

Letter to Professor Baird

William G. Hornaday, 1886

June 1st, 1886

Camp on Little Dry Creek, Montana

Professor S.F. Baird:

Dear Sir:

We went camping

Mr. Hadley and I with a Cheyenne Indian, White Dog, have just returned to camp from a five days scout through the bad lands, during which we camped beside our horses whenever night overtook us, — and we got an

We got a buffalo

old bull buffalo day before yesterday. There were only two buffalo in that land (!), and we got the largest and finest one.

Since there aren't many left, I want to kill more

Since seeing the buffalo on this native heath I am more than ever impressed with our wants in the way of good mountable skins of fine specimens, and still more of the imperative duty which devolves upon some institution to collect a store of skins to meet the demands of the future, when the bones of the last American bison shall lie bleaching on the prairie.

*I want to stock up!**Pretty soon there won't be any left!*

Wm G. Hornaday