

the years immediately following the Civil War, he was a civilian scout with the military service, often employed as a courier and express rider at Forts Harker, Hays, Wallace, Dodge, Larned and Zarah; was at the Medicine Lodge peace council; was with Bankhead's expedition that rescued Forsyth and his scouts at Beecher's Island, on the Arickaee, and, in November, 1868, came south to the Indian Territory, from Fort Harker and Fort Dodge, as a scout with the Washita expedition, to all of the incidents of which he was either an eye witness or a personal participant. After the close of that campaign, he remained as a scout, guide and interpreter at Fort Sill for several years; related many incidents in which Generals Grierson, Custer, McKenzie, Agent Tatum, Scouts Horace Jones and Phil McCusker and numerous Indian chiefs were concerned. In fact, he talked so much about early days at Fort Sill and Anadarko that I knew he must have been there for several years, yet, after I came down into this country and met old timers such as George Bent, Ed Guerrier, Charles Cleveland, Neal Evans, "Caddo Bill" Williams and others, no one of them had ever seen or heard of such a person as Charles F. Hickman or Christy. Mr. Cleveland asked me once if I was sure that he might not have had still another name. Well, about fifteen years ago, while I was with the University, I asked a Denver friend about the old man and he wrote that he was still living, and an inmate of the state soldiers' home at Monte Vista. I wrote to him and also sent him a copy of the first little school history. A very delighted reply came back, for he had a first-hand knowledge of some of the things in that little book between 1868 and 1874. He also said: "You may find a few old timers down there who used to know me--I went under the name of Charley Le Fevre, then." He crossed the Great Divide only a year or two later and most of his interesting life story died with him. Why didn't I pump him systematically? Well, I guess it must have been because I had not "found myself" and did not recognize an opportunity when I met it, neither did I realize my ability to avail myself of such material while it was within reach. If you could have met him and been with him for a few weeks as I was, his story would have been recorded--aye, more, you would have had your Sitting Bull material at hand, right now.

Truly yours,

Joseph B. Thoburn.
Thoburn.

Capt. W. S. Campbell,
Norman, Oklahoma.

P. S. If there is any reply to the letter to the Country Gentleman editor, you shall see it.