised by the superintendent to the white men. It is an unwritten law in the mines, that miners work in certain assigned places. I felt at the time and have since had no reason to change my views, that the Chinese riot was due to the tactlessness of the Mine Superintendent, Jim Evans. He was efficient in working knowledge, but lacking in the virtue of 'tact,' and one error was the only thing needed to fan the flames of revolt and race hatred to red heat and start the riot which cost the lives of 27 innocent men. I never felt that the men wanted the riot at this time.

"To quote from The Rock Springs Independent, dated Sept. 3, 1885: 'Today for the first time in a good many years there is not a Chinaman in Rock Springs. The five or six hundred who were working in the mines here have been driven out, and nothing but heaps of smoking ruins mark the spot where Chinatown stood. The feeling against the Chinese has been growing stronger all summer. The fact that the white men had been turned off the sections, and hundreds of white men were seeking in vain for work, while the Chinese were being shipped in by the car load and given work, strengthened the feeling against them. It needed but little to incite this feeling into an active crusade, and that came yesterday morning at No. Six. All the entries at No. Six were stopped the first of the month, and Mr. Evans, Mine Superintendent, marked off a number of rooms in the entries.

"In No. Five entry eight Chinamen were working and four rooms were marked off for them. In No. Thirteen entry, Mr. Whitehouse and Mr. Jenkins were working and Evans told them they could have rooms in that entry or in No. Eleven or No. Five. They chose No. Five entry and when they went to work Tuesday, Dave Brookman, who was acting as pit boss in Mr. Francis' absence, told them to take the first room marked off. He supposed the Chinamen had begun work on their rooms and that Whitehouse and Jenkins would take the next rooms beyond them. But as the first two rooms of the entry had not been commenced, Whitehouse took one, not knowing that they had been given to the Chinamen. He went up town in the afternoon and during his absence the two Chinamen came in and went to work in the room Whitehouse had started. When Whitehouse came to work two Chinamen were in possession of what he considered his room. He

In Old Wyoming

By John C. Thompson

In the last preceding edition of this department appeared the beginning of an on-the-spot and as-of-the-time report of the "Chinese massacre" at Rock Springs, Wyo., Sept. 3, 1885, drawn from the files of the Rock Springs Independent's edition of Sept. 11. This told of the beginning of the bloody rioting and its progress as terror-stricken Chinese miners fled from the coal camp. The story then went on as follows:

"All the stores in town were closed, and men, women and children were out watching the hurried exit of John Chinaman, and everyone seemed glad to see them on the wing. Soon a black smoke was seen issuing from the peak of a house in 'Hong Kong,' then from another, and very soon eight or ten of the largest of the houses were in flames. Half choked with fire and smoke, numbers of Chinamen came rushing from the burn-

ing buildings, and with blankets and bed quilts over their heads and protecting themselves from stray rifle shots they followed their retreating brothers into the hills at the top of their speed.

"After completing their work here the crowd came across to Ah Lee's laundry. There was no sign of a Chinaman here at first. But a vigorous search revealed one hidden away in a corner. But he would not or dare not come out. Then the roof was broken through and shots fired to scare him out, but a shot in return showed the Chinaman was armed. A rush through the door followed, then came a scuffle and a number of shots, and looking through an opening in the roof a dead China-

man was seen on the floor with blood and brains oozing from a terrible wound in the back of his head.

"Foreman Evans was next visited and told to leave on the evening train. He quietly said he would go. He afterwards asked to be allowed to stay till the next day to get his things ready, but a vote of the men decided against allowing this favor and about four hours after Mr. Evans left for the east.

"The crowd next visited the house of Soo Qui, a boss Chinaman, but Soo had gone to Evans-ton and only his wife was in the house. She came to the door much terrified and with tearful eyes and trembling voice said 'Soo he go I go too.' The assurance of the men that she could stay in the house and would not be harmed did not calm her fears. She did not like the looks of the armed crowd, and gathering a small armful of household treasures she left and was afterwards taken in by a neighbor. Then a few Chinamen working in No. 1 came out and were hustled up the hills after their fleeing brothers.

"Well, gentlemen, the next thing is to give Mr. O'Donnell notice to leave, and then go over to No. 6," said one of the men in the crowd. But the crowd was slow in starting on this errand. A large number seemed to think that was going too far and of the crowd that gathered in front of O'Donnell's store the majority did not sympathize with this move. But at somebody's orders a note ordering O'Donnell to leave was written and given to Gotsche his teamster.

"Joe Young, the sheriff, came down from Green River in the evening, and guards were out all night to protect the property of the citizens in case of a disturbance. But everything was quiet in town. Over in Chinatown, however, the rest of the houses were burned, the whole of them, numbering about 40, being consumed to the ground. The Chinese section house and also the houses at No. 6 were burned and Chinamen were chased out of nearly all the burning buildings. All the night long the sound of rifle and revolver was heard, and the surrounding hills were lit by the glare of the burning houses.

"A look around the scenes of the previous day's work revealed some terrible sights Thursday morning. In the smoking cellar of one Chinese house the blackened bodies of three Chinamen were seen. Three others were in the cellar of another and four more bodies were found nearby. From the position of some of the bodies it would seem as if they had begun to dig a hole in the cellar to hide themselves. But the fire overtook them when about half way in the hole, burning their lower extremities to a crisp and leaving the upper portion of their body untouched. At the east end of Chinatown another body was found, charred by the flames and mutilated by hogs. The smell that arose from the smoking ruins was horribly suggestive of burning flesh.

Farther east were the bodies of four more Chinamen, shot down in their flight one of them had tumbled over the bank and lay in the creek with face upturned and distorted. Still further another Chinaman was found, shot through hips but still alive. He had been shot just as he came to the bank and had fallen over and lay close to the edge of the bank. He was taken up town and cared for by Dr. Woodruff. Besides this two others were seriously wounded, and many who got away were more slightly hurt. The trains today have picked up a large number of Chinamen on the track and taken them west.

"Judge Ludvigsen summoned a coroner's jury who with Dr. Woodruff, examined the dead bodies of the Chinamen and returned a verdict that eleven had been burned to death and four shot by parties unknown to the jury. The bodies were put into rough coffins and buried in the Chinese burying ground.

"The action of the saloons in closing up is to be commended, and it cannot be said that a 'drunken mob' drove out the Chinamen. Every one was sober and we did not see a case of drunkenness.

"While a large number of the miners here belong to the Knights of Labor, the work of Wednesday was not done by orders of that organization. There may have been a determination of making an early attempt to get the Chinese out, but not exactly in that way or at that time. I merely needed the trouble at No. 6 to excite the men into a crusade against the Chinese.

"Last Saturday morning our citizens were somewhat surprised to see a company of soldiers from Ft. Steele get off a special train and go into camp near the railway at the west end of the town. The troops are supposed to be here for

the protection of property, but as not a threat or a movement has been made against the person or property of a single individual in town since the Chinese were driven out, the presence of the troops was entirely uncalled for. The impression is conveyed that the people in Rock Springs are a lawless, blood-thirsty lot of people who can only be prevented from indiscriminate murder and arson by the presence of a body of armed troops. This is entirely false. The removal of the Chinese was all that was desired, and when they were driven from town the entire purpose of the outbreak was accomplished and the life and property of other people were as safe here as in any other place.

"A telegram to the daily papers conveys the information that the earnings of the Union Pacific railway above expenses was \$1,012,758 for the month of July. This looks like a pretty good showing these hard times and proves very clearly that the company is not forced to employ cheap Chinese labor. It can well afford to hire white men and pay them the wages a white man can live on.

Wyoming State Tribune
Sept. 5, 1943

Wyo. Clipping File
Univ Of Wyoming

In Old Wyoming

By John C. Thompson

"All hell" broke loose in a Wyoming community 64 years ago. Human beings were slaughtered ruthlessly, burned alive. Survivors frantically fled for their lives, were pursued relentlessly, survived because of action by the governor and the intimidating proximity of troops ordered out by the president. This was the "Chinese massacre" at Rock Springs. Murderous outlawry spread even to Cheyenne



and Chinese residents here were threatened. Much scrambled "history" concerning the horror has been published. Happily, the facts have been authenticated and given official publication. What is to follow herewith is of the "scrambled" category. It is an article published in the Wyoming Stockman-Farmer 15 years ago, in 1935. It is republished with "tongue in cheek" regarding numerous of the alleged "facts."

WYOMING STOCKMAN-FARMER

A half century had passed on Labor Day since a white and a Chinese miner engaged in an argument far underground in a Rock Springs coal mine over "special privileges," inciting a race riot that resounded throughout the world and involved the United States in a diplomatic tangle. The argument culminated in a stabbing which ignited a spark of resentment against the Chinese miners, many of whom were slain as they attempted to flee from the scene of disorder.

It was on September 2, 1885, that the white miner, who had been dispossessed of his privileges, and a Chinese, who had displayed his card of authority and became the victim of the stabbing, unknowingly enkindled the race war. A trouble centered about a practice of that period which assertedly enriched mine "bosses" who received monetary tribute daily from miners in return for the so-called privileges. The bosses would station privileged miners in what was known as a "bribe room," which would yield coal easier and enabled the miner to double his usual output from the more difficult compartments. To this practice was attributed the cause of the outbreak as the white miner dispossessed of his privilege sought vengeance upon a Chinese who still held his

George L. Erhard, veteran Rock Springs news correspondent, reconstructed incidents of that day in a special article written for the Wyoming Labor Journal. As the Chinese workers marched out of the entrance of No. 6 mine, Erhard related, a mob waited for them. When they appeared on the surface half clad from their work, a volley of gun fire greeted them. Panic ensued and they raced every direction seeking safety. Many fell dead or mortal-

ly wounded. Survivors sought safety on hill tops while others raced along the Bitter Creek valley, then known as "Prairie Dog Avenue."

Green River was reached by the fleeing Chinese and some continued as far west as Evanston, Ill. (Editorial note: An obvious error), 116 miles from Rock Springs. All suffered mental horror and were weak from hunger and cold that night. They were thinly clad. Erhard said as near as can be determined, the race to safety began at 8 a. m., while hundreds of persons sat atop freight cars in the Union Pacific

yards watching the escaping Orientals in their dash from death. The mom of rioters, according to Erhard, numbered 3,505, but was made up, at least for the most part, of non-residents of Rock Springs. Agitators they were, he said, masquerading as friends of labor.

While the Chinese from the mine were being routed by one group, another looted shacks in the Chinese settlement and set fire to them, causing widespread destruction. Fire added to the death toll, claiming Chinese who were hiding in cellars or elsewhere. Recovery of badly-charred bodies in the ruins attested to their fate. Terrorism continued through the night, but began to wane in the early morning when a report reached Rock Springs that army troops were hurrying there to quell the disorders.

The late Senator F. E. Warren was territorial governor at the time. He and the Union Pacific officials took immediate steps to punish the mob. Meanwhile, a special train was sent west from Rock Springs, with food and other aids aboard, to pick up the scattered refugees along the railroad right-of-way. Governor Warren, Erhard wrote, made a record train run to Evanston, where his presence averted another massacre. President Grover Cleveland sent two companies of the Seventh Infantry to Rock Springs. A coroner's jury, under military protection, returned a verdict that 11 persons of unknown identity had been burned to death and five others, also unidentified, had been shot by unknown persons. Eventually a grand jury verdict failing to establish responsibility for the riot, was returned.

The Chinese exiles were returned to Rock Springs Sept. 9. Meanwhile, the rioters had reached Cheyenne, Erhard reminisced, where they threatened to renew their effrontery by posting notices to Chinese here, advising them they would be tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on

ralls. That was on Sept. 26, three weeks after the Rock Springs outbreak. Nothing came of this, however. After the riot, an occasional attack was made on Chinese. Eventually, according to Erhard, the Chinese government interceded at Washington. An indemnity said to have amounted to \$15,000,000 was paid by the United States to China. Erhard said estimates placed at from 800 to 1,000 the number of Chinese who were driven from their homes during the rioting.

Rock Springs has no observance in mind in commemoration of the event, but there are old-timers who still hold memories of the outbreak.

Wyoming - Battles - Chinese Massacre 1885

3/21/50

Wyo. Clipping File

Cheyenne March 21, 1950

Wyo. Clipping File Univ. Of Wyoming